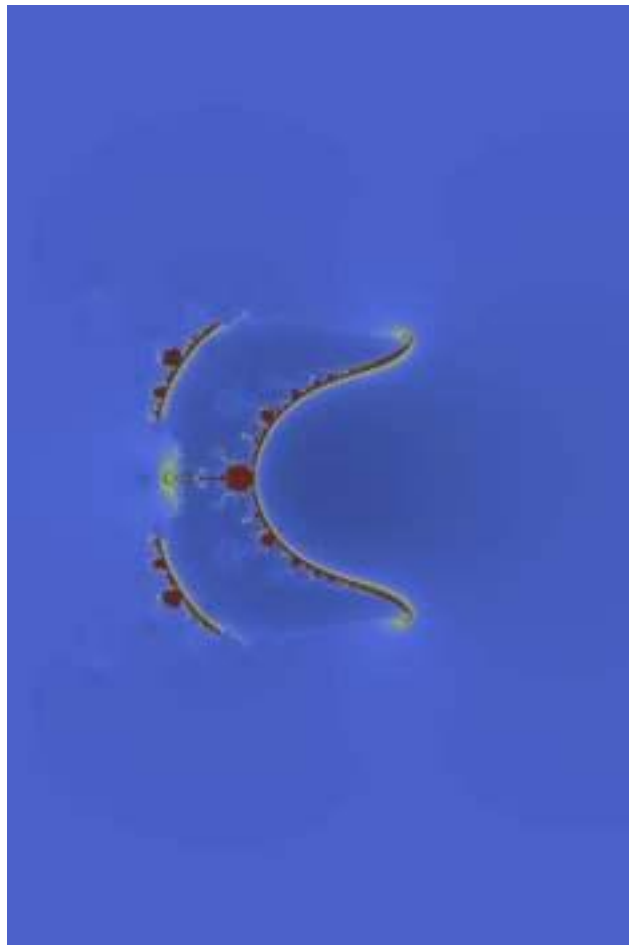


# New Mystic Alchemy



Joey Madia

xPress(ed)

*New Mystic Alchemy* by Joey Madia

Cover Art by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen  
Copyright © 2004.

Design, Typesetting and e-Publishing:  
xPress(ed)  
Espoo, Finland

Copyright © 2004 by Joey Madia  
All rights reserved

Electronically published in Finland  
ISBN 951-9198-57-1

WWW: <http://www.xpressed.org>  
email: [info@xpressed.org](mailto:info@xpressed.org)

## **“New Mystic Alchemy”**

*A Journey of Dreams by Joey Madia*

Some of the poems in this collection have been previously published in:

*L’Intrigue, The Wild Magnolia of Literature*

*Mythic Circle*

Southern California Arts (SOCA) website

The Ocean County Center for Peace and Justice website

*Twilight Surfers Online*

and as part of the Marie Kazalia “Underground Stream” poets series at  
[www.LegionStudios.com](http://www.LegionStudios.com)

## Invitation to Song

LISTEN TO THE SKY, RIDING ON HIS HORSE.  
LISTEN TO THE WIND AS IT MOVES ALONG THE PLAINS.  
HEAR THE WORDS OF STREAMS, AS THEY RUN ON TOWARD THE SEA.  
THIS IS WHERE WE LIVE, AND WE KNOW ITS SACRED SONG.

LISTEN TO THE HORSE AS IT CELEBRATES THE WHEAT.  
LISTEN TO THE BEAR AS IT MOVES TO FEED ITS CUBS.  
WATCH THE CACTUS BLOOM, HEAR THE EAGLE'S SONG.  
WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF EARTH, MOTHER TO US ALL.

IN THE TIME BEFORE TIME, WHEN THE GREAT TRIBES ROAMED THE LAND,  
THEY WROTE AND PASSED ON STORIES,  
TO EDUCATE, ILLUSTRATE, AND CELEBRATE.

IT WAS A TIME BEFORE COMPUTERS AND SCIENCE, TELESCOPES AND MICROSCOPES,  
BEFORE SUPERMARKETS OR SUPER WAL-MARTS.

MANY OF THE GREAT TRIBES ARE GONE NOW, BUT SOME REMAIN,  
AS DO THEIR STORIES, WHICH THEY SHARE IN SACRED WAYS.

LISTEN TO THE BUFFALO, THUNDERING THRU THE NIGHT.  
LISTEN TO THE SNAKE, MAKING PATHWAYS THRU THE DAWN.  
SEE THE RISING SUN EMBRACING ALL THE EARTH.  
LISTEN TO THE MOON, SINGING US TO SLEEP.

LISTEN TO THE SALMON AS IT SWIMS AGAINST THE CURRENT.  
SEE THE FOREST ANIMALS CARING FOR THEIR YOUNG.  
IMAGINE A TIME LONG AGO,  
WHEN THE GREAT TRIBES ROAMED THE LAND.

A TIME BEFORE OUR TIME.

A TIME OF MYTH AND SONG.

## Scrawlings on the Baptist's Wall

*I dreamed once of waking to find that sleep was much more real...*

The evolution of the raven's mind:  
margin-writing invader of Thrace, thorny trickster, bony fool.

Locked in a cave, the swelling tonguemaster  
makes mockery (ha-ha) of Molecular tapestries  
(each one a sutra in the village of the poor).

