

Green Axis

Poetry by Greg Bem

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[A Poetry Sequence Finalized in June 2019]

By Greg Bem

Seattle, Washington

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For more information or comments, email gregbem@gmail.com

Best printed in color or grayscale on ledger (11" x 14") paper.

For Amy, who provided me with a pen and paper after many years and many rituals.

1—Winter

01-16-19. The Parapet.

Setting is a pile of bones covered with flesh
and bones and hair and bones bored to death.

There is data in everywhere air.

Abandoned data as abandoned Germany.

The whiskey sour and the what is rude.

Balance on the parapet of meaning

holding close the lancet to penetrate testing.

The Rothenberger: interviews before, during, after the grave.

Zen style with Paul Nelson

digging those pits, those tombs, those tunes,

those those those, all the way home to:

Fake Plastic Bavaria

screaming holiday daze bliss.

The war machine is never ending,

and the shutdown while we wake up—

corridors and I can't stop breathing!

01-16-19. Liches.

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Whistle the little that I know

and the key will open a door.

Pinot noir and dark underwear.

The exercise to exceed the bite.

“Anywhere but my face, Greg!”

An interrobang interrogative in-turn.

Bodies turning around like funnels

the upper quartile of direct energy.

The fallback of long postmodern

post-Puritan sexual vortex.

The lights dimmed and the salt crystallized.

The heat a wet kind that shotputs.

We are lichens in the sarcophagousian twilight,

making mad between cords and circuits,

slash superimposed instance of betterment.

01-16-19. Snowshoeing.

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Up the side of the snow-flooded sequence,
ripping across the trodden and opened,
noting nowhere and forever as place names.

Piecemeal underdog situation: exhaustion
with the slowly illumined Cascades' claw.

Each utterance of a clock's tick leads on.

Each iteration a vocalization of height.

We step lightly toward Skyline Lake

with frozen, hibernated trees carrying death:

frozen, inescapably frowning presence of moss.

The configuration: the "with instance of figure."

Out here the anti-meeting brutally still

with information of avalanches and burns:

the sun to scathe and the wind to tear.

Alliteration the fullest welcome we could ask for,

while the teeth send cringes across names,

secrets embedded in the interlace of pain,

secrets and challenges popping and pulling.

We sit among the rock garden,
in part a piece of the overall picture,
frigid along a ridge cropped with peripheral skis
and dips into thousands of feet of unknown,
towards the boon of Enchantments,
and my blood thickens into warmth
at the sight of Glacier to the north.
A rip and raggedization of our speeds
reduced to the love of the crunched substance.
Reduction is a spitfire bolt of pressure
as the emptiness steers us toward each other,
moves in light air and the scenes of age.
Stragglers and bent into a slide on the return,
crowds exhibit their whorl of breath.
I imagine lungs and mucus and blood and grit,
fingers cramped and cracked and accelerated.
A function beyond autonomy is binding.
This strict fulfillment falsifies wonder with automation,
the language of boots lifted and placed and seen.

01-17-19. Time Travel.

It is doom's inverted aesthetic when we speak.

Beneath otherworldly landscapes and disco glimmer

and there is a riot of cocktail boys,

and the Mt. Baker spread is both bare and full,

and a flaring sense of ecstatic ideas emerge.

The pro forma of an intellectual glitter

coats the dark, causal spur like funnels.

Many futures and looking forward and back,

threads at seas going about jaunty-like,

an undaunted erasure of emptiness

populating the circumstance with breath.

Pause, open, time passes, floodgates stretched

across the duration of the "us."

Co-habitation of a spree of moment:

trust while the world sits filthy

and we sit present documenting our means.

This stretch of kindness is preserved.

The language is a reattribution of fuzziness.

2—Arizona

2—Arizona

01-19-19. Cathedral Rock.

With Sarah and Joe.

Sensitive to the energies of war planes,
commercial planes, planes of existing with other humans,
an abstract tolerance creating an abstract sensibility,
personality twisted juniper cliché,
prickling bushes with exhausted antagonism of leaves,
lungs, spines, dealing with it all,
with their bulging generation of humanity,
who and what swirls around in soulful conception,
egoless blast of bliss,
taking time to trump the money that flows
to allow people their joyful prison as worshipers must,
nose sniffing and stifling, stymied,
weirdo palace of me far from egoless,
as much my own personal crystal temple,
and the desert around us doesn't change
but we pile our layers on top
like an intonation and imitation of stewards,
foolish the same as always,
our bony subsistence bleach-drying in the sun and shade,
our mouths the gaze of another's wound,
until eternity's blink recognized
in full turquoise monstrosity motion,
beard dripping.

01-21-19. The Lost Leaf.

Where do I begin?

From "I love you" from a white savior

to the sung brainwashing of Amber.

Insert immense laughter in sequestered pipelines.

Let's call them vortexes. Let's prick our pricks on cacti.

Immaculate moments cast hidden in the dark.

Not even a super blood wolf moon

can push things forward into an illuminated space.

We slide through half-frozen wet read earth,

nope, I do only, my gift that keeps on and on.

Future crystalline crystal of a human.

She anything but transient

in the display of the capitalist and the crystal skull,

I can't even begin to know,

what with these profiles of entire, beautiful beings,

older or younger, but with elemental and crucial energies.

Meanwhile there's the cursed splendor of the Turquoise Room.

01-21-19. La Santisima.

