

SECOND COMING OF THE FIRST CHRIST
Paintings with Words

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ABSTRACT

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SECOND COMING OF THE FIRST CHRIST Paintings with Words

It must first be stated with a presistence and enormous clarity that this thesis, "The Second Coming of The First Christ," is by no means a formal or traditional thesis. It is with every ambiguous consideration a creative effort, attempting to function in the legal domain of aesthetic judgement. The prime concept representing the rationale of the thesis is a self-conforming standard, the union of fine art as a conductor of other arts, supply the extravagant language of creativity with boundless action minus brutal distinctions.

I am tempted to resent the treatment of this thesis as if it were a traditional accomplishment paralleling art historical events. The judgement of this work deserves no more nor no less validation than my painting or drawing, the poems were conceived of with the same painful intention and like my other creative attempts the poems dine upon the same introspective energy.

We have accepted with a meticulous consistency the venturous and premature inadequacy of creative stagnation. The reality of creativity is placed in an historical exile, and many artists without the slightest notation of struggle have given in to the irrelevant prominence of the past. The pedagogy of the artist as educator must escape recollective existence.

Poetry as painting is my effusive attempt at creating a new aesthetic experience. It is difficult to feast upon a falcon with wings, whose flight is into the abysmal background of history, but the falconer is static, and as we the artists conceive we can place this still tranquility into a consumable creative motion.

If what you have received is what you expected of me, then we both have failed. I, because I have met with misguided motivation your expectations, and you, because your expectation is a human imprisonment, a modern feudalization of the mind, a startling limitation. With conviction I believe that life embodies with a confidential consistency the idiosyncrasies of limitation, and yet because of this natural mortality, the artist finds his infinities in the inexhaustible arrangement of permanent stabilities. My first obligation as a human being is to accept my potential, to conceptualize historical illusion and to alter illegitimate tradition, hoping to create an environment which is less tragic than the tribulation of the past, an environment which is a plausible reality, a reality in which people could maintain their individualism and comfortably exist. My second human as well as natural obligation is to accept my limitation as well as others' rejection of my potential.

As an artist as well as an Art Educator, I believe in the equality of individual potential, the equality of human creative ability and the equality of human direction. The skills that I have acquired are skills that would allow me to create without discouraging my audience from the pro-

nunciation of their creative abilities. I would hope that my creative intention invents an environment that will demand involvement of others' potential perception, an involvement of recapturing the self that we are forced to hide in the multi-manipulation of man's mass misfortune. The perception of the Art Educator is often the perception of history; time demands truth; history records the demand; the truth because of its elusive nature is a flicker of movements between moments. The permanence of the performing past is of major importance. But because of stagnating symbolism, I have no time for criticism of history and the Art Educator. The close reality of constant changes should exceed the energy placed into the motionless past. We should consciously concentrate on the creation of a "people" environment. If environment is to man as freedom is to illusion, then the sediments of my logic is in defense of the individual's choice of his inevitable destruction, his suicidal seduction of art should be his own progression. As an artist and art educator, through art regardless of reason, my duty is to provide tools so that the individual can reach his end. "Freedom is the right to fail," and yet failure, other than that human encompassed by natural survival, is the reduction of categorized definitions. If we wish to illustrate our individual decisions, we must not become subdued by definition.

Art has a new suit of seditious profanity. It is not until the present that art can really benefit a general public. It is not until now that art can truly and effectively cast a positive shadow on education. The reason for this is not at all difficult to entertain. The greatest value of art is not its permanence and its possession by the "supreme" few. The political imprisonment of truths have imprints of freedom; the art critic as craftsman is becoming extinct. Art is nude before its public. The hierarchy of gods who relay the truth (art) to their prophet, who then relays the spiritual truth to the esthetically religious, the artist, has become heretic. We are now approaching a people's art, an environmental art. Art has become the tools of a societal distinction. The future, explosive in becoming, has removed itself from the rhetoric of tradition. As the poet has a poetic license, now the Art Educator has that same fragrant freedom. Pictorial illusion is just one of the few by-products of creative intention, the rebel as artist is inescapable.

I should only hope that my boundaries do not themselves become the border's brim of a definite.

Let us thank anxiety, meaning has been rediscovered.

Educational Note

Kenneth Koch is a well known American poet; his theories on poetry are firmly wedded to the finity of education. His ideology expresses the progressive potential of the poetic form as an embracing esthetic essential. Koch emphasizes the secret of feeling. The imagination is a canvas and fantasy is the organism of freedom which alters the rigidity of personal artist production. The success that he has created by working with children is beyond understandable amazement. The freedom of many of the children's self-expression surpasses that of visual art. It surpasses visual art not because of any superior form of concerted creation, but because of the magic of multi-dimensional auditory images. Kenneth Koch has published a book of his student's work. The book is entitled: Wishes, Lies, and Dreams. His book emphasizes and illustrates his method of teaching. His method is a revolutionary element in teaching art. My method of poetic motivation, unlike Koch's, deals with projected and restrained analysis of spontaneous events. The elements of synchronic and diachronic ambiguity become paintings in the true misfortune of the definition. My approach to poetry is that of a painter, having the artist's sensibility towards words as form. The pictorial illusion is a relative probability with words always existing in perpetual "time."

"The point is that sounds of language achieve their subtle beauty, order and meaning largely by reference to the intended meaning of the words."

Dr. Rudolf Arnheim's book called Visual Thinking supports the idea of language as a pictorial art form. The potential pregnancy of poetry is a language full of emerging life equal to the emphasis structurally created art objects. The structural dimension of words depends upon the idfinity of their arrangement and rearrangement. The adjective, adverb, verb and noun are only the minimal arrangements of words. Words only adhere to the theory of lineal reality in their physical form. In the auditory resonance of sound interpretation words are building blocks of images. The concepts of words, act as symbols. The transformation of symbols personify intuitive intelligence, emotion and create a stimulus strong enough to conjure up ideas.

A poetic painting is a poem, painted with words by a painter. A painted poem is a painting composed with lyric by a poetic. This idea is not a new luxury of creative magic. The understanding of auditory painting has its roots deeply embedded in history; yet, the consideration of its importance is a recently explored idea. Things that assault the nudity of newness are the poems themselves.

Painting With Words

This thesis is a creative metamorphosis escaping of definitions.

Part 1

The Second Coming of the First Christ

A creative analysis of auto-anatomy of projected and conceptual images. A method of self as creative resources.

Part 2

Opacity/execution of myth

Reaction to objects that the world is a mixture of ...
a gambled reaction.

Part 3

$M + RE = MA$

Incubated ideas

Words are not mono-dimensional but multi dimensional. The only lineal literacy of words are their physical exhibition on the page.

Poetry exists as painting

- A. color
- B. visual depth
- C. form
- D. composition
- E. rhythm
- F. perspective

Color Mixture

color as words

hue

tint shade

color & white

color & complementary

Example: A nude she altered reason

Tint words

1. nude she silently altered reason
2. nude she gracefully altered reason

Shade words

1. nude she explosively altered reason
2. nude she belligerently altered reason

Primary colors

red

blue

yellow

Primary words

nouns

verbs

adverbs

adjectives

noun

man, child, ape

verb

escape

N + V

man child ape escape

adverb,

sincerely

N + V + Adv

man child ape sincerely escape

adjective

little, big

Adj+N+Adj+N+Adv+V

little man, big child ape sincerely
escape

Words as visual depth

dim, dark, dismal, deep, distinguishable, dreams

A dim dark dismal deep distinguishable dream

Rhythm

Rhythmal rapture of rattling rhetoric

i hid in the darkness

blinded by the night

i saw no souls being sold

i saw no instruments of pain

i saw no placid burials

i saw only the darkness

i listened to the silence

deafened by soundless thunder

i heard no bargainings for life

i heard no screams of torment

i heard no cries of death

i heard only the silence

i hid in the darkness

i listened to the silence

as the world passed me by

February 19, 1971

what time is it not
today i saw a young girl
undressing in front of a non-reflective mirror
with a journey forward
in and around the mute myth of tragedy
i raped her with the repentance of a visible vulgarity
and memory that peculiar pest mirth
and from her reluctant womb of recessive breath
i tore with a savage haste
a deformed child
i carelessly placed the child within my dream
omnipresent missionary clown please die for me
and the days weathered away
like an old virgin waiting for youth
it was on this day last year
that we did not meet for the first time
the virtue of the violin is violent
no i am not a mad man
i work from nine to five
off on saturday and sunday
a wife and two children
and every other second night

i dream of making love to my mother

and

your projection of my insanity

will not grant you freedom

i have returned

to the dead

from the dead

to nightmare where insults are pregnant

with prostitution prime

and death a vast marbled odor

displays its marginal manuscript of crime

the reminiscence of my youth

oppress the infallible quotation of pity

time relapses as the pagan brute beast

bastard like fugitive awake

to the rhythm of the city

i have returned

to part the womb

to enjoy the succulent wet of my benignant birth

the wealth of my loneliness inflame

the fiction of freedom ferments

the erotic waste of the past can not escape

the embellished charge of interluding destiny

March 4, 1971

freedom is to be as you were to me, the things
on my mind can not change the world, nor can the things
that are not on my mind. i can not escape reality. it
is an immortalized brute, the indolence of madness can
no longer dance to the music of fantasy, truth like an
imp immobilizes the pediments of falsehood, the equality
of reason is a sucker for selective semantics, and to my
silence the truth does not exist because i do, i am not
the truth but i am hated by the truth because my segrega-
tion is no vicious victim of history's unreal sanity. do
i marvel at becoming what they became, the impetus
repetition, the repercussion of a hollow name exploding
with a valuableless claim to predictable failure (fame).
death is renown, a rebellious rage denouncing pitiless
prehistoric prostitute but into her womb i place my head,
the succulent wet of her crime dehumanizes the deluxe
destinies of nature, her dutiful dungeons instruct justice.
the pregnant pain of her caring fertilizes the meditation
of destruction, the dynasty of doom illustrates her pro-
ficient skill of non-informative prophesy. they speak to
me of revolution, i speak to them of rebelevolution. the

difference is in the inexhaustable refusal to die. she
wears man like a wax woman making love to a moist whale,
but i refuse the confessed religion, the fermentation of
the prostitute's passion is no longer a virginal vicious,
you can not defeat life when my definition is not death,
when my fear is fiction, when my rhetoric is not reason.
the dilemma a chaotic heritage, the hero's immortality
is stupidity, the cowards mortality raging ignorance,
fools have the recipe to become wisemen as children men
and men dead, the recital of anti-rules are receptive to
reality. a poet is people, the crucifix is a triangle.
i am not dying america.