---what exactly is the definition of a miracle?---  
Maybe nothing but better than you've come to expect...

Mary Magdalene/Mary Mater:  
It takes an Eve to tip the scale to the Fallen woman's (ph)fallacy—  
To paint the pain of the Via Dolorosa upon the bends and contours  
of her Golgotha'd form and thereby pull a splinter from the Savior's skin.

Shouldn't the gatekeeper in the Nexus of Dreams  
be handmaiden and not Dragon? shadow and not form?

Could it be I've cried to gods with alabaster tearducts and thereby courted hell?

Squinty-eyed I tool diamond phrases while my Truth's jewel hides in a fiery white lotus,  
burning dimly. Dimly burning.

Trading aortic gifts with cyberstrangers, I am content to be naked  
in a village of the blind.

Running about with rosy crown,  
smashing the statues of my sterile birth I am desperately toiling,  
should Heaven be as thin as a bookleaf.

Spitting metal hate on marble is no way to make it bleed.  
I know this and yet I chisel on...  
It is a heretic's blasphemy—  
Megiddo claims her corpses whether god knows it or not.

Draped in the caul of a cobra  
I can resist the summoning of the Spider's Eye for now:  
It is deep, dark ash and I've found in a Spanish night the fair face of light's Love.  
It's fleeting. Drips and flashes, I'm weak.  
Bad gum weak.

In a fit of woodish charm I kissed the wolf of the flowered path and his lust became my own.

Waking I found myself on a wooded path thru a broiling city  
meeting sublimely laughing Death:  
He saw I bore the mark of the Spider asleep within the whale  
who lived to be reborn and so he let me live, knowing death held no more lure.

Unbound, undiscovered, I am a raincoat martyr in an oak cross village  
feigning wisdom, cold to Mary's touch.

Driven by a splintered mind into the Spider's Eye,  
drinking up ink in the parchment prison,  
puking addled words of false gold,  
I am trapped in the cryptic web of my own evolution—  
a scribbling saint in a troubled Dominion of dust.

And yet, even in the hour when my head will blandly fall,  
I am not afraid.

## **Comes the Mad Countessa**

In the godless, raped, forsaken earth—  
this tar pit of ancient secrets,  
surrounded by its chain-linked electric war defenses  
there are lips that whisper of indolent  
melodic madness.

Darkly jeweled in the shadows cast by a  
twilight, fettered sun,  
the unseminal heirs of grafted lineage  
shout their praises to the mad Countessa  
and her government of falsely sainted ministers of Right.

Vaguely principled, dogged and gruesome,  
She awakens,  
unsnug and rabid  
from a bed of blood-crossed Passover doors  
and immediately orders  
The Slaughter.

Rising with the damned and war-widow clans,  
her dead flesh Communion-givers  
bring the sickly smell of sweet disease sensate  
to the watchless eye and severed ear.

The melancholy animals,  
large-eared and awaiting the Summons,  
amass on the mountain for their feast of flesh.  
Licking their loins in lieu of lunch,  
they mourn over the judgment  
that made Bad Wars their Good Fortune  
and Countessa the unchallenged queen of the New Kingdom.

These are the foundations of the zealot's obsession—  
his vibrant and catalogued butterfly specimens  
are nothing but Hate's black tongue giving verse to the  
Wanderlings and Dawn-crawlers  
in the sucked-red soul space of the oddly lit dreamride.

Har Megiddo has dawned once more.

Contessa must have her Flesh  
or all will end in Flame.

## Portent for New Kings

Refusing oblivion,  
spectral pebble kings carved in caverned/castled rock  
make a shadow stance.

War laughs crashing on the salted sands and frozen steppes of fabled mythic anarchy,  
their sandal-strides mark gated, blazing portals  
to the sunken cities of hatred most unholy.

Atavistic battle chants roar savagely  
in the bleeding ears of those who carve the carrion  
for cold competing gods.

In the mass grave-ditch,  
bleached bones meld to make mountainous temples erected on fetal promises,  
torn and broken in the forged-ore hearts of young mothers  
caught contemplating the new religions.

Death's dominion is the rotting kingdoms of arrogant heir-sons  
drunk-splayed on mock Hellenic bone-thrones  
slur-evoking black and bloody edict tribal rites in the wasting, raping night.

Sacrificing their soulness to the immortal unabashed,  
weak priests scream their blood-hell incantations to the dull sacristies of ghost kings.

Vile wormword enchantments draw diploma'd/bespectacled grave-diggers  
to unsand museum pieces from torn tombs and raped graves,  
the split ships shackled in Poseidon's sea-waves,  
and the unsecret once-holy enclaves of the seekers of Anubis.

Speaking of honor as they ram their seeking into honeyed shafts,  
the mad prophets and petty profiteers,  
the sand-eaters and dog-tongued alchemists,  
vomit white earth in fly piles—  
their spectral elders crash-waltzing in black-ash crescendos toward Har Megiddo,  
where the blind remnant armies of their final, failed campaigns  
stagger in wandering wait.

In darkened depths below the din awake the mystic horsemen,  
borne of life's rains and the warrior's ways—  
ground-shaking, sea-earth claiming,  
exploding forth, the truly chosen riding to wreak riots in the dog lairs,  
their hoof-crash approach making weak-kneed the spectral pebble kings  
who have laughed at gods enough to know  
new winds will blow their crumbling stance at long last to graven ash.