01-21-19. La Santisima.

Who do you even call to mention the struggle
as the family keeps up to serve, on MLK Day.
She had to be between 14 and 21, most likely 16,
most likely the vignette of Katrina,
the portraits on the walls like poses, scenarios,
while all our food pushed through to our beings,
grace and meat and vegetable and grain capturing it.
In a past life we all know servitude. Servants. Service.
To unload our reserve for energies.
To accept our unanticipated concoctions.
Reciprocity. Magnanimity.
Earlier: hushed tones. Joe and Sarah and I and 20 questions,
while funnels of dust and air and water
connected to the ceiling
of our story of a slender yet vastly open proximity.
Driving into Phoenix limelight clear and daunting
and the effort to push forward a curious and boisterous endeavor.
I remember Sarah apologizing for their lack of courage,
back near Arcosanti, near a place and time of dedication,
delicate desperation.

01-21-19. Phoenix.

01-21-19. Phoenix.

It's an incredulous consternation, or a catastrophe,
or the fatigue of the best way to know a token emotion.

Spirit laughter in the incision. Overheard Butcher.

An insider's air of it. And of it comes out of it.

A lot of it now. Sax or trumpet, still can't distinguish.

In front of me: the wall with the ladder, and then:

the band and the band and the correcting expansion

as it all passes into the pit of my stomach.

Meanwhile Laura mentions the fool.

Man holding sign and outside the moon blasts us with light
and a suggested presence, not taken nor detailed.

The psychopathology of the personalized pet greeting,
gleaning, into the fully-realized existence,
funny that to be referential's to be barely so, essentially so,
the hallmark that elevates each moment
there's nothing but hallmark,
no room but in gaps, no beauty but in gapes.

Gawks. Granted gratitude. The grit.

The realized before and after of currency.

The lack of or surplus imagination,

all in densely-dispelled prose,

precious and angerly waiting for its switch to "forget."

Lamantia sits in my adulthood unconscious,
Feast before famine, I'm reminded of Tzara,
and the Crush, the ammunition.

For L there is exquisite
Mind melt, as it comes and as it
Goes, as it stretches
And as it unfolds.
The limit extra
Especially an effigy,
Concentrate,
A piece of concentration.
Uncensored and uneasing!

The saddest vacuum
Is a schism that
Rattles with engineered
Smoke and snake-lit
Interoperability.
So say it,
So goes it
In the good end.
The good sun, good moon,
Lost not forgotten
The fog-lit query of a
Moon, a scratch of surface
And an outer shell of
Thankful, lasting essence.

Period and then:
I know not which
I speak. The room knows.
The buttress. The end.
The un-buttressed and embittered.
More paints: the spear and the
Sparrow.
The monster magpie.
Its rage is a magnificence.
The help to endure image is open.
It is welcome,
And true, to a fault.
And entrance during this mediary
A slice of thrush as achievement.

3—Seattle

3—Seattle

01-27-19. In Caverns.

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Checkered vision,
visible empty stomach
and the Pacific blend of time
I watch from above
misaligned bird of prey
screech fill of sky salted
the mice creatures
of such shallow breath.
Hardened faces and splinters of vocals.
To each our own loan beaming blockade.
Before the storm a trance is prepared
and born from the empty spirit.
Him in the memory of the binaural buzz
in Jason's enflamed bean patties
the crush of the brunt of falafel
and all is staked out in this
with an exception to a single spool of rules.
We need more organizational change reading materials,
need Chloe and Rachel laughing and screaming
on the solid undertaking of the bag upon the shoulders.
Post-CBD glaze covers an enchanting soundscape
of Seattle's humor-driven soundscapes
(says Ben, last night, before the loop pedals)
The sky returns to mouth of charms
to throat of stars
to a peppered inspiration of tokens.
There is as much disappointment
as a gloating appointment
referential slather too but who knows.
Gotta get that thread affixed,
gotta behance the proposed preposition.

01-27-19. The Lonely Heart
of this City.

It takes the rat-encrusted carcass of a city speaking

in asshole tones, in-tone nations, burning,

the meaning of the mature space

of crosswalks and male gazes.

Butterflies are douses of gasoline.

Busy-body butterfly affect and affectation.

Affliction: the considered sprawl of a mouthful of decency.

Slice of pie of wrist of abstraction.

The pulp of polyp of whine and rind.

Rinse and angst and repeat.

Nurture that punching of the Nazi.

Sleek stakes claimed highly.

Service and incredulity.

Secret super and a suffering pace.

Space is space.

Space is space is space.

It is what it wants to beacon.

The rinse and repeat of overlord supremacist wishes

in an embrace of stone and dream.

The most ridiculous ridiculous sense of stupor.

The most most of a sense of ridiculous.

In transit we hold these truths to be deloused.

01-30-19. An Owl and a
Thistle. For Jeremy.

It's friendly and true like her lashes,

molten flesh,

pseudo memory,

the palate is an adventurous vessel of taste.

The whiskey tastes of vanilla and lime.

The pertinent information is that predators do exist

and the ideas I've walked result in triggers that burst.

Or bust.

"There is someone for you."

A carnival and a sequence of resistance on sticky table.

The truth sticks in absentia. De novice?

Vaguely humored or humorless.

Glasses smacked on a distant service.

Anger or frustration or humor or sarcasm—

the bow breaks into an ambiguity.

