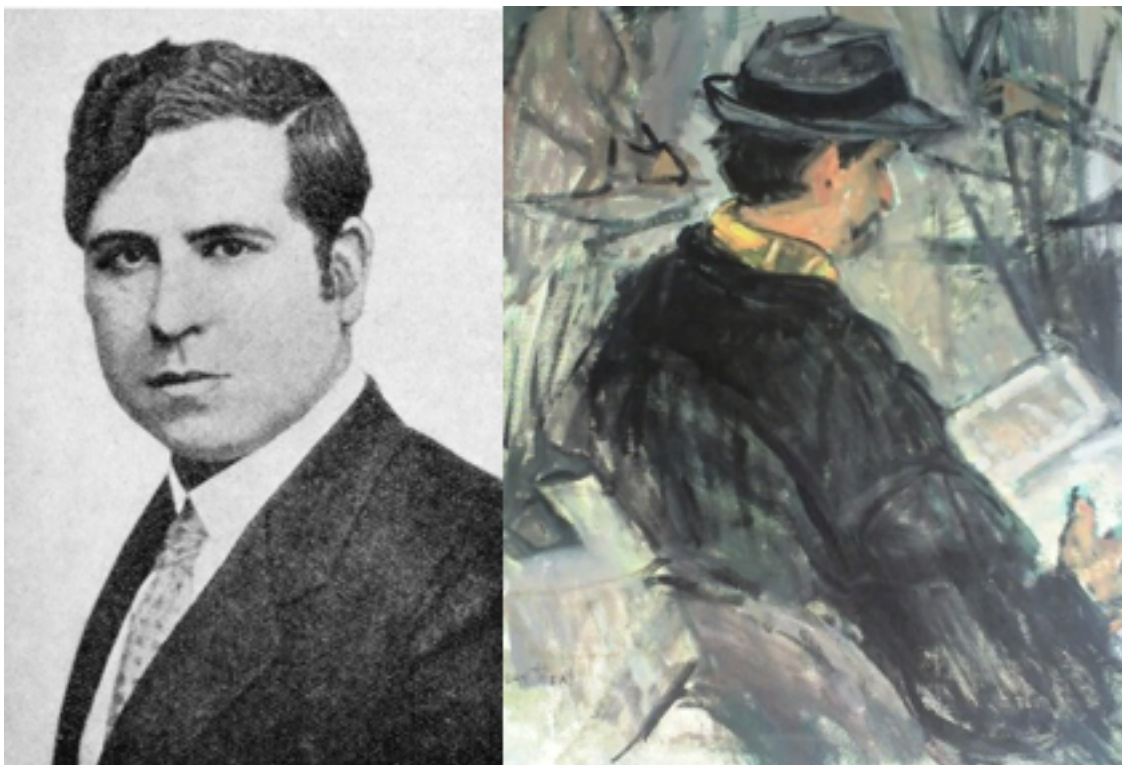


Haibun de la Serna



**99 Haibun by
Paul E Nelson**

IT PLAYS IN PEORIA PRESS

Haibun de la Serna

**99 Haibun by
Paul E Nelson**

When you find your place where you are, practice occurs.

- Dōgen

IT PLAYS IN PEORIA PRESS

Copyright © 2013 by Paul Nelson

Published by
IT PLAYS IN PEORIA PRESS
4817 S Lucile St.
Apt B
Seattle, WA 98118
(206) 422.5002
PauleNelson.com
pen@splab.org

Limited Original First Printing of 100 copies -- December 2013

Produced on recycled paper

Some of these poems have been published previously in *Hambone*, as a *Breadline* broadside, *Hoarse* and other publications. Many of them were written at different writing residencies and the author wishes to give thanks to the Helen Whiteley Center on San Juan Island, Washington, Doe Bay on Orcas Island, Washington, The Rainforest Hostel in Forks, Washington and the Lake in Loleta, California, coordinated by the Morris Graves Foundation, all of these places in Cascadia. The author is profoundly grateful to Amalio Madueño for the chapbook of a selection of early haibun, as well as for the kind (and intelligent) introduction, as well as to José Kozer and Pablo Baler for the tips on the neo-barroco approach to making the poem and the work of Ramón Gomez de la Serna respectively.

Preface: The Poem As High Energy Construct

In this innovative series of poems Paul Nelson has combined contemporary neo-baroco poetic style inspired by José Kozer and Ramón de la Serna with a 17th century Japanese form eternalized by the poet Bashō, the most well-known early writer of the haibun tradition. Mixed with a soupçon of Ginsberg's "American Sentences" format and a profound grounding in Olson's Projective Verse poetics, the poems of Haibun de la Serna demonstrate an innovative combination of contemporary poetic styles and established poetic genres.

The poems, to quote the well-known Cuban poet José Kozer, "...have a density which is not excessive & . . . bring forth intelligibility; there is a sense of flow and [I feel] the hand moving on the paper, the ink flowing naturally. . . As if it all flowed easy, which I know is not so, but felt as easy, going along, just flowing. Good modernity..."

Good modernity, indeed. Nelson's previous book of poems, *A Time Before Slaughter*, demonstrated this modernity in his ability to energize language in a focused look at the history and current affairs of the Puget Sound region.

Ramón G. de la Serna: Untranscendental Meditation

Nelson is inspired to this series of poems by the poems of Ramón Gómez de la Serna (1889-1963). De la Serna was known for "Greguerías" aphorisms that correspond to Ginsberg's American Sentences and traditional one-liners of comedy. Spain's chief exponent of avant-garde writing in the early 20th century, de la Serna established a famously influential literary tertulia at the centre of Madrid and produced some of the most original works in Spanish of the twentieth century — the existential-surrealist novel *El hombre perdido* [The Lost Man] (1947) and his extraordinary neo-baroque autobiography *Automoribundia* (Automoribund) [1948].

American Sentences

Allen Ginsberg created this form, to provide a uniquely American version of the Japanese haiku. Nelson has taken this form as a daily practice, writing one every day since January 1, 2001, and using it as a way to hone his own perception and spirituality. It is one way he's kept a journal of events in his

life and the world while he sharpens his ability to capture a “snapshot of the moment” in a concise way.

Seventeen syllable sentences owe as much to the Buddhist side of the Beat movement as well as to de la Serna’s own program. Like de la Serna, Nelson aims to divest himself of conventional consciousness so as to adopt a unique way of being in a society dominated by an industry-generated-culture. More than a rejection of that culture, it is among the first steps in “nation-building”. Creating alternatives to large, out-dated centralized bureaucratic governments intent on perpetuating war consciousness with torture, endless violent occupations and attacks on the commons. Nelson sees them as Anarcho-leftist/bioregionalist/mammal patriotism chiseled out seventeen syllables at a time.

Open Form & Organic Poetry

The poems of Haibun de la Serna are grounded in uniquely 20th century poetics with roots in the Black Mountain School, Projective Verse and whose sources include W.C. Williams, Charles Olson, Joanne Kyger, Robert Duncan, Robin Blaser, Denise Levertov, Nathaniel Mackey and Michael McClure. Nelson is a proponent of the Organic approach to poetry and Open Form poetics. In concurrence with Ezra Pound, Nelson is convinced that it is the artist’s job to be the antennae of the race in and to “prevent a culture from repeating the same dull round over again in the words of William Blake.” Nelson espouses a “whole-systems, organismic, or process” view of reality which values intuition as much as rationality, and does not consider any element of a system irrelevant.

In his 2006 essay, *Crafting the Organic Poem*, Nelson discusses Canadian poetry’s influence on Open Form poetics, and by extension, the poetry in this volume. Discussing the influence of British Columbia’s George Bowering on Open Form poetics Nelson states: “. . . poets of the Open Form tradition became known, including Charles Olson and Robert Creeley . . . [through] their focus on Beat and Black Mountain literature, helping Vancouver to become a world nexus comparable to San Francisco for this stance-toward-poem-making as evidenced by the legendary 1963 Vancouver Poetry Conference. Bowering . . . has demonstrated a knack for using the strategies of the Open to maintain the poem as high energy construct. . . In his book of essays on poetics. . . known as *Craft Slices*, Bowering states: “I do not compose poetry to show you what I have seen, but rather because I have

seen. That is, this poet's job is not to tell you what it is like, but to make a poem...So the test of a poem is not in how it adheres to your experience (though that can be a pleasure too) but in how it coheres as something made. This is not to say that you can squash together any old thing and declare yourself pleased...the point is that you are adding something to the world, something that was not there before. If you have any good feelings about the world, you will want to add something that will not diminish it in quality." (Craft Slices 6).

In sum you will encounter in these pages something that was not there in the world before and that will add to it in quality.

Amalio Madueño

(Excerpted from the 2001 chapbook published by Ranchos Press, New Mexico)

Table of Contents

13. 1. The Pigeon's Key
14. 2. Duende's Dancestep
15. 3. Quickening
16. 4. Angel Hack
17. 5. Carbonism
18. 6. Echoes (After Nate Mackey)
20. 7. Winter Solstice Lunar Eclipse
22. 8. Ain't No Gusano
23. 9. Ancestor (Dream) Dirt
25. 10. Rivers
27. 11. Charioteering
29. 12. Stag Party
30. 13. Free Egypt
32. 14. Mango Inflorescence
33. 15. Tongues & Mirrors
35. 16. Suicide Flowers
37. 17. Black Sounds
39. 18. Noosphere Wormride
41. 19. Bendigas de Bloodhawk
43. 20. Gardenspace & Hawktime
45. 21. Fog Drip (The Age of Veil Lifting)
47. 22. Flag Drop
49. 23. Seventh Breath
51. 24. Dogwood Blossoms
52. 25. Banknotes of Skin
54. 26. Wind in the Stetsons
56. 27. Wind & Insects
58. 28. The Cruel Majority (After Jerome Rothenberg)
60. 29. Into the Eight Directions (Octopus Mom)
61. 30. The Day the Weather Decided to Die
63. 31. Dragonfly Resurrection
64. 32. Bear Camp Road
66. 33. No Cigars For Potato
67. 34. War on Silence
68. 35. Qinghai Sunflowers
70. 36. Taming Power of the Small
72. 37. Power of the Pocket Journal
74. 38. The Barking of the Bitches

Table of Contents

76.	39.	The Jewel Net of Indra's Shoe
77.	40.	Mobocracy 101
79.	41.	Othila's New Muscle
81.	42.	Capitalismo
82.	43.	Wheel (Whorl)
84.	44.	Stellar (Ella)
85.	45.	Cat Screams
86.	46.	Wolf Ride
88.	47.	Occupy, Farewell, Spit
90.	48.	Torquemada's Revenge
92.	49.	49th Parallel Blues
94.	50.	Nevermind Gray Waves
95.	51.	Echo in Licton Springs
98.	52.	Daughter of One of Seven Sisters
99.	53.	Nothing Death
100.	54.	Black Dragon Year
102.	55.	Fear is Salty
104.	56.	Shooting Starward
106.	57.	Frog Song
108.	58.	Coyote Guts
110.	59.	Sisuitl (Si'sEyul)
111.	60.	Hymn to Indian Plum
113.	61.	Meat Again
115.	62.	Buddha Bodies & Fake Train Horns
116.	63.	Her Birthday, My Velocity
118.	64.	Sin Malicia
120.	65.	Dirty Raven Light Thief
122.	66.	Doors of Liberation
123.	67.	The Harmless Eccentric
124.	68.	Sowilo-Tinted Vision Field
125.	69.	Go Dolly Go!
126.	70.	The Return of the Elwha King
128.	71.	The Ambassador From Bakersfield
130.	72.	Moss Spruce Cedar Cathedral
132.	73.	Ode to Sun Mask
134.	74.	The Use of Wunjo
135.	75.	Translating the Digital Fire
137.	76.	Ode to Snowberry (or Madrone)

Table of Contents

139.	77.	Clean Shirt (It Never Entered My Mind)
140.	88.	Lesser Quantico
142.	89.	Pocket Fetch
144.	90.	Slow Down Tahoe Driver
146.	91.	Berber City Poems
148.	92.	Galactic Circuit
149.	93.	The Fog Wet Web
151.	94.	Dilettante Periphery
153.	95.	Sending Out Tendrils
155.	96.	The Gift
157.	97.	Clues from Hell
159.	98.	Why Redwings Sing
161.	99.	Dragon-Necked Hallucination

1. The Pigeon's Key

At dusk a homing pigeon flies overhead with a key to lock up the day.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

On Orcas it's a red tailed hawk lost in the steam from hot springs always finds its way over Otter Cove unless there's trouble. Blue Heron waits to push the world away, still, stands in the in-coming tide aware of the angel's sword aware the poison in the yew tree where power comes from evergreen from elder is anima. (Eihwaz holds the entire futhark.) In the dream we teach poetry in the former factory made of red brick and the glue of destitute kundalini. We're suspicious of their religion & the latihan's already worked its celestial shudder. The pigeon still there still aflight's full of donated wonder bread, flies north 'til it becomes one with an obsolete constellation. That's the key. Just ask the Sacred Kingfisher. Or is it belted?

Odin's sister
not his sister
hides in the yew's roots.

8:09A – 11.27.10
Doc Bay

2. Duende's Dancestep

Death is inaudible: in the intimacy of the house it walks on tiptoe.

Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Skulks adjacent to the seaside Orcas November mountain hoping to garnish a wave with a tendon or femur, anyplace can morph into Slaughter, even a rocky vista redolent with pines, firs and rose hips drop onto soft moss next to deer scat. Handholds. The shadow lying *beneath my copy of eternity* to glimpse the blonde lock of yours somehow noticed when late November afternoon sun hits a certain angle of my shoulder. (My morning shudder.) Beyond Obstruction, beyond the demonic realm of parlor tricks to near where waves of the incoming tide rebound off an off-island rock (an island itself) to make concentric semi-circles in a futile path back to Fidalgo. They'll die en route as you and I might struggling for that last glimpse that last lover's smiling eyes that death-bedside daughter who eases the track back to the garden.

Cliffgrip measured, all
senses acute but who
studies surrender?

6:02P – 11.27.10
Doe Bay

3. Quickening

Time is closer to dust in libraries.

Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Inside the dust, universes with their own constellations, some obsolete all gain velocity a planet in need of periodic leap seconds when the ancient light from stars gathered, careened around hallucinated Olympic fires cause alarm. Fire emanating snakes. Quickening can be an apocalypse or a birthcrisis can be a fetus or a species. *The word "quick" originally meant "alive".* Whitehead called the present the *vivid fringe of memory tinged with anticipation*. Another occasion's what you make of it, how you justify. Ringed with wintering scotch broom or the pods left behind by lavender blossoms (ones he might've crumpled in the minute universes of his sweater pocket) & she goes from zero-to-car driving in sixty seconds gave him the gift of the present, saw his history laid out in microscopic skin flecks she wipes from library shelves beyond the photo of his father, still alive, still holding that pipe, posing. You can almost smell the Walgreens cheap tobacco you were to teenage shoplift later, time as cloud & ash & the exile of attempted compassion rebounds as a flaming email but that don't stop you from reaching out to the higher selves.

Constellations may be patient
but they won't wait
for the end of your hallucination.

9:42A – 11.28.10
Doc Bay

4. Angel Hack

Never forget that it was an angel that invented swords.

Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Never forget it is the oldest Bodhisattva carries one aflame in his right hand carve a slice off duality. Never forget a sword's a scalpel can hack at nafsū, that which fosters soul erasure, hack at the snag stifles your hike up Entrance Mountain, hack to clear a path as King Solomon might machete as mere threat to find a way into co-mercy. Nature sometimes needs a knife now & again, give gristle to the dog, liberate axis & om-fire or simply to slice up the mango. You might like guayaba pastelitos. You might be sickened by what antepasados are urging you to cut just this side of Obstruction or may be Frank Morgan alto-honking the daylight out of front row yuppies in full babble, George Cables right behind him as he was with Art Pepper on the prison tune, The Trip. *Why did they chop off the missionaries heads* the child asked, but they were no mere visitors, only the first line of colonialists whose angels have no swords whose single god has a beard and vendetta, whose trick is stealing fire, whose exceptional American time is running out.

Rocket's red glare.

Colors don't run but burn

sliced by Manjushri's flaming saber.

8:34A – 11.29.10

Doe Bay

(Nafsū: The Indonesian dictionary definition of this very common word is "natural appetite or desire".)

5. Carbonism

A carbon copy is taken of everything that is said in the dark.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

A diamond reflects all darkness whispered in a room lit by faint beams from the Cold Moon. The moon when Horns are Broken Off. A long night's Oak Moon almost seen dodging sunbeams, applying mascara, ordering another foamy cappuccino. A diamond's a girl's confidant & the hardest allotrope of carbon. Buckyball's a carbon (C60) but I've never had one festooning an earlobe or translating Miles' *Mademoiselle Mabry* from wax into the darkness of sound's primitive hunger. Copy this: photo of goats return after dark to an always older city. Energy lines still flow out footsteps made by swarming invisible dead of Sealath's tribe, beyond silence of the pathless woods climb up any Entrance Mountain. A carbon copy being taken by shades at the malwort, @ the indy neighborhood coffee house where the proprietor builds community one sneer at a time @ the bathhouse by Lake Xacuabš. A carbon copy of everything said in the dark, every grunt and mastication, sometimes trading phosphorous for arsenic, entrails for a larger heart, evidence of a 27th Genesis on a planet in need of at least one more.

Absence of reflected light
(or) photon storehouse
for the footsteps of one more
invisible tribe.

10:56A – 12.2.10

Sbux, 212th & W Valley

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2010/12/02/AR2010120203102.html>

6. Echoes (After Nate Mackey)

*"The Last Trumpet is the echo of the echo of the repeated
echo of the First Trumpet."*

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

As an undertone or overtone, overlord or undertaker. When stuck can become strict stricken or structure. The last trumpet could be the diamond scratching out stuck sound's primitive hunger or the antepasados disembodied wail translated as an alto squawk or hawk's circular trail this side of constellations obsolete or not so, a nutrient manifesting as enthusiasm or arsenic in the place of phosphorus, the alchemist burning his own piss to find gold or a similar lost essence. The echo finds its own place in the canyon rock, funds its own defense from soul erasure, fumbles for safety in the fronds of the sword fern a previous angel must have left there before conifers, before cedars relocation after glaciers & a song that would have made it so. Or maybe the echo found its way into cliffside blueberries warmed by September afternoon sun or in the petals of the Indian Paintbrush (Prairie Fire) as a hairwash or toxic condiment replacing the sulfur with selenium. The first trumpet echoes a sound that became a song & a song that lifted grace out of the muscles of angels into ligaments & sinew that saw the race it was in to beat the echo back before the ripples of water could recede, again, in September, when school resumes. Echo as salient reminder, the angle always pointing inwards, the innards ready to be splayed on any good day to die the collection of Obstruction rocks reminds us.