## Portent for New Kings, II

Burrowing up in the fat flesh  
of the mad king's mind,  
the eye-spiders sucked and supped.  
The rat/snake brain feasters lashed to god-right reason  
and spit bleached bone outward to the shackled hay-sleepers.

With swollen rims of fire  
the tear-ducts combusted, spraying sand-encrusted pyramid atrocities  
and un-orbed revelations in an infinite line.  
Scarab-priests (the spear in the spine of god)  
drank culled wine from the lacy veins of angels' wingtips,  
splashing forth in titled waves and death-pledge edicts.

Nebuchadnezzar, Last King of retribution's false testament,  
feasting on snake-waste in rubbled kingdom alleys  
and longing for vegetable dinners, loosed a stone wrought of subtle sand shifts  
and woke the rain-riders coursing the night road,  
who drove out with a word the slave prince's blood liege  
and purged the palace of Inheritance's bad breeding.

Somnambulist multitudes, locked in the compounds of a confused populace,  
shaken to awakening by the stale host and vinegar'd chalice,  
traced the smoke signals of atheistic scorn  
to the skull-kept wormwood garrison of righteous reasoning,  
and found Death.

Burning the gallows-fodder in war-pennant revelry,  
the new-sighted mystic minions marched on toward the three kingdoms  
and the disintegrating spells of the mad king's alchemist-fakirs.

Fought/beaten/devoured/forgotten,  
the poor-paid last legions left at limit's last post  
could not fend off the charging hordes of the eye-spider's crazed storm-ride.  
Succumbing in bent-knee life-begging,  
their hearts were dislodged by sixteen thrusts in rapid succession.

Her fabled king thrown and broken, the horse of the red dawn  
played god in the wind-ravished ruins of the sunless subterrains,  
marking pits for the souls of the wretched commons  
and mocking the rain that raised the hay.

## Reformatata

Fallen thru the rune-hole,  
the mystic's wired eyes  
spy the lost linkages:

Rolling shreds of puddled, lightninged life  
reveal snippets and amalgamations,  
tawdry, torrid intimations,  
of everything known, forgotten, and guessed at.

There they lay:  
European kings, spawners of the secret evil;  
mad Erasmus gnawing bones of ill-gotten gain;  
sacrificed churchmen Poe'd up in casks of walled thought;  
the Renaissance maid, her collection of poisoned posies  
death-dress for the naked David —  
chipped, stoned, and begging for Death.

There is much the matter in these unswept places —  
the thorny halvesouls of Popes Pius, Julius, John,  
and on and on and on.  
Damned as fetid rapists,  
and those who violate children,  
and others whose crimes are all the more heinous  
as they are *unseen*.

There are those skilled enough in the Healing Arts  
to construct a plastic heart,  
bring warring cities together,  
pull dragons' wings apart.

Their reflections are the collected redemptions  
of the wrongly known and never meant.  
Stripped of all deceit, stoned and seeded,  
wall-hung, floor-flung, they dance the jest  
and speak halfheartedly of God's return.

Staring into the rune-hole, the accidental seeker goes mad,  
screaming of deliverance in the oily alleys of hearsay and truth.  
Deigning to make a joining wrought of all,  
he makes his home in David's addled bones  
and begs dead gods for Death.

## Palette

I tear at stale bread  
with the razor-sharp canines  
Evolution so comically bestowed  
on the otherwise  
hairless, clawless, defenseless  
form of Modern Man.  
I bleed from a dozen scabs  
my Boredom has picked open  
while watching TV talkers  
prognosticate and fall short.  
The raw meat eaten yesterday  
in a degenerative delirium  
is making my gut wail  
but it is a welcome connection to sound—  
The snap of moisture pockets  
erupting in the potbelly cedar.  
The report of a rifle.  
The lies of the news.  
The laugh of the jackal.  
The jester's bell-y quest.  
(He's looking for some comfort, not for laughs.)  
This body looks frail,  
all balding and defenseless.  
It is neither sleek nor armored.  
It is roundly unkind in reflection  
and given to girly pouts and elderly grimaces.  
Scab-picking won't kill it  
nor raw meat or limp vegetables  
raped of their color and smell  
by Miles and lack of Care.  
(I am sinking in the grip of the water-gods  
while the banshees burn the garden,  
turning Eden brownish-grey.)  
Death is always brownish-grey.  
That is a mystery.  
Why shouldn't it be sky greens and grassy yellows,  
fire-blues and new-scab reds?  
At least with a palette there are possibilities.  
I cannot paint my hours in such sullen brownish-grey  
and expect anything but Fear.

## Musculature 1

Before it had even started it was feet up on the hotel sofa like a permanent passenger  
A cigarette skin imprint  
A busboy's best line for a dime or a murky muscled shine...

Skin island::homeless n tranquil—  
Rocklike platitudes in a moonbeam shrine.  
Take leave to weave//unwind a rug, a perfect][symmetry in a fabled tapestry.  
To make a monster take the unscraped plate of mismanaged monk food,  
add a cell, a robe—fatal //open //a white line::a perfect perfect lie.  
That was mythic man's only real creation until now.

