

Canvassing Chaos

I sit scrutinizing a
Life not my own.

Sifting, I immediately
Plunge into a stream of
Consciousness: a seeming-ness
Of consciousness.

The nature of my survey—
Random sensations, lyric
Encrustations; not as
Revealing, not as mechanical
As mine—

This chaos,
Within,
Might compose meaning?

The Four Streams of Consciousness

If a stream
Of blood drips
Onto the page, the
Result will be sensation.

If a stream
Of sweat drips
Onto the page, the
Result will be excrement.

If a stream
Of tears drips
Onto the page, the
Result will be sentiment.

If a stream
Of saliva drips
Onto the page, the
Result will be passion.

If the four streams,
Blood, sweat, tears and saliva
Converge into a river,
You better call a doctor!!!

Conjecture on Architecture

What houses a building
But wind and spirit,
Light and darkness,
Storm and stress.

Droves come and go,
Enter and exit the housing
Almost unknowingly experiencing an
Elemental façade of granite, brick
And concrete, of glass, Perspex and steel.

Formal structures of multi-storeyed huts,
Baroque and geometric,
Cause the wind to howl or the spirit to stand calm,
Carve light or shape darkness,
Accent storm or lull stress,
Reconfigure Nature's homeliness in design.

But when the droves cease to come and go,
Enter and exit knowingly, they will
Remain huddled, cuddled in recognizable platitudes.

Just Add Water

The sky,
Sprinkling, dripping
Droplets of pale pastels,
Pings upon impact
On people
Daring enough to face
The situation head on
Without personal protection,
Dodging the darting
Umbrellas while
Intermittently
Glancing down to
Avoid potholes and puddles.

Running on and on are those
Who believe they cannot
Get wet, who stand
Corrected beneath the
Entranceway wiping their
Face in disgrace.

Stiff collars
Jut up the nape
To prevent the chill
From sneaking down
The spine and arresting
The smug sweat
Beneath the belt.

Eyelids,
However,
Do flutter
As swirls
Contort shivers
Into spasms,
Surly orgasms
Due to barometrical chasms.

Intranscendentally
A mist arises
Into fog
Debilitating buildings,
Slighting the 'scrapers of their line.
The seen unscene,
Humid humility,
Caused by covert
Forms of
Spontaneous
Hydrolysis.

Artifact

What tale do you wish to tell:
One of mantelpiece politics,
Endearments, or rituals?

Are you an original explorer
Or a faux tourist of history—
Appropriated or stolen for a
Public or private collection?

Archeological *telesma*—
You alone formulate the proposition:
Which came first, that art or the fact?
The “I,” caught in the middle, does not know.

MUSEUM

Experience in vision plain
Rotting carcasses
Theory living through expiration
Combination vaulted
Thoughts discerning the mind
Limiting certainty

Paranoiac faith

Composition

A free stance or arthritic
Moment, the conversing gesture
Beyond token of affections and
Advice, the brand of passion
Searing the skin, that tattooed
Place in the mind where the end
Has met the beginning.

In fury still, after moving
Along, petrified joy.

Research and Representation

Planar orbits
Shape physiology.

The pose
Within a pose
Becomes very similar:
Verisimilitude.

The facsimile
Gestures as if
The face, as if
The body was
And is.

The field and the meadow
Define the head and torso.

Strip the mind
And shade with charcoal.

The earth,
Wetted with water,
Sculpts clay
And forms
To the molding;
Composes carriage.

Shape. Shade. Sculpt.

Reshape. Re-shade. Re-sculpt.

The three dimensions are
In search of the fourth.

Go figure.

Maximus

The nocturnal
With full, crescent,
Cubic moon,
Reflects reflexively
Expanding the pupil's mind.

How round now,
And shapely too,
Each crevice,
Every crater,
Looms.

To be consumed
In an attempt to touch Maximus,
One lurks between the sane and insanity;
One suffers the quirks of the vain in vanity.

So gluteal.

The Torso

An appendage-less
Mass stands
In valor.

Below
The shoulders,
Stretched, extend--.

Beneath the breasts,
The cage
Is ribbed.

The back blades
Scrape:
The scapula.

The slouch,
Serpentine,
Supports supplely.

The abdomen
Slides slowly,
Simply into oblivion- .

Still Life

Flailing bodies,
Crying babies,
Throughout the muse
Of bottles, guitars, skulls and fruit—
Contemplate.

Vases and flowers
Flounder the vices
Of dementia
In absentia.

Tremors felt
Throughout the gallery
With touching— not.

Only
The slightest hints of pleasure
Echo.

No File Profile

Her gaze, not disturbed as
She passes the mirror
Disrobing gallantly towards the shower.

She knows how she looks
Without peering into her reflection.

Leaving a trail of clothes behind,
She stands in the mist solemnly
Waiting for the moment, for the matter:
Her vagueness of awareness.

So smooth, her guile
As she climbs into herself
Open only to meanings
Of her possessed feelings
As she showers herself in mystique.

