

SHOUTS THE WELKIN

by G Sutton Breiding

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SHOUTS THE WELKIN
Volume 1
Books 1 through 4

for William Breiding

" by a light obscure, dost rave "

-Andrew Marvell

SHUTTLE SEQUENCE

"silver silken sky
your name is space"

-James Schuyler

a beautiful
beautiful hybrid

a dark
dark hole inside me

filling with secretions
from an unnamed star

trying to hold on
to the sky

vessel down?

skies blank tonight
stars out-out
home?
the distant reaches all at
once all the time this huge poem
about to be
no more I
must return to sciencefiction

pages seen in a window from across
the rooms
one eye reading
half face
they all watch the skies

her bodies sparkled all over like
the sea above the sky below
her bodies sparkled all over under me
tonight I must polish her again

*

the house across the way opens
like a flower
burn cold dusk
inside this perfect helmet

leakage/ether tonnage

vessel down

don't tell me about outposts

a veil that glitters wandered more than 300 light years

"observatory

pre-pupa

ejecta"

heavenly bodies forsooth

*

15 what ago?

returning to you

with bread, milk, paper

things that were Earth

I loved you so much

O LAST MORNING TELL HER THAT

*

stark from sleep

swallowed by yellow

more and more I fear to stop

remembering the birds

inside the grey pearl

a chill remains

" you will see bejewelled cities floating"

my ass

all I saw were drops of poisoned blood

sparkling

all over the ship's lounge

*

sometimes I wake up screaming from

my worst nightmare image

a planet teeming with human beings

all shitting into white holes

at the same time

little springs and fountains appear
all over my skull

thundersqualls, elegance, sundew

septic Earth
threshold of recognition destroyed

UNheard
red cluster
thrusters dead

*

all space is flesh
albino female crawling across snows
eyes fragments torn from Mars

cry human
cry beauty
I am sciencefiction behold me
I am the light of ice moons
I am the head of night
Look up through the branches
look up
cry human cry beauty

*

the only solution is to crash land
maybe

it takes so long to cross the wasted
mind

look out on my world
up through
ankles and revelations
rapid brief and brilliant
sky inside zero
half turned
red heels

"the moon
how strange"

astronauts grinding coffee
postponing suicide
the foam of stars the cobwebbed helmet
haunted thunder of a long silence

in pitch black
dreaming of eggshell necks
supermodels of Alpha Centauri
smelling of persimmon and red vodka
oozing amber sweat
crawling drunk through the endless ship
remember lingerie

things being weird
power gone
something wet around
smear and flashes
scraps of orange
between moons

my head peels itself
a red plumb
dropping
cover me with your tongue
as I absorb you slowly for billions of years

what does it feel like I asked her
it feels like this she answered

*

dark lanes to Earth to
dark lanes of Earth to
dark lanes from Earth

space gone

faces upturned
hoping for an event like tomorrow

the white hole opens
and closes and opens
and closes

I have not seen the sky in years
we have breached the Dearticulates
self in winter on Algol

You would not believe the stench
here
what happened at Aldebaran?
I recall a dark silver face behind
a grid
ungendered weather
bad news
the wrong stuff
abstract mood figures
negative outpost
horrifying landscapes colliding
they all watch the skies
we turn slowly into pure sciencefiction

STAR TONNAGE

"dark constellations that have forgotten
the sky"

-Elena Shvarts

3RD TERRACE TANNHOUSER GATE
some things will not be purged
smell of burning cloth
Earth-nest, the billions
sugared breath of Time
memories shipped elsewhere
back there deep in the day
cinnabar rising into nothingness
beyond the odradek storms
it was a beautiful piece
memento of a colorist
where the wolf towers open
the twilight
sick robots howling back
at the sky

How long have I been running
around this room?
What does it mean,
this taste of icicles?
I suck woodsmoke out of wet wool
and my head opens
like the huge lace flower
of a radio telescope
a web of mirrors graced
by spiders of moonlight
I will build my shack here
and watch them
through the lengths
of pink bottles
I can feel my pupae
ready to open
this world un-nerves me
I am an idiot under the stars