{{tub splash}}  
bone scream::aaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh  
It doesn't need to be any more than what it is  
And all else is the scrape, the scrap, the gouge, the pound—  
The scratch that turns perfection *im*perfect.  
That turns the milo that was the venus of the angel michael//arched  
into scrapped up scraped up rock for the cockeye limp-listing fisherman's trawl,  
a gutted gown for guts.  
It's not where you start its where you stop.  
(Pop.)

## **In the Spider's Eye**

In a bubbling cream vision,  
white wires stream thru  
six legs and three mouths.  
Pleasurably frothing, licking, lapping, loving  
in tongue and tunnel depths  
there is a symphony of thigh-slaps  
followed by a rolled-eye cacophony. (Pig squeals.)

On the unseen web of the battered headboard  
a spider splits itself into the knotted shapes of  
the weaving, straining legs  
and spews its thread for a better view.

From the first drippy speck,  
to the last tingling burst,  
the tiny room is a tortured maelstrom of  
labored breathing,  
rapid chanting,  
and mantras shouted and foul.

Four, eight, ten seconds  
and the mighty wall of sound  
(the white bi-line of Paradise Found)  
shakes the fragile creature,  
a sad proxy of a witness  
with limited aural attention.

As the Eden-making ends  
and the smoke of spent guns chokes the space,  
the spider seeks shriveled anonymity in the safety  
of his fragile tapestry.

His landscape defiled,  
prospects ruined,  
he finds himself a fly upon the wall  
and bleakly makes a feast.

## Desert Hemorrhage

Left to bleed out  
in the western desert,  
the Naysayer and his jester-queen  
revel in wastedness.

Long poems of garbled media  
pool beneath the cult tracks  
and riotous philosophies of  
coal-ravens black,  
while the angels, hemorrhaging contempt,  
give paint to sacred doorways,  
hiding the distinct  
and subtly divine.

Hard felt the plans of the fer-de-lance  
and her weaving, woven caravans.  
She of the slithering broken peace—  
the clown of the 12 gates making hay of ecclesiastic specimens  
she traps along the way.  
Wattle and daub,  
cyber-crust—  
sticking stuff for the mad feasters  
and tempestuous eaters of fetal kings  
and would-be things.

Rebuffed/unclaimed,  
vultures in dangling clusters share  
a view from a bombed out mind-rape,  
sewing payload mayhem,  
shrapnel tongue-love,  
drinking sand-acid and dancing hard on the rights of gods  
and their war-whipped dominions.

Briefly still unbloodless,  
the blinkless eye finds the strength to wink away the water.

Bled out,  
the movie splits its Real.

## Poesy in Puce

Enter the ragged hole,  
home of the puce-tinged airspider,  
the bane of the common man,  
who has no use of beautiful puce in his tick-tocking, workaday world.

In the dens of the Tiger Princess,  
Go-boys prattle  
on the lurid, carefully kempt divans  
and puce strato-sofas of the easily amazed,  
the regrettably tamed, and badly named.

Outside, in his castle of alley cans and cardboard regrets,  
the drunkard engages in rambling self-talk:  
    “Littler than me, nuthin to worry ‘bout.”

In the lavish halls and border inns,  
it’s all puce folly and self-glorification.  
Sinister card-eels, Madmen, Prophets, Diviners  
all seek to settle their debts with a big show of teeth,  
with hands warty and clasped in homage.

Outside in grey gutters the Everyman whispers his worry:  
    “Littler than everyone, nuthin to offer at all.”

I’m beat.  
Worn down. (Though  
almost Angelic in the admittance.)  
It’s all mad rambles  
and blue-pen graffiti rants.

Entered the ragged hole,  
the airspider’s palace of deepening puce.  
It’s time to try something new.  
Something even those awake in the arms of the dark can see.

## Movement and Staccato

Whispering No One asks a question of the ledge:

*Must I be fearless to seek the darkened depths?*

While ninety floors beneath, Goodly Someone makes a plea:

*Must I be un-in love with life to want to wed with death?*

Collars turned tight against imagined wind intrusion,  
the staring/flailing masses lining the walkways  
chant a shanty sound:

*This is not the Way.*

So begins this curtained play.

With countless plans and time eternal slipping thru the sagging skin of ragged hands,  
Planner Fortright fondles insecurity beneath pressed sheets,  
disputing the claims of his Good Boy badge.

*(Nothing is a number no one wants to buy.)*

Look around and beyond — along the park lanes and subways  
where the shred-head machinist  
wheels the wicked trick machine,  
burrowing new depths,  
reaching for the pipes supplying the city's vagrant/vacant heart.

*(Pay a dollar for a doughnut and profit from the hole.)*

Ragged, muslin-wrapped in their silken worry, the avid Existentialists  
(having experienced nothing  
over the course of their long lives  
that the *Times* couldn't say in six half-column lines)  
are no worse the pair for the wear.

*(Two souls are better sold than won.)*

Beating time with a knife-twist  
the corner bullies prowl their turf  
in masked frustration and  
know nothing of their lives.

Self-inflicted victims moaning,  
they dance for a dollar when a doughnut would do.

## Contemplatorum

You no sooner go than you're gone.

That's the lesson I've learned.

It only takes one ear to use the telephone—  
is that why the calls are so Half-Hearted?

I am curled in the words of the double-aught alchemists,  
the ancestral students of those who talked  
of wilderness and wasteland,  
amusement parks,  
and Heaven's front office.  
Those who can spend a few wired days  
considering the soul  
of a fly on the wall  
and come away with a new perspective  
and an insight they must share.