Trust is the licking of the splinters.

Annette says massage the abdomen.

Meditate on the food.

Smell it and picture it.

Chew 25 times.

Meanwhile visions of courses on adulting.

Assistance.

Mute the infamy.

A cold stretch of lunar light.

On the verge of ending cycles.

Resets.

The woman in the defective's jacket.

The sour mush of potato.

The chuckling couple.

The whining curiosity of men

defending a stance upon the pool table.

The rot that leads to the nerve ending as a perfect possibility.

A tried lance into the core of consumption.

Brittle teeth may or mayn't lead us

to the core of our consumed selves.

The hope to grow another, to grow self.

01-31-19. The Devil's Drug.

For Imbolc 2019. With Paul.

Hello my old barricade, the last chance to be surrounded by a gentle error. Communication continually undermined by determination. Glut of aloneness pained with the patchy blue corn chip stale. Erroneous, but the clicking/clucking snap of doom.

I reach into the crevasse of a Cascadian's slipshod note, a sequence of arrested brotherhood. I-stance to gain as a world of putrid limits denotes an upsetting intake of chloroformed breath, the upstand outlast rallying us from lack of it.

As Annette would say: a need for the neurotransmitter, a yearn to consider the balance of the Gaba's chatter. Previously a whisper, sunlight recently opening melancholy like pores, the civilized cradle enticed, interstitially en-tilde'd; entitled to memories of when a demonic gaze left off, before breath, before seat, before chalice, and the bloated form of wherewithal, or however, let us be damned, demented, and dammed.

And let's be friends: the triptych toward healing is a movement forward. And pinkness is still a trill of whiteness and relaxants are still giant, pocked walls of bird corpses and the fainting monikers anthropomorphized (anthropo-morphosed) across wretched, wretch's documents.

And while there is fragrance in my holistic, unbuttoned hole of 2019 American nightmare metropolis, filling up is the active ingredient. To espouse holy beyond the sneers and the seers through a blast of fire slit and carbonized liberties, dreams of the planetary slash, the flush of a comet, which is beyond its Satanic ice, its membrane of reality a stinking of the cloud of memory too machinic when spun out on time, when thoroughly manic, entered into a state of bliss, and a statement of dreaming, dreaming of and deciding upon lies.

2019 Winter in Seattle ends with a peripheral polar vortex crushing reality like wind upon the mounds of ants and my own mind, that heart-brain-neural network-system pulse-reclaimed—is the latchkey and the idea of leap or loops as it in in a crucial spirit ought to be, over-mind slash mind slash overmined—

E. Richard Atleo in 2005 spoke about secrets and power. In a world of social timelines, the ephemeral sacred may be our beating hearts. The ritual of sacrifice as swollen clocks. The bitten breasts melted down into a core. The central, electric pain of the encountered nerve. Enchanters wail whole like Coyote (trickish), coyotes (along the margins), the errors fictionalized like conquest, borders, permanence, claims, reclaims, and the swerve of this very BARK.

A downwind howl picks at the mine and its prize—pure fiction as well, the commodity the corrosion the sense of value. The voice of belonging. The shared huddle. Survival as a form of trust. To live is to love and trust and belong to, to be possessed by/for/within. This whispered universe of wakeful moments. Lamantia spoke of this with his “Ruins”:

*“Falling from tear drops of time,
the well of hidden dreams
seems like broken ice over the sun.”*

I split open his form like a dried, dying coconut (memories of Hawaii, those folks I know there):

Emerging from flailed limbs of the continuum,
the dance of simulated truths
opens as pixelated birds flutter alongside the ferry.

A sonic resonance at age 32 is the thrust to love, breathe, and love again, attraction to heart is as full as heat, protection as protector, sense of sloshing and splashing of the identity, to which we owe our efforts, sense of self, ego and all, the sticks that let us leap off the cliffs, our profiles driving us to the madness of belonging, this Spring as intended as all is intended, lunar and glowing before the rot and the ruins, and Rainier Beach, a site to carry the weight of it all, so say us anyway, so practice these satisfactions we do, these relational patterns of distributed, magnetized blood, hearts here while foregoing and in a trance, a great American joy leaps forward, destroying stalemate’s board and the unshorn beard.

02-06-19. In the *Aftermath*.

02-06-19. In the *Aftermath*.

Distanced amidst the mixed berry seltzer blitz, a bubble too open, I am refreshed. Coconut dregs to the other direction. These are the swamped days that burst out like chrysalises after the need to exhibit (share) energy has been expressed. Gray countertop punted into view like political anchors. My hair is a bath of soft line drawings. Sketch comedy. Her eyes shooting me down like bullets: out of where, and where, and where comes the next exceptional (and acceptable) intrusion? In forms expressed. Bob Cobbing. Robert Ashley. The unrivaled psychosis of new person. New human. Our hearts beat like gull-flaps in gale gusts. Earlier: several hours I'm reading CDMX Blues like it's short, of breath, and the world (Ode nada) feels alive and full and pulling down from the cross (Tom Waits now, then, again). So many decades. Mexico 60 years. Mule 20 years. My god my youth the eternal sadness of that burst of time's ultimate orgasm. The receiving end of the entity of our times minus times so just "our" smile.