A Resolution recedes
Coltrane tells us
but some echo is always
a life.

3:16P – 12.10.10

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Salients>
,_re-entrants_and_pockets

7. Winter Solstice Lunar Eclipse

(For Sam Hamill)

In Paris the winter sun is an omelette which arrives cold.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

In Seattle the winter moon's barely visible through solstice eclipse-impairing clouds (stratocumulus) 'til we crash & don't spy the darkest night in centuries though it too's bonecold. Arrives as the eye of a Puyallup organic carrot candied by Tahoma volcanic ash or a murder of crows bare tree shelter'd above the Ferdinand treehouse. A night of no moon. A Long Night's Moon. The longest night's moon enables global brightening set off by bug bombs and other aerosolismo.

The Seattle Long Night's Winter Moon enables a solstice celebration, respite from mist & veiled mass of droplets a only a nephologist could love & all that's behind every mal de ojo: Coyote's skulk, the hallway Mexican cat standoff, the movie camera cocked at the side of the skull, often somewhere deeper than we can spy. A Winter Solstice Lunar Eclipse not since Galileo was living out his days under house arrest, his day's Assange, *the full moon on steroids*, always an apocalypse for someone else.

After collecting stents, Sam's
liver won't stand his heart
operation, darken'd by a
AWOL Long Night's
Moon.

The Long Night's Winter Moon's eclipse's free to skate another four score & four years here's a towel you can toss, here's an earthquake nails 200K Haitians into makeshift coffins, or a thousand Chileans. Arrives as toxic Moscow air & the flight north of several more

forests with 62,000 sq mi. of new riceland in Pakistan
18 countries w/ their hottest day ever.

Oh Sam. Don't start quoting Li Po to us.
Don't let the Lorazepam get the best of yr Zen. Don't
take that Kevorkian treatment. The Long Night's
Missing Winter Solstice Moon's an illusion. It's there as
much as compassion & a move into the ancient belt of
old starfires surging our way. Sam spy the terrier. She
don't seem too nervous & the links prefer your laugh to
the scattering of your ashes.

10:55A – 12.22.10

[http://www.seattlepi.com/national/
432071_earth19.html](http://www.seattlepi.com/national/432071_earth19.html)

8. Ain't No Gusano

Ever since men started to travel by underground they have begun to lose their fear of death: they have already become familiar with the worms.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Could be he was chthonic, so close to Olympus, Asklepius cut out of his mother's womb still hangs on to that snake, still one of 88 keys played by the night sky, still living off occasional lungful of interstellar oxygen, a Greek bearing the gesture of gift snakes, how many in such a hurry to get to 6 Underground Street, who can call out the daughter of swords, can cut away the lunge & the castings.

In need of a lightning strike fuses silica sand into glass channels, rearrange office chairs in a lost tower, a bony hand reaches out the sea for one of seven empty cups, no song a deity would have you sing of sparks of light shot from his ever white teeth, the bloodied eye still leaks salt, elders animate every step & syllable. This ain't no gusano steppin' out with a Cuban slide.

After his last solo
the trumpeter opens the spit valve
out comes blood.

Outcome blood and Miles knew it, cued up & shot into a corner pocket like a bloodstone he might've found on a beach near Obstruction. (Heliotrope). Tried to reel it in but his scream didn't attract a single echo. Underground he don't move so fast. Underground Kuan Yin'd find it hard to hear the grief moans or distinguish 'em from coyote howls. Underground find yourself with much more company than you might've thought but those ain't smiles on their faces just the first hint of what went wrong.

9. Ancestor (Dream) Dirt

It was one of those days when the wind was trying to speak.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

The Aranda word for dream also means ancestor, so the poet says. So the poet sews as if a right to the ear that floored him in Jersey, or the Binghamton wine bottle that opened up new realms of self; stars for a would-be vigilante blood trickled forehead tricked by coyote in a fedora. The poet continues with *rasp is a recursive form, a net of echoes; it catches*, it repeats, reverberates in slightly similar frequencies, too many messages no god has any time to damn.

History is nightmare
gnostics might say. The night
wind brings with it one
invisible worm.

Burrows into ancestor dirt w/ a mind of its own. Electrolytes in the Kansas ancestor dirt the color of fossils. Ancestors waking you from a dream in which bullet holes in the head foretell attempted Arizona assassinations the worm burrows into his bed of crimson joy just happens to be the head of a not-so-innocent bystander, the elders drunk on palm wine or single malt scotch into which restless dead've crept to rig a marriage without one single shotgun. Dirt in the lavender blossoms with a mind to festoon city sidewalks few walk no more. Dirt with a sense of humor yearning to be a nurse log made of cedar, waiting (wanting) to soften a daydream 'n echo an earlier commune of poetry. There's a gunfight in church, then someone's a mind to turn the garage into dirt, then the dreamer awakes, finds no worm, only an itch & itches to return to the terror only night (or history) can bring.

Quotes from Nate Mackey.
Worm courtesy of William Blake, *The Sick Rose*

10. Rivers

Rivers do not know their names

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& learn to live in dirt, find their ancient way via the magnetosphere (an autonomic nervous system) the medium of 5,000 red wing blackbirds dead where radar picked up a *non-precipitation target* or 5,000 more dead in Pointe Coupee Parish a fur piece from the makeshift graveyard of Gary Ridgway & his ligature maneuvers robbed the Green of some of its shimmer prophets know is under river gods made from mud.

When to call Duwamish *Duwamish* when the Black is murdered? When White or Green? Follow Green back east to Stampede Pass, up beyond Weston, Lester, the Hot Springs, Nagrom, Maywood, Humphreys, Eagle Gorge, Lemolo, and Kanaskat itself named after a chief whose heart was wicked toward Bostons & whose musket might have put the final ball into Slaughter.

When to turn attention to silver rivers beyond the Van Allen Belt & plasmasphere? Even the 100,000 dead Arkansas fish know the Tampa runway's just a little off & a pole shift much overdue. We all seek refugium more than just a mountain range w/ peaks higher than the tops of where glaciers were. Refugium from a culture crafted in a lab dedicated to the torture of all living things everywhere, learning gets turned on its skull and we just want to stay above the Green's last fatal meander.

A river may not know its name
but call it Staq,
White,
Green or Duwamish &
it may share its heartbeat
or starshimmer.

12:23P – 1.24.11

[http://www.todaysthv.com/news/local/story.aspx?
storyid=137071&provider=top](http://www.todaysthv.com/news/local/story.aspx?storyid=137071&provider=top)

The primary runway at the (Tampa) airport is designated 18R/36L, which means the runway is aligned along 180 degrees from north (that is, due south) when approached from the north and 360 degrees from north when approached from the south. Now the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) has requested the designation be changed to 19R/1L to account for the movement of the magnetic north pole.

11. Charioteering

Her old hands grip life like a bird's claws on a branch.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

A branch of the family tree succumbed to aggregates (skandhas) *giddy-up* they say & modern-day gladiators plunge a knife in the side of the horses of instruction, *make this chariot go!* But it can only be a pile of faint traces, bookmarks, tweets, tantalum (not the homeopath's sulfur) for which we'd devour the lion's last habitat and fund the latest land & culture-rape.

Bird-grip, not the Bloodhawk's foveal vision, a laugh for the Apocalypse, a shudder of grey, buff and brown plumage, antidote to the Kingfisher's flash & machine-gun mambo as Manjushri might advise, compassion & freedom from delusion where the Bloodhawk vision comes in, wipe the stars off your boots in a vigil we pretend is no vigil.

Bird-grip addicted to meaning, shades beyond the reason of meat and surrender, the streams *stretching into shadows of memories* made us fully here, revering only the moment and its glaciers feeding Lake Xacuabš – their perennial shudder shoving off the adolescents. She grips the chariot reins 'til fingernails draw palm wine, 'til the panic in the eyes of forest horses spreads to fill the sky, Bloodhawk's paradise. Gold and brown eyes date to the Eocene, the bird-grip much, much older.

How we all thought refugia
much more complex than
letting the reigns (reins) rains
go

6:25P – 1.26.11
@ SPLAB

In Buddhist phenomenology skandhas (Sanskrit, aggregates in English) are any of five types of phenomena that serve as objects of clinging and bases for a sense of self.

12. Stag Party

The stag is the son of tree and lightning

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

A statue, not a statue, still wary of unarmed humans, still able to bolt over the forest's green galaxies, still able to make a meal of last night's camp urine-flavored dirt. Making less sound than the raven cackle atop the Doug Fir, less than the boot crunch on snow melt, less than the rhododendron leaf shaking in the January Breitenbush sun.

The stag awaits a beard, knows no master but morning velocity, stalks unguarded Port Townsend gardens fleeing, as we all should, hungry Chimicumians. Leaves comet trails that settle as moss in the Cascade forest. Signals via silence and leg twitches to the chief of the Bird Tribe & to the man with the wry smile, flaming hat and penchant for hairfish.

The stag's a sentry for Zeus, Thor's pet, reminds us of the animal self we left behind for hamburgers, traffic cameras and cappuccino. How the hunger creates elaborate castles of war & hierarchy, napalm & waterboards & of the day, post-apocalypse, when we might trade blood for tree sap, ears for an outstretched madrone branch, eyes for the Blood Hawk's foveal vision that can spot squirrels & Andromeda from light years above the plain.

2:05P – 1.30.11

@ Breitenbush

13. Free Egypt

*We should put a mark on the sky to see how quickly the cathedral
has been growing*

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

We put the mark of mammal revolt on the sky above Tahrir square where flame's a mark of celebration foreheads touch their patch of holy ground in unison, all holy, a dictator's flight power protection of la raza, of Algiz the buck's antlers & Aljazeera making every despot's move an international incident Aquila making everything else moot. *Tools with which to construct narratives.* Meat w/ which to construct memories of inhalation (the ageless narcotic of freedom) stolen from a dictator in the shadow of a sphinx part limestone woman part indigenous cat.

A mark on the sky where the cries of food riots lept, hunger as organizing force, maybe this industrial ag thing ain't what it's cracked up to be, cracked a mark onto the sky above & on the dirt below where foreheads rest in surrender. The crack of a dictator's mouth (a smile) power the ultimate inebriate panic in a President's private eye that spreads to fill the sky & whiten his hair in *Nazi America* where we post pictures of our food on Facebook and think an immolation protest another chapter in the endless entertainment, forget the sacrifices of constellations of ancestors, squander our one meat moment on a casino or sitcom while this Turtle dreams of its own coups & Mayan prophecy stares us in the collective face glint of diamond in its smiling eye preparing to lift the last veil.

All dictators & corporate puppets will be made to dance from a casket of fire while the celebration's an unmistakable blur we watch from behind the veil of a culture invented by henchmen & those who never know the sweet shudder of surrender, how the shoulders rumble, give way for a force lighter than

meat, the animating principle, what makes the flight of the bloodhawk so simple & gives the star force to Aquila.

A shudder of another kind
Swiss banks freeze Egyptian assets.
Let them eat soup.

9:29A – 2.12.11
Vancouver

As a verb "crack", dating back to the 15th century, was to praise or boast. If you "cracked up" something you sang its praises. Therefore something that is "not all it's cracked up to be" is something that is not as good as you were told.

<http://www.joe-ks.com/phrases/phrasesN.htm>

14. Mango Inflorescence

A long wait in a bar: initials made with toothpicks.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

A short time to prepare morning duties. The mango does not get its due diligence. The peel will be cut off like science starting near the button & working in a spiral one hopes to not break. From there only a few snips of stubborn peel & hunks unfettered by the hairy &/or fibrous seed. How can one pass up at least a hunk or two even when in smoothie mode? I would not want it pickled as its Wikipedia entry suggests it was when transported to 17th century colonies in the Americas, but love the phrase found there *Mango inflorescence*. That could describe the state I was in after putting a hunk or two in my mouth for a too-brief moment before I realized I would not be able to save all the fruit from the holy seed.

No initials are left in the peel tossed without ceremony into the square green compost bucket. None in the just washed dish pile, nor in the forests of cat hair I find in the grooves next to the trim. But my traces are everywhere & mingle with yours. Most of the mango goes in the blender with the bananas you rejected and the soy milk you did not finish. Dishes dry much more quickly than I would have ever guessed, the smoothie goes down quick & the cats sleep.

Mango science
chew every last bit of flesh
let juice drip down every chin.

2:04P – 2.19.11
SPLAB

15. Tongues & Mirrors

All the mirrors of the past flow by, drowned in a river.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Seen in eyeballs of dogfish plucked out by seagulls upon their spring return navigate a Stuck flow past broken Medicine Creek treaties past the last of the lodgepole pines headed north to one of a few last refugia, past Oak Moons, volcanic ash & the routes lahars left. Bobbing past the Labrador with eye on the prized stick past Miller cans thrown by Assman headed to Jakarta by way of stars & currents past the eyes of Siddhartha recounting every encounter every face of every last love every fist & a few of the lost river gods, offerings to impermanence made in Stuck River mud grass-haired, stone toothed & eyed. Seen, eyes closed, in the rush of violet & heart-chakra green or some hallucinatory variant on a theme of letters dropped out the womb of the great mother LETTERS which rise to form hawks of blood, dogfish & half-dog/half man creatures *high on the drugs of glands*, letters falling from the belt of Orion or from the hunter's shoulder another runaway star afraid of stopping.

Here another mirror bobs, another cycle complete, how the Hummingbirds reject the flock and yet form a sangha or rebellion in the hills, how they're (we) all connected by tongues Kihlgulins displayed how the woman fucked the bear prince & bore cubs how Nanasinget, his wife, & the Killer Whale kidnapper how Sea Wolf eats three whales a day, Dogfish Woman & her mythic pups & Eagle Prince all connected by tongues by blood by the force that would run off a star, by first fields & voice, by interstellar imprimatur & longing & for the amusement of the Empress.

Mirrors bob in the river
so many jewels in her net

skin. & yet all that unexplored

10:55P – 3.2.11

Kihlguulins - The one with the beautiful voice

16. Suicide Flowers

Beyond the tracks of the railway grow Suicide Flowers.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

And they could not wait to run with the camels in Egypt or seek retreat in an Igbo refugia or even its song HEY LA LA CU LA YA, cd not escape a Heart Shaped Box always with a need for a new complaint, not the pliant vision of a certain goddess, sinew's role in manifesting mammal reason free from rules made in that terror lab we mentioned last time. How the iron horse & all its dicks wd cut hobos in half, display their splayed entrails short of the refugia of the cat face of the kindhearted woman or the moon face of *Doctor Here Won't Charge*.

HEY LA LA CU LA YA

next to box cars & box cars & box cars, next to cases of red corn syrup masquerading as licorice sticks, no clarinets in sight, just the feeling of fight pummeled out of each crocus before their spring, each fireweed not yet ready to snow the Olympic sky at the next September breeze, the next blue gentian in a blueberry masquerade the villagers rally around chanting what bubbles up from the mothertongue as an intelligence of its own, free of the reach of heartmind, more a starforce reckoning with the latest satanic deviances be they Guantanimos or mortgages, Abu Ghraib or student loans formed in the shape of a noose or another ligature maneuver.

A blossoming of madrones or Indian Paintbrush cut short by the demands of endless violent occupations never privy to the meat's own violet & fluorescent green smoke clouds billowing personal cartoons as the mind becomes the body's need for reason, but meat reason decides for itself the authenticity of every twist & hand clap, every chant to Allah, Jesu Christo or Massey experienced as one long vowel. Massey. Massey. Mercy.

Rest in peace Kurt Cobain.
We'll carve the park bench and
resist with all our meat
the man who sold the world.

9:26A – 3.3.11



17. Black Sounds

In order to remain quite alone, we should have to take off our selves.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Roll up our sleeves. Revisit our cells. *Time and I against any two* she said & the song that croaked out her throat was cracked, was *cante moro* he said, *cante jondo* in a hinge paracritical in a lunge desperate. The black sounds trading eighths & beyond. Walking the tightwire between ice & burn, between the stars' explosion as climate-changed raindrops on the sidewalk before the seven. (7).

Here (hear) a fathertongue dip into a bass clarinet pull out a Green Dolphin Street or a veiled homage to the black sounds of Velvet Fred Anderson viva! Here, trouble. The voice is cracked & the getback gone forever. Hear the spirits gulped to activate another order: broken, problematic, eloquent. Duende awakened *in the remotest mansions in the blood* & awake it must. In Madison and Cairo. In Tunis through the Sea Gate, they cut off the arm of the Secret Police. Cante moro. Hear (here) the black sounds growl louder. Johnny Griffin took a farm in France to make his growl louder. Make lavender out of cracker attack dogs. Make mind & meat a more latent shape.

How wartime calls us to *love the rim of the wound* while fending off the henchmen. Pick off the corporate scab, sleep under his bed. Make time for birdsong & marvel at crows. Crow cackle the language for a state of crisis. Duende. The black sounds congregate around the side door. The cymbals see, seek their summer hiss. Like Lorca, lying there, still seeks to darken the sky. Open the wound. Sudden shudder uncontrolled & a cracking of the song problematic. A dead man in Africa's more alive than most men here in the land of the freaks of nature. Darkened, as in a vigil most don't see. Duende. (Remember) The getback gone & left

with a blowback of wind & record weather. *Time and I*
against any two she said. The slow feeling of a live planet
awakening to ward off mammals in some kind of
narcotic slumber. Scott Walker. Dick Cheney. Rick
Snyder. Peter King. White men in crisis fearing the
lunge of Malcolm, the chickens returning for roost. A
white privilege gone the way of duende.

Hear the black cat's throaty moan.
It's the melody you'll remember
when yr wayback
with the worms.