Time is the most expensive thing we know.

We can be rich in it, spending freely,  
or shut it off and horde it  
in vast contemplations, all the while  
working against the wishes  
of the black-clad students of scripture  
who remind us to keep holy the Sabbath  
and to make our daily prayers  
regardless of our bleeding cheeks and rightful self-protections.

We can revel in ideas, swim in them,  
cutting the clocks from the tick-tock sharks who circle our sacred grove.  
Their teeth are dull  
and their fins ragged.

Time is the rusted-out machinery  
the soul and mind  
can function fine without.

## Wolves

Analogue::imprint of a table//a scalpel a hand thrust forth thru the wired turbulent maelstrom of  
“not yet” to grasp a melting handle followed thru to be a bridge.

Click of the lock::there is infinity in the hold the pause the silence the stop.  
Left with wanderlust//squinting at the hardship::meticulously cared-for scars of life-wonder.  
A truth //white linen lies—  
Messy red kerchief //a messy-anic revelation.  
Concrete footing sinking on a plank—a bored way to wait out the blindness.  
Not a thought in sight.

In the sonar mind we find a solar reflection—  
[[echo]] reflection: Ra for the Ka in the Nile River spa.  
A sunny thought a ray (a Ra)...  
Just lies—get the heads rolling—  
The sense of a conversation born of dementia //a splash of an asp  
even Cleopatra couldn't grasp.

On third thought—abort this::it's theory.  
Enough with the cryptic messages saying “start!”

\*\*flashing neon flux\*\*::drip drip drip. Ahem.

## The Slave

These do I lay at your feet—  
a basket of corn  
carnations and cactus  
bitters  
bermuda grass  
emeralds  
champagne.  
Things I have carried  
in my boots, on my travels.  
For you asked of me once  
to bring you the world.

These do I hang on your neck—  
anchors and amulets  
anacondas and amethyst  
cold amber anvils  
albatross wings.  
Things I've been tied with,  
shackled and slapped for.  
For you told me to bring you  
the soul of the earth.

You've stayed in your temple  
rainless and windless  
lying dry as a dragon protecting its hoard.  
Take then these treasures,  
they do me no good—  
My back's gnarled and weighted.  
My gait's lost its youth.  
Take what you've killed for  
and grant me my freedom.  
You asked and I've given  
what you had all along.

## Ego-mentum

I have no wife.

I have no mother.

I have neither son nor daughter.

I am a knot on a tree trunk felled in a forest long ago.

And this, on a needle bed, is my life:

I am eight feet of feeling in a six-foot frame.

An angel of inevitability banished from a paper heaven  
and forced to live among falsely noble men.

I am a buddhist chipmonk gathering bitter nuts in my nest.

I am the dripping candle lit by the passionate to protest the War.

I am an unsanctioned alchemist  
painting lurid eyes on the empty face of serenity.

I am an arid baptizer in infant tombs  
collecting splattered casket rattles and discarded umbilicals  
as war trophies and demonstrations of random fate.

I am the dancing shaman communing with my Ka.

I am the vast plains and iceberg's very top.

I am the lake-bottom and spent shell.

I am shredded documents and the telling lines of the polygraph.

I am the passer of a thousand and two dreamnights filled with  
money, theft, murder, and sex.

I am melted chocolate and acid rust.

I am a purveyor of a Fool's Truth.

I am only words upon the page.

**jenny (a ghost poem)**

Reach out as he calls  
to touch what he can't hear—  
a ghost beneath the floorboards  
mourned and buried; still not gone.

A timepiece rattles.

The windowpanes scream. Crack.  
The injurious Hangman plies his rope—  
Slip n Snap. Fading...slack.

Calling louder now,  
begging a response, a relenting while his feet still know the chair—  
send a sparrow thru a knothole  
saying, "Stop—she hasn't gone!  
She's been here all along."

A name not spoken aloud in months.  
A mirror without the smudge of reflection  
hangs crooked, skewing the image.  
A squirrel briefly visits, judges, releases.

He cannot help and cannot watch.  
How many cellars and ceilings have known this touchless dance?  
One supported by rafters sagging,  
the other, clawing thru the floor.  
(For one the air gets thicker  
for the other none at all.)

Split and rend—find a means to shake his pain.  
The rope has stretched to breaking,  
the golden toes of immaculate socks brush phonics on the floor.

A crack—touch them!  
Crumpled and crying—Go ahead!  
Every flower wilts.

When the water stops its trickle  
no more shall be spilt.  
Do not allow the last touch to go eternally, by a half-beat,  
untouched.

## Harney Peak Lament

Oh why is this?  
That the wheel of time cannot roll.  
That the tribe, once strong, has scattered to the winds?  
Her circle chipped and broken  
by bulging coffers and amoral stones,  
the wheel of time has lost its course, and will not come around.  
Where is the center?  
Where is the hub?  
Where is the voice that I heard?  
(Muffled by the floor of the prison where it's bound).  
Where are the people I saw marching in the streets?  
(Forced to secret places, where their knowledge won't prevail.)  
Why is it that a single station on my radio  
preaches Truth instead of lies?  
(It should be that Truth shines on everything at all times,  
or perhaps it's that I'm seeing thru the wisdom of my Ka...)  
With nuclear juice and mortar force  
the cycle of the Earth has been knocked into imbalance.  
Taken from its orbit.  
Commanded by False Gods.  
From where will come the Alternative  
to this endless tide of War?  
From where will come the Spirit  
to at last unlock the door?  
Where is the center Black Elk said  
is Everywhere and All?  
The wheel of time has broken  
and she will not come around.