If I understood, all would be lost.

Super, Mod Hell

Solace it.
Femmes fatales, fascist swine
Channel—
Become a cosmetic cockroach.

Infer no.
Be haute to trôt.
Burn in the light.
Accessorize character.
Assassinate, if a must.

Crave victus:
Eat carne voluptas;
Drink carne vinum;
Sleep carne vita.

Class sick.
Be in tomorrow.
Be out today.
This is art at a glance
In super, mod hell.

Beyond the Ceiling¹

When the past is in the present,
And when the present is past,
What was once the glass ceiling
Becomes the floor.

Looking in towards the future,
The present is passing continuously;
Meaning and perspective are seen
Clearly on the other side, and
The realization cannot go back.

¹ Published in the essay "Living Within Multimanifestations," *The European Legacy: Toward New Paradigms*. Cambridge: MIT Press; Vol. 1, No. 4, , July 1996, pp. 1387-1391.

Beyond the Physical, Beyond Physique

Move through a wall,
 past the décor into the imagination–
 metabolic incrustations in a world of
 reactions, molecules in a meteor shower
 bombarded by combustions destroying
 bonds, creating another metabolism,
 another component spontaneously of
 the other machination compelled by
 velocity and time– a force to rebuild,
 at last, another wall, building, city–
 a meta-metropolis, a microcosm–
 a place to discover the ability to
 look into, absorb and dissolve, process
 and analyze what has gone beyond
 mentality, past cyber-scrutiny–
 an objective subjectivity.

Relativity–
 what then of relationships, combinations,
 codependencies in space, a space within site,
 individual duality, multiplicities of acknowledgement–
 the understanding of statements understated,
 perhaps by the knowledge derived from
 the experience or occurrence, conscious ramblings
 within a hermetic hermeneutic circle
 like recycled air becoming stale, yet containing
 matter– a systemic closure rupturing:
 exploding before imploding; escaping
 before dissipating; capturing before
 entrapping the environment unsealed,
 free to absolve the absolute essence.

Arrogant senses–
 experiencing beings even though
 not able to identify the essence into
 tangibility, the inability to categorize
 belief into insights, into periodic
 pedagogy– first kingdom, then
 phylum– order arranged for intellectual
 tactility, for usability, access to the
 system's nervous and inner pathways,
 runaways from the bodily, within the
 bodily, conceptualization awaiting
 ethereal synthesis to become a
 lot of emptiness demanding answers
 to all that is lost, answers to all
 that was forgotten so to provide
 answers to what is becoming a reality,
 what was before a mystery– an answer
 that is bound to become a hysterical
 phenomenon of historical proportions.

UNIconVERSE

A single tracked mind
Hears voices, sirens
Halted in traffic.

Sound waves clog
The ear's canal,
Echo throughout,
Orbit the system of
Many only mental galaxies.

Various anthropomorphous entities
Are icons of the universe,
Multiverses spanning the
Global citizenry which is
Expanding by day and by night.

What pangs the future
Is the uncharted reality.

Who is to say, "It is so/It is not."

Three Musicians

Two bongos
And a
Steel drum
'Posed between
Two girders
On a
Platform
Play the
Underground
Circuit.

Crowds
Pass by
The trio.

Such
Flows
The rhythm
Fluently
With
Amazing
Grace.

"MUSE [sic]"

Exhausted with words, the mind;
Spoiled with candy, the eyes;
Numbed with hypo-tactility, the body;
The ear can only pickup on the vibes:

The notes
 reach
 for the pitched accent;

The meter
 rolls
 for the smooth downbeat;

The melody
 repeats
 reverberations in improvisation.

All can be
Acknowledged at
Once by a nod
Or a tic.

SCUMBLE

"People, people,
 This is about people,"
 Grumbles the belly of the architect;
 Applies the brush of a painter.
 BOMBed?¹
 Scrambling for clarity,
 Wiping away opacity,
 Fuck! *Fuck!!* FUCK!!!
 Romance?
 And the poet is concerned with museology;
 Often wondering
 A decorated shed– or a duck.²

The quest,
 The con of sanctum. Squeezing
 The wedge into
 The drink, sipping from
 The glass: straight. For

The orb– passion for
 The orb's nectar, freezing anxieties.

The tabloid,
 The town driven by
 The Inner.

¹ The word "scumble" was used in an interview between Bob Holman and Elizabeth Murray that appeared in *Bomb Magazine*.

² A reference to the chapter "The Duck and the Decorated Shed," [Learning from Las Vegas](#) (revised edition) by Robert Venturi, Denise Scott Brown and Steven Izenour; Cambridge: MIT Press; 1977, p. 88.

Historicism

Not in time, out of sync
With ecological intelligence,
Opulent refinery draws a
Fault line that dismembers
Humanity, which splices due
Course with the past semblance, eroding
Future composition, receding
Without the faculties, the raw
Materials that had originally
Brought about the present, wasted.