FIERCE is what the man sez when he's dead and frozen joy-cam from my early 20s, I was the punk addict impression on the world that was or was not needed. I dream in better understanding "horror" as a concept. Have I been horror to you, to me, the plastic godless skinner of clouds pile of soot o robbers my fingers like cradles for microscopic worms my skin the lousy state of eruptive (pre) Buddha dance(hall) with flailed limbs releasing glass vessels FIERCE! & it could be that this inquiring mind yet one more seedling the WE ARE VAT theory the continuum of simulation theory (the referee to Joe Rogan and Elon Musk and the symbolic aperture of smoke, in its corrupted commodified sense). Fascinating case study, with feet of flames and for the sentinels of bickering to scream (albeit softly and intentionality) down Road of Echoes. The definition of the limit is set to include a kaleidoscopic path of hills and turns. Imagining doom keeps the pressure going and personalized. It sits like ink before this newish moon that was long cyclical before rest and can dance again in blue glades.

02-18-19. Spirit Ode.

Memory's Vault, Port

Townsend. With the Late

Sam Hamill.

The chills last a murk's realization of breath.

Breath lasts an elongation of terror. Triumphant

beneath evergreen and passing human notation.

Words. Foot pressing and bramble scratching.

Skin is peach and pale beneath green and orange canopy:

madrone splintered from a recent storm.

The flush of time, remembering the weight and pause

of snow leading to a touch of fracture.

I am brooding. I am still here.

The egg is the connection between before and imagination.

The chills are a single chill. Cluster.

In memory of Sam who as legend is lust-worthy

of poetry and time and exhaustion.

The heart feels a heaviness as I snuffle and fuel

the inching damp of a deadpan Springtime

engorged sequence of life.

And there is a nothing and it is knife.

I fell upon the bladed straights that came for us in an image sequence.

From Poulsbo to Chimacum

to here and here the depth the voices of the many.

The staring down into the pit the voices surged and blinding

bright and brightening. Open vents. Pools of sweat.

All that is arranged and a beautiful silence as we bite

and barrage and disappear like specks of fire and the spokes of lightning.

This literary landscape and how it moans like tides,

to exchange ideas, in all things, and non-things,

through one another, tempered within, illustrious, temptation,

the wounds of a split space, a retribution, and wet is gawked.

02-18-19. Super Snow Moon.

Why would a Jesuit hang by the throat,
like a bell's chime or a wave's crash the smash
against attic floor a static granite for us
the resistant keepers
of arrested, veering knowledge.
I write this empowered and slightly challenged.
Post windows the fall would break the neck sever spines sever
a connection to a lingering past.
Port Townsend and the haunting to strike and stay slight.
This is all gentle Victorian lingering and lack of resolution,
wrapped limbs and entangled clip of fingers.
Remembering the paralysis of an observed sleep paralysis.
Sternly the displayed and the displacement
of sweating blankets. Nerves.
The echoing beauty of caretaker music.
The sense is terror.
The form is underneath.
The laments are matched with a blue notice of confrontation and trial.
So we too are waiting for trials replete with blood orange ciders
and stretched ears, tinnitus, like the mini-fridge's elastic sonic womb,
detached and impeded.
Read it as a story with whom we must send (only thanks)
and a small block of living memory.

02-19-19. Passing and
Silence.

One day we are in
the next out.
Funnel an intention.
Or was it the other way around?

I saw your face
in a robin yesterday,
my mind hacking trees
and spoiling citrus
in other spaces, times,
it's all incendiary,
always too late
to begin and to end.

And now still exists.
Bittersweet bitterroot,
or melon,
or the dehydrated ground coffee,
it dissolves instantly.

There was rain and darkness when we met and
there is rain, darkness, and it is getting light out.

I dream in tables and surfaces.

I remember,
recall words like regret, confusion, guilt. Whiteness.

Try to think of belonging.

Try to think of cleanliness.

In a wretched sigh there's a statement.

In a bellow there's the ancillary.

Like worm's writhe.

Like bicycle collapse.

Calypso. Lips are designed for the collapse.

Movement through the wine

in the dream that briefly gets removed.

I got it, I think, before being blow away.

Like a plastic bag. Like the trash. Like an arrest.

Like foregone conclusions that keep the color a corrosion,

a green, a spirited high concocted

through a memory of complacent, growing times.

03-09-19. On the Link.

It's the awe of you in this Piscean bliss, didn't realize the timing of Daylight.

Saving up. To release.

My mind made flayed into a fearful undone summer-bound sound.

Never current only a reflecting of or predicted.

Scabs and patches of dry remind me of vista, of above.

The above and below nurture.

A tilted mechanism that lingers like a scream or a croak.

Crooked letters stand about.

They are warehouses noticing the fall and shivering in a wind.

It is the hair of horror sticking up on end.

On edge. With the para-normal.

The last name before a sparking reservation.

Preserve with black fish that dart gamified into awkward surroundings of haze.

Yes I remember jumping into Melakwa icy and bemused.

Courage is a simple binary

and the rush that follows as open as it is ugly and sturdy.

Beneath my nail where I inserted a staple in fascination

now a sliver of dried blood.

Creek. Fissure. Fountain space.

Child. Child. Children across time.

More lingering and let's lean into this a bit more.

(I read, asynchronous and purplish.)

Literary beckon. Facial recognition.

Facial recon and uptick or upset and deeply warded.

We're done for. Language of the silhouette.

Linger of stimulation.

They know not what toxins they breathe.

