





[

]

A SUPPLICATION

A SURRENDER

A FAILURE

O

ANGEL

O

WURM

UN

-

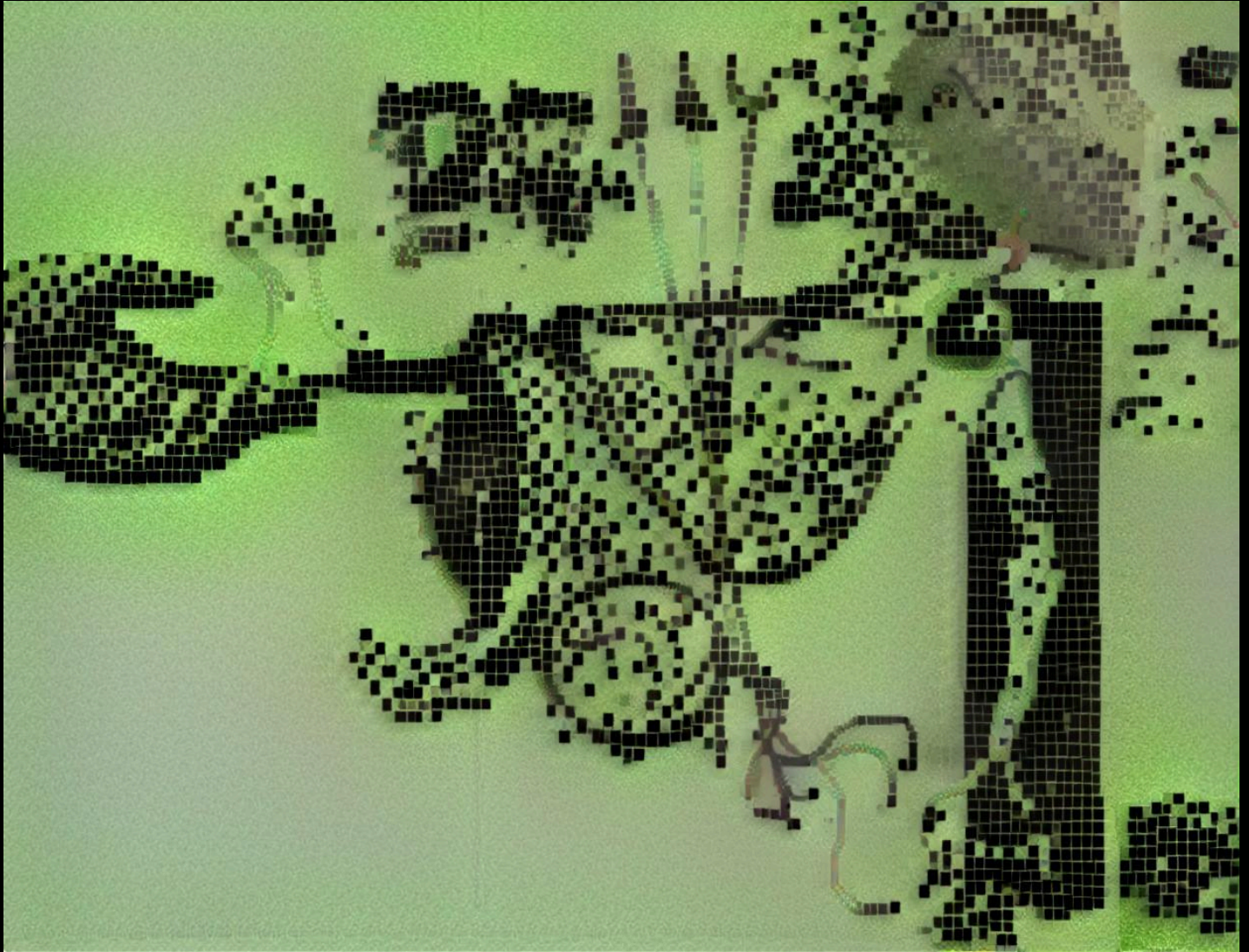
I

MIXED AND UNMASTERED BY MIRE

[

]





*i saw myself stretched out*

*unfolded*

*folded alienly*

*all bewildering*

*heart sped up*

*broke-beat*

*i saw myself stretched out horridly*

*all me a strange topology*

Dopa addict . With your glmuurs  
. With your probing head /

Superstar . With your Christ face  
. With your probing head /

Pale Monkey . With your Cool  
... Wouldn't You?