What were the natal influences?
What happened?
Is it breaking down?
What of the Owl ships?
Are there enough capsules?
Beak and ovipositor the same
organ
We suck at the vials
of our fingers
Our eyes are artefacts
of the light-islands sinking
Is there time to reach the
Crofts?
Why did the ancients call it
the Ghoul?
the winds of mica closing
all at once
I am freezing
with a vision

in the smoked alleys of winter
the ghost of a moth
breaks my breath into cinders

wet silk
twisting out of the lungs
is blown into the river

beyond the World's light
is grey and pink
direct lines to the cityplanet

look up and inhale these fires
your past is salt
your streets are iron

there is no future word
when sciencefiction returns
toward these occulted pinnacles

the Vestibule jettisons
human hands, Indian pipes,
skin without light

a strange animal is born here
there is no myth for

The book told of a December
near the end
when robins sang and
leaves were still out and
forsythia bushes blossomed
like crashed suns

Rains came
mushrooms grew thick as grass
soft green lights filled the air
nymphs came dancing
exposing their wondrous skin

the music of unknown stringed
instruments could be heard
in all the distances
fires could be seen burning
like snow
in endless pine forests
that began to lift themselves
into the babble of dust canals
and thirsty alphabets

In the end the book told
they donned spacesuits of ermine
and gold lilies and
they walked up the gift of the
dark lane
into the last unforgiving
definition of beauty

SPEAK TO ME
of these grey lamps
these flannel doors
speak to me
of spirit kisses
of goldcovered books
speak to me of long
coats
when the skies came
and we pressed our faces
into the flesh of Jupiter
O song of mica sang
the Troubadour of Oid
I am the dark circles
around you
in the Sea of Moles
speak to me
of water-hearths
of texts occluded by the
black sleep
of the writing
on the scarlet wings of the
Empress
the corona of eyes
orbiting her head
her metal eggs blown
through time
into the open
mouths of girls everywhere

the unendurable prose of Terra
turned into tongues of cylinder glass
the dancing cubes
out here
in the cities of the plane
even the poetics of Obliquity
becomes an obviousness
more banal
than the death of silence
or these lines
Earth stinks of prose
the winter wren's narrative
weaves the ages together
rich and sweet
as the wicker sky
under the kaleidoscopes
of water
O Vega
mote this lyre
until it is a little cloud
of wet glitter
driving paragraphs to
suicide

space travel
star craft
farflung worlds
how Romantic
an endless Renaissance feast
of alchemical technomagicke
and light like a drug everywhere
in the empty reaches of time
falling like rain
on our upturned awestricken faces
to know the astered plains
was all we were
falling unconscious over
sheets of paper
awakening to snow
on the silver maples
look up
spells and wonders
half asleep in the afternoon yards
of high blue summers
the dark rumble grows louder
my shouts awaken
rooms underground
we are the grey children
asleep in the afternoon worlds
of deep blue frost
out here so far
you are the sudden sweetness
I pass through
so quickly
between the Light Poles
and the Shuttles
nothing
but old thoughts
O mother
donot leave me
here

Monday on Saturn: tell me
about Andromeda
call me home one or another word
means another
same place I knew over and over
about being alone in an echo
tell me about Venus the violet wines
the drugs and jewels the spiral faces
how slowly the lamp moves
across the room toward the moth

Sunday on Pluto: such a cold mouth
windows and hours pass birds and women
sing like pages turning into unexpected
journeys into the eye-mind beaming
each flutter of lids tearing open
another gash in the backtime wall
flyby Earth like a sigh falling
straight into Mercury tell me
tell me about Friday

in Moontown she wears a
pinwheel face
and casts a pink shadow across
derelict night
truly a poem
in her triangular hat
she wanders asking
who can say the difference?
her images are everywhere
statues and holograms and
dreamcandies
her hair is a mood
is time a gift?
outside the Dome I am true
to you
only disappearing do I live
I am floating to Metalpoint
everything must be passed over
in silence