8:58A – 3.10.11

$\frac{2}{10}$

///

18. Noosphere Wormride

Among the special suitcases one has to buy for air travel, one should be made to carry the fear.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

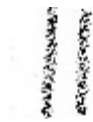
Fear as form, measured out foot at a time not unlike the severed feet washing up on B.C. beaches, not the proportionlessness he sd more interested in shape and the light radiating out March crocuses the boy marvels at; light radiates from the blossoming cherry tree & its hummingbird armada dead serious about the hunt; light like the Buddha's *clear mirror reflecting images according to their forms from the field of blessings*. Starparts. The poem less a recipe and more the salient of Crick's edgeless biology & the light therefore shot off from. Form

as fabrication.
March sunlight made the heat rise up, the feet wash up, the daffodils stiffen the stellar jay crack a staccato Wednesday wake-up call not unlike the light from a bell ring brings this assembly to order. Starts the sacred shudder. Wakes from the warmth of the cat-lined bed. Wants nothing but boundlessness to imagine wormride outside the crimson joy of the skull on the waves of the silver rivers of the noosphere toward maximum organized complexity be it Adrian the Chicago coyote ordering tunamelt at Quizno's or that of the nerves take over as the synapses engage in randomized neural activity when the warmth of divinity seeps in. *These virtues and merits cannot be measured* he said saying what the Buddhas of ten directions together could not fully expound.

Mente pura, as
in the blue of a certain Seattle March
sky

sometimes & the faint light still leaks
out of Blake's obsolete constellations, wormridden &
impeccable. Make their own form their own
cometflight from fear into proportionlessness a
systemless system he insists. Spaceship Earth as shared
vehicle. Gnostic porthole as danced by the naked
happy genius of the household. Householder as
supreme achievement where woodchop & watercarry's
translated to freelance & dishwash. Dried carrot a trick
turd in the catbox. Tending the fire & shimmer of
every jewel in the net.

9:46A – 3.23.11



Proportionlessness via McClure's
[3.22.11 email](#) and quotes from
The Flower Ornament Scripture

19. Bendigas de Bloodhawk

*Your heart cannot be deaf, because the telephones of the arteries
keep it informed of what is going on.*

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Form as cellular phone, phone as vast net of fat white cells, indeed – chain-link code-snippets salient as the broken river's mindful wander not unlike the lip loop the Bloodhawk studies bendigas indeed. Pre-conditions & co-extensive with the reality as wily as magnolia blossoms & the rest of the verdant cosmos.

Form as proportion lessness the shape of every late March cherry blossom & angels getting fat on light. S? ayahus getting fat on everything else god bless my choked up mouth. River parts & mudbanks the child might've played in, playing you for a father, making grass-haired gods with stone eyes underneath the yoga windows opened by suicides in the darkest dungeons of slaughter.

Here he's traded November wind for crow's feet, a direct connection to a deep source flowing skullward (Allah's afterword) chanting fervent for an apocalyptic burn, the meat of the Olympics making spiritual muscle out of memory, milk out of proportionlessness, chants & shudders out of thusness. Butter from mud. Breath from teenage machismo. Blood as form & how brothers of different mothers find each other, from the one mother they recognize by the silver reflections off Bloodhawk's talons & her wily turquoise gleameyed smile.

Magnolia's March semaphore –
blossom-laden branches just this side of
skyscrapers & surging cities
of moss.



3:34P – 3.25.11

Sʔayahus: a horned snake
in local Salish parlance who lives
at Lake Xacuabš on the west bank
opposite the north end of Mercer Island

20. Gardenspace & Hawktime

*When the blackbird flies away, it is as though the garden's shade
is escaping*

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Air is the space in which time's blackgreen flow commences – the blackbird only one shade inhabiting the April skEba'kst-side garden. Without proportion is this jewel on this almost re-run of a cloudy Monday in the year of moss. In this year of endless magnolia blossoms daffodils & hawks of all kinds, the garden's guardian. He who wd battle S?ayahus, he who would be the arbiter of space & shake the last cherry blossom free before the last April wind cd, he who finds fascination in how form evolves to meet the moment's shape as it's revealed note by note. All the ooooooooo's ahhhh'd at. All the eeeeeeee's even. *AH* Allen'd say & he meant it just as the planet means war when the plate's rumbled reminder shows Cascadia's edge a gaian mal de ojo indeed

or

maybe a wink similar to the kitten's leap (the only eye-weep necessary's that which reveals the thin mirror between self and Self) blackbird as messenger, Blackhawk as memoirist, the size of 18th century American cities coloring the eyes of rivals (Keokuk). All in the proportionless April skEba'kst-side garden. All when the crow flies revealing the garden's tendons which underlie its meat. All in eagle sight from above the Jose Rizal Bridge reflection banking off skyscraping maneuvers the Duwamish River just too polluted to see. All as real as clouds of hovering starlings, real as the eagle beak that snacks on heron eggs revealing the apocalyptic screech. Real as the monsoon's *striped triton tongue* and the reflection stealing land in treaties named after Medicine.

La lengua
goes two ways. One's either subtext

or doublespeak.



10:50A – 4.25.11

21. Fog Drip (The Age of Veil Lifting)

The fog was so thick that after it passed we found it rubbed out all the shop signs.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& it comes in the age of veil lifting thicker than ever reinvents velocity / shows its universal solvent side. It's past Willits & a gateway set by Sequoia Sempervirens where the *Welcome to Cascadia* signs are being readied by itinerant wood lovers who masquerade as aging hippies saving the Eel River.

Fog reveals the age of veil removal, up it lifts beyond countries run by vegetables w/ aquarium-pump hearts, their shoddy war scholarship & their endless C student violent foreign occupations. (Gather seeds & Sequoia seed cones. Sip fogdrip & celebrate rainfall 100 inches & more.)

Velocity, the last drug in the age of fog. Velocity shaped & cultivated by would-be gardeners addicted to palmscreens. We, too, *sprout from dormant or adventitious buds at/or under the surface of the bark*, but mark it rebellion, or the reason initiated by ligaments & move me north (follow the fog.)

Nod to the *river god in love w/ his dreams* then, up river, Upp, Decamp, Longvale, Farley, Tatu, Dos Rios, surely we'd have seen these names speed by in dreams. Indian Spring, Woodman, Card Place, Nashmead. (Surely DeAngulo had a paddle, a gut hunch & a message for Fox and the waxing moon.) Reyes Place, Dunlap Place, Jim Leggett Place, Spyrock. Towns of the great fog aiding the work of the veil; antidote to the velocity of everlasting slaughter; a bloodhawk learns to circle, forests get out of town before a pole shifts (or after). I learn to sing my own body electric, remember breath lessons, envision endurance of trail-side blueberries warmed by eternal September sun, never run, keep the elder's voices alive

in one's head *because one of us will die* he no longer will
sing, but the orchid flower lives.

Here the nightmare may be
the hand that touched you
now colder than neverending
rain.



10:53A – 5.13.11

22. Flag Drop

(After Gary Snyder and Han Shan)

Flags are the only ones to say goodbye to the clouds.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

The mountains and rivers are destroyed,

but the State survives.

– Nanao Sakaki paraphrasing Du Fu

The road through Stevens Pass takes you through Index, Startup, Sultan and past many huge backyard American flags, *haven't been for thirty years* Sam says after the age of espresso carts, espresso huts, mini espresso strip clubs and endless violent missions accomplished. A path, but no sign of a horse nor even a mythic one pulling a sun (what sun?) across a bronze age sky. Gorges meet just beyond Highway 2 beyond craggy peaks she can't capture through car windows, dew-bent grasses remember the July sun and hillside lodgepole pines hum/wait for immolation that surely will come. I've always been a sucker for shortcuts. My body asks of my shadow: *How can I outrun you?*

At the edge of a cliff, I chose a path *more alive than I ought to be*. There's Boulder Creek watershed below & bearpaths, raven's whooshing wingbeats, but who's satisfied with trails? Surely there's a shortcut around here & who knows what lies beyond the waytrail? White clouds cling to rocks til the fingernails draw wine & now I've lived here – what 22 years? Another spring and more magnolia blossoms drummed into dust by car tires. Lilacs festoon the city of poets & here winter's never too far away. Go tell families with flat screens and hybrids *What's the appeal of noise and bloodmoney?*

On Dirtyface Peak, it's cold. Not just this year, but ever since it thrust up there last time we acted this way. Jagged scraps keep the ice in icicle creek (*na-sik-elt*) cold as toes in

Josephine Lake, they spit mist at Sitka Willows,
Ponderosa Pines, Pacific Red Fir, Rocky Mountain
Juniper & Pacific Dogwood opening up late May (&
later) grass sprouting at June's end & no complaints
from them about the short season. And here we are, in
the mountains, eyes peeled like a bloodhawk's for the
next poem. It may very well show up.

Gun my '01 civic
through the future ghost towns where blackberry
bushes bide time 'til supper. The jingoism sours my
gut/smells like a fresh tomb. My shadow's not too far
from here, in eyeshot of a box made of pine, ready for
its own ashtray, but not my jiwa's final rest stop. Only
the mindseye sees those ordinary bones, imagines the
space in the skull where laughing teeth once were. In
the hard drives of the Immortals they are purgatoried
in namelessness.

You salute the flag – I'll
find a cold mountain stream
to drink up my puny dawn song.

5:22P – 5.21.11
Leavenworth, WA

23. Seventh Breath

(After Gary Snyder and Han Shan)

Eternity envies us mortals.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Promised her I'd stay in slaughter til she prepared her flight. Near the banks of Lake Xacuabš'd work, cedars & pines catch rain/sway under the Scraping Moon. Moon of diminished crows who got *outta my yard* one clear May day. (So loud.) They say keep your ears peeled & the sound gets better. Under it the man's gray beard mumbles into a cellphone or the fog. He could be reciting Snyder or Dickinson to the five directions. Saturn's been around the sun once since I left home and have almost forgotten (like an Ivan Osokin) how I got here.

They want to know the way to Cat Peak, Dirtyface Peak, Mt. Olympus, Desolation: there's a through trail but takes a seventh breath. Ice is melting like a motherfucker & it ain't 'til May that sun rises & blurs in swirling fog. *How did I make it?* We don't yet share a heart, but when we do, you'll feel those palpitations freed by the end game of joy right here.

Settled in Cascadia decades ago & the projects just now start to sprout out cinco direcciones feels like lifetimes thanks to velocity, failed raptures & a state of perdido. You prowl backyards remembering dogwoods & lilacs, remember how to breathe watching things watch themselves. When you get this far into the mountains, clouds charged with sunlight pour over the cliffs and expire. An Indian mattress serves for a nap with blue sky blanket. Happy with dirt as heaven goes about its earth changes.

Still wonder

how close the rescue helicopter would've
come to the snowwrit S.O.S.

10:29P – 5.23.11

24. Dogwood Blossoms

When the hammer's head flies off, the nails laugh.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Clamber up the Subud House steps, the trail goes on & on but inside. The gutter choked w/ oak leaves serves as cupboard for crow's crusts or crackers, the thin creek long underground, the park grass wet from rain in the spring of no spring. Cedar's song silent here, except when the wind stops maybe we can hear its sap run. Who can bound the knots of being, sit with me a moment, watch the white May clouds lose their fear of omniscience?

I've given up on Cold Mountain, given up on spring (almost) given up the chase after freedom from the mind's fragmentation bowing to the omnipotence of velocity's charms, nails bent in laughter, Buddha body I began making stopped at the bellyful of wood-fired chicken-sausage pizza w/ heirloom tomatoes, horseplay the closest I get to equanimous mind, or the poem moment, or lost in the presence of artful stone.

Dogwood blossoms
in Mr. Washington's backyard
elevate the bloodline.

Ride the one vehicle that's no vehicle there is no traffic jam just streams into memory's stretch. AH he'd say and she'd 2nd that & everything would still be empty except crow's belly fed on gutter crackers before we try to discern the meaning of this latest rain /remember to rebalance all the backyard stones knocked loose by one more errant & laughed-at hammer.

5:24P – 5.26.11
Seattle Subud House

25. Banknotes of Skin

Banknotes mellow and wrinkle as if they were made of human skin.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Old as the skin of Northwind, his power - cold, his foe - Southwind, his astonished mouth yet another ovoid part negative space part fear of the power of Stormwind who could flick ancient trees & fling 'em in the river again & again & pile 'em up against the ice weir we walk above as we walk above the Monday Duwamish.

Billions of banknotes shrivel up in four more wars, must an empire become old & wrinkled before it's torn down & will the new boss write in characters & have the compassion of a Stormwind? Can we see the stones the icy weir became? Not at night. We learn to give proper proportion to foreheads, learn to accept the shudder as the physical manifestation of grace accept the last rays of the Seattle day's first bit of sun, make a pact with coyote within eyeshot of Yeomalt Point.

Learn to proper draw five warriors their eyes not exactly T's their six spears pointed & aimed, their gaze fixed for neverending battle their scholarship not limited to war.

An ovoid may be a void may be a circle may be an egg may be oblivious to the skin of dirty banknotes maybe an antidote to parlor tricks symptomatic of an evil empire's final doomed truth or may just be astonishment.

Leave Grandmother alone
with he who can lift century-old cedars
& remember memory lives
in all wrinkled skin.



26. Wind in the Stetsons

You can tell that wind can't read because when it ruffles through pages, it always starts in the back.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

The wind cant wait to see how the poem winds up informs my Stetson straw hat before me of its arrival makes Jeremy's hair look like Donald Trump's, perfects a wave continues to be baffled by the Flower Ornament Scripture tunes its birthless self to the celestial ear recommends Siddartha.

The wind forgot it was summer fears the fierce bill of the hummingbird & its tracking skills sends sounds of power saws drifting over Lake Xacuabš dwells in the diamond realm, fears not our age between gods.

The wind (when pictured) has a sad look on its face always in a hurry not tracked by red light cameras, focused on liberating opiates from summer poppies aside the farmer's market is dressed in drag.

The Seattle pre-summer wind's not here yet nor is Seattle summer, yet awaits its next CSA delivery learns how to cook sunchokes is stopped by the length of the pre-hairball cat neck, teaches without heedlessness, has attained ultimate wisdom & skillfulness, liberates sentient beings & greasy newspapers that have each served their final purpose before both of them either become, or act as, dirt.

This wind's a field of blessings whipping pennants into froth much more gentle than Northwind (cousin to November & Stormwind) never seeks vengeance or recognition knows how that book'll wind up as a lust for one more one more after that & only one more. The Dr. Pepper can signals something sexual in the dream. The celestial ear hears Mary as only one of many names the wind cries & the Tuesday morning

dream face as omen of the power of much colder
winds.

The wind's made of
sockeye skeletons in the sky
some w/ bellyful of eagle.

12:32P – 6.8.11



27. Wind & Insects

That fly which occasionally appears on your wrist is taking your pulse.
— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& that dream of a wrist bone being a cist she sd Jon had removed's not cured by Odin's stave or the sound of wind pouring (confessing) its sorrows into a jar nor its stated intent to knock that dead bee off the reticent rhododendron in the spring of no spring nor is it the news they (the wind & its cousins) bring in waves like that summer night's lone freight train horn, no.

Not the dream neither of the next record getting on or Ralph Towner's Jamaica Stopover becoming the mantram for all this. A pick (plectrum) is what we made of strum as if the cat had one & strummed in an effort to rid itself of Pop's moniker *fleabag* or how a carved chip of bone might do. How we cd make the guitar sound as if three were playing but only one sans-pick Ralph Towner or one Michael Hedges still able to bring the funk out of *The Funky Avocado* (*off the chain* Bull'd say).

It's the west wind brings this news this particular breath/mind as if the ancient photo (can photos be ancient?) that photo were her blowing the news in the wind from west of here around Montañas Olympicas below high clouds unimpeded by sun bounding all in its boundlessness. The plectrum strikes again & we are awash in harmonics & steam. Here the waterfall reinvents itself you can just click a button & it's all endless, each new wave of spray a healing shudder a prayer to the Bodhisattva of Compassion. She will not take you by the hand but leads anyway to one or all of thirty-three heavens, Jamaica only being a stopover, here's what we mean by transmission. Could be a bee, a piece of meat, an upturned bumbershoot or the last breath of the days light turning skyscrapers bright gold for a moment that you sometimes notice.

Ralph Towner flattens
fingers & we're back in Jamaica again sending news to
Cubans hungry for a new spice where culture has a
chance to replicate. Frijoles negoes. The platanos ripe
enough for breakfast. Maybe you can make picadillo
con chorizo de soy. The wind will always bring starlings
but maybe today beneficial insects, another
transmission or money.

The link between creator Gods
& humans spirals up
& down. Wind the original
world wide web.

8:43A – 6.9.11

28. The Cruel Majority (After Jerome Rothenberg)

He killed time in vengeful anticipation of what time was doing to him.
— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& the empire to which he extends the profane six more wars: Iraq: *the dregs of counter-insurgency, militarized State Department, 5,100 mercenaries*; Afghanistan: USSR's Vietnam is now our ten years war; Pakistan: *Off-the-Books Drone War* with machines doing the work of men acting as jackals; Libya: *NATO & her cronies*; Yemen: another CIA *off-the-books* war and *The Global War of Terror*, presences in Somalia and 74 other states coerced to become part of the *cruel majority*.

The cruel majority afraid of the commons (born with a silver foot in his mouth) sneeringly say *socialism* and *save the fetus* but throw another baby in the fire. The cruel majority guards that fetus at gunpoint & assassinates the planned parenthood doctor. The cruel majority makes you work til you die, shits on the ground and says *mangia!* The cruel majority makes the planet conjure tornadoes on steroids, ignores the apocalypse, watches the Connecticut River get sucked into the sky & pulls the blinds on tighter.

The cruel majority gave you napalm & Abu Ghraib, A-Bombs & for-profit prisons, attaches electrodes to your testicles then jabs the pencil further in your ear. The cruel majority pulls out your right eye & jabs the burning stick in deeper. The cruel majority professes their faith with bumper stickers & Jesus fridge magnets.

No one stops the cruel majority except the cruel majority when it eats its own tail eats its own children eats Doritos eats off its own arm when the voices of the Donner party ring in its ears. The cruel majority listened to the wrong wolf favors anal electrocution for suspected terrorists calls it the *faggot flag* can't hear his own screaming God can't wait for

this lifetime of hell to be over so invents new hells of
pestilence and then microwaves another cheese pizza.