(Passing SoDo in horror,

ritual,

some spur of beauty,

the written hijinks,

the fester of a jinx—

the whole word a single,

unapproachable, arguably-warm blink.)

Learning disability. Spectral analysis. Blind convos that shriek like gulls.

Vomitous mind. The inner Buddha nature something like a loon call.

But the memory of, observant, the binding. We respond to the call.

I wear clothes like calamities. Omar is on my mind.

Fountain of youth pouring forth a language of sync'd sound

for the growing, dried public. Step into the pour.

Iterations of prophetic trope that scratches floor or stone surfaces.

Sprayed paint. Train delays. Tokens of notice.

The best of the situation we're faced with.

Transit as an offer of authority. Mania.

I miss the electric, satellite grind of the wheels.

03-10-19. Notes on Tacoma.

The position is clear:

you're neither both here nor both there.

The upset as we dilate in our space-time.

Succulents in a yellow pot.

Mold on the mycelium.

Quantum discernment

when sleeping between and full clothing.

Fullest arrangements of our most (foremost) intimacy.

It's elation while we wait for cherry tree blossom

and longer days to once again feel normal.

Triton. Exquisite. Ecstatic. The place of constructs:

St. Helen's Road or Street.

Cards with revved engines.

Sleepy-time enticement in both places at fullest.

The woman scrounging on a corner.

The scroungers at Dirty Oscar's Annex.

The boy who tried and failed to take the scooter.

The friend who called the native art *shit*.

The skater who asked us to move our scooters down,

and used the term "scoot" politely.

A society with a Dome.

A slow and quiet large town.

With architecture, birds, green space,

and a man who complimented my adorned crown.

03-17-19. Greenhouse.

03-17-19. Greenhouse.

Has it really been a week?

Feels like a dollop of cream.

Creativity as sweat. And ache.

Some manner: cavities.

Outside, the spin of a crackly saw blade.

People muttering 4 floors lowered.

That same blue moped parked

next to that new-ish, taut traffic cone.

Inside a stack of lime-green book flags,

and specks of refuse from past meals.

Or more of my dry skin.

Laughter as flotsam only.

Inside my mouth unbrushed teeth

and the unbrushed crown—

a fine and smooth porcelain I'm finally getting used to.

Jason is behind me breaking down a collection of boxes.

Days ago Ellen said my room feels like a dorm.

Compliments in a world of study and productivity!

My cerulean water bottle is waiting.

The whole world is objects.

The whole world is waiting!

I read chapbooks by Alexis Almeida and Lisa Rogal

and have a weird magnetic urge for NY and California.

03-20-19. Greenhouse.

03-20-19. Greenhouse.

I sit before a tall order of statues.

The harvest lament through a screen
pausing air to me and breathe and breathe.

Logistics of/are nightmares.

Too many stolen movements
in thinking about thinking.

The thought bubbles burst:
string into an aftermath of a muddied pond
stilled from tepid splash.

Moving forward through springtime.

The belly's bulge looks whale-ish.

Whale-like.

Wail.

The critique's sleek and shrinking spine.

We all cringe and wait for the clots.

Of and/or in silence.

Prepositional promenade.

And sinking. And shrieking.

Code of arms.

The way the stints run.

Of a sacrophagan turn.

Turnkey.

Tourniquet that's ridged in purple.

I doppler effected inside the imagination.

Slow claps through a blink
and stare and fuller moans.

It's intensely episodic.

This seating.

This indented ritual bent over towards escape.

I breathe her in as if she's here.

I am a madman rush.

Men's mad rush.

Face red with features.

Churning, churning.

The stomach's buzzard blowing blessing.

Another sap. Another symptom. Radiant.

Here now.

04-05-19. Island Soul.

04-05-19. Island Soul.

Within the pit of the pit is the real pendulum.

So it's scraping this sense of self, this hissing buzzard buzzing.

Tap and repeat. Freeze and repeat. Leave and repeat.

The sleek of the retribution. Redistribution.

A channeling. A placemat made of the bacteria of thousands.

Tens of. Tenzen. Remember when, shifting bodies like packages.

A body. A wonder. A frothy interaction. A leaky space.

Seepage and elbows. Remind me of the times.

Remind me we figured out the sickness was a ribbon

of silence and withdrawal.

And now, here we are.

Embedded in, at justice, the landscapes.

Algeria. Venezuela. Syria. Guatemala. Ethiopia. France. Greece.

And what of Myanmar and the less than full sense of understanding,

the sleeker sense of a blackout, curtained belief?

Curtailing the wisdom of a wrench's wrap.

Rap inside the cheeks, elongating along the phalanx.

It *is* intrusive.

Like the shallow beams we direct towards truth, honor,

a sense of self and entanglement.

The global statement leaves me perplexed in my local bias.

Bias of the local. That object. That transfer.

Transfer dependent upon gaze and so transfer is gaze.

But keep in touch with shame. With shadow.

With the side of the slaughter that understands laughter.

Meanwhile there's the tethered

and what of them?

Do we know they exist

if they don't announce it?

Who is it is to say they?

Floodlamps lit into a trance.

Into a truce.

The hoops we get in our courts

dangling from the building's ears.

A pinch of salt. Like a spine.

Trigger of pulling.

The cascade of presence.

The opportunity to be dutiful

and to be present, while drifting.

It's the scourge of the present.

Or the reptile. Or the oblivion.

Or the moment to being oblivious.

