

skull-rooted axis to remote codes, in manic, half-nubile
surges of unregulated information.

At least self-reliant,
reconciler of opposites,
spellbinding inclusion
of scholars with their scalpels and surgical lamps strapped
to foreheads, carrying syringes,

and software
of a sacred canon:

each bears
an emblem, each are elite schools of manner
on mock-parchment
in relativities without recourse.

If they were just able
to call down to us
and see through our eyes, vaulted beings
of a personal light: someone with qualities, with *a readiness*
and *divinity that shapes our ends*:

let's just say
winged flesh and heart
of an unchained ghost receding in black and red tones,
and hard to avoid feeling however abstract
the requirements.

On either side our selves float well-contained
in totem-like animal-men scribblings,
and raw polyphony of early music going down
to a single beat, but echoing,

faint
in dull approval

of scandal
and pan-sexual figures speaking the language of the night:
monochrome still-lives with thin strips of hair
stretched in midnight lines:

pans, fauns, imps,
and tritons, silhouetted against the disc of the moon,
and record the world for height,

hypertrophied
in the ceaseless thrust

of digital whirls to be the stale elixir and call friends
with cell phone to augur,

and die nightly

looking spent

in an embroidery of traffic. But the sublime voice,
the voice of dream

travels even more quickly. It is a preserved
energy ever able to give energy off, an intimation
nearly immortal in the residue
of old prefixes,

between worlds that collect in the great
meditation of the *transparent eyeball* at once pineal and prophetic,
limbs covered with eyes and seeing in all places at once
the *undiscovered country*

buried under layers
of fashion: at times smoky, rust-red
or star-covered like the coat of a poet
that now guides the *blessed rage*

to order

our clarity

and remain baffled, and look elsewhere,
where yesterday begins to look like now
and tallies the results.

Transvitality,

it's what defines us,

a new eponym for blessings that endow us all with the intimate
knowledge of the life, death, and life again, of god,
and self and new self as unfettered consumer
consuming choices and alibis

for criminal utopia,
transsexual, athletic heirs of history
and the end of time.

Today our lives are engineered,
and traffic in daily revivals

that claim

that we are godlings of wealth,
grow the economy in flight from the industrial age.
Nevertheless, we are equally wary

of prophets of doom

as messiahs of hope,

fleeing from the edge on the cybernetic
wings of Icarus,

who waxes a unity approached divided with black
flames, before losing face to the latest craze
of a second coming by email
and spreading megabytes
through empty spaces
of the Internet.

We're unable to feel the shift of facts,
betrayed by citations of joy's indestructible power,
to dream

the illusionary stillness of a sacred self,
intensifying the alertness,
the gravity and labor

of the literal
as fragile palladia,
worshipped by absentee ballot, and collecting
a human dread of the holy absent.

A stare
is aimed like a rifle, is hypnotic
and impatient:

include us in your meaning for we are lonely
and would like the American Empire to be free of cracks,
that chaos and the truly random preempt vacuity,
accepting our democracy by default,
singing songs

of rude pathos,
mixing flesh tones with native rants of extinction
that are outlawed, post-legal, to return,
once again, a few steps ahead
of our latest foe.

It will be lovely someday
to move to an innocence, to the limits of our hearts
as characters from the Edenic bestiary,
still-living

images of *The Tree of Life*,
a thin spark on the way to burning out, quarantined
from the curricula of influence
that sculpts

its devotees in marble

closing everyday, every instant defined
and stashed away like a family bible,
but not a bible
left unread in its stale distance and dust.
It's rather the hyperreal that we seek,
the unified arrival
of endless human life, and more life
after that, until we tell ourselves
that our hearts are with the deep things
that tick in secret
and surface to speak.
It will be like this that we'll continue
tallying our hearts like unpaid bills,
and writing checks
to agencies from the abyss. It will
be like this
that we'll celebrate
the condition we are in,
that surge
of speed and verticality,
of an excess that verges on abandon,
where facts
are the true stimulants
and agreement is violent
in a monotony of wide open
spaces,
or cramped with eyes and ears
on the thin walls of a thin street
with the first-person music of our grammar
in communities of the first-person,
when we, you, I, they and me, all refer back
to the movement of I,
in the perfect
wash of differences
that seem the advent of a necessary coming.
We pass
one another in the street without looking
and miss the lengths of history
we each carry in our faces.
It's dull as Monday

and twice as tragic, but we're content
in the stress and pace
of soundbites that define our days
as never the same thing for the quick desires of the brain.
So let the centuries collapse

like planks
in a burning building, we don't mind the patronymic
and pitiless erosion of words. We have become
the magician's dummy, the golem,
holy monster, and have fallen through a trap door
and landed in the prophylactic whiteness
of a silicon city,
drooling with plans
and pseudo-Grecian smile.

Welcome,
we say, to the spectral place
of initiation, we are ready to work the feedback
loop and rise through the politics of our profession.
A crowd gathers

to question the source
of these condiments of wit,
this naively kitsch sense of everyone
building worlds with words,
in the abridged versions of profit
and loss,

finds us on our knees
compiling lists
of everything
to then bypass a tensely vital
peace,
and of a calm yet active
ecstasy,
so remote

that we wonder how we will ever know
that sacred kernel of truth
that weaves
and cleaves and slants in sweeps
of *man-making words*,
in mid-air,
then dips and pivots

in the sun,
in the murmur of leaves,
in insect-hum, oak and eucalyptus attached to clouds
like the organic debris of a climate
in words,
 the historically late champion alone,
in the dark,
 ready to speak
that our refuge
 lies elsewhere,
 yet here,
and then we have to look.
For now a template in fogland,
 cerulean and grand,
vertigo wide,
to sing ourselves between extremes in pure acappella
for the evaporation of thought through
the empty, brutal, spaces of bridges,
 and view
the silvery-gray iron that works
 its scant wavering rhythm
back, even after the center's gone,
lost, sunken from sight
 and exposing our sense of things
exactly as they are,
as what they are changes,
and remains the same,
 is hidden
and is strong in the midday sun.
 So that's life then,
a place created by our not having arrived yet,
to utter the names that belong there:
 then again
no names can deflect
the flight of pain toward delight,
and vice versa.
 It's all good,
 we tell ourselves,
and avoid the ellipses
that leaves us out,

down the quarried light
of lullaby-rill,
to declare a common reality
past declaration and hint
for the latest sublime.
To myths then, of an irregular
earth, we say
cracking from too much fullness,
from where we say that the universe lies within,
before birth,
after death,
counting the soul,
the skilled companion of the deeper self,
that we are the poor ruin,
the raw hope
and theomorphic art
of a strangely human god,
beyond and prior to god,
but not god nor god-like,
left unending in the songs
that billions of people of sing,
complete in ourselves,
reader and writer
in the sacred bridal chamber,
sharing the intimate liquids of ink,
restoring
the umbilicus that threads
each one of us
to the primal body
and learns to breathe.
So that's meaning then,
learning to breathe
and daring to care and serve the endorphins of an awakened
inwardness, and continuing to see
the West, the East,
blinking North, blinking South.

One need barley move.

We're reaching the core
of the psyche, pulling repression
to the surface, distancing ourselves

neurosis. from the new

One need barely listen.

What's that we say?

We believe it this time. Our ears are caverns
reaching to the roots of spirit,
and spirit is the last hope.

We're ready to step between
the ciphers,

the different accounts of our lives,
to see if they do, after all, add up
to something

of which we are part.

Stay with us.

And we stay to listen to someone
who is not us for once.

We tell ourselves that we're not late,
that it will work out,

that the world is open
and waiting for us.

We see it better now with our ears.

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