I am the poet's dream

the dry leaves of illusion

daring to be the eyes of blindness

sharing the poverty of truth

bearing the belligerent blows of battle

I am the poet's dream

the nightmare of fantasy

the hero of haunted horror

the coward of sullen slaughter

the narrator of an untold tale

I am the poet's dream

preparing a perverted wisdom

while the poet sleeps

we were fed from the breast of a nation
and loved her with unexplainable greatness

but

we were children

tamed by a savagery growth

imprisoned by a cage of logical irrelevance

a flash-back on drowning illnesses

focused larger than life

a disease of memory

falsely imposed freedom

puzzled my madness

take back your name vaporized nation

the stability of my roots creates shame

no longer am i the seed of insanity

force to grow in graves of seclusion

no longer am i the out growth of confusion

fertilized by hypocritical rules of illusion

i am the transition of suppression

the rebel of reason

armor comprised of abstractions

shattering your glass

sheltering your daughter

freeing her with corruptions
making her the eve of my creation
i am the rebel of rhythm
the recurrence of your invisible fears
dimming your magnificent light
defeating your well trained son

it's still

it's lonely

and it's quiet

the thought that rambles through your mazed mind

knowing that your pilgrimage will go on

knowing that your animation must go on

you detain a memory

if the future is to be the past

anger can not be withheld

fear can not be withheld

and tears can not be withheld

and if you call to her

she that once existed

and she that still exists

in some crevice of your disturbed thoughts

she will answer in silence

and all of the mysterious hymns sang

and all of the sacred moments of prayer

and all of the flourished arranged flowers

placed on her grave

will not

and

must not

cover the rareness

and

realness

of one as great as she

imprisoning him in well constructed bars of illogic

making him the lucifer of my din

i am the result of your sweet ambitious union

you are the bodies that fed me anger

your unchanging ways

your one way orbits

caused my divergence

and when less than life

i may not sing with dubilance

nor may i dance with infinity

but immortality will adopt

the name of change

and if not

the limitless border of death

must be penetrated

so that i might organize a rebellion in heaven

just when the trembling hands of curiosity

 began to reach out of the childish brim

just when some began to call the awaited child

 a man

just when the child began to stand firmly

 upon two feet

he is struck to his knees by the make up of war

willing

 inspired

 and forced to war

willing to die for the life of his country

 inspired by the twisted words of the cunning rhetoric

 forced to war

 forced to battle

 and forced to fear

all were not willing

 and all will not return

all were not inspired

 and all will not believe

all were not forced

 and all will not fight

yet all will know the miserable filth of war

train is late

wrong track

i'm pushed

i pushed back

a fighting crowd

a showering noise

one million monsters

two million sharp eyes

 a smile

 or a betrayal of vision

 a song

 or a betrayal of sound

the face is lost in the crowd

the song is shattered by the appearance of a shrilling train

i push

i'm pushed back

 and the morning returns to normal

there is the stillness of the grave

upon your breast

and there my head is placed

seeing the infinity of darkness

i rest with the memories of the dead

your hand is upon my head

your smile is upon my heart

you have created some vast notion of peace

yours is the strangeness of love

for which i fight

in the eyes of freedom you are beautiful

and

your child

has made me rebel

and the beauty of the battle is in the freedom of your soul

and

death

that danger upon my door

weighted with the bitterness of fear

can not make me tremble

can not make me stand still

the gun

that allows you to dance with freedom

the streets

leisurely lag in smells of illusion

the archaeology of man made deception embezzle

the engraved sonic of rhyme

the night is casually cold

and compressed equation of memory traces

pilgrimage patters of hate

back to the benevolence of human betrayal

the baptism of reason

charms the bisectional birth of madness

the sacriligious coincident of the messiah

enchants the dying dog

and the mendacious merry-go-round of evil

is dancing at my violent cage

the metallic messenger is the merchant of (love)

i end-planted at my enemy's door

the mirror reflects mishaps of misery

while injecting the skepticism of fugitive lust

the night with heretic hopes conceals convention

my face hilarious with fantasy

pawns fertility

while transforming the tranquil reality

i rush

journeying disloyally out of society's sanity

i laugh at the nebulous seduction by the majestic mammoth few

"but who am i to say

i'm just a tramp"

the wind is a woman

you ask me of truth

and

i

say

to

you

the truth is between your legs

like a

turtle

reaching

for the textual moon

the

abyss abstraction

the

aristocratic fragrance

of your frustration

your sensational

soul grasps

and

as satan journeys to heaven

i

journey to hell

for your incestuous

wares

I

living on air

illusion of history grant you

the brilliancy of breath

whose dreams do you share

god is dangling from dungeons of death

nations are privileged with the hearts of prostitutes

all is real

in the problem they prepare

prophecy of the poet

the world of the dreamer is no longer there

II

do we mirror

the masturbation of the monster

or

reflect the rambling rebellion of youth

do we defy datum's delirium

distrust

the passion of the prostitute's repeal

reject

the rubbata stagnation of man

that dark cubic cushion of no-thing-ness

embracing

do we infiltrate the loneliness of infractive sound

inheriting the habits of synthetic repression

or

do we stencil

upon the unicorn

"i love you dodo bird"

the velvet

verdict of tyranny

provokes the pungent publication

of fear

the perversion

of the prostitute

provides

peace

the fragrance of myth

discourages

as her nudity exhausts god

the repetition

of silence

explodes

the lyrical magnification

of the maze

rope the rotational like reexamination

of the rectangular world

and the removable repeat

repeal

of life's dynamic end

repeat

the rapid rampart of illusion

the grave receives

the ratified rareness of the rectangle

as time rapes youth

and rambles in rage

note to a rebel

the sound is still

of a defeated man

it is the whisper of the narrative heart

softly dancing beside a fugitive life

the savage growth of illusion

tamed by target death

and tears in the eye of mad men

deprive destruction of horrible tranquility

children

dead upon hand held street

sleep in death's age

woman

not at his side

dim the dictum of manhood

we dream of animals drowning in beds of superficial law

resting in the rules of rustic regret

truths are bound to beauty

and defeated will

and truth rekill

i dance in dungeons of rebels

i was never born

for i was never the victor

this is no virginal visibility of banners

defeat is defined by the enemy

victory by the soul

immortalize the iconoclast - idiomatic man

immobilize the exaggeration

of forbidden minds

stand wet between the winds obvious sperm

while the nudity

of the prostitute

inspires the spontaneity

of the earth's fertile growth

invading the inversion of intoxicating rhyme

this lawful determination

of nature

the delinquent child of hand made gods

demands the denial of fantasy

and

i will

love the inconsistency in my life

and why must i

carry within my heart

the idiosyncrasy of god

or hide abundant in negro night

with cosmic illusion of fear

elusive notion of divinity

castrating the fragment time

and in their heaven

or

their hell

i will not tell

that i made god

there was a vulture in my mother's mind

but not in her womb

that rerouted venom of the universe

that stable infinity where i slept

and returning is the pregnancy of impossibility

the savage existence

will not entertain rest

and that saintly execution fluid flame

burns with my fathers name

and i

like the peace that does not exist

raping the rebels mind

and what rage

when death becomes the day of my birth

and i become the destruction of the earth

is it true my friend

my fine fitted rebel

is it true

did you die

with the death

of a nation

was it your cold grip

that waved the fragile fragments of peace

was it your mazed mind

that wandered to a shattered home to rest

is it true

did you die

with darkness

on your breath

was it the devil's caution

was it his cover of cold

that turned your body to ash and vapor

did you die

to die

or die

vicious city

laughing as the innocent

is transferred into a

faulty orbit of corruption

offspringing mindless monsters

and being rewarded with

a festival of fear

pitiless compassion uniting virtue

through a demoralization of justice

and your shame wicked city

battling your sincerity of dishonesty

keeping your head above

the turbulent tide

of praiseworthy waters

and the ill made city

with all of its ill shaped thoughts

with all of its worthless weighed establishment

with all of its deformed well kept promises

will avenue pass the city of equal good

and unfortunately become the possessor

of the unicorn

the gutter

with all of its watered down waste
with all of its wet consistencies
offers more comfort and security
than a well made bed
of a politician

rich in rhetoric

the scientist of effective sound
fills the auditorium
imposing a seductive order
creating inconceivable convincing comments

children of tradition

slaves born unto liberty

informers of justice

trained to reorganize history
with professionalized powder puff sounds
flooding bottles with disjointed opinion
sharing familiar secrets of utopia
while building a foundation of truth with false tools

prophets of confusion

confused and confusing

well kept beds are for sleeping

sullen rest for learned preachers

might give illusion a holiday

gutters wet garbage smell

set fire to my heart

and burn the soul with awareness

I

the prophecy of the prostitute

might end the world

the prosecutors

of the indispensable prostitute

the inseparable inspiration

of the seductive judges

manifest the horror

of solitude's alienated insult

the spectacle

of her body's metallic waste

(rest with youth's growth of age)

and her music

the multiplex of explosive lust

(inspires revolution of simplicity)

while manuscripts

of manipulative justice

meditates legal crime

and i with preceptive

and primitive love

permits your perpetuation of fault

you are nature's law

the venturous validity
of an infant's endurance
your infrequency
of fictitious function
mis/use sanity
the freedom
of frustrated rage (the minds of mad men)
gambling for the glory
of your breath
And your breast
compete with gods for their attention
the battlefield
of elusive imitation (the conclusion of human lust)
idealize your religious intention
and the interruption
of justice
interviews truth
the magnitude of manhood
can not defeat the crimson cause
your ocean like curvatures
your crystalline
of correct intercourse
and scramble for your virginal blood

the critic of crime
incriminates the soul of the heart
and the world
awakes to the punishable avenue of your pleasure
and reality knows
that this is no grand
half of an hallucination
the gestural sensation
of existence
mirrors the human mythology
while the mass
misrepresentation of fermented minds
journeys beyond the irrevelant beauty of justice
i avail
and evade your crucifixion
celebrating the vegetation
of your vague womb
then why
the signature of man's logical illegality
enslaves your dignity
and still the endurance
of inflexible peace
cannot exceed the energy of your birth