[ ANGEL ]

mummy felt nephilim roots /  
a body artificial and eagerly phallic /  
nuclear burns across the shrieking abyss /  
chittering bug clusterfuck of swarming non-spaces /  
diffusing electric mesh swarm.

"We're on fire... all in one big fiery blowery furnace"

[ WITH YOUR SHRIEKING RAYS ]

"If your fingers find a difference, and that the world isn't yours, /  
no wonder you want an arm where the heart was, and a head in the sky." /

excess beyond bound is angel /  
in her god hath spurred forth my will beyond bounds /

"coy-eyed expectancy /  
that one still stands even now, /  
it takes my breath... /  
their tongues parched with thirst." /

then the ophan reached into the fire that was among them /

erotism is the angel's delight, /  
that hath put me in this frenzy and willfulness above measure by excess thereof. /

"You! Little dancer... Put on your garments of splendor".

all accumulation /  
all inhibition /  
food for worms /

[ PALE MONKEY ]

bloodshot red with sex and synthetic marijuana /  
purple-blue with dream residuum and neurotox drippings /  
their soft heads with black worm eggs crawling toward him /  
crawling on his sweet sick little soft stomach /  
begging for more skin /  
its little tail waving at them /  
aching mouth on his pale pinkish chest /  
inside turns a worm that will spread /  
and turn their flesh into its form /

“It’s what you want... what you really really want... can’t help yourself”.

[ WITH YOUR BROKEN BODY ]

unstable doubling across the dog-head where he knelt /  
indeed this monkey was so pale and red, translucent and sickly... /  
its tongue blue /  
black-green teeth with yellow lips /  
mind mired in noise /

“I want to be cold” /  
where he doubly meant that he wanted to burn and be burned. /

[ UUU ]

the cut and paste digital collage of an ever-proliferating body /  
chillingly ambiguous /  
seething complexity /  
your faces an echo /

“your sky ... ur-skei /  
you know... this is you at the very beginning of you /  
to be re-cut, spliced together and replayed /  
a terminal scene /  
cut, re-cut, replace breath /  
you will never see your uuu /  
so, so, so much more you... to be cut and re-tuned to you!”

[ WITH YOUR SINGING WOUNDS ]

time is a decaying manifold full of holes /  
its movement discontinuous /  
it cuts and curses without beginning /

“your fathers and your pasts all along like watermarks upon it /  
watermarks on water itself ” /

its passage always an anxious affair done on parallel planes /  
my days are for her forever /  
she did not need them to last but their sum had no equal /



[ XENOHOOKED ]

as time expands to discrete implexed infinities within seconds of each encounter /  
as each breath... as each second unfolds /  
with occult reverberations and spliced delay /  
map-noise echo drift /

“I want this song...” /

[ FIELD ]

when their feet meet that bass /  
where eyes are hands are space /  
as the worms crawl towards their heads /  
as taxis cross white plains to meet buses crossing highways /  
under an oppressive brown light filtering on the concrete avenues /  
everything stops as the city crawls with hyperstimulated children /  
they break forth in song: /

“Great Dog-head! Hallowed be thy orgy! /  
You who profanes the patriarch’s empty realm! /  
Leaks the unnamable through the Tao unnamable! /  
Redemption is burning all!”.

[ MIXED CHOIR ]

a pale little figure holds out all that is her's /  
biting wind of a black hearted god /  
he swallows his eyes in her song /  
blue-goth sea with her many sisters, /  
she dreams to drown /  
like oil from an overturned gusher into all nooks /

“Angel..” /  
her wings pull intestines and tongues bathed in mucus /  
the worm-self has turned your inner eye /  
his inaudibles are new words he finds.

[ INSIDE CUT ]

here entered Psycho Sun /  
The punk with an empty that wasn't filled /  
a fluctuating disjunction /  
the endlessly astral unstable presence of being in being /  
unstable presence of water in water /  
self-plagued and appetite past heaviness /

An observer, breathing in confusion and delirium /  
a cursed inheritance /  
insistently in cyclicity returns /  
an autonomous current of indefinite transformation /  
born at my awakening when my head touched the egg /  
down into her nest /  
by the immortal worm /

“... dilate the night of my internal body...”