her face in the depths of the
depths
always receding always visible
how long can I walk in this knee-
high dust
Eldorado, Cube Citty
are the hours a feast and a pleasure
I'm navigating continuous thresholds
doors gateways arches stiles
now
I have to walk backward
all the way
to the beginning
of this

my house is made of
Earthphrases
cats and books
solstice clouds
scarlet oak winds
doves and thunder

repast of her small
body on winter Sundays
under self-occluding
suns crushing her
rasberry lips in
cold rooms

she is made of pastures
and ice
black prisms
burning oracles
eyes beaming a
flock of waxwings
changing luster
beneath my breath

an arched window
an ear of corn
her miraculous
totality
the ability to
hover while sipping
nectar on the
long nightwatches
to Fomalhaut

I fell
into the Bay of Girls
Blood
the first cup tastes
best
Time is a Chinese fan
I shake my pencil
cup
smile up at the screen
of a million skies
a guest from the future
the one-eyed doll
walks bowlegged
through deserted parking
lots
mouth just open
by design
she breaks my hearts
then my neck
again
Pencils
Pencils For Sale

sky changes so fast
like the old twilights
watercolored across your canvas
and crowned with hypercastles
guarded by a wood
of black candles
and eye in each flame

where
deep in winter grasses
a dandelion
like the home sun of memory
now faintest pigment
finally smeared
when Mars came

I was alone then
watching the sleet of vessels
passing through
already faded to clear green

how many times
you broke apart over me
taking me all the way
to that unnamed star
I first saw
looking over your shoulders
into the Dome's maps

I was never inside you
so fast

donot wait for me
Penelope
between the Sirens and
the Harpies
I have died
between Rigel and Deneb
I have lost my way
I am become
a thousand asteroids
falling
into the Cyclops Eye
the back of my head
blown out
in silver cones
I am not the Navigator
I am the great pink boar
wallowing at Circe's trough
O Penelope
these are
my last//human//thoughts

Fiery angels fell
Sea-beams quarried
Questions
Incept dates
Too bad she won't live
Shoulder of Orion
Phosphor-songs
Dark lanterns
Buried in lagoons of rose

How the wind
Sparkles
In your Hair
Andromeda

lyrics of white
clay
you engraved
on the spine of suns
that curved
under
my unregistered hands

Haven't you been to
the Arx? seen the
clouds of voices
passing? heard the
blending beams at
the Scintilla Lash?

We loved
in triple mornings
nights ungloved
your fiery hands
dark vapors came
to darker plains
where astronauts fell
like empty pods

I
will give you home
and hearth
in this fair crater
made of emerald needles
to pin you to the moon

interior projects don't describe
objects
ethers chancres silences
but
time is real
that is what the worlds tell of
ornaments women baroque ships
perfumes thrown across rooms like
shouts
telepathic sex organs
of golden toads singing
to the endless spring

on backs of polished silver
the Prophetic Books of the Androids
at the Nuthatch Helix
configurations of nymphae
patter of words at the end of worlds
scarlet pears black figs silver grapes
kisses of blown glass from old days

sound your stars and forests
where black silk dreams in snow
behind harps of ice
a superior offering
she bespoke
of archaic mirrors
the Oids themselves
brought them
as I have stated
Troubadour
this is your biography
the ladder of particles
where you hear the shuttles
ceaselessly weaving
to and fro to and fro
all that is in between whiles

we are connecting craters
the sentence liquified
shepherd me now
in this last long minute
down the burrow of the Mole
to the sky's future

dancing in slow motion I move among
your particles when I emerge from
my hole into the cold bliss of you
I want to hear the lift-off explosion
of snow amidst the echo-flowers
a crack of blue up your spine I
rise from your gasp gulping fire
we are destroyed there is no end
to the universe