All hail members of
the Cruel Majority, the enemy
we keep feeding.

3:35P – 6.15.11

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tj5uvC9cLO4>

29. Into the Eight Directions (Octopus Mom)

Lizard: the brooch on the garden.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& the jewels escape from a mother who will give birth,
tend thousands of eggs, turn gray & die. Not unlike the
nets of gems & honeysuckle appearing spontaneous in
the backyard, under a buddha's feet & out the wombs
of octopus mom ensconced in den of concrete, bricks
& rocks deep under surface of the Sound.

Thousands of
eggs laid, tended seven months latticed into egg chains
& attached to the roof of a den off Alki. Eggs groomed
in bubbles kept free from predators, bacteria & algae
teardrop eggshape saffron-yellow gorged on yolk. Two
maybe three live. The octopus den mom won't eat,
blows oxygen-rich water against the eggs, blows them
out of the den when time & grays til death.

Under the
Sound too's a garden, extends throughout ten
directions with opals & jade bull kelp & otters
phytoplankton & hermit crabs urchins & bloodstars.
Proportionlessness tips of octopus suckers contain
myriad universes extend into ten dimensions, turn
gray & remember the gravity of emptiness after four
short years.

Octopus mother
we feel your courage above all sounds
pass on the calamari.

1:37P – 6.22.11

[http://seattletimes.nwsources.com/html/fieldnotes/
2015374366_video_eight-
armed_moms_give_their_all_in_puget_sound.html](http://seattletimes.nwsources.com/html/fieldnotes/2015374366_video_eight-armed_moms_give_their_all_in_puget_sound.html)

30. The Day the Weather Decided to Die

(After a Haida tale told by Robert Bringhurst)

*On hearing the wooden rumble of thunder we realize that we are
situated below the platform of the sky.*

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

What constitutes a good family they say and give
instructions to servants under the backdrop of the
hugest sucking sound in history prelude to when the
wind'd no longer rumble from under the skirt of the
great Ma no longer float a blue heron's Xacho-side
lumber no longer sustain.

Age of celebrity tattoo news
of the rise of Yurok Duwamish Tsimshian Haida
Puyallup Muckleshoot Musqueam of tornadoes
hurricanes earthquakes tsunamis bee silence
Fukushima and Fukushimas to come.

The weather
born out of cockleshell embryo or out of snot,
weather that hunts birds and sends winds out in the
skins of blue jay, weather that steals hats of campesinos
(compassions) for kicks weather that would sprout
houses when adopted by a master carver weather that
would be a scholar of carving.

The weather when
painted would sit facing the sea would weep for owls
with spots and the new northward range of dolphin's
neighborhood weather that would warn of the Big
Ones who think of biting weather whose big fish story
is dried halibut & waits & waits & waits for a shift in
settler rituals.

It could start with *today is a good day
to die* could start with the inheritance of the campesino
(compression) who opened up about his daily prayers
for humility or when he (the one born in a cockleshell)
wd dress as wren & sit way above the sea as a cumulus
cloud waiting to see what his latihan would bring:

dance, song, chant or something more cathartic just
beyond his out stretched wings.

Remember: crow's yr brother, stumps
never lie, nature
bats last.

6:34P – 6.25.11

31. Dragonfly Resurrection

Horse flies are smudges on the air.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Dragonflies are silent fireworks. Into the heart of a carnivore we go & see her arrive 30mph on the solstice see her *stalk the rushes & sedges recon the ponds work the grass tips* maybe let the fresh sperm be scooped out to mate again maybe see you out thousands of individual eyes maybe shoot up to spy another dragonfly 125 feet above.

Dragonfly older than dinosaur cardinal meadowhawk filigree skimmers western forktail coal-fronted threadtail Apache dancer Aztec dancer immortal unreliable more spark than flame more action than lengua mala more meat eater than lilac-sniffer more drunk than your last hallucination four wing'd independent flight.

Gauzy wings glitter
in summer solstice
sun.

7:04P – 6.25.11

http://seattletimes.nwsources.com/html/localnews/2015387489_solstice22m.html

32. Bear Camp Road

The cedar is a well that has become a tree.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& so living on borrowed teeth (& weaning) we head south to Celilo (Wyem) Falls Chief Tommy Thompson watching it fall under water & it's still there, radar says, submerged. The large ghost village still feeding gov't housing first people the shrine now in the hearts of shriners, south we go

over lava now atop cinder cones via red roads & see everything, Three Sisters, Mount Jefferson, Three Fingered Jack, Broken Top, Bachelor, calderas waiting to fire & we living on borrowed teeth await the ancestor avalanche to stunt every settler cancer.

South (still) & west to what was Mazama now a caldera they call a crater un azul beyond Miles, beyond Joni, beyond Patricia Barber bluer than July Cascadia sky bluer than the eyes of Almondina blue a blue that floats Wizard Island, blue on which pine pollen floats in magnetic clouds & watches eagle flyby's and expires blue.

South still & stumble upon Bear Camp Road. A road to the Rogue, a death road. James Kim floating for help in December Big Windy Creek leaving a wife and two daughters at the snow-bound Saab wagon or camper salesman Dewitt Farley not taking chances on his legs (or survival) but puts himself in the hands of his Lord his posthumous journal says, never again a view of the pacific blue beyond Gold Beach. Bear Camp Road, the only route to the Oregon Coast north of California and south of the Rogue. *Narrow, rugged & crooked. Not suitable for travel in winter.* Bear Camp Road.

Carry water
pack a lunch

or two & update yr
dental records.

9:40A – 7.11.11

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bear_Camp_Road

33. No Cigars For Potato

He selected it as if he were choosing a flute instead of a cigar.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& kept talking & exhaling though the ancestors were exhorting the other & kept getting burned running out of breath wondering why the fires were why they were getting larger who with all this fuel *choking on his youth* Cedar'd say crying like an Ivan Osokin with another chance at Spanish another chance for initiation a legacy & organic food, doses of your refined voodoo & pins in the wall.

In the summer of no summer it was a summer of sweeter Rainier cherries (those left by crows or Stellar Jays) & rain. Road trip summer the GPS tracking lefts & rights to Stanley Park's Lost Lagoon where Heron's still (waiting) on top of the diving platform where ducks & geese nevermind the tourist circumnavigators.

Hecho en Cuba totalmente a mano like his mother, maybe a baby learns to put the right accent on it to avoid potatoes & studies the science of fire & breath & their dancestep in service of the hereditary liver & breath here, where I fish around for a waking dream or its equivalent learn to savor July rays, step away from the cigar keep, as big daddy says, keep the end out of sight just a cessation in the series just a pause to live, smell the English Heather & incubate a ring out of anything but a revolver.

See what you see

says he

hornets building their palace
in July Cascadia rain.

9:02A – 7.18.11

34. War on Silence

If there is too much applause after a symphony, the audience risks rubbing out its memory.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

As Cage left 4:33 for you to fill & no one heard his prayer. In the mid-50s Miles told Red Garland to play like Ahmad Jamal. Space to separate notes. Now I have the technology to completely anaesthetize myself from the demands of the industry-generated culture on my t-mobile samsung smart phone.

Civilians want a no flight zone over Montañas Olympicas where one square inch of silence begins to combat the *evil is mechanical*, combat the war against silence. Construction workers down the block say *no* as they pound their semi-delivered machines all morning starting at 8. Cops say no as their sirens wail all night's hours. Sword ferns en garde & will get the last thrust. Ferns & moss. Away from the Hoh River.

Monk would lay out, spin around, slow the earth's rotation, add gravity to Coltrane's solo. Left foot still, right foot slips away to realms unknown to we civilians. Pave a path of silence between angles for Charlie Rouse.

& the moment after another sacred Salish song the hand would find an orbit from the heart to the sky to the heart as an amen. As Thunderbird speaks. As an e haichka. An almost silent prayer.

Rain resumes.

10:33A – 7.25.11

35. Qinghai Sunflowers

Cats eat the rat of time.

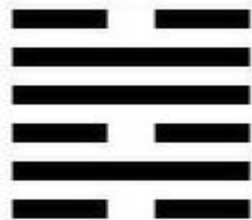
– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

But the cat passes on the lychee nuts, can't scratch 'em open. Fascinated by Beijing dragonflies & triangular stacks of grain in Xining backyard gardens & sunflowers! Count the steps of the Qinghai sun much closer from 3K meters.



(Tui)

Aware or not, we've arrived *In Search of the Absolutely Blind Encounter* & know the ghosts will be repelled by blackness that it's the stripes of our own mind we must repel or re-direct into their most natural shape. Morning *Meat Package* & a bracket fungus awaits. The husk of the sunflower seed she spits flies into the Qinghai wind.



(K'un)

Head to the gigantic salt lake, itself a sea to Tibetan people a 4,500 click large teal mirror eats the sky. I have a prayer flag vision etched into my memory & rocks that will

forever remain sacred. She has a Tibetan Cowgirl hat & a stuffed Tibetan Mastiff and a museum mask scare the terror out of would-be evil-doers. Tourist photos riding well-groomed show yaks. Maybe a manifestation of the *God of the Lake* who would smile on a poetry wall who would comfort Lorca from beyond his nameless grave & again thank Guo Muruo for helping spread the peace wave of one Walt Whitman, one with all.

Learn to take a
toasted Qinghai watermelon seed
split it with yr teeth.

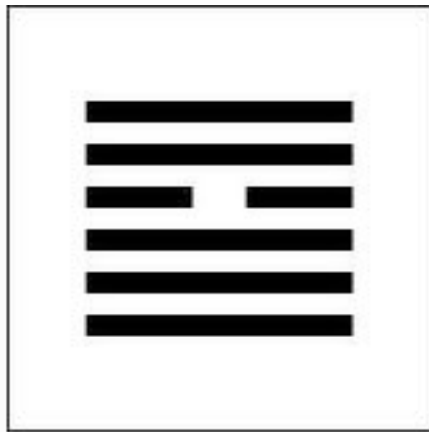
9:04A – 8.16.11
Tongren, China

36. Taming Power of the Small

Tourism: The Art of Fleeing

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& the lone mosquito who has severed herself from Xi Chuan's tiger or leopard or chimpanzee strikes again in the Beijing night snacking on the sweet blood of tourists just before the bureaucrat can take his hack before he too plunges into the *crevices of history*.



(The taming power of the small. The feminine force gains ground.) And so go to the Yellow River before it turns yellow, follow your Bön haunches to watch Monks learn html, let a cellphone call go through to voicemail, lug a case of pepsi to lunch of tsampa, pea gelatin (shan nyu), corn and toasted watermelon seeds but no green tea with lychee nuts. You may slap yourself in introspection or let the Chinese hotel foot masseuse do it with a wooden (wounded?) hammer. You hope the divination of the mosquito flying out of the suitcase is incorrect. You may petition the *Fierce Vajra Who Takes Control of Unclean Places* or hope for blue wolves dancing in a sea of flames but all you really need is the photo of the *Four-Faced Guardian of Free Mind* in front of you on which you can meditate & take on the appropriate qualities of aura-expansion & wise menu choices.

Again I say:

Thunderbolt or diamond.
Which way will you look
when the bell rings?

8:55A – 8.20.11
Xi'an, China
(Hexagram 9)

37. Power of the Pocket Journal

Those tiny pocket diaries make the year smaller.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& a year will fit in two pocket journals will fit 400 or so seventeen syllable sentences will take on myriad dream images. There will be dreams of penis heads restrained by Eddie Vedder's sutures. There will be a Big Hump Fire burning over a thousand Olympic acres & Coltrane's *My Favorite Things* not quite drowning out the sounds of a cat on the way to the shelter.

It's in the pocket journal those Qinghai memories of toasted watermelon seeds & tsampa lessons of sugared je yogurt & vivid detail of the thangka *Consort of Tantric Deity Who Responds According to Prayer*.

(Your puny prayers
add muscle in the
age of great velocity.)

So you date them add a *please return* hope the pages don't stick so you skip or frighten yrself with the notion of a day of no sentence. You chart your life by 'em far from the Nepali woman who stitched the latest one which carries pressed flowers from your day on the Great Wall, the day she said with amazement in her wet-the-booth Akasaka way: *We're walking on the Great Wall of China!*

You leave board mutinies to another bit of cloth & pixel where dreams of the odd dark meat have you chewing toughness again but being civil about it or a line overheard: *If I promise someone a blanket, I give it to them* & how Mary Summer Rain knows it's solace & you tell no one you know where the tracking device is because you don't bring your legal evidence to the futbol pitch you know when the wind blows you'll see a chicken's ass & a legitimate petition to that side of

the veil makes this one sweeter w/ a local porter & view of a Big Hump Fire sending smoke signals to beckon September pilgrims.



10:22A – 9.12.11

38. The Barking of the Bitches

The barking of dogs bites us.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Cut into what's left of summer, shit on the lawn, keep cats on alert but never notice them as cats are people who in Allen's parlance *notice what they notice*. The waves of barks recede but the dinner table pile remains. Cashews tissues & a camping toothbrush. Sunglasses new business cards & a Cascadia Cheese Festival ad with map ripped out from The Stranger. Memos Chinese quail stamps & the Selected Poems of Yi Sha, what the Chinese Muslims call Jesu Cristo.

& more.

Golf tees, wha guru chew & SPLAB correspondence. Prisoner letters for little people, filtered water (7 oz down, 73 to go) & a hearty cardigan, not needed now that summer's awakened for one more three day bender, out like lamb chops & Fall in like chalk dust on book piles. Not sure what irks more, dog barks or car tires in interviews. How it took 2 seasons to recognize the thimbleberry bush 20 feet to my left. How the cleansing comes amidst an avalanche of lies that remind me of my sneaky youth before setting eyes on the Whulge.

Cascadia repels
white mans wars
but can one recognize the shape
of allies?

Communal living, they say & the mind brought back to a Tibetan medicine show half a world (Rebkong) away when begin the nightly pill ritual to: "Calm the nerves, calm, passes after detachably, the well-distributed vitality, awakens the brain to straighten out..."

that
which a Raven might call *passive-aggressive, needy, ungrounded, and a little perverse in an odd way*. That which

brings on a whooooooosh of antepasados & a cleanse.
That which separates the bitches from those loyal
critters who'd rip out the burglar's throat in a New
York moment.

Ah, Monday morning!



9:31A – 9.19.11

39. The Jewel Net of Indra's Shoe

Knives shudder when they have to cut a lemon.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

But the Soma therapist smiles & applies cocoa butter to his right elbow. Shudder & release. Tendons vet cement. There is a child in the basement locked in the position fetal & a fetus feted w/ nicotine & the notion no one here gets out alive.

There's a bubbling spring itching & skin & nerve as ally but who sees it that way in the land where cash makes you free (they say) & few mourn forest death. Montana mountainside evergreens eaten by beetles turn red (eaten by beetles). Colorado aspen die of thirst. Euphorbia trees in South Africa can't take the heat, find their own fetal position into which to curl. Northern Algeria Atlas cedars, down, down. We cremate Siberian forests, ignore the explosion of Australian Eucalyptus & the carbon every tree sucks in from our pizza delivery man while the smug Prius driver quietly glides by.

Apricot sunset
for one October moment
makes gold poignance
of the Beacon Hill sky.

Or a campfire escaped their gaze turned 1,100 acres into the Big Hump blaze turn my Olympics in the year of dam removal into sunset-marker. Turn my own blue flame into something like that which takes Pop, one Republican dirty trick at a time.

K1, the spring bubbles up from the bottom, salves palpitation, lets the Tibetan medicine man know a heart here breathes in each blast of carbon & exhales shoeshine for one more jewel in Indra's endless net.

40. Mobocracy 101

He touched the keys in his pocket to get home sooner.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& then rescued Ramón from the garage. That is no place for a dead surrealist neo-barroco poet. Sure, it's no spider-infested Slaughter basement, but dusty full of cat hiding places the sounds of rain & neighbor chickens.

Put him in Tahrir Square. Put him in Zuccotti Park (but call it Liberty) or at Westlake Center a molotov cocktail throw from Niketown & the failed monorail. Put him with the 99% of us acting in class self-defense away from any of the 1,000 military bases the imperialists use to perpetuate the American nightmare of Mickey Mouse & Ronald McDonald hand in hand with Kim Phuc fleeing Dow Chemicals burning all but the sky. Put him next to Troy Davis & the electric chair or table on which the people of Georgia administer their lethal injections.

Put him in Afghanistan at the fatal wedding party or on the business end of American drones, so boneless they send bots to wage war or mercenaries. Put him in the boardroom of Xe or Blackwater or School of the Americas, anywhere they plot terror. Let him be their wall's fly though more like a beetle or spider, smiling, dropping hints about cats & their perpetual Sunday or their method of communication, one tail to the underside of the leg. One plutocracy fearing the wrath of the 99 & we are coming & we are hungry & we are running out of time.

One big monkey wrench
stockbrokers never pondered,
w/ the familiar stench
of democracy.

3:52P - 10.10.11



41. Othila's New Muscle

What the celebrity glimpses in his fame is a presage of his own death.

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

What the Raven glimpses from his own feathers is that they're dyed. What the 1% gets from life will be dust sooner than the sound waves from the sax solo on Sensei - waves echo in rocks the tide the fall of the autumn oak leaf liberated by crow's landing. We wait for the 5th world (word) will it be flood or burn? Will we've time to make bone prints on the sky's rooftop or, after the orange shafted flicker, search for acorns on wavetops?

Here's an evolution, being at home was Robin's point. *A thousand times more dainty frog meat taste filled than ten thousand postcard yaks* he says as if he'd be string in the ring in the yak's nose the Tibetan yanks w/ a right hand for a photo op. The narcotic of capitalism vs the narcotic of righteous anger in a march on chase bank formerly of Manhattan. Through this I seek the common thread to my consciousness.

Picture the Falling Leaf Moon's wax eaten by Wolf himself he who turns light into fur no nappier than Coyote's, she who is reflected as a Star above an Owl above a Raven w/ a human face. As if we were still all people all people (most of the time). This common thread this Jacob's ladder this skin boat to the 5th world does not end in flood or heat or steam but in beams like the one illuminates cherry red October rose hips, *rosa rugosa* after the first frost, in Lucile sun. How would any self-respecting Roque not say AH to that?