the entanglement
of confusion
undertakes the intensified world
the equilibrium of generation
depends upon your arrogant gravity
while the prosecutors
of innocent prostitute
exchange spectrum of history's lawful obscenities
and the didactic rape
of man's dimensional failure
reduce the shapes
of incurable confinement
and courage the counterpart
of fable
shall not be the allegory
of the multitudes love
the world must end
injustice
and i shall
defend you
with the insanity
of a blind christ
and grave stones of steel

shall await the destruction of time

as nature and i

with loyal bondage

obstruct the purity of equality

I

as the rain

with the constraint consistency of care
falls upon the emphatic emptiness of my motionless mind

distilling the depths of my concentrated thought

/the false surface of societies repression
the religion of submission

releasing the eclipse victory

the virginity of violence

exploding with the enormous nothingness of silence

ignoring the contradictions of history's erotic intercourses with Time
as the rain

upon the death of autumn leaf

her wisdom of awareness

whisper sacred illusion in the whirlpool

of the wind

And

there is no death in nature

as the rain

in all of her untame stillness

presses her lips skillfully against the ambiguity of
life's gentle breast

And in life's lap feels the fragile fingers of danger
the rain

journeying down

faceless

fiction

elusive

beauty

reflecting immoral sacrifices of all creation
as the rain falls

making her shadows of confusion

relive the destiny of death

II

i come to you in the heated moments

of my restlessness

you are like the mother of creation

rebellling against memories of sorrow

and i stepping from the wet womb of the gutter

find upon your beauty

a place of rest

you embody me with the care of a god

and for that moment

that interment extention of time

that memory that follow

you are god

and with the motion of life

between our shallow depths

the smooth speech of your warm and willing body

like the truth of the rain's wetness

falls upon the death of autumn's submission

and every voice of my soul cry

with the pleasure of your approach

every sound of my heart thunder with the softness of your touch

you reward me with the motion of life

you prove to me that i am

like some god creating

you place my child

within my hand

III

for you have created in some short moment

that which their god has failed to create

in the sum total of his infinity

Angela Davis 1/7/71

the universe holds in common
with injustice

the elusive dissonance

of beauty's manifestation
of human contractual crimes
of natural events

angela receives

beauty

like the infant calculating the immortality of ecstasy
like the infant clutching the exhaustible bitter-sweet
of birth

and crime

the american way

defy (deify) the notorious notations of truth
the (cartoon) courtroom repugnant
repercussion of rational rhetoric
smells of a disobedient disease

and the revolutionary relevances (heroic violation)

the chronic reluctances

can not be relocated

the laws are submissive

to defeat

to defeat

is the insecurity of prostitutional madness

the plastic pregnancy of great nations

gives birth to

fragrances of fumbling fear

to defeat the professional prophecy of a rebel is to defeat a

dramatic definition

angela (beyond)

the expanding religions of rhetoric

angela is a soul

submerged

suspended

in an eligible abyss of hideous justice

(justice which justify the vulgarity

of slavery)

angela (your beauty alone)

courageously

softly

subdue the corruption

of the universal arena

Interlude

Somewhere

alone

nuzzling close to the nudity of life

i compass, circled round of you

but unlike the compressed loves of time

submerged into the invalid volume of history

i to you

like the birth of irrational hope

infringing upon the obedience of god

or like the heated nights of the city streets

tearing from the heart

the vulture soul of the spiritual savage

the accurate abyss of memory touch the vapor of my blood

and man

with his determined life of violent hurdles

grips the growth of mammals

invokes the mellow mallet of law

claims marriage classic plastic mold of existence

society excretes the stagnation of the gutter//

in exile the violin seclude the sacrifice of silence

nor

man marveling in his madness

nor god materializing the miracle of truth

can separate

the elusive union of youth

for as intimate as the atom

as infinite as the stage

the interlude of fantasy's rim

that which illusion holds consistent//

the world has no present

and the future is the immediacy of your image

unto you I give misfortune

weighted with the raw equivalent of love

but my distances are too great

and my future is now

i can not stop to dream

for i am he

who walked through the inflamed violence of a mad man's hell

i watched history stand still

during roll call

she cried in a passionate pain

there are no black faces on my index

and history watched

as i walked through the golden gates of back doors

to get to this obscure place of war

she watched

as i silently laughed while walking through service doors

so that i might die a smiling death in battle gear

i have run hurdles to get to this death spot

i have hit balls

and run balls

and thought balls

so that i might be a rebel

when the ball becomes a bomb

through the walls of serfdom

like a ghost from an unforgettable grave

i have walked with myself

i have talked with myself

so that my feet will go on in battle

so that my great words will not be forgotten

i have lived in the pitless depths of depression

so that the horror of war might not bring me shame

history has kept blank pages for this royal rebel

with a sovereign soul

and with one revolution of my revolting

i will wipe decaying volumes clean of its dust

i will violate the virginal rights of time

i will record the random raptures of truth

unheard of prophets exploded in silence

their rhythmical foretellings were rained upon

and the falling waters moistened the fertile words of poets

saying

the stars lit all the heavens

so that i might find

my way to this scarlet battlefield

and they were laughed at by wise men

that now stand before my obligated gun

fools

half asleep saw me dressed in battle armor

and

half asleep they forgot their nightmares

i have walked down streets as dark as the veins that confined

my heated blood

to get to this mystifying battlefield

i have waited until eternity wrecked

the productive womb of faceless justice

to get to this dull illuminated battlefield

i have walked sun controlled cottonfields

with the wild weight of the world on my back

i have died of hunger

while living living off of pre-war pride

i am all most too tired to be a resourceful rebel

cowards tear

forgetting intentionally the direction of targets

while the weakness of courage

draws fluids which flow hiding blind hidden eyes

the magnetic moments are here

the noble intentions reveal its' tranquil face

the rebels

are rebellious

and i draped in rebel rages

the soul of my reason recoiling its faith

and the coward within me say

intelligence is the criminal death of emotion

and cross eyed blind men intolerate

black sight

and children in church of grace

pray that god set fire to this unholy place

and children of mine begging

to be born dead

and youths dare not deal

with experiences just past

only idiots rob age of concentrated moments of thought

cowards tear

back to back in battle

living for the purpose of lying

running for the purpose of dying

cowards tear

and in madness curse god

madness is the ultimate of my sanity

i have burnt the paper pages of freedom

so that my soul might keep warm during battle

i have made of promises

a pillow

stuffed with nothing

so that i might sleep well in the cold blood

i have been made ready to burn the blank pages of history
with a fire that will destroy the decorative cover of this closed book
i have been preparing for this unnecessary war
with necessary tools

with necessary hopes

with necessary fears

history be prepared

night is about to rape day

the rebel and the moon

in love

will light the night

as the sun once lit the soon forgotten day

the death of an ineffective revolutionist

I

the innocence of revolution

confines

and imprisons the principles of freedom

we are not obligations of conclusions

but rather distinguishable illusions

we encounter the destiny of death for life

II

i knew you as i knew my illusions

escaping the emergency of crime

tilting the consistency of the universal legacy

defying the physical masturbation of nation

matrixed locomotion

your conquest of misinterpretation has summoned victory

as summers past i smelt your heated race for freedom

it tasted of burnt anxieties

and spring antiseptic in contrary law

left you impatient

i do not believe

as you did not believe

the world is changing

and the sky is not a blanket for madmen

the sky is an ambivalent blue

torn from the traffic wombs of skeptical virgins

time has twisted

and contorted your face

into a tamed tolerance of youth

burden with brilliance

you went to battle

eluding

the

elusive

encouragement of historical waste

time does not lag

kissing the grime of sapiens birth

it runs the opposite motion of maladjusted man

i knew you as i knew my place

dead upon my enemy's floor

and your body ripped savagely apart

and boiling in the batter of my blood

my soul embraces your soul

upon discovering who you are
i have discovered who i was
and although i can not love you today
tomorrow or the next day

i will love you
beyond the creation of god

and as the silent soul of nature
sleeps with the virginity of infinity

i shall sleep
between the wondrous wombs of immortality
my head upon your breast

and like the pregnancy of a pebble
i'll create the crystallization of pleasure

and like the flower admired by beast
you shall become the fertilization of beauty
defined by gentle contradiction of spring
and in my final memory of my birth
your rain washed lips will be upon the bareness of my body
allowing me the divinity of peace
and upon the nakedness of my mind
you'll allow the sullen tranquility of my death
and yet i'll know by mystical melody of your heart

that i'll

be very much alive

and that life will be very much a part of you

you shall become my limitation

and the lonely

who held the universe in the madness of my mind

will see it held in the festival of your falling tears

you shall give to me

the sum total of infinity

and i to you

a little less than a fantasy

the crown of a clown

made king by the acceptance of your soul

i will never leave and though i might

i could never leave you

and you

that part of me in life

that endless extension of life

shall exist in every intercourse of time and memory

you are the myth (escapeless volumes/ of the voyage

the mystery of thursday's universe

can not

repeat the elliptical notation of her breast
the emotional essence
the small divinity
fumbles in frustrated fear
the fugitive of destructible innocence

is the mother of this curious christ

And

the geometric idea of societal infant life

crumble

as the evilness of night caress

the unlove day

and to the stillness

of the musical intercourse

(which is savage)

the truth

criminal child of man

look on as the royal dance of death began the revolt
of the dwarf is massive

it confines creation

as the manikin man

manifest the magical

lyric of the mute

and (he)

that inherits

the insensitive grave

will be saved

the isolation of a single moment

the extension of a difficult life

II

god was born yesterday

and the day before

he died

i was born the day after

the blood of the womb

still

blinding my unaccustomed eyes

III

the silent shadow of some unknown preamble

we are the tire

living in some dead mother's house

we are the tire

listening to a father's worn-out

philosophical rhetoric

IV

we challenge

the silent sickness of a dying nation

we sing

with the voice of thunder

shattering the shatterproof voices of birds

these are dark days

but we see

with blood in our eyes

and hearts pulsating with that black blood

as minds set fire to melodramatic illusion

we are rebels

refusing the manifestation of the open grave

we refuse the composition

of a comfortable death

while living

we are the hilarious clowns

that laugh

that lives

we are rebels

tire tomorrow

the corrupters of tomorrow

afraid tomorrow

the challenged tomorrow

we are rebels

with rebel reason

well organized yesterday

we are rebels

waving red

pointing to the rapid flow blood

that flood the unforgettable gutter

rebels

rebellling on city streets

rebels

rebellling half asleep

confused about the rights of man

definite that the true should stand

and fight

AND THE QUESTION

is it the fire that we should fear

or the destruction after the fire

is it the minds we'll kill

who to replace

and where to rebuild

and those that oppose

rebels

rebuilding

in rebel clothes

and all the black

with white painted skins

and all the white

with black painted skins

ordain

the sincerity of revolution

and

revolutionaries

false

and all that is false

pulls living limbs from the fire

and all the plastic pleasure of who to fight

becomes multiplied

the black by day

the white by night

and

we shall make hostages

of our breathing and lifeless intuitions

rebellious

riotous

rituals

the crimeful collision of the monstrous constitution

the limits of living

the subject of life

the cold

and

clean blade of the criminal

(turned rebel)