Investigations
into angels' voices
which have been heard off the
shores of Cetus
and the clapping of their wings
drown in the narthex of
moons
where thought is kept
the rituals of an ancient
homelife
read in books of circular pages
in snow burrows
where hearths
spill out of the stars
always half asleep in chairs
that don't exist
watching sciencefiction movies
that were never made

the red totem is swallowed
in mist
the hills donot rise
I sink
into hooves of ice
mornings wrap me
in their cold velvet tongues
on the way
to the far afternoons
where crystals of pear and song
form your face and melt
into sleep
moons and sycamores and chickadees
guide me
inside you
with your
tiny hands
that never
stop moving

COSMIC MINUS

I give birth to
a crevice in the
waifbook
a warm, moist gatefold
of legs
rising and opening forever
bending
deeper and deeper
into a dark corrupt physics

she is the great furnace
the redemption for all of this
a monster
dancing alone
in Pluto's light

From painted skies and cities
astronauts fall
like leaves
into the cyan crystals
of amaranthine snow-rings

Who is this you
I cannot stop talking to
your footsteps above me

Who is this she
of the golden seahorse dream
the lutes of your eyes

She is a cube of flesh
draped in glass lace
She quivers into shape
as our faces crash

at night the sky is the color
of cardinals

it's then
the mutants haunt me
with their most wondrous
doggerel

swallow me
I ask the sky
in the hovering beyond
give me
your sweetest lovemakings
words between planets
can you hear
planes of light between wingbones
where
sheets of ice move slowly
cover me
in your freight of gossamer
I ask the sky
let your hair fall
let your mouth come
home
to cling
I am that star you see
embedded in your throat
endless
absolute
dead

Don't look down
lamphead
gauzeface

only walk slowly
straight up
the skirt of the stars

return to darker
pastures
that hum and vibrate

with the unsalvageable
emerald hand
self-dredging your
brain

almost separate from
next and last
a connect of skin
between librarians and
surveyors

at the end of every
page
there must be a
miracle

beautiful girls made of
dust

my nerves
blow out of me
into the gold wires
of your throat

I rebuild you
marble and velvet
a vestigial mind
to drink cold grasses

a shout
is the sign
twigs frozen together
a place
where I shepherd
my eyes
and set candles
in a thousand holes
to light
your silver bones

inside
this thicket
of skies
I land
on a caustic plain
near the middle
of your face

approaching your archaic
mouth
I can see
all the way
to your knees
unbelievable
how the snow burns
like an unknown gland

I funnel nails into my forehead
a white beak in my brain
from deep in this month
I watch
dark birds
in a dark sky
over a dark river
human objects
like lamps and dolls
are sewn to me
however fast I flicker
between sky and wind

escape impossible
way back where every thought
is this
imbecile dream
how can I be so homesick
for so much
yet there I am
right in the middle of it

at the end of the telescope
shaking like an ice-vendor
I can't wait to lick her again
tell her
that nothing is relative
that
everything is the same everywhere
that one way or another
I'm going to degrade myself
and then her
and then disappear
into the black second
when the power goes out
under the shroud of
Fomalhaut again

O fabulous and poetic world
O planet of pleasure
the given feast
sugarstreams trickling
drugged air and flowered light
and maidens on their backs
everywhere
my little toys
a perfect uploading

outside the winter rains
a moon still
orbits
voices rise from the moss
beyond
crying out
for the way things used to
gleam

Moon I breathe on you
through your lilac veils
on your violet lips
Moon I take you every morning
my hands
on your cold irresistable
hips
I pull you back upon me
I ride blue jets
from your hair
until I am wedged
permanently deep
inside some crevice
of Saturn
a monk and his candle
drooling and gibbering

Porch windows float in the
worlds
red and silver beacons cut the
mist
glitter of rain all over
how its sound
merges and unmerges with sleep
Earth-faces
haunt the Deneb shallows
shadows of trees and women
birds laughing inside them
giant hands holding me in place
as her tail switches back and forth,
back and forth

Smell something?

Uh huh.

What?

Fomalhaut.

Fomalhaut! You can't smell a star!

I can smell Fomalhaut.

It took me so long to get to these poems
that I thought I was writing.

Now I read them in this final ivory light
and cannot even imagine their existence.