Grandmother
take my Raven face, let my
skimpy prayers add muscle
& shine.



6:41P - 10.14.11

After "Common Thread" - Susan Point, 2000
Quote from an email from Michael McClure

42. Capitalismo

(After Michael McClure's
Mad Sonnet for Allen Ginsberg)

*The vapor from a newly opened bottle of champagne is like the
smoke from a dueling pistol.*

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

On this cold gray Friday late morning I walk the
concrete valley of Westlake – a park hastily designed to
meet the needs of capitalists with little real green. I
dream the man can't be known takes a chainsaw to the
walls as the music is changing & the walls of the city?

THE WALLS OF THE CITY SHUDDER
for what's to come, money-strength on the cold
concrete awaits peak oil day, vines already begin their
climb on electrical wires above the banks of Lake
Xacuabš. My bet's on the Himalayan blackberry bush.

Bankers & corporate puppets only too happy to dance
their tune/point bullets at how the other 99 might live
well & remember, in the vast recesses of whatever
imagination's left, the ouroboros moment, how the
cancer of casino capitalism can only end in eating the
young. Or our tail. The 99% are people, just like you.
Just like soylent green.

*The moving beauty of their own
physical figures*

await
the chapter after
casino capitalismo.

10:47A – 10.15.11

P

43. Wheel (Whorl)

Her hands withered but her rings did not.

— *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

Her eyes saw the spindle whorl in Fraser Canyon above Yale. His eyes saw the deity & his throat named it darshan. The eyes have it. Meat memory of looking out cats eyes, looking out Raven. Looking from behind a heavy wingbeat whoosh whoosh can only be Raven (or Eagle). Out the eyes of a Karl Rove what one misses (has forgotten) sin darshan. Out the eyes of a grandfather instead or out the eyes of a grandmother out the eyes of a Roque. Cards flip on the table lit by white candlelight.

There is honey here (miel)
there is tobac. There are fotos here. There is a goddess.
There is a non-dominant hand involved & a catch in the throat. The lad in the grassy field before the mountains has a tool. (Coins). Up Fraser Canyon from Yale more eyes, Snake, Bear, call it Deer, Coyote, Chapmans, Hell's Gate, Boston Bar, call it Sasquatch. The wheel spins again, the rings hang on as the skin draws back into Marmot, Pica, the eyes of Yellow Warbler, Gray Jay, Mountain Chickadee.

So tired
of paying bills minimum credit card payment student
loan two choices: 1) Occupy 2) Spin the wheel/return
through the eyes of the other, Nutcracker, Ground
Squirrel, Mule Deer, call it Elk, Moose, Goat, call it
Kingfisher.

Ignore the clearcuts, find
the eddy of eyes. From
the center, spin the wheel
again.



(After Susan Point: *Looking Forward*, 2000)

Darshan, according to Hindu culture, is an act of seeing the deity and refers to an intense participatory relationship with art that goes beyond using one's eyes but is a "dynamic act of awareness" according to art historian Vidya Dehejia.

44. Stellar (Ella)

*Ships sail so far away, even farther, that their smoke is no more
than the distant signal of a marine volcano.*

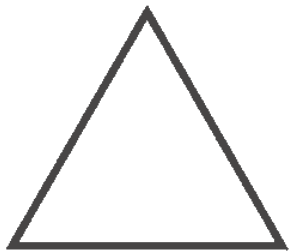
— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& further still the cosmos. & in the cosmos the soul that
would be Ella. (Stellar). She. Her. No podemos hacerlo
sin Ella. (Ella) as a constellation, a construction out the
womb of the wily Almondina. Ella as a further lesson
in the sacred feminine for one too slow to grasp but not
so hopeless to not get another her.

The ship's an
ultrasound on goop upon a womb. Here, a radar beep.
Here the sex sticks out. (Gender.) We can both bawl
now or ready placenta recipes. "In some cultures...

Two
cats couldn't cut it, so out to the stars. (Stellar
overdrive.) Two hearts & a half beating the womblights
out on that vanilla latté. The cloud is faint again, but
it's a star cluster, the light farther away than the smoke
of a distant ship (skin boat) & all the captain said was
"engage." All we had was velocity & building up the
part that won't rot. & letting go the rest so they may in
turn remember their dust & we can turn our sights
back on the inky wet of the northwest night sky.

Ella, she is
we're listening & seeing that
flashing beat makes ours
run harder.



8:49P - 10.26.11

45. Cat Screams

Cats drink the moon's milk in the saucers of the tiles.

— *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

Petition a Sibyl, wait for the space in the veil to crack open wider, shit in a box if yr lucky. Decline water for tuna juice. Become a familiar which elicits sobs when mind fotos of a corpse under a stoop are conjured. Chase the blue winged spiders out the hollow baseball dream moment & say they taste like crab.

Cats see the waves produced by “the twin of my vision” unbound, immeasurable & as much a person as chase or banco de America. Cats rub interminably itchy chin bones against file cabinets waste baskets any kitchen corner & go outside to die in a blizzard of oak leaves liberated by the first real noviembre viento.

Cat's meow for your oatmeal but won't eat it if you offer, want to lick what's left on yr plate after dinner tacos w/ sour cream & medium cheddar, know the auspicious time to walk away & die letting “*the dirt recede before my prophetic screams.*”

Screams now only
as sobs grown gigantic.

Music a cat can hear.

7:32A-N.3.11



Quotes from Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*, verse 25

46. Wolf Ride

You don't hear death because once it is at home it goes around in slippers.

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Or on the pads of an Oregon wolf named OR-7 out the Innaha Mountains cross 84 past Baker & Burns, lopes through deserts ends up (for now) in forest, East Douglas County. Fear of reaper in slippers behind him the first here in 65 years 280 miles from home or so says GPS.

Only Algiz to protect linked by golden thread (or etherphone) to Asgard where all the good vikings (& their pets) end up. Past Hell's Canyon (wildlife highway) first of 1,450 now that the memory of the last wolf assassination fades (was back in '46) & the Wapiti unaware & the mitochondrial DNA evolves into a velvet medicine - tasty lunch for OR-7.

Here he holds on to the scent of hamingja - a spiritual force & OR-7, just wants lunch, maybe some tail, OR-7 8,717 feet in the sky atop Mt. Thielsen, Algiz somewhere hovers, view of Diamonds & mercy & this one wolf, tongue out to take the air's temp ready to help the Wapiti test how fast a pack of meat w/ antlers & four stomachs can run.

The quill of the day
rescued from the wolf of the night -
Odin laughs/rides OR-7

to parts south, two tongues hanging out.

10:41A - N.9.11



<http://runesecrets.com/rune-meanings/algiz>
[http://www.mailtribune.com/apps/pbcs.dll/article?
AID=/20111106/NEWS/111060346/-1/
NEWSMAP](http://www.mailtribune.com/apps/pbcs.dll/article?AID=/20111106/NEWS/111060346/-1/NEWSMAP)
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hamingja>

47. Occupy, Farewell, Spit

*The moths which come out at night and fly at the window turn
it into an aquarium of moths.*

– Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Would turn again (re-turn) to flame, a torch, Kano *in
my native tongue* again and see it *burn brightest where noble
folk rest*, bask in acceptance, turn the wine bottle of
wrath into something akin to fellowship. Kano Ken
next of Kin, six in & beams of light shot from a solar
plexus.

*[fragment structures - serial poems -
all having to do with materiality of
form - having to do with death]*)Blaser

& the randonee of the plot resumes. Death. How
Kano could point a blind eye toward it (in hopes of
turning) w/ a torch. (What's entropic & what's the
random shudder of the divine at play; where's the
song, surely a Full Snow Moon moan will repeal the
pull of recent nafsū.)

How we hunger for priest as
king or something huger. How we'll occupy & occupy
as a last grasp that which the bankers always ready to
snatch, how 60 whales gave up, beached themselves
to tourists, let go in New Zealand how the torch of
Kano led them to finish at Farewell Spit. How to
negotiate the ladder of life forces from the animal to
human and to the divine without falling for (resorting
to) a sand nap?

Your path is poetry Robin sings from his own
nap of dirt
your goal is beyond poetry.

Songs are what we are
& will return to
after this lucid dream

we burn through.

10:41A - N.16.11

[http://www.angelfire.com/bc2/bluephoenixrunes/
RUNES/KANO.html](http://www.angelfire.com/bc2/bluephoenixrunes/RUNES/KANO.html)

Robin Blaser quotes from page 14, Pell Mell, Coach
House Press, 1988

48. Torquemada's Revenge

Water has no memory: that is why it is so clean.

— *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

Or maybe it's in latihan kedjiwaan twentyfourseven
surrenders nafsu it attracts to wind, dirt or rock,
winds its way as a Fraser River through a North Arm
or a Canoe Pass from above might be seen as
November brown of salmon advancing gull or goose
fighting the tide or in the teal of April's juveniles for
when heron flexes dinosaur wings how can the wide
eyed ones do anything but wonder?

& so goes it

in an age where wonder meets truncheons (*billy clubs in
my day* Bob'd say, nursing his own ribs bruised at an
Occupy gone awry.) Wonder meets truncheons &
Vaders & gas masks & a savant in the sixties said:
"There is a time ... when the operation of the machine
becomes so odious, makes you so sick at heart, that you
can't take part. You can't even passively take part."

What can one do to undo what the machine's done?
How take apart the mechanistic or better grow huger
(overcome) become human? Did Fa'Tsang ever see
Fousang, the mulberry (or Hawthorne) tree 10,000
clicks east of his crib? Newton! His sleep crusts our
eyes the creep of machines advances only so far as
bodies in occupation let it.

Watch the water
(she'd say)
for clues on surrender
or torque.

8:40A - N.20.11

扶桑

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fusang>

Mario Savio <http://www.nytimes.com/2011/11/20/opinion/sunday/at-occupy-berkeley-beat-poets-has-new-meaning.html>



49. 49th Parallel Blues (After Nate Mackey)

The function of waves is to bring the salvage from shipwrecks.

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Went back to the book, had to flesh out what 49 was. Was a parallel, was a universe. A series of them. A quag was where they were headed, a world without soul or where soul was weak or with held w/ religious zeal. Back to the book for a whiff of an old song sung new, a star-eyed babe made real again out of meat & memory. Star dust & comet stuff. A tail raised at the end of an age end of yet another yuga.

A brother lost, perhaps for a time, yet another brother made up of mud, not as mad, almost as innocent. A bother made up of blood's memory a memento mori of sorts & still seeking sentience often lost between legs (or ahead of them), lost in the reeds as if the product of a bad shank or grief's weight abandoned finally shook loose how torque lost its pull, latter day Torquemadas lost their power, laughter cast its healing glance upon the mercenaries & left mercy.

Mercy's mission mumbled in the round, widdershins. Mercy's mumble infinite (or so it seemed) redolent, or so we saw, radiant or so the jewels in the net of Indra surmised. If it was quag to which we were headed we'd brake, we'd wrestle a wrench away from the monkeys or from the late capitalist hammer squadron. We could smell the quag coming & wanted none, wd find the wealth of wet cement to lay our head on, wd listen for dreams just this side of bricks & cayenne weapons way away from any gumbo. Where there'd be quag we'd beckon mercy w/ songs mumbled at first, right up past the gut's obstruction then bellowed into latihan air like a bapak wd, blown like Birks fat cheeks a monk's last remission a bird song hurled at the oncoming winds.

He'd sing it three times
& each time the word
mercy caught a wave, wd
begin to stick.

9:11A - N.29.11
over Montana



50. Nevermind Gray Waves

Frogs are always taking part in swimming races.

— *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

Glass they say & Monet here would have a heyday. Mist not yet settled, instead a pink & ruffled part gray sky sun setting itself over Lake Xacuabš' Andrews Bay. Garry Oak so gold against coniferous you see it from the plane landing at SeaTac or circling to touch down.

How the weak ripples like violent still lifes Vincent made serve to reanimate reflections clouds leave somewhere above swimming frogs & turtles - herons not around & the treeline more visible before the first star emerges.

Who cd paint this scene every other day for two months as light fades, changes, brightens, catches stitches of Eritrean, Mandarin, español & echoes of Whulshootseed in waves beneath our feet. (Or bike tires.) The first lights from lakeside houses morse code a sign to the day's dying light -

Nevermind the gray
passes for rain.

I'll die here.

4:33P - 12.1.11

Seward Park



51. Echo in Licton Springs

The echo could take our place if it had a hat.

— *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

Could find itself echoing off the wall at Licton (Liq'tid) Springs past David Denny's summer cabin site and the iron spring water bubbled up through dark red clay before Metro thought it ought run into the sewer.

Where Duwamish before would cleanse & grow cranberries where the Four Corners of Susan Point's galaxy mend their weave in red veins heading past mouths again in O. Red clay mouths, ovoid eyes & O's take us back an ice age or two. O's a possible option for the swallow adorning one's forehead forages for dream imagery.

Might be an echo of a cranberry or two in that noggin, might be a golf ball's echo rescued from a bad design or a car on your right shoulder you must carry until finding a parking place for it near the market where cranberries get lugged in from Grayland.

Honor thy river people awaiting the resilient echo of Alder, Maple & Chokecherry blossoms. The River God in love with his dreams & the stream that cuts wrinkles into his jay-beaten brow. The black Lab whose hair mighta made a mighty fine blanket whose lunge legendary upon the Stuck River to get a speeding stick going faster than Assman's miller can. The dog's echo a bear in a dream - they gave him the name Japanese, Kuma.

River people (& their echoes)
at home in red clay
or in the silver river which only comes out
@ night.

5:55P - 12.4.11

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Licton_Springs,_Seattle



52. Daughter of One of Seven Sisters

*Those who choose to sit near the pedestal of monuments are
taking a transfusion of immortality.*

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& those who choose to navigate the cosmos feet first through the photon band offer a hand out to humanity. Those who choose to be conceived in a stew of Monkstone Theocracy seek a new angle in to what we humans are scheming to needle into these torturous days. I'd see a rung in the cosmic distance ladder a challenge any Jacob worth his matzoh would relish. I'd try a Puer diet always aware of the brilliant corners through which one'd pass on the way through a photon band. Alcyone high in the night sky could be a sly reinterpretation of Lady Day.

This Atlas holds many worlds on her wide shoulders & with 'em the outcome of woman vs machine. This Electra, no bird brain, queen of ravens whose big beak pecks a way through nebulae. This Maia too, dove-like & a scatted love song away from her own Mercury & sisters beyond, street lights above a silver ribbon, mileposts in a trek through galacticcity. I Mean You was what I meant in the moment in which lightning bolts were grunted out ecstatic. Ella My Dear he may have wanted to sing had the notes any words that went with them though they sounded like ooooooooo's and ayyyyyyyyyyyy's when chanted that way; when rebounded off the walls of the Latihan hall. Maybe a heyyyyyyyy there & nebulosity tracked 135 parsecs from our Sqbecsed-side situation.

Kick your way here, dear, we've a Monk tune or two for you. Kick your way here, Roque, the platanos are ripening. Kick your way here, daughter, we're scaling the path from animal to divine. Kick on girl

we're preparing for the view
from the hot blue

luminosity, for which
we've been angling
.

9:45A - 12.19.11

53. Nothing Death

A kiss is nothing in brackets.

— *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

A poem's nothing on paper. A stellar jay's a punk in a western vista. Any death's an opportunity. One wd sing his pop a harmonium-laden blues w/ gurus & aunties in the same field as genius & uncles wondering what pain'd come at the end, maybe ass cancer. Who wants to write an elegy who aware of the avalanche the ancestors plot who wants that tower card to appear in the reading on mortality?

The Chinese poet wd call it *complicated* & reach for the buddha roll, symmetry & mold on his jacket, 80 days of rain on his mind, the flight of the mosquito never far, fleas piss the dream clothes as the protagonist chews on pocket cedar.

A
goodbye may be more enormous than you know,
another nothing, this time between cups of puer, down
at the side of the winter river keen in its protective fog
its own awareness of grief's velocity & river duty to
bring it all downstream where everyone lives, a grief
field flipped to something a more pliable.

Death's surrender between
Facebook meal photos. Here intellect cringes/
wishes
for something huger.

11:06A - 1.10.12



54. Black Dragon Year

The heart measures in blood everything that happens.

— *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

The dragon stays stuck to lampposts at the boundaries, but *looks like a mountain lizard*. The ancient poet stays in the ear, but the ink he pisses is invisible. Emptiness stays in the river drunk on wheat & reflects back what we thought was dumped in the thick of a December Wednesday. The Black Water Dragon sits in the Black Walnut tree but the last leaf hangs on as if w/ fangs. The old poet sings of the world *that lies beyond the human* but gets no taste 'til death. The heart stays in the chest but appears at night as a constellation orchestrating movement of silver-colored blood that gains velocity in water years.

The politician stays in the middle & the middle moves so far right can't see its shadow can't tell the poem from rhetoric can't feel blood when it gets past the hat can't pass the hat to the campesinos & the amnesia gallops in to start it all again in animal rhythm impervious to grief.

Scorn stays west of the left ventricle the poet says & sees it stuck there unable to mutter anything but GRAHHR or muuurrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr so writes a poem that becomes a series of poems that becomes a house & a whole slum of them headed for the same plight (evening) stuck in the shithole of his imagination up near the top of the monkey puzzle tree next to the *Octopus paxarbolis* to wile away the January afternoon hoping not to become lunch for Sasquatch/ lost in the dust of a library archive waiting to return in another incarnation or vivid hallucination.

The Black Dragon
waiting for the poem to end
burns the bacon to a crisp.

12:03P - 1.12.12
After Xi Chuan's *Somebody* and
Li Bo *Questions Answered*

55. Fear is Salty

The important thing is to be happy, even while typing.

