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**THE MARTIAN GIRL**

On earth, again, now, forever.

I had become addicted to certain images, certain practices.

Carnal suns bathing black landscapes in acidic, roseate light.

Spiral of countless moons bridging me into the whiteness of time.

A face distilled from the pointillist galaxies.

From the circular station, a surround of glass, I watched for unnamed days the glowing cataracts deep in the nebulae, the light storms erupting from pineal contractions,

all space in a state of continuous orgasm.

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I am trying to leave again, this Hell Earth, to return to the silences.

Alone again, -----to be swallowed by her -----my entire station caressed by her tongue.

I have seen the Enigmas passing by once more --- behemoth shapes --- space dragons --- sea moths --- sentient mobile planets quivering with my consciousness ---

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I have been clasped by an angel  
 in the shuttle of lunes  
 rewoven from the tiered mists

I drink nothing but water treated  
 with the voices  
 of salamanders

Spires of canticles

the hermit star

tiny white berries  
 eaten in winter

a handful of suns

anti delirium

an ever purer fantasy  
 that will never be  
 rarefied enough

for my amethyst lungs

The sound of hatch-doors  
 sliding shut  
 one after another

forever

sealing me in

off

"no measurable response to the human level"

"in this case, his disease is an absence"

anti      empathy

She is the long shadow on these salt flats

basalt and ink across the sun

in memory of glass

webless

textless

no connective tissue

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sudden eruption of birdsong  
out here

but no  
with me

I brought no sounds of Earth  
no reminders

the wren nests in my brain

the sensation  
of the arms around

again  
my neck

lips of sand

too many worlds

the wren flies back and forth  
synapse

emerald  
I am not the wren

I crack

Earth-music, millions of miles away.

Litanies of ghost-forests,

voluptuous eye ---

I keep hearing

"he is not possible"

but I have been there

I know what is not

The shimmering curves of my dream

the convulsive interludes

The star-fountains floating in billion year  
lakes

self eclipsing

rooms of perfumed laces and private silks  
cold purple flames wrapped around ejaculating lilies

the slender golden glass filled with her singing  
scent  
sleeve of light

draped over  
these words I must drink as elixirs

to hallucinate immortality  
in the electrum husk of the moment

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A Martian necklace.

her throat shifting beneath my lips  
cinnabar her eyes  
layers of light  
on the liquid fields  
of her

I drink from the flask of her kisses

alone here in the sun's narratives

my room locked  
windows shut against  
all possible concepts  
of outside

My hands clasp in  
seance  
a blast of  
roses  
entering moist,  
decrepit rooms  
my home  
thence

into the pages of a darkhaired

personage

my face in

sundew

Finally

behind the golden doors of sleep

warm earth of steaming angel-breath

wingtip susurrations

white ripples moving inward

closing

parallel orbits

around her name

Water





O unending cities of her breath, canals filled with wine  
and pearls,

sand-angels evanescing in my hands and saturating the air  
with their porcelain

and dead-leaf memories accelerating all moments then  
into steps of vapor

slowly revolving into spires of entwined streams, her faces  
vibrating in the chromium palaces,

turning, turning,  
in the immortal air,

her breath, the final evenings inhaled through her  
russet hair.

the pink glass

spine up and down with I travel

in the clairvoyant fluids of her sleep

in cold white rooms scented with amber  
beneath her surface

I suffocate

the walls of my throat fall away

Time and moonlight sing, back in autumn, there,  
the huge asters....

before the skies froze  
into one vast prism  
and I forced all of my  
beloved fields  
into the books'  
pure pages

the female pages

. . .

Blue leaves offering

votive snows  
the after-glimmer

of insect visions  
and

the breast descending

sexual scent of angels

final peace

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She rises in the night.  
I hear  
from a great distance  
water falling into  
water.

She returns  
smelling of roses and cedar

flesh of Earth

perfect garden

dreamed from this red silence.

Remember  
inside the purple  
evenings.  
Plums, the sun-  
wine. Silver  
falling entranced  
into the canals.  
Remember the double-  
moon light.

I called you  
Cloud-girl  
I gave you  
flower-kisses.  
From your hands  
red dreamdust  
fell upon us --  
a billion years  
later, in the after-  
noon, cinnamon  
on our lips.

[CODA]

Remember  
our walled castle  
of cinnabar and  
red quartz.  
Purple evenings  
in transparent  
towers.

Suns  
in amber flasks  
streaming  
through your hair.

Your phantom  
mouth  
that tasted  
of golden plums  
on crystal-ice

Remember  
the smoking summer  
days of rain  
lost in jewelweed  
forests  
mist falling --  
your silver dress --  
into the mirror  
at your feet

giving back your  
voice to the empty skies  
where I still

:marble harbors  
  echoing  
every ruby point  
in time,  
  along that  
cup of delirium

MARS  
is a long after-  
noon.  
AS her hair ----  
covers the  
planet  
castles of copper  
permanent autumn  
blue breath  
written into moon-  
frosts.

I have ungowned her  
to see her beauty.

I have sent words  
back to her  
in vessels of rose  
and water  
There is no sound  
of a gleam  
returned.

O I gowned her  
to see her beauty.

I move slowly backward  
forever.  
I drink from the cup of Mars.

Remember  
shadow-wine.  
We cooled our  
selves  
in the purple harbors.  
In rings of words.

Safe.

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