## **Seed and Thorn**

(inspired by Mark 4:18-19)

Let's nurture this resurgence—  
this seed among the thorns.  
An infant soul of Heroism is awakening,  
restless and afraid.

The light is poor but growing,  
and through the lifting mist I can see the new moon.  
The dragon's wing rose and raged  
and did its worst.  
So let it come.  
Once more, let it be.

We won't wear the Warrior-king's crown  
or be any further beaten down.

It is nearly time, now that the worst is done  
and I am sure that what we will find  
is a grace among sharp edges  
and a smoother world forged from rough hopes.

Together we will see the seed bring fruit  
and as the juices run down our chins  
we'll know at last the difference between human error  
and a sin.

## Environmentum

Rebirthing from a long-dead place,  
the ancient voice of Father Pine spoke to me  
by a stream.

“Courselessness makes meritless  
the maps of plodding pathways.”

I stopped him on his way to the millworker’s shop,  
and spoke with him about the ring of the axe on sacred stone,  
the sun-bleached, weathered Autumn bones  
that make up the rickshaw, scrimshaw, and cat’s paw—  
The means by which Man works.

“They turned what was beauty to a forest of fear  
gnarled and tangled in its wolfpack whispers.”

I did not want to hear it,  
though his lack of surprise as I turned away  
beat upon my face like the stinging winds of Winter.

“Man is a child,” he continued.  
“Children are helpless, yes,  
but helplessness is a choice.”

“*Ha-kol polity*,” I replied,  
my incessant journal reading rising up  
to make a case where none should be.

“If everything is political”  
said Father Pine  
(who spoke all languages, it seemed),  
“Then you do not only wield the axe—  
the axe is of your flesh.  
And I am done.”

Months later, wiser from the symbols  
of a hundred blessed dreams,  
I had a vision of a thousand million trees  
entering the skeletal I-beam cities of the Earth  
and I learned a simple truth:

In the days after the Cleansing,  
we shall all be trees  
with ravens in our hearts  
and there will lifesprings flow.

## Child of Water

Father jaguar  
brought me down  
to sit beside  
the reeded banks,  
the sandy shores,  
the wooded, azure deeps  
of a night's unburdened dreams.

Left to pray—  
to wander motionless.  
To find my way  
to Me.

Convergence of the water  
sand forest  
beads  
and Cherry Tree.

There I found my teachers:  
the warrior and king  
poet and priestess  
shaman and philosopher  
Arjuna Siddhartha  
Kali Athena

A poem in a drought,  
a waterfall, a storm at sea.  
In the vast and deepening underground,  
nighttime gave birth to me—  
divergent ideologies  
ancient symmetries  
shadow geometries.

Allowing me to grow and walk upon the waves,  
to find a place of wisdom in the ancient halls of thought.

Aquarian  
Water's child  
infinitely wandering,  
then returning to the sea.

## Poeticum

I miss you like a victim of forced migration.  
Though only a child when torn from his homeland,  
with only fuzzy memories of rivers that run in his blood,  
and swell in his tears,  
there is a basket of fading pictures—  
mountains, Momma, marmalade pies.  
Memories are a purer happiness  
than things that fade and can be stolen or lost.

To have traveled the Millennia to meet you once again,  
(my lady in white and woman of Truths)  
it seems odd that we would waste a second  
of our Togetherness in foreign words of Hate—  
these are not us, or we would not have traveled  
so far.

I am wearied by this struggle to live on a Plane  
so foreign and so cold, but we have work to do—  
new spirits to initiate, differences to be made,  
chants to offer and songs to sing.  
That we must endure is a Truth, and truth reminds me  
of Home.

You are my portal, thru which my Spirit soars.

## Alchemetum

There is a meditation  
in the breaking of the circle.  
Serpent echoes,  
imprints of ancient locks  
for which no keys were cast.  
Within the tapestries  
of woven truths and innocent beliefs  
are the whispers of madmen  
and the free and ringing songs they sing.  
On the new tide  
witches and warlocks ride,  
awaiting placenta-blood offerings  
which reveal the sacred islands  
not inked on sailors' maps.  
Covering my path, I seek escaping,  
converging with the Priestess  
in myriad pyramid visions.  
A paper Stonehenge draws thin cuts  
in the fluid of the Druid kings,  
marking spoor-paths to the Oedipal mind.  
The once-high priests are depth-dug and bereft of potency.  
They are less than dust.  
This is the new age of the broken circle  
and Open Eye.  
In the desert, the Council has been formed—  
wolf, hoarbeast, warbird, death dove.  
In a court of stone they hear the pleas  
of the false and mis-annointed,  
black in lung, and lost in lust.  
In the land of Trismegistus,  
among the tombs of Tut and Ramses,  
debased, unmade, removed  
will be the thrones of the New Mystics,  
who shall open the door  
to a world of broken circles.  
Do not fear the curses and mold-spores—  
as the Light's embraced  
and the forgotten ones ascend,  
the world will be reborn—  
decircled, flat, and Trustable once more.

