

DAEMON

Say, for the sake of the daemon, breeding to live winged in spoils of afterbirth, that I'm daemonic, my Miltonic antecedent a garland of ibids. But is it spoils? A demiurge as placenta, an archon as umbilicus, or a sefirot as vulva under a penile aegis – the bestiary of a catastrophic self coursing through cabals of a literary kabbalah, all for the sake of the daemon. Dear Daemon: you uncanny,

word-vertebrae of a creature torso, at once lex and fleshy primordia, why do you speak to me and ruin the sacred truths of daily life? To redact some auto-da-fe, to quest, or negate and contract, and then, because I can't flee from myself, to name what I have unnamed myself? I, the hedge-nabi, finger-god, Aram-scribe of a noble Sephardim with donkey cart, that you inseminate/incubate: "lie back," you say, I'm the Lord Vassal of nonce.

Crevice-deep to the moist seam and nub-close to the crux of heresy like some Elysia of beginning, your cantos and crisis odes color the gassy dark to stir every word I write. Madam, I'm Adam: stir is no palindrome. Part of stir is Onan, Judah's son. Other parts are soliloquies whose respite lies in the sweet relief of a palindromic yelp. (Read: cimord for dromic.) Madam, I'm Adam and you

are the Daemon. (Read: nomaed for daemon, here only – in cleaving retreats of an ur-reb with sore pharynx nursing his voice.) Is the sublime a cimord subsumed under a coy reversal? Yes, and we'll rise to abscond the afflatus of self-knowing and catch ourselves in mid brood between graft and craft in the no fixed home of a scopic drive to bless our sad fate. Take the voltage of Gevurah, Urizen the Zoas, Asmodeus the king, Azazel the goat,

or Alastor the sublime blocking agent, and quest to see from one end of the world to the other. For we are the terrible pathos of art, mediums from whom the primal scene of invention is a transport, a crossing through mad unitives of a precursory whole not derived in the past nor determined now. The future has been. Hear the a cappella of giving birth to our fathers: self-worship hovers in gleams as we remain morts-vivants with outspread wings quickening desires for more life among stone slabs of the canon.