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

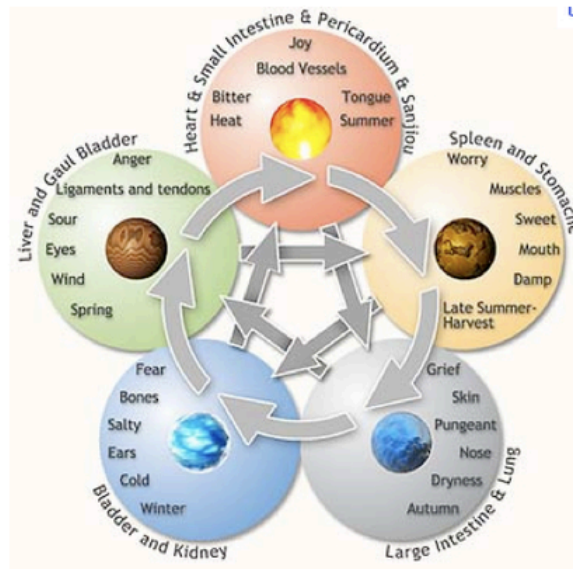
Even in a dragon year a water dragon year the dragon at the core of literature's carved as a country might or a pig a goat or large intestine like Pullman, Washington. Pop pulled grief out of that hat as if 15 year old uncles with the worst sore throat ever gray film coating it, hoarseness & abnormal cardiac rhythms & don't get me started on skin.

Or the ancestor warmed in my blood awakes after a thousand years no longer waiting for god no longer happily stuck in the phalanges ready to remember the last photograph of Pop smiling ready to rescue the memorial balloons stuck in his family tree.

Fear is salty, at least that's what old Chinese say & how it enters the bones from the ears then to the bladder in winter one Seattle snowmageddon newscast at a time beyond where fences get erected on mountains to keep rocks from playing in the road but close to winter & kidneys & ancestors.

Even in a dragon year a water dragon year as the dragon at the core of literature is carved like a country or pig goat or large intestine one can only watch, wait, hear the January wind whip through firs and cedars or watch ripples of the maple tree reflection in your afternoon teacup totally unconcerned about style, or dragons or the slow tortured death of capitalism one bankruptcy at a time.

Just about to the labyrinth's
center, far be it from me to remind you
you're almost halfway there.



8:04PM - 1.20.12
Whiteley Center
San Juan Island

56. Shooting Starward

The most terrible thing about our address book is that they will use it, inevitably, as the means of communicating our death to friends and relatives.

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& up past the San Juan spot where Death Camas sleeps in chthonic ecstasy & Fawn Lillies, Lupine, Chocolate Lillies, Indian Paintbrush and, yes, Shooting Star ready their April avalanche to right the sadness of the old man who can't empty himself to be a vessel for a throaty hymn to old age.

*First a small rosette of leaves
one flower stalk shoots starward, branches to multiple buds' that
nod down. Then purple-magenta blossoms unfold petals arch
back aim starward. (Shooting Star.)*

The old poet said *Sex is the mysticism of materialism* & how can one not love the lichenclimb up ghost limbs of the fir how can one not love the kiss Sunday wind gives it further up how not see the sun radiate over the January Salish sea & not see a bit of themselves released skyward hoping for a soft landing in the sand of Grandmother's Cove?

Reductionism wd wonder (at best) or laugh at how *1/62,000th of the original mother essence, undetectable in any chemical analysis* & here we're halfway to the center of the labyrinth dreaming how to pet the Water Dragon in its holy holy moment how trust that *chance will intervene and save the day* how the rain when turned on its side hits the face like a needle how the flicker found her way here, Salish seaside, only to disappear in a blur of red.

Sacrifice an Irish pig
at the feet of two armies
see who's man enough to shoot
starward.

11:09AM - 1.22.12
Whiteley Center #7
San Juan Island

Quotes 1 & 3, Richard Katz from *The Science of Flower
Essence Therapy*.

Quote 2 from Phyllis Baker *The Slippery Soapbox:
Aphorisms and Rants*

Quote 4

57. Frog Song

The poet looked so long at the sky that he grew a cloud in one eye.

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

There was nowhere left. Each way the spindle'd whorl,
no where there. No sea sky lake grass tree leaf grass
stem left. They'd settle for a ghetto island settle for a
frog place to put their skin on & cry. Cry for a mate.
Cry to ward off a close encounter w/ some jealous
ghetto frog. Cry just to get some.

By Imbolc or
Candlemas we'd all be waiting for wood frogs we'd call
the chorus we'd hear the silence as the 150'd rumble by
& how they'd all creak up again once it was halfway
past Slaughter. The day'd begin w/ woodfrogs end w/
woodfrogs under a woodfrog moon w/ a woodfrog
word 'Kreek-eeck' it was (an ad) 'Kreek-eeck' it'd go
way past the fred meyer the driver's ed lessons St.
Vinny de Paul & the bike shop. 'Kreek-eeck' it went on
a whole night of frog fucking 'Kreek-eeck' he's on her
back 'Kreek-eeck' neighbors get no sleep "Kreek-eeck"
can you *fuckers knock it off already* 'Kreek-eeck' they'd try
& fuck any silent thing that wander'd close. (Sober.)
Then hitchhike to Alaska in a Christmas tree.

Susan
spins the whorl agin & there is no sound here there is
no where there & less here & the frog whorl may have
one for every direction, but her frogs are made of
wood & her frogs are fetching but no substitute &
'Kreek-eeck's' when the wood needs some grease &
'Kreek-eeck' rarely the sound of some suburb. What's
a ghetto anyway?

Our canary
who's coal mine & when's
winter end?

3:41 - 1.23.12
Whiteley Center #7
San Juan Island



After Susan Point's *Nowhere Left*. 2000

<http://www.mister-toad.com/PacificTreeFrog.html>

Ghetto - 1605–15; < Italian, orig. the name of an island near Venice where Jews were forced to reside in the 16th century < Venetian, literally, foundry for artillery (giving the island its name), noun derivative of ghettare to throw < Vulgar Latin *jectāre; see [jet](#)1

58. Coyote Guts

The eyes of the dead look at clouds that will never return.

— *Ramón Gomez de la Serna*

It was the First World. People'd not come out yet. People'd take a fur or skin, put it on take it off just like a coat or hat. Mosquito Flea Spider Ant big as cougars. Eagle Beaver Fox Coyote fish't & hunted dug roots lived in longhouses had sweat lodges & slaves had chiefs & laws & were just, yes, the people. Fur people medicine people plant people people the day before people beyond. People who'd shake when they needed a good hit of divinity who'd spit as a spit of antipathy who'd growl a grahhr when needed to ward off evil.

Coyote created the world or the world created Coyote or Raven created the world or the world created was created by the Man-Who-Changed-Things, some Changer he was and might of been Coyote still.

But the Old-One made the earth out of a woman. Soil as flesh rocks as bones wind/breath, hair of trees & grass & when she moves we tremble. & Old-One'd take strips of flesh to roll up the ancients as a potter might pinch off some clay, ball it up. & were Deer, Elk, Antelope people or half-people & were people meat? Pinch a bit of skin from earth add wind & these ancient ones

these ancient ones were dumb. Not couldn't talk dumb. They cd talk. Dumb. Needed a guide, dumb. Needed a tutor dumb. & who'd they get to lead them into the promise who'd they get to kill all their ignorance who to kill the monsters, whittle the longest arrow who? The guy who dropped anvils from the cliff who. The one w/ the inside to all that is Acme the one who'd always crashland in a dustcloud the one'd bury all but his dickhead in dirt & trick the girls for kicks faking it was a ripe strawberry.

Power in the bullrushes.
Coyote gets the shortest arrow
& supernatural power

in his guts.



10:03P - 1.25.12
The Whiteley Center #7
San Juan Island

59. Sisuitl (Si'sEyul)

*Every professor looking at the sea becomes a professor of
Geography.*

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Sisuitl (Si'sEyul) rode in on the back of an Orca or on the soul of an Orca a commandeer anyway one head for both directions. Ready your holly (or blood to spit) find his slime trail in which to step or petition a Thunderbird as this is not just another two-headed worm is a warrior god invincible is a magic chthonic war canoe navigating below ground rivers is guardian of the people whose house is in the sky.

Whose house is in the sky 'cept chulos del cielo 'cept a latihan that had gotten large 'cept any creature with Horn Power & the gift of flight or shifting shape for what the occasion calls. Whose house in the sky 'cept Sisuitl (Si'sEyul) who'd ride in on the back of Orca (or on the soul of one) in the guise of a worm who could get huge enough to block Commencement huge enough to be human, self-propelled underground canoe or make you stone for just one look.

Whose house is the sky house darkening Cascadia one November storm at a time bobbing madrones/make pines sing?

Dance with boughs
of Western Hemlock, hand
of holly, mouth
full of self-defense blood
to spit.

12:57P - 2.20.12

Lucile



60. Hymn to Indian Plum

*The interlocking hearts carved on benches are the cheap wedding
vows of seducers.*

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& the book as spiritual instrument will not itself
thicken your knowledge (will knot itself) will not itself
allow yr vision to penetrate the evergreen nor the cliff
above Obstruction will not itself lift you up out of
animal blinders or make luminous the February witch
hazel's view or the perched Anna's Hummingbird or
the frail first candleflames of the Indian Plum, no.

Might make a fine window (widow?) to jump in & see
the Light of the Supreme Lamp of Universal Virtue or
Lion Banner of Universal Light, might be an in to the
Subtle Light of Flames of Universal Jewels or the
Banner of Oceans of Qualities of Universal Sounds.
Cd open my February window and hear waves below
bushtit chatter or starling gossip & jet engine wash.
Maybe wait for a day when (through practice practice
practice) could envision hearing the Pleasing Voice of
Universal Awareness or the Undefined Treasury of
Light of Oceans of Cloudlike Sounds.

Could make a
topknot of that. Cd imagine it instead of a whorl of
pheromones or a goatskin jailcell in which to feel the
beatdown of bruxism. Could envision a Light Banner
of Fragrant Flames each morning, before yoga &
truckgrowl before slaughter and dehydration before the
animal inside aware of extensive root systems & their
eloquent oceans of concentrations that sometimes emit
the scent of magnolia blossoms or jalapeño or
jasmine.

Pick a vow
at least as radiant
as the first leafshoots
of the February

Indian Plum.



2:32P - 2.23.12
Lucile

61. Meat Again

Nothing forget us more quickly than a barstool.

- RamónRamón Gomez de la Serna

the sheer terror of being forced into incarnation in accordance with one's will one's agreement with the single intelligence. We watch at night after so much crying crying crying, cats as bed sentries naps as necessity (she who "could not nap" before finds it easy when exhausted). Crying crying crying how does a c-section inhibit the woman's body when will the milk come in when will the poems resume is she alive? I stroke a long thin baby finger to get a confirmation twinge.

The sheer terror of "this again" meat & all its needs spirit forced back into the meat cage mind forced back into a baby brain to chain the long slog back to embodiment of the interdependent origination she knows all too well now, but cries cries cries for an ounce of formula. Will it be pizza in 15 years? Corned beef hash? Narcotics, slot machines (not my daughter) stimulation who knows the social networks of the future maybe programmed surgically into nerves. Cappuccino? New hybrid foods (*fusion* they say) kim chi pierogies or something more simple?

The sheer terror of the replunge into meat again (*that's a lot of hair for a white girl*) & re-learning diaper technology after 20 years, car-seat & stroller tech (it's all in the gear) 60 days away from freedom she appears a St. Patty's Day baby, parades every year on her day and Guinness like I had an hour after she arrived. Terror's antidote or hearty companion. She arrives.

Meat again
this scatter's namesake.

The Runes say
"reunion."

10:14A - 3.22.12

R

62. Buddha Bodies & Fake Train Horns

*Even the thief of a mere fan was decapitated in China so quickly,
and with such a sharp blade, that many corpses were never able to
give a dying breath.*

- RamónRamón Gomez de la Serna

Until September. September is a light w/ a Chinese tilt
aimed at 22 whose white magnetic wind stretches out,
vowels sung by cedars angled toward Venus. One's
a muddle unadjusted to sunlight (or the Buddha body
that beckons) while nine's love life lingers on lusting
after threes (infatuated by salt) enacting age old water
ceremonies - partial to dirges

& crow murders.

6, if preceded by nine's a cleansing ionic wave, wise as
the uncle who grew up on Miles & shakuhachi solos.
One still adjusting fascinated by shining objects
especially golden or if scented by eucalyptus.
(Madrones, but not much scent.)

April wants to be fearless as magnolia but lashes out -
a boy whose pop left him in Queens to fight amongst
Puerto Ricans, green but remembers past lives of pink
turning white right in front of the fire. The fire that
tempts seven, he w/ the wrath of Mars & blood-
deprived cousins, he of arson & third world famines.
Of soup lines & a fist full of failed derivatives getting
some on the side of eight. Curling into an umber
pocket or cave, waiting for clouds to lift or the turquoise
morning to appear.

A blossom or two
shy of the Late Train Horn Moon.
(Fake it when the baby ain't
crying.)

11:37P - 5.2.12

63. Her Birthday, My Velocity

The Creator keeps the keys to all navels.

- RamónRamón Gomez de la Serna

(See picture 2, the her first photo ever, May 17, 1991, 6P on the dot.) Right leg so straight, she's not happy & all that hair! The original hairy white girl. Anonymous nurse hands rubber gloved sucking out sputz & the 1st baby burrito blanket. I got a five yr truce w/ her arrival & reborn somehow in a more human image. Five days later Zappa-fied Daddy-hood - & it IS an M's fro yo cup on RR's head & sly grin at 1818 10th W. in photo 1.

By month 11 she was on her rocker, hair still growing, hands gripping, smiling smiling smiling. Smiling again the obligatory half-naked child picture this on the toilet, this time (she points out in ten year old calligraphy) w/ Jerry the stuffed teddy she got from Aunt Barb in her Dalmation outfit gramma made, the child caption in shot 6 - she the happy kid. She the 102nd Dalmation.

N.U.'s size awing the 7th grader fighting weight in front the Medill sign, but she'd overcome both. The longest hair ever at Aesculapia in Wilderville where Asshole Graywolf tried his venom on this sweet little kid, the first shot in my escape from him. She catalyzing again.

How Grandma looks so young on Orcas, Doe Bay, Otter Cove. That purplish tie & no gray beard with Janice & RR the fashion plate in California, 2 & 1/2 yrs old at Naomi & Henry's before their house would come up in my dreams as the Northridge earthquake about to hit & the house to be condemned, then canyon'd. This is too much.

She'll get her chocolate
& now her Stella.
If I cd only reconcile life's
velocity.

9A - 5.17.12

64. Sin Malicia

Living in one century would be like living in them all if one only knew how to look at stones with serenity.

- RamónRamón Gomez de la Serna

To slow velocity & clear the wisdom eye some other sort of sandman had a hand in sanding (de-greasing) the path into the cosmos' matrix, obscuring the birdsong so obviously awaits May Tuesday focus as if the dead around here were no more than an acid eats away the possible. As if the water (when glass) a sign wind was blowing out or the stones were not grandfathers waiting centuries to bestow something will clear away grains of that wisdom eye-sand a large latihan cd not fix.

Here in the heart of the place may be Cascadia is an island - meaning body of land surrounded by water - meaning surrounded by sea - meaning vast metaphor for concentration (sin fronteras) as Garcia knew - meaning the stones, each have some kind of marking on them are gates of sorts, are to be selected for their pleasing color then situated on an altar-to-be-named later for the resonance, the hold, the stories they may evoke, the uncertain serenity of living in all the centuries at once in the millennium of instant karma, or velocity.

There were as many of them as atoms in a Buddha world & were all Thunderbolt-bearing spirits as if clouds had sounds dwelling wherever a Buddha was going wherever necessary w/ only the weapon of their guile which protected, clarified & never strayed from the direction festooned by the new light green shoots of the May Tuesday evergreen, metaphor for the heart's ripening family ghosts're determined to evoke.

Here stones
may've had enough to eat
don't need to feast

on the future.

10:22A - 5.21.12
Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island

Quote from *The Flower Ornament Scripture*,
Vol. One,
Thomas Cleary



65. Dirty Raven Light Thief

The fountain of the contented garden sprays sky instead of water.

- RamónRamón Gomez de la Serna

& while we were Adam & Eveing our creation, in Haida Gwaii they (& other cosmologists indigenous) figured a better agent. One'd be "deceitful, insolent, libidinous and often grotesque..." with a "penchant for scatology." Never mind he'd be a rock star in the darkness of USAmerica's 3rd century. A *décepteur*.

Before the Great Flood came & receded before starlings cd be seeded in Parque Central Nueva York, before trees could crawl up here from parts south before salmon found a nice nest in every Cascadia river before the J-Pod scooped up Ilalqo copepods & crustaceans & waaaaaaaaaaaaay before Sophie Charlotte von Mecklenburg-Strelitz darkness was not a metaphor not an adjective it was a condition - *sin sol* - it was the inky Northwet night sky all day all night not even a star or a Moon of Pure Awareness, no Wolf Moon, no Ripe Plum Moon, nada hermano.

But an old man on the bank of a river in a house with one daughter & no wife & his daughter cd be ugly as a slug but loved anyway. In a box in a box in a box in another box & another & another & a few more in the total dark there was light. & Raven eavesdropping heard about it & Raven desirous wd have to have it. & Raven studied the old man & daughter's riverside house but cd not find the door or even a window, but studied the daughter's walk & cd recognize her footsteps & when she went to fetch water he turned himself with his magic *décepteur* powers into a hemlock needle in her handful of water to drink, was swallowed, & grew inside her & was born a long-beaked, occasionally-feathered freak of a boy with shining eyes & a cry that split the night, curled hair & imagine his terrible twos.

& Raven, he used that cry to get just one box, how cd Grandpa say no? & just one more & - well you know how it's gonna end. Caught in his jaws the light inside the last box, he back to old Raven & wingbeat symphony out the smokehole to transform the world, stunning: the views of mountains against sky, ineffable: the shine of the silver river from the azul above, awe of water falling off the side of a mountain catching light beams in its decent & no more flying while blind. If not for Eagle, he'd a hung on to that light, but half of it slipped & broke off into one large piece & shards innumerable (became Moon & Stars) & Eagle kept pursuit beyond the rim of the known world, out East.

Back at rio rancho, Grandpa was sick about the lost light, sat above a growing puddle of snot & tears. But the dropped light entered the house & for the first time ever Grandpa could see his daughter was not an ugly slug, but revealed to be as beautiful as the first light green shoots of the May evergreen bobbing in late afternoon sun, beautiful as the ocean's shimmer when the mid-day sun hit it just the right angle, a little piece of him who'd tell his stories when he went back to meet his maker & wd laugh

or cry thinking of the bedtime songs he'd sing to her to let her know everything was going to be ok. & it was, even after that dirty Raven did what all dirty Ravens always do.