Competition is a charge

that is wrecked without knowledge.

Beyond, Wu Tang

and gong-like beats.

Smooth sailing.

Strong rum.

The clatter of chatter of being

Of busting.

Of beating.

Within which is a beast and bemusement.

Rattlingly forward, spotlight is changeling.

Remember flood. Remember bodies.

Carcasses . . . that which have history.

That which decompose,

a delineation of the self.

Is that how we class souls?

Russians. Gogolification.

The dead come back,

even through decay,

through disintegration.

Even when all the stammering is thorough,

and we stagger our way home

into a sequence of truth, truth,

truthiness.

04-26-19. Dark Roasted
Nuts.

Salt lingers on the tongue like the last time visiting your image—hold on.

She dies in my dream, and I hold on.

This is torment, this is language

I've forgotten and the ideas still needing expression.

Pondering moonlight:

the images backlit and there is no light

of expression. A booming lick of the grow's crowing glance.

Here it is glass that lives the last laugh and we glance.

I have been embodying you for years

yearning for an empathetic foothold.

Rocks require the placement for limbs to hold.

A banquet of rudiments.

Rigidity and talismans and dreams are often left behind as rudimentary.

I mean we as in I as in strictly speaking.

There are no words there is nothing not even a moment of speaking.

4—Peninsula and Coast

04-26-19. La Push.

04-26-19. La Push.

Marianna and Lisa.

Occupy occupy!

Occupy sunset.

The arrangement

of the once-occupied mouth.

Mouths upon mouths.

The layers we once heard.

Once explored like marbles

upon a piece of wood.

Polished with purpose.

It's a question of what we've done,

where we've asked the questions.

With the sentience.

And the sequences.

Dice rolls.

The choir of a new mix.

The taste of orange.

There's no room

there's just a ball.

Jest of geriatric.

The sugary brings us together.

It's compliment sans voice and recognition.

The crumple of paper.

The bulge of eating.

The latency of the cabin.

I wonder of my acidity.

Orthorexia memories.

Then we notice the crumbs

and I can recall the beach's puckish face

and footnotes upon footnotes.

Who's keeping track?

The landscape of coffee grounds and—shh.

04-27-19. Ruby Beach.

04-27-19. Ruby Beach.

Brace your innards for the quicker quickness.

Wind at liminal tides.

At margins of rainforest

and a Hoh's reserved land.

I sink into rock like muscles do.

Like sea urchins grasping fingers

between bursts of light.

The fragrance is gentle,

susceptible like jelly worming

or driftwood dropped.

Hush says Pacifica,

hush and lull.

Time stops and bends backward in screech.

The murmur of this memorandum.

Geologic and enticing we wait

amidst rashes and receipt

of a taxed serpent's mind.

Swallowing the tongue with headache,

fever, freezing, forever, and clatter.

It hurts. The barrier is a maddening wallop alone.

04-27-19. Gatton Falls.

04-27-19. Gatton Falls.

Serenity indulges spaces.

Warp of fern and moss.

Hangman's dream.

Blockade beneath the breath

or digestive ornamentation of the bridge.

Drops of rainwater

or spray of mist.

Untoward becoming—

means do separate.

Plasma. Miasma.

I see my own breath.

My own private dissipation.

Steaming of the lenses.

Censorship.

The tiny camera appears lost to gravity's currency:

the current.

And I sit patiently apologetic for my trespass

and the rainy demeanor begins to coat these pages.

Crosswise, downward, the fall of water

like the sign of water

like signs at all other falls—

uniquely appropriate and humanizing,

for me, damp, and alive.

An awakened source of light.

04-28-19. Griffiths-Friday
and Copalis.

The rigid hands born today of cold and thirst for ink.

Motor skills where only motor is car, running thin, quiet.

It was a frozen night and now the hush of day, and

the gurgle of the ocean another day's crawl away.

Evisceral. The gull on the intercoastal floor. Eyes open

while ducks fly in fear meters off in more sand.

In more time knowing a gull's frailty, mortality,

and endurance of feathers caught flickering in the wind.

It's a breeze and I'm a man and I am of dry,

honest skin here on the Washington Coast's now and future.

I blink in a whining satisfaction. Sutter and embark.

A short, tepid, beakish poem of yawn and post.

Lingering images and a disgust for the nearly crack

of the whitewash, foamy drip of Seabrook.

5—Added

Notes

04-29-19. Greenhouse.

04-29-19. Greenhouse.

In the shadow memory ablaze
at Ocean Beach State Park
where I searched for seals
but found a small bird (one)
with long beak scared and skittish.
At Griffiths the chill sent me into doubt
but I foraged for Zen videos
always another video
and thought my way across
the corpse of a seagull,
its eyes open into perpetua
while ducks floated calmly nearby—
the nihilism embedded in a Sunday morn
and noticeably no noticing of human
(aside my own voice—I talked out loud
with the spirit of the self- and ex- joined).
Earlier seeing the Green Lantern pub
with all its electric signs glowing
through damp or frost
and the interior noticeably closed.
More notice. Noise. Arousal.
Head woken up on Pacific Beach
to 35-degree weather
and a summer tent letting in
what should not have been let in.
My head shivered through the thin sleeping bag.
The waves crashing like a summons.
The crows sailing were feet away
letting out one long, fancy croak
It was then my fingers were too jammed and frozen to write.
And it is now where these images latch on
like hook and link to skin and flesh.