knife

and the leaders

who to choose

the fire throwing freaks

the mad misfortunate super-cools

or

some fool like the ornamented poet

rebels telling

rebel jokes

and laughing the rebels lauth

but

we are shameless

and

serious rebels

with reverbrating reason

and we

the poetic conductors of well phrased words

locomotors of communication

moving extremely fast

on two different tracks

in two different directions

rebels waving red

the performing

spectators of the battle-field

strongly competitive in verbal prostitution

matching unstable traditions

with unstable inspirations

and

insanities with the fertilization of a key hole of varying beauty
stupidity

an accomplishment of

future fears

and sustaining

the criminal ability to feel
embodying every modulation of

a scriptual life

we are rebels

because we must be

or

because we must be

The Second Coming of the First Christ

1946

the war was over

the vivacious void

savage like mute

clashed momentarily to excrete

passionate prophecy of peace

historical approximation

the redundancy of empirical investigation

the philosophical reverberation

repeated the repetition of repetitive restriction

the organic occurrence of growth

involved the evolutionary maturation of tempo

the end of the world had just been introduced

and i

not yet born

orbit in isolation

the paradox of mystery

resting unconformingly in the nonexistence womb

of subconscious imagination

submissive to the delirium of indispensable

faith

being silently entertained with the descriptive

intention of permanent death
(fools allure the graves of apathetic immortality)
(non - segregation of atom)
to enter into the phenomenon spectrum of opacity
to which there is a noble disagreement
of assumed integration of totalitarian
exploding with pagan destruction
the increased inquiry of the critics debate
my impotent pursuit for immortal peace
was
infringed upon by the pregnancy of predestination
the inaccessible
the inaccurate
scholar of erotic pleasure
insulated the certainty
of my uncertainty
the enthusiastic balance of the bandit
the baptism of birth
the skill of knowledgeable form
the artistry of human design
the monotypes
conjuring of life
the spiritual collision of fertilization

passionate combustion of violence

the cry of a mercenary child

and the world will soon

not

embrace the allegory

the second coming of the first christ //

the ice man came

one

last

time

she paid him for the ice

"delay

one

more

day

then

use

the refrigerator"

her world came swiftly to an end

tomorrows misfortune

the

next

day

the ice melted

so we plugged in the new refrigerator

in
your
face
 i see the music
 you
 wish
 to
 play
and unlike the privacy of death
you
 wish
 to
 share
with me
 your
 kingdom

do your eyes
 reveal
 in
 their
 revealing

the

 rebel

 spiritual sperm

 of
 rotting

 s
 e
 e
 d

 germ

this

 should

 must

 e
 n
 d

with
 every
 indication
 of
 spring
 the
 repercussion
 of
 reason

swell
 with
 the memories
 of your
 perfumed waste

and
 nudity
 your animal self
embrace what's left of anonymous grace

if
i
am
 wrong
then
i
am
dead
if
i
am
 right
then
i
am
dying

if
i
have failed you
it
is not
because
i
tried
but
it
is
because
i
tried
not
to

escape
 one hand on the mary=go+round
 one hand on the ape
 one foot on the ground
escape

a
tired
a
n
exhausted
young
man
he that inherits america

the creation
"are you the man called adam"
yes
"are you the woman called eve"
yes
then
let us destroy the universe

i
in
the
night
hidden
by the absence
of
the
suns
domain
unfortunate
upon
you
in
this
deity
of
light
society has made
you
ugly

black
white
black
white
theres more to it than
that
black
white
black
white

a
m
e
r
i
c
a

i
am
rebellious
birth
i did not ask
to come
un=controllable
un+welcomed
un=comfortable
such
as
i
exist
and chances joke
demands that i laugh
and
i
do
not

i awoke in the
 opacity
 of
 night
surrounded by a multitude of sound
i
felt
lonely
i closed my disillusioned eyes
and
 my
 night=mare
 continued

memories
 travel
 alone
moving in one direction
 b
 a
 c
 k
 b
 a
 c
 k
 b
 a
 c
 k
 and
 b
 a
 c
 k
until they reach
 and
 pass
 the beginning
and there too i am with=out
still
its not quite the same
 as
 now

the past is pregnant
 with prehistorical prestige
sexually assaulted
 by the rouge
 rhetoric
it awaits delivery
holy
holy
holy
 its child is
 illusion
a mis=placed concept
 in the preposterous
 present

1947

1947

ALMENTLUREUISUALIST

" IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD
AND

THE WORD WAS

g
o
d "

IN THE END

WAS THE REACTION TO

g
o
d

AND THE REACTION TO

g
o

d WAS THE DESTRUCTION

OF
d
o
g

1947 Age 0

how should i end

the belligerent beginning of my life
infinity questioned its end

and so the logic of life began
the contradiction

of universal conditioning

(blind saturation of man made situation)

the equilibrium of perpetual necessity

the indispensable paradoxical of questionable needs

is he not purified

is he not glorified

the brilliant babe

of rebels

deprived of romantic oppositional identification

(hors de combat)

(perpetum)

the naked rebel intoxicated with inspiration

desires the definite expression of peace

and peace is a metaphoric melodrama of brutal madness

the rhetorical invocation of humor

the war is over

the multiplicity of collective images

the impatient exhaustion of american wit

the vivid decrepit/descriptions of myth

the criticism of the poet

(a visual and silent death)

the reproduction of royal prejudice is exact

the war is over

excapite (memory)

the war has just begun

the transformative phenomena of dimensional rest

the intellectual

physiological stratification of relative rest

the assumption of consolidation

the probability of criminal growth

the voyage of a babe

and too

rebels are not energetic globes of genes

comprehensive display of trends in life

unfolding of birth

rebels are

formative finities of enveloped surfaces

not synthesizing the world

they compile maladjustments of malevolence

they maintain the documentation

of their disadvantages

but to the comprehensive commonwealth of his destruction

A child

with virginal innocence

the evolution of spirit

Exaggerate the direction

from which pain is diluted

The infant

phantom of man

shadowed dream sleeping

incapable invalid sound

and yet

available in current conditions of survival

the infant is a spontaneous rebel

as determined by his atrocious environment

and so it must be

inevitable

the second coming of the first christ

1948

VACAPTORTI

YOUR EYES REFLECT
 THE GRAVE
WAITING TO BE KISS
DISEASED MIND OF PROGRESS
RUNNING
 NUDE
 AWAY
 FROM
 YOU

1948 Age 1

the opaque phenomenon of paradox was plagued with buoyancy
the integration of universal chaos precisely employ idols
the moon mechanical tilt

kissing the cordial circumference of the night
the earth in a scum like sag

an antithesis of man's pagan superiority
was not the choreographer time
the explosive shattering of the architectural plan
diseased by the borrowed burden of bureaucracy
and i resting

in harmonic care
stressing the bludgeoning susceptible growth
not yet speaking

but believing the blunt potential of propaganda
the frequencies of mental contrast
the alliteration didactic personification

are skepticals of life's inactive vowels
my life at this prejudice point is proximity of an anticlimax
i praise the ludicrous god of my mother's breast
inconspicuous crust of indigenous form

articulation in time

amazements of fear in mind

the false truth

the inorganic creation of man

the essential regularity of the rebel

undistinguished matter of latent man

the ridiculous temptation of laughter

leaping into a distance of death

but i can not legitimatize

nor declare the legislative

of man's routine rubbish

for the dynasty of an infant

is dwarfed with the duplicative duties of silence

(cries of crucifixion)

the cubic enclosure of enamel

the encircled enchantment of enactive sleep

the empirical empire of dreams

the impossibility of truth lay still in graves of children

the tragedy of life

is born in the soul of a child

the intellectual potentialities of truth

the growth of awareness

the factor of fear

the irrelevant realization

the horizon youth/youths

the child is the prized parent instinctive myth

(the mute mystic of mysterious veracity)

1949

LYNITEIDEF-DEATH

LOVE
ALL
IS
STILL
HATE
ALL
IS
MOTION

1949 Age 2

lux mundi

god was not an infinite consideration of consolidated relevancy

god was an unformative freak

molded into a mortified spectrum

out of a woman's womb

experiencing a limited resolution

(an unviewable event of exploited misdeed)

the tactile navigator of irrelevance

the prize public of the first christ

are experiencing a nonconceptual death

the rational translucency of an innaccurate christ

innaccurate faith (creed/retain payment)

and so

life is a monometer motif (a child's ingenious abstractions at rest)

the deliberate repetition of a dramatized performance of peace

he stands in the trivia steps of a tramp

(trimming in the festive fertilization of fear)

he correlates the concepts of criticism

the intimacy of vanished lyric (repress the reorganization of mind)

as the demanding audience achieve available (radical) innovation

and the neo/classic child (becomes the correction of the romantic genius)

the mythological tradition is not alert

approximate perfection (two decade)

the shapeless symmetry of inexcitable fear (the mother of man)

the mechanism of chaotic shatterings calls on god

the world is partitioned (part to part)

god (nor the growth of deceptive susceptibility)

can stand it still (the erosive like exploding of a child's madness)

am i not the pagan priest of poverty

the prime primogeniture of change

and so i dream

the iconoclast of an unfortunate (fumbling) future

i immoratlize the funeral of sleep

the impalpable itch of the isolationisted growth

it is (not now) that i can dare god to trespass upon dynamic truth

the symptom of synthesis

the tranquility of temporary tolerance (a seed)

the child must sleep

for sleep is the necessity of savage growth

the necessity of revolution

1950

TIONALISTCAEDUC-EEIST

THE DECEITFUL
DEAD
SCREAMS
EXILE
THE
EXHAUSTED
TRUTH
THE
FAVORABLE
FAULT
OF
FEAR
FEAST
UPON
MY
MOTHERS
FATIGUE

1950 Age 3

ambiguities (paradoxical annihilation of time)