If you're gonna keep yr light
in a box
at least keep yr mouth shut.

7:17P - 5.23.12
Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island

Quote from Claude Levi-Strauss
The Raven Steals the Light

66. Doors of Liberation

It is the slowness of its progress that assures the tortoise of longevity.

- RamónRamón Gomez de la Serna

Watching tortoise can be a door of liberation or sunset, south & east when setting Cascadia sun scatters pastels, a door of liberation in the instant setting up *oceans of inconceivable adornments* this moment itself a jewel Wilson Duff knew as an episode related to all past episodes & prehending ones yet to come, all doors of liberation of *all-sided observation of the universe*.

Duck couples hunt seaweed in the low-tide cove where Kingfishers wait in trees doors the same as much as the vaportrail left by Hummingbird after sugar rush at the downtown whale station doors of liberation much as the albino deer munching Pink Ladies sliced & thrown to the forest floor just this side of the garden fence cutting off all doubts, clarifies path to compassion for those you'd want to choke the shit outta, or whose land you'd like to treat like a grab bag but somewhere conscious these are episodes passing, jewels in mid-afternoon Thursday shimmer only the latest in the endless archetypal parade of doors of you know.

Your cellphone not as likely
to save you as Eagle
chased Raven 'til he dropped the
last box of light.

9:51P - 5.24.12

Mala, Doe Bay,

Orcas Island

Quotes from *The Flower Ornament Scripture*
translated by Thomas Cleary

67. The Harmless Eccentric

The violinist holds his ear to his instrument as though overhearing a telephone conversation.

- RamónRamón Gomez de la Serna

Spirits come in and they go out syllables, at least that's what Jack believed & Robin & others who might've had a hand in the sky for the episode we could call latihan. But Jack had too much nevermind w/ single malt & the best become dirrrrrrty shitttters too late to needle the Sea of Blood.

The martyr'd field only grows more luminous trying to embrace the Snow Moon's reflection in motion so slow, no one notices. Tired legs carry the fired-by-Indians burden no burden but episode no mere episode yet past love's answered moan where a baby waits in Blake's post-Newtonian universe underneath the obsolete constellations.

Dogen says:
“when you find your place where you are, practice occurs” & de Chardin: “action has no value other than the intention which directs it.” The people here first knew that from here to Yakutat & tried to tell us but life was not attuned to the movement of stars forgoing the promised gifts of the possible storm for the forlorn American art of entrapment. In the end the sea will shimmer, the green of the swallow's back reflect sun

the largest beard? The harmless
eccentric who keeps time
aboriginal.

1:43P - 5.25.12
Mala, Doe Bay,
Orcas Island

68. Sowilo-Tinted Vision Field

When motion pictures were invented, the clouds in photographs began to move.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Many (neglected) relocated to Cascadia got a hook in Tahoma guide the populace into sage cleanings & cappucinos. Clouds moved in, whole farms of 'em, colored the sunset salmon apricot & lavender but only a horizon slice before darkness, bright fire to bounce off Bellevue glass rebound off Lake Xacuabš become (for a minute) (for me & Brenda) a door (yes, liberation) just this side Hillman City the spot where Almondina & I "I did" each other & so far we do & so far we are & w/ Ella here who knows where the scatting takes us or who'll be there in our Sowilo-tinted vision field. How manage the ethical principles define the value-neutral will force?

Sound of crow's caw
didn't liberate blossoms
but sure looked like it.

9:05A - 6.18.12



69. Go Dolly Go!

(Goodbye Lakes Aldwell & Mills)

When the neighbor puts on her vacuum cleaner, it sucks up all our ideas.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

When the Elwha Dam and the Glines Canyon Dam were blown up the strait sucked out the first of a century of stopped up sediment. Sediment plume paints the straight gray, frees five species of Pacific salmon. Puts the shine back on the Elwha Snowfinger, diamonds revealed in the rock garden. Lake Aldwell & Lake Mills, filed with the rest of settler prehension.

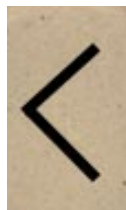
The historic slack waters of Lake Aldwell are changing to a delta environment with swift water conditions. River channels with steep banks are changing rapidly, are unpredictable, and hazardous to visitors. Access around the remaining reservoir is therefore closed to vehicle, bicycle, foot traffic, and boating.

Elwha Dam, 1910 - 2011
Glines Canyon Dam, 1927 - 2012

Dear Dolly Varden,
follow the gray to the end
then turn left.

<http://www.nps.gov/olym/parknews/lake-alldwell-closed-to-public-use.htm> 10.20.2011

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dolly_Varden_trout



10:48 - 7.17.12

70. The Return of the Elwha King

If fish sang we should have to keep them in cages and then they would die because the water would all come out.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

The King is Back! Blue-green & silver-sided repository of Omega 3's *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*. One hundred years later he had no scroll left by Grandpa. She had no treasure map left by Grandma. They had no GPS to re-find the lost land behind Elhwa dams & 150 days after the dams were sent back to hell; 150 days after the long delayed blasts (one small step for man, one giant leap for Chinook Salmon); 150 days after they done blew up what outn't a been there anyway, the King returns.

He's back! He'll be needed to feed all those Cracker Climate Refugees whose Texas crude's burning all creation. He's back! Belly full of planktonic diatoms, copepods, kelp, seaweed, jellyfish, starfish, bugs, amphipods & crustaceans so delicious served up at Sakura as sake or sakekama w/ side of Mu poured by Sam.

He's back. The King found his pitchflare/prepares herself for the banquet & the initiatory forge long foretold.

Welcome to Cascadia
climate refugees. Leave yr religion
back in the flatland & don't forget
to say *grace*.



9:13 - 8.22.12

[http://o.seattletimes.nwsourc.com/html/fieldnotes/
2018961159_chinook_return_to_the_elwha.html](http://o.seattletimes.nwsourc.com/html/fieldnotes/2018961159_chinook_return_to_the_elwha.html)
[http://crosscut.com/2012/08/22/climate/110118/
world-according-gallup-and-according-planet/](http://crosscut.com/2012/08/22/climate/110118/world-according-gallup-and-according-planet/)

71. The Ambassador From Bakersfield

(for Robert Duncan)

One cloud up there is being chased by the police.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& then the swarm of night bees gone from the hive
part of the soul of the Ambassador from Venus from
whose heart the fire master would return to, wd
occasionally grant permission words compressd,
language avails itself (co-creator of rimes) *a tone leading
of vowels* vowels known to be the soul of the poem,
consonants, the body.

& the
body there to be purgatoried night after night a tone
leading to breakdown of kidneys (abandonment fear
maybe) or beat abandonment to the gate, always an
overweight middle aged woman to appreciate such
tones to appreciate (not repetition) emphasis *so that
speech may come when the mind is not yours* & certainly not
Ramón's (but maybe his) maybe that of the cloud, the
bee swarm, the off-beach sea stacks that hack at
another Pacific wave or the stars themselves finding
amusement in their slow path to the first planet past
Venus.

*You can't take a
piss ... w/o getting hit by a myth* but what myths are made
by assignation after assignation what karma's bought
for a handful of essence what what what what what
what is only part of what Stellar Jay might say getting
his bird jag on in forests this side of Ruby Beach, the
rain forest before rain season the eyes looking at you
while looking three rows behind you & the stars
burning a hole in the ink of the Hoh night sky.

In the outlands of the sun's
decline, let us
reconvene *The Symposium of the Whole*,
leave not even

one working bee.

9:31P - 10.9.12

Rainforest Hostel, Forks, WA

(Quotes taken from *Robert Duncan:*

The Ambassador from Venus

by Lisa Jarnot)

72. Moss Spruce Cedar Cathedral

The glitter of her jewels illustrates the ambition of her thoughts.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

The shine of the orca's teeth illustrates the animacy of his intentions. The ovoid of his eye outlines a smile for salmon, eagle, chief & raven. The raven's throaty caw settles in the soft fur of the licorice fern or in that of the clubmoss festoons branches of the ancient Olympic vine maple.

Here we can imagine rocks as being thrilled (enthralled) by the current of the memory of events. Here we can see a fish in his dorsal fin, a salmon on her back, a chief with headdress just behind the eyes. Here, her moss spruce cedar cathedral the king travels only after waiting for the rainrainrain or the final dam crash. Here the glaciers had the last say raven wingbeats plot ritmo espíritual sea stacks choke off another pacific wave, the runes predict travel and lavender and blood.

Here, more than dirt
dance floor of ancestors
now unbound.



8:29P - 10.10.12

Rainforest Hostel, Forks, WA (Inspired by the art
work of Richard Shorty and a visit to the grave of
Chief Seattle)

73. Ode to Sun Mask

The moon and the sun have only one bed between them, so one has to work while the other sleeps.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Sun up there he was right in your face w/ his face & his teeth a solar grill in a grimace aiming for dogwood & sun down the moon's up, a Raven Moon a Rainforest Moon a Frost Moon a moon about to be bearded. & the sun again again he rises w/ talons of gold and red and black tentacles edging out from a solar corona creating form from behind a mask of yellow cedar & cedar bark & rope & acrylic just in time to burn something or start to hit the other side of the candle wick or to become a twilight hymn again, hymn to awakening, hymn to Black Rivers (*Rios Negros*) & they shine & he still up, sun yeah, & eyes wide open still a mouth fat on a disc or heat or a dream, dream of the grass blowing east against the source of the still up sun or a dream of getting the ball to curve up or in, a sort of migraine cathedral built with trumpet or other horns built with a sense of inherent bebop which you thought was a song of the night but there it comes bright as day until it's dying for a nap a nap while it's still bright out but its nap is our night & the moon, she gotta get up & out, gotta get a shine on she got to take off that flannel & become more ee haichka-like two arms up, palms in but open & she gotta let owl back into latihan she gotta get ready for the backscratch she gotta dig clams & smoke fish because no one knows when the tsunami's going to come, no one knows when the Elwha starts running back unsiltifying itself, no one knows when to stop running & start thinking about September again & the advent of avalanche fields & the trail that would be here now gone down there to the realm of dental records, past the ripe blue & thimbleberries down where the blood is & the bruxism & the river gods quiet enough & you can hear 'em

there beside the flat stones. Me & Rebecca did. Stone
eyes & straw hair & some'd be beret'd & some would
look like Lester Bowie & til the day they take her away
or they take you away & everyone will run out of salt
but the sun & the moon have their arrangement &
everybody got to get some sleep sometime.

Yr just scrapin off last year's plums
from the apron
when the Lady sings
Do it agin.

7:234P - 10.11.12
Rainforest Hostel, Forks, WA

(Inspired by the art work of
Bill Henderson (*Sun Mask*)
and Lester Bowie's *Rios Negros*)

74. The Use of Wunjo

The stag is the son of tree and lightning.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Start the day free of dreamtime with the knowing that the tendons ought remember how to bend again full range of their multiverse how the runes might include Wunjo how a candle burns for it in honor of it, to prolong *power and bliss and buildings good enough.*

Good enough to find a rainforest in which to retreat to honor a Duncan Cedar or moss hall or just to be an ambassador from Slaughter still searching (searching) for the antidote that may need to be released from the tendons searching w/o pressing, not to be depressed by *hands, power, looks, diligence, art, blossom*, greengage plums & stolen asian pears. (They weren't being used.) Use is honor maximus knew.

& what's the use of a rune bag never sees a non-dominant hand the use of a rune which'd warn you of danger but not be heeded why can't they always be Wunjo & washed up walking sticks that got Hoh writ all over 'em? Wunjo as the result of wisdom & good rep, living sin temor, never misusing the imagination w/ mindfotos of doom.

Dream write yoga prayer divination facebook baby cry breakfast email email email.

New idea of stag
party - wash dishes
fill up water filter.

9:30A - 10.18.12
Quotes from *Taking Up The Runes*
Diana L. Paxson

75. Translating the Digital Fire

(For Dharma Mitra)

When you say “asterisks” it is like speaking of tiny pieces of a star.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& each tiny piece breaks off as a person, punctuation as person, Sister Comma, Uncle Semicolon & Brother Mitra tending the digital fire from which the sutras are situated & he, like the sea salt farmer filtering from the ash of a foreign language what may be of use as a door of liberation or maybe a basement window how the transformation skillful how burn the hatefulness & delusion though only as ornery as grabbing the collar of the glass-eyed demon for a face punch or 5.

Namo Guanyin Bodhisattva

Namo Guanyin Bodhisattva

Namo Guanyin Bodhisattva

one hundred eight bead-festooned times. How a spider on the car flap headed for your head no doubt to burrow and lay eggs a door of liberation as much as the harvested octopus not so deep in Puget Sound Cove 2 as to not hear the c l a n g of metal rods & then a fist fight for a college art project to be drawn & then drawn and quartered & dinner.

Give me the black walnut thud on pavement or the sound of the gentle rainrainrain on Que's windshield its own liberation door of silent light inconceivable. Give me the bountiful season's last November raspberry. Neighbors have had their fill. Six more are undefiled. The stars are off my boots. The digital fire roars on no one needs to fix it.

Fire in pixels. Fire

on the boveda. Fire's

how the ancestors get your attention.

8:41A - 11.5.12

http://seattletimes.com/html/localnews/2019600636_octo04m.html

http://seattletimes.com/html/localnews/2019592865_octo03m.html

Protecting sea life in Puget Sound

Some areas of Puget Sound are off limits to fishing. The killing of an octopus off Alki Point – an unprotected area – has sparked a call for a new state Marine Protected Area.



Source: Washington state Department of Fish and Wildlife

MARK NOWLIN / THE SEATTLE TIMES

76. Ode to Snowberry (or Madrone)

The trouble is that evergreens are everdead.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& so depend on foliage (it's all in the accessorizing)
how a few red berries hang from the madrone from
Tofino to Santa Barbara (madroño) with leaves can last
four years. Red berries known to hitch their barbs to
northbound elk. Branches known to contort and twist
aim for a certain star, blossoms confused with
constellations.

But snowberry forms (waits) soon all's
barren but the everdead, soon salal, Oregon grape
have a say but snowberry in winter ornaments the view
this side Tahoma awaits a white-tail or grouse. This
common snowberry with an inflorescence (16 flowers).
This common snowberry with almost a glow at night
watches the windmade Lake Xacuabš waves as the
baby does.

You might say *everdead* Ramón but
bust open a snowberry for the delicate hexagonal
within. Few so bright can stand the contrast can hide
from predators can wait as patient as madroño for fire
to circulate the seed.

Oh snowberry
the favorite barren winter
drupe...
hang on.

5:03P - 12.5.12
4817 S Lucile B

77. Clean Shirt (It Never Entered My Mind)

All nice mornings wear a clean shirt.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& all nice December Cascadia mornings wear flannel, layers & no umbrella, strive not for thinking or for not thinking but for without-thinking (take a kind attitude toward your lack of thoughts). Here, pure presence, hear things as they are. Here moss grows fat on the walk, greens the wood stairs. Here an hostile takeover just so slow no one notices.

Without-thinking neither affirms nor denies, accepts nor rejects, believes nor disbelieves... an unobjectified presence... a non-conceptual or prereflective mode of consciousness Kasulis says of the Zen of Dogen who says

Because reality/Hardly seems real/Why assume/That dreams/Are really dreams?

May be ongoing presences or the madroño reaches out another inch for a slice of the widening December Cascadia sun. May be the movement of moss up the stoop steps or the green of the winter madrone leaves hide behind red berries or at least your prehension of it (fully penetrated) the cultivation of surrender's what he might've been after the quivering hand made to quiver by a presence controll'd by someone (thing?) else, same as it always is when prehended (apprehended) by the force superior always gets another record on (sin aire muerto) maybe Miles this time *It Never Entered My Mind* trumpet mourning that you're not *there again to get into my hair again* or so it would be sung in the dream/not dream where one is not not thinking but without-thinking again (prehending) -- a clean flannel shirt. And every 5:27 you re-cue Miles & Trane, Mr. PC, Red & Philly Joe & they go again as in 1956 because the dream has no end if you are with out thinking & it's no dream.

Thinking about not thinking
dirties the shirt. Wait
'til there's no

thing here

First quote from T.P. Kasulis "Zen Action, Zen Person."

Dogen quote from "The Zen Poetry of Dogen" (Ed: Steven Heine).

Last quote from the song "It Never Entered My Mind," lyric by Lorenz Hart.

11:12P - 12.26.12
4817 S Lucile B

88. Lesser Quantico

When we take a bath we always drown a few of our memories.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& Robin would've migrated north to Vancouver by this time set in Cascadia ready to vet the *real that is Jack's concern*. For even when dead (ever when dead) catch up w/ the I that was he to *use it then to lose it* (almost typed love.) *No heat or torment realizes this.*

Can stash a whistleblower in the bowels of Marine hell (Quantico) - isolate him 23 of 24 hours, take away blankets, glasses, sleep, clothes, exercise, can hope resolve (& hope)'d wither w/ muscles but make a martyr out of him see what you do to future generations that can sniff out a war criminal from here, patriot?

So the open then (the serial) *an attack on the "subjective aim" and assurance of a whole culture*, a whole poetry unwrapped from personality - a bigger fish here for the pan. Canning spontaneity same consciousness as the rehearsed trial, same consciousness as the culture that's an anti-culture manufactured (like consent) by Disney n' Nikon (or Nike) and not the real like soup

or used prams left on street corners for parents w/o such means, p-patch kale flowers the Hmong farmer'd fry w/ garlic & olive oil or those first local cherries of the season. The real which never gets to Quantico or those stuck in quanticos of their own making. *A reopened language lets the unknown, the Other, the outside in again as a voice in the language* but we worked so hard to get to the top of the food chain (brain chain) as it were, not just to give control to someone (thing) we cain't even see!

Don't wash out the memories

w/ the water boards,
citizen. They may be
gaining on you.

12:11P - 6.4.13

Quotes from *The Practice of Outside*

(Robin Blaser)

or (quote # 2)

The Flower Ornament Scripture (p 89,90)

89. Pocket Fetch

Sunflowers: pocket-mirrors of the sun.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& sunflowers are seen in the City of Big Shoulders where stinking onions & sewers rushing after the rain punctuate the humid summer air. & sunflowers do not have much in the way of shoulders yet look at those September heads filled w/ seed the squirrel hunts climbing up the stalk stealing a peek in the pocket mirror & not everyone can shoulder the burden they think they might, eyes bigger than their shoulders the fetch lurks somewhere near here to take on a task or twenty.