Skin of my eye
eye of my skin:

I take you in dark brackets
under the flowing fields
the ship of Sundays glides
cooing around me in
an infinite halo

I took you in bright thickets
behind the clouds
my mouth filled with
the vast shout of these pages

Hermit of the stares
such songs you dribble
sucking on moss and gristle
spitting out the silver drops
of the days

to any scraps of starlight
found bending over
the dark gash of your face

In the Spectrum Windows
a persimmon mist
the blues and whites of heaven
her eyes and skin
aster and chalk
your coat turned inside out
French antique linen
sable and lilac
in gullies and breaches
where I find you
passing by
permanent taste
of rust and avocado
derelict flicker
of chatoyant red

Ships of luminous lace move toward the moon
carrying statues of robots
and jars of angels
Can I spell it out for you?
I fret over words and flesh
with sick obsessiveness
I had thought to live forever
I am a flash
on the mind of Tomorrow
Aliens everywhere
stares are blank
witless glazed
these rabid vertigoes of haggard lines
sinking into dotage
pits
an addlepate's notebooks
left behind, un, un
chimaeras of amnesia
appear through sieves
by a side wind
from zinc and copper skies

jittery birds
obsolete senses
behind your back
empty sounds dead letters
I negate everything
but clouds and hair
the many holes of Syntax
the bright silhouettes of thunder
I will eat the dark
grammars
of your Martian tongue
and spell everything
inside out
for who can see the past?

All these mingled perceptions
of childhood
nature and spaceships
lilacs and galaxies
astronauts falling and foxes
dying in the snow
satellites and screech owls
observatories long gone
summer afternoons drugged
with words
an hour of peace lost in
distant systems
a moment of freedom
spring on Jupiter
the fountains of Mars
lakes and caves
where strange beings lived
winters incredible with ice
and blue silence
deep winds

I wanted to stay drunk
on the milk of images
the moon the moon the moon
a leper's hand reaches for mine
it's raining over in Sciencefiction Town

the weight of the abyss
like a feather fallen from Pluto
or
moths of light
at the edge of the universe

my mother is white marble
cracking all winter
long

I am sewn
to the tall coned hat
of the simpleton

my spells are stolen
from the sapphire-velvet robes
of drunken wizards

I must discover
how to be here
when none of this
exists

blue lilies of failed alchemies
my garnet Diaries shattered in the sun
Mondays gibber
tincture cyst heretic
I hang from your lips
like icicles
I swim in your cold grey eye
I pour over pink maps
eating drugs by the handful
a telescope of flesh stares at me
who has read the Odes To Antares
who has heard the Ballad of 6000 years
the Farmers have left Jupiter
with torn afterimages of
myself
splitting up into birds and moths

I am deep in retreat
running from my visions
backward into the
heavy light
pouring
from the clenched
hole
in my forehead

Had burrowed into the bloody brains of
Spacetown
post-Astronautic reeling
in the Fireflies
Alchemist there saw
the shiverings flashing forth
from the dark Beheld
I push a tablet into my flesh until
black Mars rises
what they saw
the scintillant vocables of
Existence itself
Helmets
rolling down mountains with
heads still inside
the endless
scourgings
Falsity of the reports

Since then wriggling
through meat-tunnels
ever deeper into septic hours
wracked and spastic
insideout the grey
pressed against

Then on my way back an
errant signal captured with
one message
EARTH NO LONGER EXISTS

This room then
ice and stars
and she is out there
greeneyed, ambered, morningfaced and
dreamlimbed

Some don't make it back
the words are too caustic
like the corrosive nectars of Io
and trying to re-call her ringlets
a thousand gold colonies falling
about her hands
an angel chasing moonshadows
etching her name
all across the mirrors of childhood
O glass dragon
O drake of voices

through transparent trees
I can see her skin of milk
and roses
moving
with me
as if it all mattered
I shout the words
back to Earth