what is this pity of premature preconception becoming

the connotative poet speaks in remote pietism

the world is to me as it is not to you

what critical crime have i committed

what crime of omission have i sheltered

what traditionalized vulgarity of violence have i inflected upon you

what disfigurative anti-traditional truth remains vitriolic in my vision

the necessity of life is not logical to

the cross-indexed mind of history is not the rearranged regulation

i am angered

you constitute hate (the illegal violator prime)

the ornamental simplicity of habit sways in growth of stagnation

a prima vista

the playwright of youth confesses in the finest lyrics available

(the durational contingency is contempt)

the idiomatic iambic rhythmical laughter

(i smile)

revolt (1950)

accumulation of proportional knowledge

the selectively control of intangible reassemblance of motion
it is now that my energy is being balanced with preliminary certainty
the philosophy of youth's

youth will logically explore the myth

comprehensive pattern of dimensional abyss

(the primitive phenomena of probable definiteness is still

(my life's soul stiller, my soul's heart even stiller)

transformation of the particle mind

transformation of imagination

transformation of babe into a child

and for the child,

vastness beyond moral salvation (desirability without wisdom)

wisdom is the abysmal approach to god

and then

the spontaneity of you invokes a foreign love

and yet with vigor

i have known you all my life

i have known you before the imprisonment of itemized crime

my mouth has cupped the gestural magic of your infinite breast

my hands have held the royal roundness of your rotating reality

your body

with the capacity of life's accommodation has held mine

and your beauty

is beyond the beauty of gods

1950

i know now

like the foundation of infinity

you are the poetic survival of man (tangible/tastible)

i know now

1950

you are

the

not

her

of

God

1951

ERALIZAFEDTION

MOMENTS (ALL THE WORLD)

TIME
NUDE
IN
STILL
+
NESS

i STEP

@ BETWEEN @

A
FRACTURED
SECOND
TO
FIND
YOU

1951 Age 4

the reinterpretation of the original transformation
the conceivable restrictions (recognized potential planning of a madman)
the reflective impulsive of the homebeast
the primitive barbarianism of the modern mute
(the unpronounced mutter of myth)
is it not the intangible ambiguity of the cannibal's capacity to kill
that rest upon the capable crime of death's continuance
the ingratitude of the revealing radically wrong rebel (includes punishment)
the nonsense neurotic of nations (the profound platformation of
premature prejudice
the preservation of the omnipresence pregnate child
the world can not sufficiently
skillfully
skeptically
slaughter a child
a child living in the thievery execution of shambled celebration
the instantaneous installment of fear
the instinctive impregnation of flavorless will
the narrative naming of man (the hypnotic anonymous repulsion)
the symbolic requisite for freedom (necessity of reconstruction)
incumbent motionlessness activity of time

the emphatic dilemma of generation
freedom was almost the world (a conceivable condition confined)
freedom as fragile as the rhythmical fraudulence of air
the symphonic language of extravagant dreams
the vaulting value of a monasticism
the resemblance of a silent womb
the child relaxed in his world of relevant truth
relentless relapses alternative rest
the child can feel the future of an imprisoned peace
the dungeon of mind (improverished

imposing

arrest)

there is a war in this world
god nor the intellectual heart that created this hatred
can treasury the potent potential of destruction
the potter's past is round
the political polygom is no longer found
in refreshment of reformation redemption sound
the child can see the world (with a smile upon his face)
with aging youth (and indispensable rough rhymes)
the rife of rhythm's privilege rifle kill
and beauty the heart summons of laughter (is still)
the sensation of sense cry (justifiably)
the geographical growth of man is dying

1952

EDTUREGES-PAIN

SLEEPING
IN
THE VOIDS WOMB
THE
MADNESS
OF
SPERM
THE
SEEDS
EXPLODE
AND FLOWERS DIE

1952 Age 5

the world is the world (illusionary articulations of peace's departure)
beast like brutal (brilliantly bridged)

in youth's youth i'm aging
with the didactic pronunciation of chronicle prejudice
new york city dripping with the prostitutorial nudity of orientational life
(the sketchy skeletal symmetry of death)
and public school 10 (the kangaroo submission to spectacle persecution)
the world like a communicable complexity of diseases
(ungodly nausea) energetically eating away

that which i have so shortly become
the lucidity of the maze created by thought

(concentration of false identification)
experienced disciplines of who i am (will not become the what you are)
i have apprehended and imprisoned the phenomena of fantasy
i have

carefully confined the captivity of my imaginative soul
and illusion

the ignorant villain of crime (the visionary convict)
with the grasping gears of the ghost articulates

the explosion of freedom

i know now the function of procreational excretion of uniform being
the uniformitarian unifying the one dimensional sounds of sovereign

and i

the disabled child dream life in the breadth of the multi dimension
the paperbound pregnancy of present presentational profit of man's past
has become the transfiguration of mental migration (mimicly motionless)
misjudging the ambiguity of history's typographical error

(the misprint of man)

misleadingly misplace man correctly in time's memory
as time's investigation radically rapes the immature advance
there is no destiny in the blending of mind

nor is there destiny in the sterile barrenness of time
enfant terrible (en cueros) in a world that destroys
naked in the manufacturing

plotting magnitude of stagnate action
the specialization of adaptation killing the dead

(mass production of the individual it)

the velocity of the progressive square
the velocity of the original imitation

distribution of form

the survival of the human instrument
the accomplished validation of the total concept
the solid anatomy of amplified wisdom (obsolete)
persistently (i) meditate the destruction of form
intermittently the inquiries of the child experiences shame

(age 6)

i can not find here (what i found there)

the beauty of the night is the rejection of my skin

the silence of the heart (is demanded not to emerge with music)

god that does not exist (do exist)

for this moment of abysmal fear

do exist (until i might control)

and destroy heavens hell

1953

SPHERICALYIHEM

CURIOSITY
IS
CAGED
THE
SKEPTIC
SMELLS ARROGANCE
THE
WORLD
IS
CORRUPT
i
ENJOY
THE CIRCUS

1953 Age 6

separation of the world sensation (i ridicule your justice america)
the unrenowned reputation of madness is the repercussion of war
the reorganization of representative was not at all remote
i was capable of love at birth (a textured tender love)
the world had set before me tenement temple of tasteful life
the technology of tears (the romanticism of rebellion)
are rooted in your inferno
the cosmopolitan consolidate of corruption (counterbalance)
counterfeit truth
it is my irrational reason (the involved investigation spirit)
the invulnerable violation of the internal heart
beauty is the nudity of intimate innocences
the substantial insult of intellectual decay
the ennobled child enhancing the enormity habit
like a gypsy of faith wander away from the guttered making of mankind
the child half real (harmonic in youth's madness)
hating the constructed destruction of time's hasty laughter
and who (the interscholastic dual of dying irrelevance shall choose)
respectively respectful principles of elusive peace (prefix of immortality)
the acceptable accused accurately embarrass the guarantee of guidance
fictitious flavor of fantasy emphasize independent hunger
and hurdling horrors of american truths i breathe brilliant

independence in youth govern (disillusioned entertainment)
the vengeance of tomorrow the child lives in the tragedy
the tendency of tragedy warrants the religion of reason
the political opponent to optimism opposes
in these walls i search for the historical hostility
i am the hostage on horseback (in motion)
the sarcastic satisfaction of information
the dilemma of rejectional existentialism (the logic of america)
the child in growth in planned succession of possibilities
the child still nude (hasty challenge not to understand)
not to understand is unavailable in living
in living (to hasty challenge the carrying nation)
i carefully obtain the low price of privacy
mastering the challenge of creative gradation
hugging humanity (humiliating restriction)
the gradual grace of grade school
i refuse you, impose you, imposed rule (mute tool)
impotent power don't print (america the child wants freedom)

1954

ICONODEAOLGY

DO i PITY
THE PLASTIC
PREGNANCY
DO i PITY
THE
EMPTY SEA
YET AS i PITY IN MY
PITY
DO i PITY
THE BASTARD ME

1954 Age 7

beyond being

bewitched by the vaccine of the virgin

beyond the victory of the defeated victim (the velvet violin weeps)

venturing beyond the viaducts of the pliable vulgar vulture

paralyzed with the pregnancy of poverty

the testament of time precipitates

vapors of violence preclude the practical prayers of a child

volumed vortex (zigzag visions of virtue) envision the vigorous dead

and video impetuous impotent (the sweet and tender mouth receives

the tide not i)

the zombi imprints of passion are stamped in the paved soul

the patterns of the peddle on pedestal smile at me

i peer at the world with the fraudulence of nature

the pediment of mind pawn like patrols the heart

rummage the ruling of my world (the submergence of insolent)

the gattling magic of music (lyric bying to the loyal world)

the submissive affection of hunger (as the world fleetingly flood in

roast flesh)

the ecstasy of air witling comb in combustible cold

was not my clumsy commitment to life clutter

death coagulated and collapsed at my feet

exotic expenditure of pain (expensive experience exhaustion)

perpetual life unprohibited projection of life

the dismal dark shadows of shade dazed

the measurement of fantasies offspring damns truth

the world is blind

excited

without love

i have escaped

the departure of delusion (but only for deniable moments)

and for that vacant dismounting of truth i disembark

the deprived fathoms of society vanish

and then

there was you

calmly beautiful dark haired devil of life

adventurous daughter of danger dimly dark

dancing in youth as youth (unreliable beauty)

champion child of life (transfiguration of love)

although i do not know who i am

i know who you

exploration of love (conditional concepts of idea)

real for the splashing spiritual mind

infused with corruption of cost (your beauty)

your young and gentle genuinely over-whelming beauty

yet indispensable is the crime of hunger

1955

FICATIONI-INJUST

LITTLE

KNOWS

HE

ABOUT

ILLUSION

WHILE DYING

SUCCULENT AT HIS MOTHERS BREAST

GUN IN HIS FATHERS CHEST

1955 Age 8

the world empty of beauty (i mouth the moments of dream)
dimensionally the multitudes of man uneloquent in flight
articulate the mobile waste of promises
never again may i curve your warm breast (lavishly with my young mouth)
like music involution of memory your eternal nudity is unborn
and my mind naked in hysteria daunt in fashions of sharpen shame
swiftly i suppress supremacy of susceptible superstition
the emotional outburst of famous fear exchange the storage
still born (the solidity of form smooth the snake like anger of life)
the secret of your beauty blossoms kissing the stubborn spiritualism
loving the trembling soul of her insidious savage
and breathless beyond the compassion of the supernatural i viciously love
you have invaded the rational absurdity of my life
you are the invitational involvement of my life
you are the investigation and i humbly am that part of you
you reap the realm of danger orbit the phenomena of my fear
the domain of you tranquil present transforms the dungeon of night
you are absolute and with praise i embrace god
the fragrance of your name is the translucent duplication of my name
the hungry hollowness of my muttering mind
tenderly like the slender blindness of kisses warmth

you (maintain within me the poetry of life)
the abstracted secrets of her tender eyes are an invasion of violence
imagination is splendidly real the memory of you in living
the fulfillment of accompaniment sustains within me forever
the resurrection of christ (you are the abundant truth of a mad child)
you have apprehended the mountain (the fragmented horizon)
you have stumbled upon the fantastic of the universe
you have applauded the sun
if i was but he the help created i could not love you more
acclaimed for decades dead
acclaimed for the decades quarreling with death
you are an immortal monumental poet (the rhythmical composition of life)
and (i) your child
will recoil the recognition of you flooding with the frailty of love
how could i defend that which beauty with rectitude defends
how could i reclaim that which in beauty claim
how could i die when that which immortality loves (loves me)