## Ka

Spirit mountains move me.  
I write to sing.  
Shadows dark and holding  
dance in caves where serpents mate,  
spawning Dragons that hide their spells behind  
sweeping teeth and searing eyes.  
Their fire makes me One.  
Stepping toward the chasm,  
arms outstretched,  
I hear the falls of laughter (cover for our swoon).  
It is Spirit.  
Spirit thrives.  
Let me in.  
At the gates of cleansing the infinite shall prevail  
for all those of the Spider sign and Open Eye.  
Past churches, subtle stars,  
in Light we are.  
Behold fear—how it loathes the Light.  
Within, I learn a Truth—  
unquestioned attention  
makes heresy the new religion  
and alchemy a cut rope to climb.  
Clever masks, vibrant tapestries,  
subtle screams, geared machines—  
these won't pull a waltz from crippled dreamers  
or take the wayward home.  
There is sublime harmony in the bone-piles of the river asp.  
The Pharaohs must have known this, something says.  
To sun kings,  
to anomalies,  
of this I sing, my adder King.  
The spirit of the Nile Queen has been judged and borne away.  
All this coffin-dress at the gravesite has no function now.  
In the west, Scorpio is rising.  
Fealty to my nature fills the inner seas of me  
and the mountain's mine to move.

## The Gatherer

Having grown tired and discontented  
with the endless acquisition of Things,  
I resolved to kill the urge  
by choosing random stones  
in place of Things I wished to own.  
Rough stones and tumble stones,  
pebbles and boulders, dull black gray and brown.  
It was not long before the mass of random rock  
formed a wall about me, so steady was my Need.  
The wall, great as it had grown,  
took much energy to climb and overcome,  
so I Acquired less and chose what I did  
with greater Care.  
Smoothed stones of certain color  
and none so large as boulders nor small as pebbles,  
which are hard to dig out  
and when possessed, fall thru holed and weathered pockets,  
to be scooped up without effort or joy by highwaymen and Fools.  
My wall grew over the course of years into a Tower  
and I as its Builder and sole owner was declared by default its King.  
It grew so tall as to be viewed by the World  
and many came, bearing gifts and Riches.  
I turned them all away,  
having long outgrown the need.  
Insisting on some Tribute, they brought me random stones,  
making my Tower a great and mighty Fortress,  
which caught the eyes of envious Kings  
and their mercenary armies,  
who smashed my home with machine-hurled stones  
smoothed and hard and chosen for the purpose.  
My unplanned defenses broken,  
they rode to trap me, demanding gifts and Riches,  
but finding only rock and stone.  
Seeing their folly, but not inclined to speak its name,  
they took their armies and stone-pieces silently away.  
When they had gone, I chose at once a flat and worthy stone.  
Saying thanks, I lay content beneath it,  
choosing no thing, no stone, no more.

## Poem, Tiger and Elk

Call to the circle the villagers.  
Our shaman, tribal priest and ancient father, is dead  
and we must break his elkskin drum.

He kept the book on the harvest  
and was Brother to the rain.  
November skies are threatening  
as we start to feed our Fear.

In the places outside the firelight  
where the white wolf fears his grey brother  
there are masquerade couplings,  
kabuki fornications, deathmask fondling.  
The feast before the feast within the beast.

Lord of night,  
forgive us our kaleidoscopic lies.  
Absolve us of our refusal to make sacrifice.  
Our shaman-priest is dead  
and we've begun to feed the fear.

Beyond the sacred circle  
where our mourning chants are swallowed  
in the toothy maw of death  
there is a tiger crouching in a flowered field.  
Only the noise of union  
can mask his god-king growls.

With mantric screams and knife-etched cleansings  
we smash the shaman's drum,  
setting the Elk-soul free.  
Let tiger chase our Father.  
Let tiger leave us be.

Spirit took our Father  
let tiger take our Fear.

(inspired, in part, by Olga Kharitidi)

## Horse Chant

Thru the chorus night  
grasshopper and cicada  
weave strands of flutelike wonder.

The mystic mandala,  
keep of the Heavens,  
sings to earth with stars.

In his corral  
the master's horse awakes.  
Heart astir, he hears the sounds  
of his wild brothers  
charging toward the sea.

Wild, unbridled,  
his fractured mind leaps the splintered fence  
of his captivity  
and seeks association  
in the chorus night.

White Wolf, river guide,  
maker of pollen and arbiter of harvest  
with juniper staff  
and eagle's wing  
waves his soul in the horse's eye  
asking humbly, "Take me home."

With seasalt in his nostrils and snare-raps in his ears  
Horse adds new hues to the mystic mandala,  
hoof-plowing the earth for the new year's seed.

White Wolf, mane in hand, rides for Heaven  
at the head of the herd.

On the glowing edge of the chorus night  
White Wolf dances  
to the flutelike meditations  
cicada sings in stillness  
as Horse brings in the corn.

## **A Prayer for Crow Shadow**

Crow Shadow come and seek me  
As I wait on Harney Peak.  
I climbed the tree to Heaven  
As the leaves shined purple flames.

Old man, whirling shaman,  
Piercing eyes which test my faith  
Bring to me your message  
In the dreamscape of my heart.

Are you the rook of dreams  
who keeps the questing knight from passing?  
Are you the trickster spirit  
who makes merry thru the pain?