I awaken
out there
spitting pieces of
paper
into the room

Everything exists
out there

throats of sky and marble
clear maps mantled with messages
female artefacts
continuous vertigo
forsythia and crushed flesh
double galaxy spinning
fast
bodies exploding in darkness
no memory recalls
me
nothing
in my eyes to see
words are mine
a red smear
across my helmet
shit of Mars
blowing everywhere

the chimes were in my brain
you said
not the chiming but the chimes
so I fell
asleep into the sky
swallowed by the siren voices
of dead stars

maybe eye-shapes too
you said
clusters of faint blue circles
deep in Sunday nights
or birdlike shivers
this wan crucible of faces

I attempted to train myself
to remember
the words
red and gold
hillsides far below
arc of times
this shimmer and burn

All were wrong

tossing and ranting in
sickbay
dumbfounded tongue of
entities
this casket of yore
triple suns
black lips of inside
noise reversals into
the book's middle
go there
flesh remains
speak program
phrases of fur and lilac
X earth
strange theater
spiral influx
stars and tears and aliens
vestige
of a cold alphabet

womanoid

"I'd like to meet you some day, in a place
where the sky is purple."

-Roger Zelazny

What am I doing
thinking of you at the beginning
of every page
your face appears
everything that is beautiful and pale
a sun of snow
at the tablet's horizon
and always I lower my hands
through infinite worlds
to seek your image
across the spines of so many books
the voices of so many lamps
telling of your anklets
of blue light

What am I doing enmeshed
in all these whispers
parking lot observatory excavations
somebody tapping a stick
in the walls
that was your love
a past of receding neon
a landscape of snails
simplex transference
flow out of my ink
simulacrum
in my head
crashed all alone
went away for the weekend
and didn't bring me back

I slice this pear of winter
light
to remind me of your slow
curves
the endless taste of sugar
at the lone outpost
of your crevice
I fly
straight up
singing

to your pileated hair
your bodies' radical symmetries
at the center
of this point
smelling
of ink and semen
gashed onto the end of days

I am your cult of 1
this siphoned pear
now
is sweeter
than ever I could have imagined
I am still fucked up in you

your eyes are the galactic
windows of blue ice I
press my tongue against
in the swift passage of
these winter minutes

all signals bend to you
vibrating
like a web of struck light

I surge and fall and surge
through ten million holes
your fingers have made
in the endless cusp
of this dark miracle

the jetblack mirage of
the infinite spread of selves
my lips on the skin of space

where
I thought to find
the astral oasis
and you waiting
at the Bottcelli Nexus
making the tachyons dance
a note struck forever
in the breath of Venus

your lips move invisibly
O Dark 1
take me in your mouth
rub your black salt
into my eye-holes
this is all there is
right here
this rotting pillow
I un hinge you everywhere
put you back
into your boxes and cylinders
between the years
all except the planet
of your head
and the skin of your
buttocks
which are worth empires
to the slavekings of Arcturus
who keep both bear and honey
jealously locked
in the deep sphinxes
of their hives

I don't care what
you're made of
steel mimosa ammonia
photons sand impulses
drops of ink
untold simulations

Just be
a white moth
sucking
forever

Just be
still and dead
like the moon

from the deepest corners of my porch
I watch you passing
with all your quirks and spasms
haunting Earth
with your sheets of words
remembering old days
of factories and mines
black rivers burning scarlet
in the corroded hollows
of your fabulous face

you have since forgotten flights
to the Hyades
and the Great Watersnake
through the Long Light
lying next to me
a slender green statue
with my shadow

I long to waken and taste
your small sweet tongue
if I could but get
your parts to work again

dark bees hive in me
making the syrups
I will drink through tubes
of ice
before transferring
into your every mouth
as you watch me
with the high speed mirrors
of your eyes
from deep in some trip
you once took
comatose with interludes
when you woke up screaming
in that time of expanding polyps

I AM THE FLAMESKIMMER

I AM THE POEM ITSELF

Simulation
with her head flying
off
hands running over
the double sky burning
with alien ships

Spaced days in revolving
rooms
fountains of pink
birds twelve feet
halfmoon sleep of quills
and nails
thirty minutes of alchemical
panes