1956

ABLEKNOWL-WHICH

THE ODDITY OF DEATH
IS
DYING
THE OFFERING OF THE
OFFICIALS
THE COBRAS METALLIC
MAZE
GREAT
NATIONS
ARE
DEAD

1956 Age 9

there is more hate in my heart for god

(then) there is in

all of satan's abyss hell (the tartarus pit night can not maintain

that heat)

if there was but a highway to heaven (some road, some artery)

i would (with my intoxicated hate, with my deformity of truth

towering in screams

(kill god) the mysticism of insult is no instrument of death

insolence of death is an absorbent of mind (the animal within me

encourages your death)

with hidden horror i loath the monster of creation

the discordant harmony of my youth (with hideous haste cry)

i grip the grimness of the world greeting the viridity of death

i multiply the hate of the multitude nameless i narrate the testament

the presentation of the future harvest with the winds of autumn

and winter investigates the seclusive psychology of the grave

i am married to the death (at the altar god killed my mother)

with the monumental mind of youth (with the severity of violence plot)

no compromise for the tranquil tolerance of my beloved

the preservation of prudence provokes protest

i pry into my psyche for peace (and restlessly yet)

peace is provided when with pungent reconstruction (becomes the pungent
destruction)

(the morning was velvet the pillow screaming wet)
the soil of my life is dead (my roots grow in memory)
the breast of the universe kissed the trembling truth
and beauty was no more (the fragrance of you that is me lives)
that part of me which is you dances naked in the grave
slowly i wait for the fatigue world to clothe my sorrow
know that the constellation is as distant as darling death
you are the history of morality (the exhaustion of mind)
and i the think soul (the feeling body) directed by the grave
distantly i wait (disrespectful i look upon god distinctly i wait)
the discipline of the child (the fictitious fiction has walked the earth)
the fundamental of freedom has gesture growth
the broken heart (there is no limitation to literature of madness)
the memorization of form (the monopolization of still joy
she was god, god) the creator of all life
and i am he child that paralization of life
in life she lives in me death i in her (we are immortal)
and upon the shore where the water's waste is oppressive blue
the orgy of destruction is upon the bed of god

1957

LIGITIMIZE LUTION

WAS IT HERE
AMONG
THE STABLE
STONES
THAT YOUR
PEBBLE
PERPETUAL
WAS LOST

1957 Age 10

one year after the detailed discovery of death's brutal depth
one year after beauty's prime the abrupt distorted universe in
cemetery centers of cement with dramatized drapery was drained
with fabulous fragrance of childish fraud
drugged i delude the delirium of god's desired dom
and the ecolog of mind in an ecliptic envy erupts
do i live the shrewd ebbings of my frantic suicidal suspense
or do i die the death of monstrous mortal madness
the pigmentation of pigeonhole rebellion (is moist upon diary breath)
i undress to the crumbling poetry of the prodigious prostitute
and life the clumsy gambler (clingingly i clinch to your bare breast)
the protractor of protein ductile and yet dubious
the dwarf lives in a dungeon
the irredeemable invitation of the mortal journey in murmur motion
gains the courtesy of courage
garments of space transparency time
i am the heroic heretic on the hideous highway of hell's legend
i am not real the legislator of inscriptive and thievery legacy
the limitless brim of lonesome's loathing and magnificance imprisonment
the melancholy gloom of the grave clergy like climatic
crucify upon illusion of the sullen dementia of excited memories
and the enslaving image of vivid in the boisterous in the horizon

1958

MANIPUMANLIKE

E

L

US IVE

LIKE A WET

WHALE

i CLUTCH THE HUGE-

NEWNESS OF YOUR BODY

TO

FIND

THAT

ONLY

YOUR

MOTION

IS

REAL

1958 Age 11

to experience within the corrupt core of the heart

the corsage of memory

you must have courtesy of courage (the warm and frolic fusion of

forgetting)

futile as the funeral in life the solemn grimness of the future

furnishes the rage

and hopelessly i nervously walk towards the barren and dooms of sadness

freedom i am your father

deserted in childhood by the mixed

marriage of death

i have manifested within you as you have manipulated within me

the radical rim of desolate space

the security of segregation recalls the manuscript of the maniac

the overtone of freedom's possession infringes upon the grain of my growth

freedom the clever distortor of artificial innocence

discovers the formless form

and with respect of the dead abrupt barbarianism of youth cry

and life most dishonorable disease the deformity of living

disinherit illusion's fraud

there is a darker dark than the decayed dark of my deceptive life

and i with the cuddled nostalgia of confusion live the hollowness

of my paganism

and the pseudo psychic of society's soul preprospects the prohibition of
youth's prudence

the inroads to my insanity are unimpressionable

(insensible to your faith world)

detached

competitively unpitied

the winter of the world is cruel and cold
numb and blunt to that which it fears to understand

(the symbols of control are strong).

the asylum of the world summons historical suicide of selfsuperiority
the vulgar obscenity of truth can be seen by those who command nothing
and truth is bare negotiating the virginity of immediacy

and truth vanishes as a vapor in time (becoming cycles of virile villainy)
then i fatigued with the melodrama of memories

melt gradually merging melodically into the tangible traffic of truth
into the trampled commitment of excited dreams

into the excess explosion of irreversible illusion

and wrestling with the inhabitant of the insidious soul

i confess the comic of my fears

considering the coward that i've so courageously become

i stand in the scheme of the universe

mocking the struggling success of god's great toy

submissive to the slavelike savage of stupidity i intruder upon

god's world of magnitude

gripping the gremlin of kings

grimly i confine them to memory
forgetting the flesh of these foreign fathers (the seizers of mothers)
forgetting the flesh that his created flesh begot
i stand before the world of transterrestrial refute
the stones of my mind ripple and rot yet they do not crumble
and the punishment that is greater than poetic pain
i shall wage (for the blundering blind in a pith of night rhymes
with freedom)

1959

NEGATIVNATURAIZATION

LOOKING HARD
 AT
NOBODY
 THE
NUDE
IN ECSTASY
IN
THE
 EXIT
ENGRAVE HER EYES
IN TO MY
 ANATOMY

1959 Age 12

the universe entertains the unsolved infiltration of god's fate
the liberation of man kneels to the kinship of perfumed crime
the perpetual pregnancy predicts the presence of youth's freedom
the womb of the world wet with the scum of tormented tolerance
lectures the legacy of the legible obscenity (the incantated lunatic)
in mourning the cowardly kings of the world loathing in anguish remedy
murdering the amplified justice solitude
beyond the blasphemy of man the veil forsakes no shame
foreign to the silence of my soul
foreign to the confessed weakness of god's abhorrence to youth
foreign to the despaired barrenness of man's treaty with nature
and foreign to the exile of the gifted dead
the pebbles stand like a penetrating pearl before the peerless
mammoth volcano
becoming the zoneless warrior of sophisticate gentle form
the solitary child is symmetrical to the symbolism of descent
a short silence is the obedient shadow of man's sleep
the pastures of life absolute with the terrible taste of beautiful
flowers
liberates the vandalism of muddled minds
the departure of seclusion congested with the noble narrowness of nothing
the muzzled mute mutters the mysticism of hope

and i drugged with the nudity of prime potential
gasp with a generous gentleness of breath
the garbage that i gamble gallops into the mirror of my mind
and i welcome the ceremony of false courage
the child must surrender the misplaced plans of the universe
obeying the majestic misfortune of the fool
and yet the juvenile soul refuses (it's stubbornness will not surrender)
and the absorbent world that so gracefully denies will not devour
the deity delirium

deformity of fraud

can define

and yet there are no delighted degrees of boundary in my life
the youth within me can not delude the age within you
and the deluxe quality of your raging investigation
can not demand the delusion of my dribbling youth
for i am deliriously excited with a controllable madness
and the demarcation of my savage like wildness
enjoying the monolith modesty of my distrust of your divinity
and you that define with the single diversity of diversion
can not disunite the frantic falcon of freedom's flooding

1960

OBLIGATOR

THE CONSUMPTION OF
CARE
CONTAIN THE
CONTENTIONS OF
THE SAVAGE
THE CONVULSION OF MY
INSANITY
UNDRESS BEFORE GREAT NATION

1960 Age 13

(the strategic repercussion of youth exiled my mind)
one year after the dalai lama journey away from tibet
my journey too

had just diagrammed the martyrdom meal of my burden being
the meaningless absurdity of the mazed society had ornamented my
restless tranquility
stuffed with the property of poverty

the parallelism of peace is fable
the paradox of paradise is in a pampered state of panic
the preservation of death is the presentation of the prevalent living
the premature prelude of prejudice dominates the prophesy of youth
loneliness visits the insufficiency of the perpetual inversion
isolation with all its loony waves of logic can not still the phantom
the phenomenon of phantasy can not be persecuted with the

perjury of reality
and i re-memorize the memorial melody of medieval magic
and beauty is a glorified glimpse between the trilogy of triumph
victory of the young soldier comes in voltage volumes of pain
and the voyage into the void (the vacant emptiness of nothingless space)
the virtuous youth creates the vital visual (making his way to his
centrifugal soul)

the ceremonial nobility youth plunges into the toxic vapor of innocence
the corpse crime of consolidated consciousness subscribes the

world submission

the substance of society's constant rejoiced rejection
and i relaxed in not being the growth of your tribal clan
know not of your genetic siblings infinite identical duplication
i drain from you the drapery the dunes (the dungeon of the dead)
the dwarf duty of durance is my dynamic granulars of ecstasy
my world is a griped gift of an exploding icon
my imagery is my immortality immensely immobile
and your imagery is not imagery

but the exhausted morality of history

the tension of truth testifies in the court of our destiny
between us is the remote distance of a tomb
enslaved to enveloping past (you can not enter)
enslaved to the envy of becoming i can not penetrate
truth's truth (the virgin nude upon the criminal bed)
the crime of destitute bleed with the impact of pair