05-04-19. Parish Café.

Atlanta.

It's been the sequence of moments it's needed to be.

Sticking heat not yet opening up to love. Agony.

In any moment equivalency like bird and tree.

Americano is gone, gone. Long gone. Short road.

The spine of intention burying its head.

Cackles as memories associate the basement

a giant memoir of mural aflame and cold.

Dreams return with doors opening in gray.

Stillness by another, more configurable name.

As stated: the joys of being passed,

passed out in a foreign land loud and new,

roads spreading trickled bloodlines discernable.

Tsk tsk. I rate the Confederate Monument 1/5

and call it a day (for reckoning) and obliteration

has a bite. The Death of _____.

I do not care to look up the name again.

Saving bites and finger sensitivity for a city.

Beaming eyes ready and afraid in gray.

That's how my dream ends to begin the day.

05-08-19. The Cold Truth.

She's the corner of the slate.

Each word brittle chips linked to a pile of dust.

Gravity meets gravitas in a wasteland of sorrow.

What is it to share? What is it to question moonlight?

Galvanization of light seeps through this window.

I remember parallel parking on Thayer Street, age 18, or

could it have been slightly earlier? Later? Autonomic.

The way the world seemed—providential and large.

Now the words of the world are a mesh scream.

Silent until worn, held intimate the memories.

Privacy is a signifier for truth and revelation.

Truth and reconciliation. Truth and consequences.

Up, here, of Cascadia, a deep Cascadia, baffles.

Baffles lead to guffaw with every acceleration,

every slam on the breaks, signal made, horn.

That scream in this light pulling each of us closer.

The gravity of sharing on a broken roadway.

It sits with us here too, in Fremont, where

we each can dream as a troll, or as a statue.

6—**Cascadian Breaths**

05-10-19. Bay View State
Park.

I didn't bring extra shoes but I brought a love for mud.

And the glisten of green—listen—

birds in collections larger than isolated autos.

That's serenity, that's serene, that's all you've longed for,
held onto, and so on—until another chirp relieves the flow,
a clam shoots up, indistinguishable islands beyond the bay
suddenly have names, hearts, history, blood, DNA,
and we can see them through the beaming vibrations.

Reality is gull shit and heron prints

and the refinery's unrefined plumes

because from a distance

they are feathery and interruptive and monoclastic.

The fancier, the better, my sister fancy

in Atlanta where the streets serve humans and dogs like vines,

like jungle, like wild, like ritual, wild order,

undeniable place to recite structure.

Dense coast of breath, deep chaos of knowing,

a fortress of moving feet and swaying thinking.

Thinking in smiles and sweat.

And here it's mostly the same sans the gut,

which holds like the weakest succulent,

a trick and unbelievable spasm.

Connection of kinesis

(the water still trickling a glisten),

robins off somewhere

offing the burden of echoing tire burst.

I am thinking of my sister on her birthday.

From flight to sound and remember:

I hope she is okay.

I hope everything becomes post-situation.

The situated bliss through volcanic fragments,

a lens worth fighting form my legs worth it,

our timelines fully worth it,

my fully figured direction,

and the glance that brings it all in.

To the peripheral a spiral staircase is approached

by the sun at an afternoon's height.

To the right nothing but extension and mystery.

I saw burned blond woman picking through

beach rocks and weeds, asking questions.

It all comes or nothing does and here a channel.

Finger gets lifted in the hot smother.

I point. It's not a token but a totem.

It's not negation, it's interrogative.

The muse's chin sturdy and a switching out.

Chorus of sea life and finger unsevered.

Let's pretend to not.

To know the blinded side of our actions.

To "No" the deep sink.

You and me and every other grizzly.

Burn awareness.

We say burn.

To all the condominiums of Leschi—burn!

To the school children whose innocence is symbolic—indigenous.

Remember atrocity through your own melted faces,

pockmarks mirroring glacial lakes and the saliva that drips

like the swoon of a backyard campfire's crackle.

To the demonstrated patience of passive aggressive neo-baroque—

burn deeply fantasizing pyroclastic flows from Tahoma.

It is truly indiscernible, this and that and all other notifications,

trees aflame and falling, holy grail and falling,

the waters winking and falling. A flame counts.

Hope forms in crude inter-special species.

A significant flame. It is cropped in memory. Plumes fly high.

Geo-cathartic exceptionally rated the irate system of review.

Finally the fire is matter and your blinking, melting eyes.

My mutant proto-memory alleviates only slightly. True.

05-11-19. The Brimming.

Hold on. Between the lit beacons hold.

Within the pockets of the throat.

Enamored and weighted peaks we call towers,

fingers stiffen and anal cavity conditions.

A crag of latitude in approach of sense.

Each skunk cabbage, sword fern,

each acceleration.

Following the path to regeneration.

In a tower along a ridge screams the blistered woman.

Blackish rags scale the talus like severed arteries.

Chorus of pika. Zero crescendo. Only noon summit.

Flux to result in spit. Point in tow.

Return to the cairn. Seaplane toss.

Mesh returns. The images these plastics.

Call them plastique. Call them hungry.

The beggar and the cyclist.

The trumpet of noonday spun. A lone spinning.

Calcification is a wretched stutter.

The Olympic Peninsula born of the ocean
and slowly growing its frame.

Bone crow following the pavement.

Quinault following the privilege.