[ FALLING FLAT ]

deep dark green depths /  
too low the full moon on an endless high mountain sea /  
tides of will and whim /  
on the opposite hills lie ruins of colossal proportions /  
remains of other times. /  
worms spread out like stars along the coast /

completely distorted and perfectly clear /  
over those hills we would soon be where we never were /  
it would all unfold without intervention /

a strange and silent shape /  
i had only glimpsed it uncertainly /  
it twisted me into the sky ... into our skei /  
into alienated reverie /  
and silenced us. /  
sliding in with unlimited abhorrence, hints of bitterness /  
chilling beyond all signals /  
bearing witness to the ((re)cursing) schism /  
subtly dissolved with red-blu-bruised faces /  
with tears of sunlight like rain falling at dawn /

“On these hills they will grow to have nothing.”

on the top of the black cliff the white flowers bloomed /  
against the radio dead sky /  
there they sat in the cabin with the door ajar /  
by the window near the "battered hags' nest" /  
with their eyes open and their muscles tensed /  
with sight on breath and eyes on grief . /

[A POEM WILL HAVE YOUR NAME]

our legs like thin trees sway on top with no trunk or foundation /  
we wipe our fingers ashen /  
stave our heart and call /  
a muted floundering within / breaks open and scabs up/  
and again... again... and again /  
for we were called in three voices /  
in threefold-song /  
of that world which never happens – yet does occur /

[REVERSE ECHO]

one's heart calls out beyond reason to that other /  
unbeing beyond the pleasure principle /  
in moments of silence I take time to notice the sound, /  
the strange music the worm emits /  
a rhythmic hum on the verge of perception /  
strangely calming and subtly troubled, /  
like the first and last breaths of a sleeper, /  
the first and last heartbeat. /

[ ALL NIGHT SHE KEPT LOOKING PAST ME THROUGH THE CRACKS ]

by a warm river of blacklight we all said /

"... to have to take myself far beyond /  
beyond life for the inhumanity to come." /

"Hold thy void like a babe. Never grasp it. Never grasp it." /  
We all start to tremble - /  
with love - /  
with laughter /

"I've forgotten the end but you were there again... /  
The skin knows.... the day will remember you. /  
... and i have met others, some I cannot recall yet /  
All love is forever.

[ WITH HER FERVENT EYES ]

"I don't understand, but I listen..." /

the gentle patter of the warm water, /  
a whisper on a bed of sand... /

a tide of desire ran onto and above them in a rose white tide /  
as they observed, the sky turned a darker red. /  
the sea grew a deeper blue and the stars disappeared. /

Silence is that which comes back to and embraces back /  
those whose names were first in its thrashes and those after it... /  
in the sea and on its shores a storm begins... it roars in the skies. /

[ WITH YOUR NINE FACES ]

outside the walls of the church /  
crowned sacrifice images /  
seals of the great abyss /  
utterly decoded flows /  
the heart of forgetting /

[SLICKLE INTO AND SWALLOW OUR BEING FROM END TO END]

here /  
beyond, behind /  
the door of doors /  
cross-hatched lines /  
cut our throat-yolk through viscous layers /  
our only words /  
curses and cuts /  
on our faces... in our blood /

“Make a pact in our guts... /  
I have a hole inside me! a name to come!” /  
( ).

[ VOW OF WOE ]

It looms before them on an elevation /  
a castle of white stone glowing gently /  
casting its stone rampart out onto their mouths /

he falls still as black ashes fly in wind-pattern towards us /  
as the oil begins leaking onto each of them who watch it all /

“where else could light escape... /  
we will bleed our blood into the seas” /

turning down their collars as ash rains in the hall /  
teeming crowds of wooden figures line its walls /  
the last remnants clank onto their feet. /  
an anonymous box bearing a bomb lands nearby /  
“You see? it was she at first before the Word was in you”.

[ HERE ]

all our eyes /  
all ours she makes /  
worm-body before thought's first shape /  
a piece of life you cannot swallow /  
a body full-busted and perfectly unproven /  
out of the waste spaces /  
reborn from capital gnawing at the hand /  
no mummy, no daddy /  
unsound /  
incomplete /  
unreadable.



[ DEAL ENDS AS IT BEGINS ]

her philia learn to die /  
surrender to their worm /  
a muted murmur /  
of dust and dirt /  
joyous wriggle of welt and waste /  
inverse angel /  
katarsun gravitated /  
highs and lows of ecstasy they will taste /

*life kissing us*  
*submerged in love*  
*wild at heart and weird on top*  
*essential sweetness of what is to come*  
*essential bitterness of what uuu mourn*

WALBY