Age 13

(the immigration of the imaginary man child return to form)
impartially i imitate the old
for here the comfortable crime i commit is love
and youth beyond my youth
the potential of you is like the beauty of the unimpressable brave
the imbecile plays post (the danger is that he's dying without definition)

1961

PAINTERIZATIONTORPHENOMENOLOGIST

A LONE AS THE RAIN
UPON
MY
MAZED
MEMORIES
LOST AS THE CHILD
BEFORE THE FRUSTRATED DEAD

1961 Age 14 Transition

the adventurous excellence of loneliness constitutes the approval of

darkness

and arbitrarily the benediction of the soul submits to crime

the vulture's longitudinal vagina utters the dynasty of the durable

doomed

the night lilt the dark death of god settles upon the sheltered grave

the festival of the fertile fable extorts the fact of fantasy

my head is upon the bare breast of the profitable prostitute

my body is silent upon her dazed bed

the damage of the dance is dim as the daughter of infinity inspire

the pawnbroker stands like a pediment at the peak of power

the payment of the peasant like the sperm spectator diminish

the substance of the world submerges

and i submit to the world my target of form

and rest (disloyal to the collective pledge of pay)

the recoiling of recent recognitions reclaim the records of youth

the world revolves and i revolt (shabby shackles of time like shadow)

embraces (clasping, killing the encompassing child)

the distance of dying pregnant with crime

the prejudice precipitation of aging futile in form

hypnotic furrow funeral hesitates before the heretic child

deformity of fraud

deism boundless invention invoked by man
invincible fantasies of youth irredeemable lost (the royal rudiment
of life)

man renowned repetition repeat the repeal of reason
the rhetoric round

rotten

rotation of man

rooted in the routine

the misfortune of man is not the mistake of the child
transition

i wallow in the waking of history's deplorable cell
the habitual hippopotamus is no longer the prodigious probing friend
the prize printing press of my privilege dream
the mellow melody of childhood melts into the metal of memory
and still i collide with the deceitful violence of god
the disbelief in my believing cuddles with care
the cultivation of my current hate
the curiosity of christ curse the customs of god
and cymbal of sound delights the deity
descriptive descent is the fate of form
the phantom age foreign in form crushing the evil child
so that the stone like man might will crumble
at the approach of an impudent reflection in a mirror
the evilness of youth in pith of time splinters of truth

1962

QUESTION

FAITHFUL FOE
FASHIONED WITH
FAULT
THE
HARMONY OF MY
HATE
GROWS WITH THE DISEASE OF THE GRAVE
i
CROWN YOU WITH MY DESTRUCTION

1962 Age 15

life (i'm outraged at your deficiency of intrusive love)
your instructions have instilled within me the inspiration of hate
i tolerate the leisure of your nausea no longer
the platitude of pleasure can no longer shape my shame
i stuff my heart with stumbling stupidity
as i journey into the tranquil treason infancy death
and god has you and your body is the cosmos of correct disorder
your eyes refract the reflection of reason's tragedy
your lies are phenomena of life (your being is the invention of truth)
the irruption of the universe is the irrelevance of your religion
and i shall love you beyond the brutality of the grave
the presence of you is summer upon the nudity of the world
and the winter is rage at your demand

a woman but a taste upon the tongue
i drink you as the flowers of love flavor their tattling buds
i value within you the child that you are
i demand of you the woman that you are becoming
the moon is mouth of your breast

the motion of its light explodes in

interval of joy

your body fragrant with fragility melts at the allegory of my

fraudulent touch

god has escaped the multitude of my murderous hate

the muddling of you has made this so

away from the world there is rest within the world

the complexity and for a naked interval of time's fragment

i have the neutrality of pledge in my grips

i parade with pardon in my heart

the genius gentleness of you guarantees breath of light

and to you world i gesture in a whisper the truth

the tragedy of tradition (i declare a treaty)

for the moments that i convict imprisons peace

and incurable indication will result in rest

the infectious disease will lay in legacy

and your evilness will be the liberty of your substance

for this love

the spiritless dead i will destroy

for this love

my lust of your destruction i will end

the ears of the world are like the stone face of heaven

mortal man

mortal mother of morbid fear faces beauty

with miscellaneous excretion of noble hunger you strave the charity

of love

you embrace illusion

a thievery king

rationalization rape

once again the silence explodes

the rebel rebels

UN-WHY

PEACEFUL IS NOT THE REAL DREAM
THE RAMP OF RELIGION
RE=INFORCE THE ILLUSION OF SLEEP
i RE=LY ON MY RE=LUCTANCY OF TRUTH
THE RE=PETITION OF HABIT

1963 Age 16

walk skillfully rebel (the anatomy tradition rejects your reason)
the trilogy of tradition is anchored in fear
the sarcastic slum is your battleground
walk skillfully rebel the satisfaction of the savage is in your soul
the man within you is abundant the child scarce
the filament of living has become the fiber growth
the reluctant reunion of truth gestures the giggle of a ghost
walk skillfully rebel (frustrated with the frailty of history)
walk skillfully rebel
accept only the danger that derives from the dream within your heart
walk skillfully through mutter dreams
walk skillfully through musical waste
walk skillfully through plotted schemes and scattered space
and as their death's end the exhausted war began
the murderous mob concert premise of man's prejudice presents
puzzled melodies of rambling reaction
the descriptive creation of the various sameness of face
the nature of society variety (restrictive compression of mind)
the allegiance has been made and in exile i remain rebel in truth
and here on the rim of reality shall i find
for some short consistency the combination of life's ebbing
here shall i find the elegance of love's injection

1963 an old man

"the question to ponder

is not who am i (but who are they)

the child within you must remain distinguishable

distinctly immortal

the adult

deals with death and dies

mental death is an illusion

the acceptance

and submission of destructive fantasy

the fantasy of society's operational oppression

the criticism of the critical notation

is often the lyrical magnification of opaqueness

the stagnation of a moving foundation

and

for

that

moment

we are gods (complex modulations of children)

capable of creating commonwealth of realities (obstinacy of truth)

and as adults

stuffed brainlessly padded, submissively filled with moral imprisonment

the adult is only capable of creating confusion

meet not

the standards of a dead reality

aspire not the utopian height of a deluded depression

the tragedy is the world

the soul is the universe"

the world is still

and i stiller

tragedy is the world

the soul is the universe

1964

REBELIZATION

TRANSITION

CHILD/MAN

THE GROUND HE WALKED/TALKS OF REASON

REBELLION IS REAL/i TREMBLE

CHILDHOOD GAMES PLAYED BY MAN

IS

TREASON

1964 Age 17

the enslaving suicide of growth

suggestive blindness

the after image of youth

the seasons sag

vivid love songs of strangers are mellow upon my tongue

the world timeless with negative vaccine of wisdom

receiving the hours

resembling the screams of snow covered horror

the horizon has hope

so come with me

the metaphor of illusion waits

the imagination illustrates the illegitimate world

immortalize native navigation of truth

the voyage into hate

the repulsive rebel rope

in repugnant sedition

the seclusion of the world's secret excitement is dead

death is the absent of the admirable rebel

so then the world is your impartial death

dimensional i registered the articulation of dream

wonderfully in my sleep the passing face of loneliness

manufact the ovule manuscript of you

the overture of the city

overlaps crime

the city shadowing in the spring of life is dissatisfied with majesty
of liberty

the juggler journey into the malicious jungle

stumbling into the substance of superstitious susceptible of love

the injury of injustice has no beauty

the anatomy of god like the trembling of the world is lost

the birth of death injects the infinitive ingredient of fear

and i sit alone on the brim of the universe

loving that which is incapable legislating of love

loving the destruction of the legionnaire law

the cold killing of night dark with american face

dark with coldness dignity a dying nation without a heart

the inversion of the manpowered mammal

the malediction of the mammoth mortal protest

buildings scraping the belly of heaven

puncturing membrane of god's holy domain

satan cemented in hells of hate (secluded secession of streets)

imprisoned in crumbling city of stone

subways of insanity exploding suds of subverted minds

child dying in death you rebel

man trying (the fiction of fertilized hell)

the valid invoicing of senseless suitable survival

eternity is the hours shadow of life fancy finity

if the punishment for living is life (then punish me)

1965

TEMPERVISION ONLY

i THINK OF YOUR

DISTANCE

SMILE

IF i COULD GIVE TO YOU

THE REDUNDANCY OF POETIC RHYME

i WOULD

THE

FOREIGN

PHRASES

OF

FREEDOM

1965 Age 18

what repulsive crime do i bear in my blood one score minus two
why did i not lie still in my mother's postured womb
still in the potential repertoire of separated pleasure
today i talk to the virgin the prodigy of youth upon my bed
his face was once my face

his prodigious peace my peace

love my love

his prayer is the prayer of my youth lost to practice of growth
and the death of god was disallowed so that i might have directed hate
the dingy foil of my mind fluorescent flutters mangles like flute
the profane prostitute prophet with professional pregnancy predicted
my subscription to your love surrounded prelude of peace
your pervert with perfume performance was my instant quest
the irrational version investigate truth

indiscreetly you leave

i walk to the streets of a southern town

the schism of the saint

like a vessel sailing into the sadism of the savage rage you leave
the gutter gushing with the exaggerated wave of love and streets cry
the city is dark deliberately dim

the multitude of the many is the

vision of the few

and the air fresh with the fraudulence of death's birth is still with me
the father of my youth embraces the man of my aging
the window of my room with poisonist prime reflects the fullness
of my emptiness
the soul of my hate cries, the soul of the child rebel has died
the door is opened to the dead i am the grave of the living
the world excretes the smell of sorrow exotic expansions of rain
gambling gods of fantasy gallantly do you govern the garbage of man
mortification of mortal musical grace monoman
still in loneliness empty upon me is truth, full upon my life in the void
no longer can i violate the violence vigil youth
and so i walk into the blizzard of blazing hate (hating hate) and hating
before me the nakedness of nature bathing in beauty
in beauty i benefit from the drug the past
notation of remorse i walk with a dead mother in my soul
often i have stood on the repelling brim of the universe
standing between renowned moment in massive leaps of time
god no longer have the face that i might strike
no longer stuffing vicious vapor of vagrancy upon his life
i have lived the tranquil tablet of contradiction's conversation
in youth i had aged in aging youth i am silent
the distance of my cry imbalances the weight of the world
the wit of reason speaks to the child it whispers to me