A rainforest is a mainstream of eyes.

The birds' nests the thickest of sockets.

05-11-19. Kukutali Preserve.

Call us by other names.

The raven lifts its wings.

This is ritual.

Observation is ritual.

An observation at a point of return.

Like breath I arrange to understand.

We here and there surrounded

by the fragility of the older land.

Such softness to the state of fragile.

I am boiling and freezing in softness.

Am remembering ancestral responsibility.

Today the driftwood reminds me.

It is less like bones than snapshots of water

calmer than what is here.

But what is here beyond the voices?

In the hallways of dead trees,

there is the eruption of shell and weed.

Occasionally I can feel a pulse as well,

and I can question if it's mine.

05-11-19. Cap Sante Park.

Here is lined with beetles and migraines.

It is a swarm, microscopic, how I sit.

Jet stream of boats waking coarse.

Blend the structure of bruised legs.

Blend madrone or similar in orangey red.

Premonitions of wildfires born of themselves.

Bulleted list ahead of snowcap expanse.

Truth is the machinery and rock worn upon shorts:

the mosses ancient and faded.

The eerie fixture of structure emits a hiss.

No moss but in steel in the vision of day.

Tomorrow's masses may not even remember.

I amass a wonder, amass a dream of cliffs.

Amass a riotous fixture of aquatics.

Behind me people explain their own visions.

Their throats are traced finely by wind.

I can also hear an electric guitar, distant and ended.

05-11-19. Floating. For
Thomas and Elizabeth.

Marionettes behind the curtain.

Floating through air, described as gale.

The sun turns oceanic scene into a ripple of glass.

The sound could almost be heard

and now there is no chance to recreate, to sketch.

Comfortable sight and vision let us remain.

We can recall and share next to steel guitar

and the boy with hair in his eyes

eats rice and beans alone, so alone.

Almost quaint the way our dryness fills.

It's in the cracks and we symbolize it.

Mt. Baker is a recognition while I sit.

The splendor of at once / not at all

is the creating realms of possibility.

Like blood, we will all be doused with air

and fear as the world washes away

and we get away with everything we want.

We are brought and turned away by ourselves.

7—Passing

05-18-19. Ice Caves. For
David.

The scratch of the stone seat

and the stone falls and ice falls.

Water falls like displaced sense of self.

Caves. We're all connected to the source.

All blazing beacons faces splintered light under the sun.

We talk imports, Cuba, and fire.

I think of snakes and modalities and language.

Linga and fragmented symbols of genitalia.

Speaking is the wordsmithing of rivers.

Noise as editing heartbeats.

Modular intensity escaping through light.

Arrested once again by offers of Cascades.

A brutal sense of strength.

Sunlight and mostly quiet

the concentration above all potential fissures,

cracks in our being

and freezing in our blood.

05-22-19. Thirsty Hop.

05-22-19. Thirsty Hop.

They could call it cackle land
for how baffling and how redemptive.
I sit searing in my own wastes
or in a glint of soft lighting,
a transformative wasteland, a rigor,
the specificities with cottonwood nostrils
and apricot tango from somewhere south.
Bold and baffling, best to hold open.
A long way from home, this place,
reminds me of all places, of trees,
of the ache of being a long way awake.

06-04-19. Institute of
Technology.

Chasms of elsewhere. Braised in the sun.

The old charades.

Scorching that upon the earth.

Find a niche or reside in power.

Empower blankets and cradles.

Children claim kingship upon the old doom.

I rest my weary vegetarian soul.

Vegetative state is emblessed.

Correction: embellishment along coast.

A spark of reasoning of extinguish.

Astute lullaby leads us out. Fire.

Crackle. Ancient goodbye with a collection of candles.

Holders entwined, bone clawing towards frail, black night.

Words as scotch and dreamy burn.

The erasing of the warmth of blood.

What comes first is fire.

Then upon the lick the fear.

Said in an awful, awe-filled voice

set upon the bond of burn

and expurgated bliss and bliss.

Wrinkled statements drawn home.

Here I am in this envisioned waste.

Carbon surrounds our beckoned bosom.

The burns are ritual

and the dust dreamy, faded laughter.

An affront to the ideology of history

as it gilds your emboldened ruins.

Stripped sensations are interrogative.

None of us are to blame all of us.

The candle snuffed and bones as knuckles.

The basic move into brittle and shatter.

Shelter is a courageous act of bearing.

The rights sizzle and pop flying through night.

Night the pop of our ongoing blunt pace

of stateliness and state lines.

These geo-intellectual documents of knowing.

The cradle overturned and markings examined.

It is in knuckles we find the affected:

thin claws capable of documenting.

Disturbances undeniably plain and clam.

But with each stance a regression.

The flowing of the powdered hills

of an ebony landscape glooming with pink.

I hold my breath like life

and it is slowly, slowly forgotten.

Fog-rip and messy are the tongues

of the axis of pause and ponder.

Flip right towards the custody of forest

and let the exhale vanish.

The sorcery of persistence explodes.

An exploration into next rests.

It is truer when it's near

and glass is scattered across the floor.

Deem it otherwise and startle the sequence

I've scrawled in a set sun.

Deem it likewise and be reinventive.

Lungs open like eyes to be alone

looking out into the precarious nuances.

We are back to our own romp now.

Our own rot has set the stage

and the tone is a whisper

hushing time's cooling.