SECOND COMING OF THE FIRST CHRIST
Paintings with Words

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ABSTRACT

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It must first be stated with a persistence 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 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 infinites 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 oranism 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 infinity 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
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 valueless 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-
cient skill of non-informative prophesy. they speak to
me of revolution, i speak to them of rebellevolution. the
difference is in the inexhaustible 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 narrater 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
living on air
illusion of history grant you
the brilliance 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
prophesy 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 rubbuta 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
provides 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 irrelevant 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
    rebelling 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
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 prostitualional madness

the plastic pregnance 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 slavedom)

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 ot 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
    rebelling on city streets
rebels
    rebelling 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 unfortunate super-cools
or
some fool like the ornamented poet
rebels telling
rebelt 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 evolitional 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 seed
germ

this should must end

with every indication of spring the repercussion of reason to 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
"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
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
back
back
back
back
back
and
back

until they reach
and
pass
the beginning
and there too i am without
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

ALMENLUREVISUALIST
" 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

deprieved 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
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 dities 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)
LYNTEIDEF-DEATH
LOVE
ALL
IS
STILL
HATE
ALL
IS
MOTION
lux mondi

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 immortalize 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
THE DECEITFUL
DEAD
SCREAMS
EXILE
THE
EXHAUSTED
TRUTH
THE
FAVORABLE
FAULT
OF
FEAR
FEAST
UPON
MY
MOTHERS
FATIGUE
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 inflicted 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 reassembly 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 phenomana of probable definity 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 mines

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
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 pregnant 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 imprisonmented 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 polygym 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
EDTUREGES-PAIN
SLEEPING IN THE VOIDS WOMB THE MADNESS OF SPERM THE SEEDS EXPLODE AND FLOWERS DIE
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 prostitutio nal 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
interrumtently 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
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 enoble 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 chose)
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)
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 pavemented 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
PICATIONI - INJUST
LITTLE KNOWS HE ABOUT ILLUSION WHILE DYING SUCCULENT AT HIS MOTHERS BREAST GUN IN HIS FATHERS CHEST
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 fraility 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
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
LIGITIMIZELUTION
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 magnificence 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
abundant do i remember the stumbling of the anguished strange
that crossed your summer with shallow care
from the milk of your scarlet mouth
the musical rhyme ripe with madness

he sensitive sucked

the absolute (the wonderful seasons of life from your being)
and still i whisper to you with lips of flaming fear
and destined to quarrel i do (querulous i question)
and vulturing vow of terrestrial tentacle silhouettes wave of life
and i realize that i can not short circuit shore sloops
i can not slaughter your slavish demand of vital essence
the permissive sadism lay saintly (exceptionally holy in the grave)
the rumbling rumor is rustically real
the hostility of innocent

the heritage of her (hidden)

and the hollow gluttony of ignoble idolize history

my armor is the architectural approval hunger
my weapons of war are the fantasies of the damaged dead
and daze by american's defeat perpetual ill perform
stagnating

smothering the fertilization of the perfumed perverted form

the pestilence of the pessimist
christ is the petty ransom of the savage
the recumbent recognition of death in life
E
L
US IVE
LIKE A WET
WHALE
i CLUTCH THE HUGE-
NEWNESS OF YOUR BODY
TO
FIND
THAT
ONLY
YOUR
MOTION
IS
REAL
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 barbarism of youth cry
and life most dishonorable disease the deformity of living
disinheriit 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 preprospect 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)
NEGATIVNATURALIZATION
LOOKING HARD

AT

NOBODY

THE

NUDE

IN ECSTASY

IN

THE

EXIT

ENGRAVE HER EYES

IN TO MY

ANATOMY
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
(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)
PAINTERIZATION OR PHENOMENOLOGIST
ALONE 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
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
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 (obstinancy 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
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 superstitional 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)
TEMPERVISIONLY
i THINK OF YOUR DISTANCE
SMILE
IF i COULD GIVE TO YOU
THE REDUNDANCY OF POETIC RHYME
i WOULD
THE
FOREIGN
PHRASES
OF
FREEDOM
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 nudesness 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
TRUTHUNDER
MAN'S DESTINY SHOULD NOT BE TO CONTROL
HIS UNIVERSE
BUT RATHER
TO CONTROL HIS INSANITY
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
VIOLENCE
THE SELF IS THE QUESTION
LIVING
   IS
THE
   ANSWER
DEATH IS NOT
   THE
   CONCLUSION
BUT
MANS
   ILLUSION
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)
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 platitude 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 ennable 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
BEFORE
THE
MIRROR
i
WALK
WITH REFLECTION 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
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
IN-EMIT
i

you

and

the

world

await

the

equality

of

blindness