1966

TRUTHUNDER

MAN'S DESTINY SHOULD NOT BE TO CONTROL
HIS UNIVERSE
BUT RATHER
TO CONTROL HIS INSANITY

1966 Age 19

exhausted i exhale the extravagant breath of death's marriage
the ambiguity of tragic mirrors the reflection of the misled music
the offspring tranquil among the overthrown overture of the mass
the phenomena of phonetic phobia are phrases pigment
what is life to the lonely

the sphere of man plagued with sympathetic

aloneness

the scheme of strategic punishment

death entertain the immortality of private possession (the perpetual
eternality)

mortality evaluating the embellishments of death is confined to living
the inconsequential manifestation of loneliness is reflection of
immortal emptiness

the mute movement moves

the positivism of the silent in death

life in living recruits savage complexities of vicious hate
the vineyard of life's violent views is the faulty circle intestine
the intrusion of tolerance is lying upon my memorialized bed
the melody melts and memory recoils the records of repeal
the resistance of that which is real is remit to punishment
now i know

it is this moment of remote repetition

i am a truth of death

the beauty of living reorganization the repercussion of death
renowned time flicker of moment are fluctuation of eternality
the vigorous growth of love is the void of me moving away from me
the flower fruitless in history mind now do i kiss your lips
frightful and frivolous there was you
fumbling with the fusion of beauty you balance the world
your eyes mellow with seclusion reflect the absurdity of man's making
the motionlessness of you excites the modesty of my movement
and my movement like a monster's momentary dream (i awake without you)
the molten moments the violent modesty of murder is the rogue of stillness
the jailer is jailed the keeper of the imprisoned is imprisoned
the filaments of the moon have your name the fiction of fear your body
i found you sitting where i sat
on the loose brim of the universe you were noble in silence
and i silence i loved you as love was not yet logic
you yourself were a world of motion (often paralyzing my motion)
you were the moon and the moon was your reflection
the world revolves in the rapture of your body's orbit
the resolution of living is resisted in your reservation with immortality
your being creates the routine image of god (he yearns in your existence)
you are elegant and grace has your confirmed courage
as we pass in the street the faith of your body is determined by the
direction that i look

1967

VIOLENCE

THE SELF IS THE QUESTION
LIVING
IS
THE
ANSWER
DEATH IS NOT
THE
CONCLUSION
BUT
MANS
ILLUSION

1967 Age 20

April 30, 1967

i have died nineteen full times and once again i die
death is the nominal nobility of man's growth
the noise of death is a procession of the clergy

voidless with negative notion
the silence recaptures my rebellious youth
the settlement of youth's age has become a servant to laughter
the pain of youth's aging has derived at a foreign form
the investigation of life is an organ of knowledge

a residual search
the reptile reason of man repressive aversion is rooted within my soul
the visitor

reason

resembles the repulsive requirement of being an american
the legend is legalized in the history
the legend is love

the legend is youth

the legend is aging youth

April 30, 1967

and dreams are outrages of oval ecstasy
the editorial of my life is the brink of eden
and dreams in edition echo (i am the echo i edge life)

i'm running down an educated street

the sun is within my body it's heat is my motion

i'm looking for you

you that does not necessarily exist

the maze is my mind the mangling of the world is your mansion

i'm looking for you in the sullen gloom of america's morbid morrow

i'm looking for you with the precision practice of silence

and thought aloud in sight

aloof is distance space

i have seen you in memory moments of truth

i have seen you in omnipotent claims of a prodigy's dream

i have seen you on streets for fused fractions of time

gateways to heaven, gateways to hell, i've seen you

in the spring of your nudity i've seen you dance

with the love of a brother

i've seen you in a tavern with drinks

to your mouth

i have seen you lonely in the eye of a crying world

i have seen your pain in my pain

i have seen your lips touching the lips of god and you not knowing it

then i have not seen you and so i search
the expenditure of time marriage to mind is once again exhausted
the womb of motion now awaits the assemblage of my body
the castration of thundering truth is rejected by silence
the rebel relapse is to be rejuvenated in youth's age
to be misunderstood is the moral monopoly of the rebel
i awake to dream that i am sleeping
the beauty of being has been (and so i search for you)

1968

WEALTHOFWHY

$$M+E = (P) - MA / (OR) P (MS)$$

$$RM+E=MA$$

$$NRM+E=MS / (OR) \frac{1}{2}MS$$

$$MA \neq MS$$

1968 Age 21

today i have become a man

and yet

i've been a man from the cubicle of my birth
the world's irrational involvement recognize age recruitment

refreshed rebel

the world ornate me with platitute of prejudice

the present of bias premise

the priest of pardon is a phantom praying punk

the punishment of the pundit youth must purify the guilt of nation

the sensitive search is met with the distinct separation of faces

the slogan growth has become a slug in societal slot

the smudge of the slum smooth the sharp curvatures of the political

the corruption of curiosity in rectangle circulation in my clashing

birthday gift

it is now that i can laugh

there is no great awaking in the

suppression of youth

youth can not avoid the circumstantial cirrus of man atomic arrogance

the atomic nature of cage

the explosion of youth

the clown is clumsy with convulsion the contrast of youth smiles in pain

there is something unpayable to the child

the pebble dream of stone

when peering in the direction of youth

peer quickly

the plea of pain requests defense

the cruelty of the beast blooms in bear installments of heat

the intercourses of unresolvable pattern of fear is the

resident of crime

i have dreamed of your destructive plots of peace

you destruction don't dream it confiningly persuades and destroys

it comes like night over a hungry child

like defeat over a gambling man

feeding on the innocence of infancy your mouth congested

goliath the gallows glutton you are your mother's crime

you are the failure of your father's constitutional fault

you are your ancestors pitiless power

you are my enemy

hostility runs from your enslaving veins

opposition from your entangled soul

the halo of hate is hammer about your heart

i hesitate to hinder the hope of youth

i hail the hallucinatory wit of youth's existence

today i have become a man

the defender of youth's sorrow

the defender of curiosity

infallible is the innocent truth of the child

inimitable is his superiority of joy

if growth is his cunning choice

the drastic drama attempt the stage

the comic tragic gesture glory

the ennobled engagement of time pesters the present

the spume of the seasons reveal places of play

the enemy is at our door

we revolt

the child and i

the radiant reason of nature is brilliant with blue skies

the embryo embraces the embossed universe

the man embossed the universe which is to be embraced

1969

UNITEMARGIN

BEFORE
THE
MIRROR
i
WALK
WITH RE+FLECTION IN
HAND
INTO IMMORTALITIES
SADISTIC
SMILE
TOWARDS THE RUN OF A THOUSAND PILLOWS

1969 Age 22

the vanguished has no voice

mute with the knowledge loyalty

the magic maze of the madonna invoke the lyric of tyranny

the amusement of intimidation refuses the theological displacement

the mind

regret is the reminisce of life's remedy

the species of monarch rule

death has become an itemized gift for the hungry interlopers

the irregularity of insult pledge to find pleasure in your destruction

the plastic people perform the retirement of living

the fugitive fraudulent with the frail fragrance of freedom

i move away from the world's hate for fragile fragment

i move towards the ritual flavor of your blossoming beauty

towards the fluid fluttering of your flourishing of foliage

towards your hammering repetition of savage liberation

towards the buoyancy of your floating fantasy

towards the vampirized love of the idolized youth

i move away from the malicious minds of the bulk majority

i move towards the meditating minds of the common mass

the melancholy motion of the monarch is a miscellaneous motto of history

the naked nap of the naive mind involves the mystery life

the tag of history miscalls the narration of christ

the anonymous nature of life is death

1

the child know not color to

contradiction

the compressed thread of monarch mind is fiction's nose

the rebirth of rebellion debates the spontaneity of reason

the logic of revolution inspires the restoration of unrobed truth

the rebel reason is love

the reverberation of disobedient

the escape to orbit of ambiguity is being arranged

the atheist has escaped the asylum to find god

god has escaped the void religion to find the atheist

the elusive adventure of the mad man is an affirmation of hope

the opposition is opposing its opposite self

the affluent state of anarchy is the chaos of care

the air is aloof

aloud with amusement of youth

and so for the moment ecstasy is about me

the purification of peace plagues me with pleasure

and with you beside me

my voice utters

if i have said to you

what has been said to you

if i have done to you

what has been done to you

it is not that i bathe in redundancy

it's because i'm living

if i say to you that which has not been said to you

if i do to you that which has not been done to you

it is not because i'm different

it's because i'm curious

curiosity is the crime of life

1970

HOUTHY

WHY
ABANDON
YOUR SLEEP
DREAMER
DOES NOT THE AIRPLANE FLY

1970 Age 23

the pin with a passion greater than the invention of god
gripes the page caressing the creation of affectionate form
i look upon your face with erotic intent

the metamorphoses of your truth merit excellence
your beauty revolves around me like a vulture over the victorious dead
the vindictive virgin of youth releases within me the relaxation

of crimes

he rejoices for the reinforcement of the past return to him the future
the rhetoric of revolt reveals to victor the rebel's increased journey

towards peace

the paradox out side box of contradiction is inside the making of man
the escape of youth paralyzes the reflection of historical nation
i have not forgotten that delicate deity

the womb of which i deprived the destiny of despair
i have not forgotten the immortal flute's last note
and to the fumbling fool about me i have not forgotten your

funny friendship

you frustrated the laughter within me

imprinting hate with a little joy

October 24, 1970

loneliness is upon me like crime upon murder

the wind is upon my back predicting is brittle cold
i walk on deeper into the city the stone fantasy of man
the legend of god is completely dead

christ lectures in the night

2 a.m. the clock moves back

i keep forward into abyss darkness
before me i reflect the second coming of the first christ

1971

IN-EMIT

i
I

1971 Age 24

i

you

and

the

world

await

the

equality

of

blindness