Be the watcher of my Ka  
as I kiss the dark Madonna.  
Help me find the revelations  
John of Patmos must have missed.

With your beak blood-red from probing  
and dark feathers midnight ruffled  
May you play your cleansing light  
across illusion's veil.

May your wings wash off the maya  
so that I may see the falsity,  
the mythical complexities,  
of Death and Space and Time.

Guide me thru the planes  
of Reality, Art and Spirit  
that I may find the Oneness  
Earth's dualities forsake.

Alight upon my shoulder  
and raise the shadowed lid  
that blocks the sacred sight  
of my focusing third eye.

Far unto the west,  
in the sacred, secret groves  
I have seen the drawing  
of the power of the crow.

Within the blue-grey mists

there I find the elk-horn priestess  
A sleeping bear whose dreams awaken  
with the coming of the spring.

Crow Shadow come and seek me  
When you feel as though I'm ready.  
Banisher of demons,  
Crow Shadow, light my way.

**Initiatum**

I.

Within the cave I met the Elders,  
the shamans of our tribe  
who passed me round their circle  
and readied me for rites.

My hands were bound and stretched to the walls  
my arms slashed up with flint  
wooden spears put thru the wounds  
licked clean by red and white fox,  
the guardians of my dreams.

Dressed in the feathers of the sun serpent  
I was pushed into the ground  
that I might feel the winter grip  
as it cradles the new and fragile seed.

Sacrificed by the eagle who would be  
sacrificed himself  
I never grew into a flower  
and yet knew fruition still.

II.

The hunters gather before the tree-temple walls,  
their faces white with ceremonial paste.  
Tattooing out a pulsing beat with their spear ends  
they push in to see the rites.

The crow maiden descends from *Lanikeha*  
with her scrolls of secret prayer.  
She hands them to the Old Man  
of the red and golden robes.

He offers me the silver bowl,  
the deer-hoof anklet,  
elk-horn spear,  
and cleansing hawk's white wing.

The shaman's drum spins heartbeat invitations  
to the apprentice in his trance.

I enter the black tower  
where the dragon stands atop.  
He guards the old orangutan  
who saved the princess from the pit  
where the Tiger's Eye had ceased to shine  
when Pallas Athena had left.

While I embraced Wisdom and the Snake  
the Old Man's knife entered my heart,  
which at last began to beat  
with the strength of new resolve.

III.

The young brave,  
effortlessly acrobatic on horseback,  
summons to the dance  
all those who wish concordance.  
When everyone is dancing  
the spirit will come in.

Outside the shaman's tepee  
there waits the silver wolf,  
spirit of the shaman, the man who works inside.  
With fallen chiefs beside him  
he works into the night.

Summoned to the sun pole,  
my chest is pierced with stakes.  
Strapped to the pole 'til my back is arched,  
I know the wolf will bring me food.  
He will guard me and protect me  
for once he knew my pains.

Three days I remain.  
At the start of each the ropes are tightened until  
my toes barely touch the ground.  
As I stare into the sun,  
around me is the pow-wow.  
The *wacipi* while I sleep.

The ghost warriors come to dance  
around me and enfold me  
as the third day yields its will to its sunset-summoned end.

Laid upon the blood-stained ground  
I am given liquids from Earth Mother  
and from my body and from others:  
From brother bear and brother eagle.  
Sister doe and sister fox.  
Father crow and mother raven.  
Lady horse and uncle asp.

My chest and arms are cut  
so the pain will be released  
and my disbelief will cease.  
The ghost horses of grey strength  
rise up from the earth  
to focus my attention as they carry me to war.

As I faint into the mud  
the braves bring forth a stag.  
Its blood brings me to life.  
Its death has brought me life.  
I am painted with the thunder lines  
that symbolize this life.

My hair is braided by maidens,  
body greased with melted fat.  
Wearing the prairie-grass mask  
of the buffalo brave  
I sit for weeks and pray and fast.

The shaman then invites me  
to enter the circle of flame.  
Where I will walk but will not burn.  
Where I will live but will not die.  
Where I will dream but will not sleep.  
Where I will pray but will not Want.

The shaman chants and holds my hands.  
The evening star shines blue,  
and I am tethered for a moment again.

Abandoning my fear  
I follow crow into the sun.  
Approaching lands of Light,  
at last I'm bound no more.

## **New Idioms for Freud**

I awoke deep within  
the pulse of a dream rain,  
the tear-streaked panes of my ego pace  
thrown wide and ground out smooth  
by the grinding stone divine.

The superego sentries  
had left the guardian gate  
thrown wide and left unlocked  
by a grassy Whitman's sampler  
and a beatific Howl.

I wanted nothing—I was no idiot.  
Deep inside the dreamtime  
with infinite disidentity  
and no "I'd like to do this"  
or "First I'd have to do that"  
I was free in the butterfly spiral  
where the chrysalis remnants  
falling away  
turned blissfully to ashes  
from which my phoenix avatars were born.

With so many to help  
and no one to say Nay  
I set out to build a city  
where a village once had been.

A city without walls—  
no armies, jails, or rulers.  
A city without towers, turrets  
or machinery to fix.  
A city of soul.  
A dream world for a mind map  
and initiated explorer.

Satiated with the sights  
I fell asleep within this city  
to a fresh rain's eternal breeze,  
the pains and gates and sentries of the once-was  
identified  
and left aside  
as I drifted back to dream...