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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

*

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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