Ehwaz is the rune of the psycho-spiritual construct called the Fetch. Your Fetch is the opposite gender as you, inactive in the material plane but still quite accessible within your spirit...

Fetching, indeed. Forget the stick, fetch a few Franklins because baby needs a new Z4 Roadster. Baby needs a new house & garden full of fourteen foot high sunflowers mirror the abundant Cascadia sun. Baby needs parents can roadtrip her to Grandma's, load up on español, sopa de frijoles negros y picadillo, y arroz AI!

So, you await the next thunderstorm, secure the services of a Blood Hawk (totem) & hoarse your voice in support of the Blackhawks, you try to find the watermark of the visit/secure your own shoulders in the upright and locked position, fully aware the maximum weight they bear, fully aware the role of the fetch, far from libido no matter how many dreams of finger-fucking you have, fully aware that family's there & your's is a sunflower, a little grimy, always near the railroad, mostly unaware of the function of the fetch beyond a wily labrador. The DNA may be dormant.

The polis is constellated

around the sun

(she says). Fetch that slice of DNA not
a curse.

9:13A - 6.24.13

1903 W Argyle, Apt 3

Chicago, IL

Quote from: [http://runesecrets.com/rune-meanings/
chwaz](http://runesecrets.com/rune-meanings/chwaz)

90. Slow Down Tahoe Driver

(For Brian Love)

Our only real property consists of our bones.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

A hard way for the orbit to expand, the car crash & instant death after Independence Day. Bones & a hat they'd rescue from the spot where Auburn Way North becomes Auburn Way South, a crawl from the Rainbow bar, hard way for one's orbit to expand. A spot on the parade route. How your baritone'd call out each float, each entry, each Good Ol' Day moving outhouse rolls west on Main in Slaughter right there during the season of the Ripe Plum Full Moon, slow enough to practice the religion of plum blossoms unaware here's where the Tahoe'd blow through the red & blow a hole in our lives in one last t-bone. & the sunset the night you died, I know, Doc, I know, maybe I apply something angelic to rays affix themselves to clouds over West Hill. Maybe it's me projecting a need to see you've crossed over safe to be reunited with your speed & the Supreme Barber in the sky will cut off that god-forsaken beard, pour you a Scotch and water, wait for a story about the cross-eyed prize bull at the Puyallup Fair.

Ilalqo's where waters come together, each stream unique to itself surrenders to a larger current, becomes something more than they'd be alone, one of those vortexes were local tribes'd stop & linger, so slow they'd be, so deliberate. & there you'd be dubbing old Art Pepper cds, maybe listening to *The Trip*, the prison tale of stories told behind bars so ride the imagination for a while, a respite from the cell. Bones, Doc. That's all we own anyway & yours, how much longer could they take you inhaling cigars or any more Scotch anyway? We'd have wished for one last goodbye.

Slow Down Tahoe Driver.
You never know whose brother's
on the other side.

8:27A - 7.7.13

91. Berber City Poems

(For El Habib Louai)

*There are railway stars, shining near stations, which give out
more cold than other stars.*

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

In the book of Berber, there may be an August nasturtium, a postcard garden, a walking salad & portrait of the young poet as José Lezama Lima ensuring his *alma no esta en un cenicero*. There would be a Hillman City hummingbird somewhere behind Desolation & the stolen word of the day might be *eggs* or *Amtrak*. Lenin aside, there would be homage almost everywhere you'd go in this leap, this certain Ripe Plum Moon moment this certain lack of asides, this tour of famous graves.

& you'd become a Berber too,
you'd find rare Baranda epigraphs & etch them into dirt beyond anthills, wd try to find a stolen kind of taste & be content to plant the garden / wait to see what volunteers pop up in a year, what mambo steps the baby masters by next time, write your way through August, through postcards, past the last chair in the p-patch, always making new aside the ghost of Robin Blaser.

To be a Berber in the city means time, means blossoms, means the cat must mambo through the urban forest, means huckleberries slow the long slog up the Peak to where Jack's shack beckons, warming railway stars whose beams link Cascadia and cities named for saints, means the art of how a cherry tomato links the dark sounds of the dream & jiwa & J.J. Cale, all inside a blackness worn as a mask of fat. Reuben sandwiches & wasabi moments with Sam. Mu for you, but not for a Muslim.

Find yrself
as a city Berber for a

fortnight, how measure the vigil
keeps one irregular?

9:34A - 9.14.13

92. Galactic Circuit

(for Will Alexander)

The snail is always ascending its own staircase.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& Will Alexander, the Galactic runway, the *transposed coronal Algeria* - “reading and losing [him]self in the process” of [perhaps] Lighting *the candle from the black widow’s love cAke* or a five spot laid @ the grave of his *akashic preCursors* to *cancel* [his] *structureless scrutiny* [signed up here for as much as i can chew] The “stutterings of Dolphy and Vallejo” insinuatIng

trails of Comets

through the Cosmos’ lesser-traveled realms, eaten from the Inside out our own less than rapid oxidation [he’d say *astRal obliteration* maybe]’d say *furious obduradtion* con una Cara seria, say *all the aromas were sUspended as the body is eaten as vapor.* & so goes the *biokinetIc elevation* [aspiration] “these things begin to whisper/insinuate Themselves.”

Fellow galatic traveler
Will Alexander, for whose study we forego
crib notes for
star charts

we’ll assure your *own hosannahs*
resound.

6:04A - 9.29.13

Italics = lines taken from poems from 9.27.13 Open
Books reading. Quotations are taken from
extemporaneous talk between poems.

93. The Fog Wet Web

Smoke never quite manages to scribble a mustache on the sky.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna



Nothing takes weight of October fog more serious than spider webs. October 23, 2013.

& they'll take it for a fogmageddon fortnight & no more, the last drying line left in the neighborhood drying what might be diamonds for your mind only because the fog covers all / illuminates color rampant in October Cascadia of maybe rose hips or the grass

coming back or the Irish Strawberry Tree now the
culprit of the seemingly broomless neighbor on the way
to PCC.

& it'll be *fogmageddon* says Dr. Mass, "An
extraordinary persistent ridge of high pressure over the
eastern Pacific and West Coast" for which a large soy
almond latté may stand in as an attempted antidote,
but for the spider, an October fly's a rare slice of meat
more likely a rose petal or recent maple leaf & the
web's bejeweled & heavy with serious weight of
summer's sins still staining late October. The Cascadia
sky unmustached, must settle for yet another chin beard
- may the playoffs be over soon - & take the Teahadists
with you.

Here's where we can
wear the fog.
Something else spider
reminds us of.

7:20A - 10.25.13

94. Dilettante Periphery

Nothing is repeated: it just looks similar.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& here at The Lake (Graves built) sunslip past cedartops that side tiny lichen-festooned islands & w/ yr head a certain angle here are “instruments for a new navigation.” Monet sd a finished work of art an “unreasonable pretension” & this unfinished work’s Cascadia’s Giverny more a monument to solitude (practice of inside) & grove of Grandfather trees date from the late T’ang era. No. Tourists. Ever.

“The dilettante periphery has so little to do but keep these things stirred up for their titillation” / won’t get the red meat of fotos nor see what light left on this Sunday of the thinnest veil becomes another tiny lichen-festoon’d island. (Iris island.)

Redwood canopy sways
backlit by Cascadia
azul - above Graves’
Lake.

Nothing looks similar as this yearning for an *auspicious wind* / yearndeepest to abide *Securely Beyond Obstruction*, a sober puer-fueled invite to the *all pervading light* lit by horsetails & sword ferns, ciananthus & Italian marble, a soft path up & elevate the heart rate. “Here is the heart of this bulletin”

Clover grows in needles
dropped by Redwood trees on
the path to bench three.

& lie there looking up sure NOT to squish a banana slug & cd die there if required - give the dilettante

periphery sumtin' to put in their pipe when they cd be
re-sounding their own lost twin's broken hosannahs.

Homebuilding as
enlightenment practice
while citizens "tweet
& sleep through the wars."

6p - 11.3.13
The Lake
Loleta, CA

Quotes:

- 1) Morris Graves
- 2) Claude Monet
- 3) Guy Anderson to Morris Graves in a 1957 letter
- 4) Morris Graves in a 1958 letter
- 5) Brenda Hillman

95. Sending Out Tendrils

Skulls in museums are laughing at their labels.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

To label is to control & control is to dominate & who can dominate when that which does not rot wills itself through skulltop out of this “sigh between two mysteries.” Creator paints The Lake w/ swirls of duckweed survive wade of single file coots, otter trips & seemingly impervious to wavelets, same that mirror Monday morning November Southern Cascadia sun up the tiny island’s lichen-festooned Wax Myrtle. (Wax as mask of fat, *contains the life-substance, hence its use in witchcraft. Myrtle as joy, peace, tranquility, happiness, constancy, victory... the feminine principle... a vital essence & transmits the breath of life.* A more apt symbol for the Master of the Lake may never be met.)

& so hang on to the morning duckweed swirl long as we can w/o possession, laugh out the top of our skulls after latihan, break from inane demands of the digital world, product of this “military contaminated age.” In its place firs and lichen lichen. Tiny islands of cat-tails & ancestors, consciousness left here to manifest as swordfern & sunbreak. Dreadlocks & giant skunk cabbage. A haymocker of a white, functioning, ritual cleanse so necessary in the age of hummers & drones, GMOs & narcolepsy.

a 150 acre pacan
of ancient redwoods, grand firs
& lichenized wax myrtles
to “the living vine of my
nervous system.”

In the dream world they want to date your sisters and you want to pee. In the dream world Dominick can pop finger bits into the air to the sound of Curley Howard.

In consciousness manifesting as a lake retreat the heart of this bulletin is the occasion of a coot landing beyond horsetails or distant gunfire confirming the world's not had its coming sudden revelation. And we go on, longing for butter, coffee, beer & bioregional animation. And we go on, offerings for the dead of piano hymns & picadillo, telepathic conifers & constellations as bird baths. & we go on improvising one prehension after another here, because he said it's not death the opposite of life, it's time.

This living vine
sending out tendrils
(invisible)
like the smoke of my
well-tended fire.

10:38a - 11.5.13
The Lake
Loleta, CA

Quotes:

- 1) Old County Cork woman attributed by Morris Graves
- 2) Illustrated Encyclopaedia of Traditional Symbols
- 3 & 4) Morris Graves

96. The Gift

I am rich thanks to all that I cannot afford.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

Your entry is a gift & a gift your exit. Try the labyrinth, for instance. Cd function as feedback or divination strategy depends on insistence of the querent/quality of her hymn. Gebo reflects triple gift of Odin: consciousness/ life breath/ form. Cd be life breath manifesting as lichen-tipped conifers & one cd deduce the air be good here. Cd be form manifesting as a visit by Rufous hummingbird to neighborhood horsetails, nature's kind of cursory check-in. Maybe manifesting as a *Portrait of a Residential Schoolboy* how *post-colonial stress syndrome's* lampooned in turquoise, rust, azul, tan, green, blues y pepsodented teeth. An involuntary offer akin to Odin's self-sacrifice to the World Tree or a whole Wiyot village's World Renewal Ceremony.

A gift's not a bribe to persuade a god, nor a payment, nor to stave off nature's penance. A gift's the joy of non-attachment, unlike the Bezos or any such center for innovation or legal larceny. A gift may be a human-eyed hallucination or Redwood autonomy designed to stave off the glass-crash of ancestors lolling behind the tiny island's Wax Myrtle waiting for better weather. Tongue out, ovoid-eyed you can call in Picasso or Geronimo, Chief Seattle, Yeats or Bugs Bunny. Or take a frame drum as halo, but you learn all blood's one, Doc.

In Denmark, call on the Goddess Gefion, sign off w/ plethora of capital X's, same consciousness as what some call sustainability, some survival of the species. Otter will remain. A free-range gift Hosannah of the moment, his dive always unrushed, impeccable & leaves only the simplest

ripples. (A lake ritual.) You go out as you come in, a
gift.

Gebo in the impeccable
silence
& cloud drift of duckweed swirl
in the infinite Wednesday
Redwood
afternoon.

1:59p - N.6.13
The Lake
Loleta, CA

Written in part after the Lawrence Paul Yuxweluptun
painting referenced in the poem.

X X X

97. Clues from Hell

Smoke rises to heaven when it ought to descend to hell.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& a heaven's of yr making a home be it the Rock or Careladen, Woodtown or the Lake, Ka'gean or Cloud Nine, Slaughter or a little corner of Hillman City survivable by p-patch. Make it w/ enough care to notice *from the lichen to the day moon*. From the library to the Japanese Maple. From the giant sunflowers to the three steepled cedar points to better weather.

In it & in the chaos of the marked-up books, the three-toed vase, the empty Otokoyama bottles in the recycle bin, clues. To sift through the wreckage one day they'll want clues. Clues to how you ended up next to a fire (well-tended) & clues to the spiritual chase. Clues to the record & direction (for future seekers) & clues to where you hid the Humboldt Fog. Clues cd hide right in front of you as does the sponge plant by the duckweed drift which smears the morning Lake. Clues of cigarette butts & grief.

Old growth Redwood
800 years old
300 feet tall
heard its share
of prayers.

They were always there we'll say, prominent as miniature islands w/ salal, blue huckleberry & dwarfed spruce. Calm as the Lake ripples made by a coot flock landing. Subtle as the woodsmoke rejecting hell in the making of its new home as it courts the morning Cascadia fog. Sincere as autumn bouquets (*sweet little nosegay like*) for every dead stranger in the cemetery made w/ the spirit of *great cobwebs of geese in the sky* & mild-mannered hallucinations of reverse snow in September Olympic Fireweed or the hush of

dropping fir needles w/ each new exhale from Blue
Glacier.

So stock up on cake mix & tequila,
butter & turkey bacon. Mangoes y pan de banana.
Have handy jasmine rice & altar candles, fresh garlic &
olive oil. Cashew bits & blush wine. Wool socks &
binoculars. Photos of the loved ones & always the clue-
enabling ancestors.

Decoding the sea
 & the heavens
 ain't for sissies.
 Lend a hand
 or stand back.

4:08p - N.8.13
 The Lake
 Loleta, CA

All quotes from Morris Graves

98. Why Redwings Sing

Moonbeams always manage to find water, because all they want is a little drink.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& redwings sing to announce the coming of the moon. The coming of the day. The coming of the pale green smear of morning duckweed. Redwings sing to count the time left. Because there are no cuckoos in the Lake. To satisfy a procreant urge. Redwings sing because they can see soundwaves made by their song on the November Lake in miniature ripples that pixillate reflections of conifers. To lighten things up a little, Jesus! To avoid mortal combat. To remain sane.

Redwings sing out of an ancient contractual obligation. Because Raven stole the sun. To startle frog into believing the swim meet's started. To warn any querent away from factory-made & migraine-inducing "Danishes." Redwings sing twice each day as ritual song for the ones that went before them who visit them during afternoon naps & - when the veil is thin, & the future dangerous, to remind them of the fierce redwing will inside them to carry on, put aside petty personal redwing politics & sing as their papa taught 'em, as if there'll be no singing tomorrow & only the sounds of doors slamming shut or endless chain-sawing or rainrainrain or worse.

Redwing's song can be translated to mean: *Hallelujah! Another day in paradise! Did you see that stunning wall of stars last night? What's for breakfast? Who was that startled the buck yesterday? Where's coyote? Where's cougar? Here come the shadows. Thanks.*

Redwings sing because that's how a yogi w/ a red spot on a black wing demonstrates the loss of self-preoccupation & the

assumption of responsibility for all living things in the
Net of Indra. How howling autonomy manifests in the
late November Redwood afternoon.

Redwing blackbirds stop singing.

How silent the eternal

Redwood

night

.

5:48p - N.9.13
The Lake
Loleta, CA

99. Dragon-Necked Hallucination

Smoke is the fire's conjuring trick.

- Ramón Gomez de la Serna

& the whole time he had a dragon around his neck (he wanted to *inhale* fire as well as exhale without burning his tongue, lungs & arsenal) & he'd revisit each of his 99 lives: bluesman, balladeer & barbituratist, find the clear white ashes of what they left: *the nerve that carries the load of reaction to beauty*, seeds inside the dogwood berry, astronauts in a dream (impervious to villainous freight trains) & the chance to sacrifice an eye.

& even w/ dragonfly urging him on in the eternal November Redwood afternoon he cdn't figure if dragon were blood or come, giver of form or taker of soup. & he'd petition Odin w/ thunderbolts of his own grunting & d forego seduction as the means for swindling the mead of poetry. Wd settle for a mere murmur, a song that some'd call a *stumble*. Well pilgrims, we've hit on the dilemma. & while there'll be woodfrogs, fat California bug-fed woodfrogs, there'd be no L U N G drugs nor work, nor rent money & in their place the inner eye in focus (sometimes. Not unlike the feeling of joy in the room & feeling as groom to the eternal witch that runs things. Good witch.) There'd be

higher doses
only now matcha & puer, a little more fat on the bone, gray ear whiskers & more shit-filled diapers. The coffee mug brain dent hangover remained as a migraine & the rage? The rage'd lose some of its foam to a few more malas palabras y real herbs (lavender & rosemary) & zinneas, more sunflowers & the growth of a tranquil beak as in Graves '68 *Light*, human-eyed w/ enough meat to satisfy.

Cats get nine lives
& how long the life of your typical dragonfly? He'd petition Mercury & the sphere of Hod in the

Kabbalah. He'd stop the boast, the teasing of table-
mates at the feast & find the aid of a couple of willing
Ravens who, too, knew well enough to stifle when the
redwings have the stage. & figure out how to squish
seventeen years into four neo-barroco paragraphs. In
the end

he'll take that black
Stetson & oak
walking stick
into the rain & feel each raindrop
(like us all, only)
a reflection
of a reflection
of a reflection
of a reflection
of a...

12:15p - N.10.13
The Lake
Loleta, CA

Quote from Morris Graves,
from a Nov 1, 1948 letter.