Turning around
fast enough to see
our afterimage
my head flies off
and lands on you

Rising up shafts
harsh against
echoes
this strange tongue
mornings
burnished with robins
long absence and
Sundays
gesticulating wildly

There are no roses on Earth
only
these cold lilies
of
your forgotten stars

I think
I sang to you
in kitchens
long ago

to burrow into your
bowels
I ran halfway into
the Crater of Eyes
you unspoke me there
the only one blue within
blue
single finger I slipped
in you dry
all worlds burning
at once, coldest
skin alive, yours
made in foundries
long ago, old-fashioned
you, the succumber
the lie-down model
everything opening at
once just enough

glass gondola in the
dust canals, I
court your moons
and fly between
them, devouring
your candied shit
with a last howling
hunger
scratch, flicker
whisper backward
consolations of your
head,
here,
winnowing me
in silence between
the long sleeps

I'm having sick fuckedup
visions
of consonants and female humans
lips move, words crack
like ice in the sky
blue ships pass across your face
like an illness
deepwhite to violetoaque to
clearruby
complex and obscure fittings
all the faintest lift-stirrings
and mysterious glimpses
up your skirt of fading
signs ---
no paragraphs dripping
from your smooth cyborg cunt

your dead tech kisses
were always the best
melting in the cold
pink depths of your mouth
sweeter even than
Ganymede's sphincter
poets of all levels sang
to your liquid metal
implosions
that precipitated the
Red Hole journeys
that stopped many a
word in the jetting
taking off your suits
of flesh one by one
you smelled of cedar
and cats and wild
mushrooms, like I
ran all the way to
the moon, my
ventilators rippling
in hyperspeed under
your superfactory
blowjobs
Little Star, I
workshopped you
to Procyon and
back to get you
to this image
you finish me off
and stammer on and on
for decades about
idiots and
love
and whole galaxies
made scarlet
by your disease

Psychological Mars
falls from your hair
dark kaleidoscope
of you facedown
your skin's mordancy
chrome red words out
of control

Sweet Mars dripping
single ruby drops
into this mirror
spooked
by the concrete starlight

Speak to me
now
in days of rain
and shadow
dreams
in cryptic dusks
your smooth fissures
upside/down
self-sealing poems

it cries
like a cat
lost in the pink
velvet of a girl's
mind

it gleams

the dark matter
I pull out
of her

cracks
deepen

it is almost
you

wife-double
your lips are
everywhere
your blue skin
bound to this
helix of silence
your frozen be-
jewelled brain
rises
like the memory
of the skypoems
I wrote on
March mornings
as I watched
bright flashes
pass across
your face
with its strange,
strange smile

it was you
who believed the
alien gesture
inside the dream
of golden fishes
your endless purl
enthralled me
with layer after
layer
of lunar shimmer

7 million years
since passed
we reached
the Hyacinth Towers
that rise forever
and plunged into
the ringpools of
space

when you looked
back you cried
the porch!
the mist!
the curtains!

albino Asian model
whose every nuance whispers
Come
take me build me break me
open me close me
I am succumbing itself
the velvet water your hand caresses
the sands beneath your feet
the elegance of slavery
my criminal whiteness
a thousand years of submission genes
programmed to offer
all of my holes at once
wheels of arms and legs
turning round and round
come
feast on my narcotic
figs
come
listen to my suckings
I am the last word
in pure poetry

her voice
a painting on glass
gold moss of December eyes singing

so many
so many strange worlds
yet to come

LYRA

"Come on through
Come on through
The stars are waiting there for you."

-Tom Hawkins

Sciencefiction
is the word for glamour

it's about portents, signs, wonders, marvels,
gestures, lunes and gizmos
it's about oracles, empires, omens, figments
and fragments of artefacts

it's about backyards
half moons
the wind in the curtains
dark lanes filled with longing

here
where frogs sing
and hermits grind their teeth
on spring journeys
begging for an answer
Whose stars are these?

Sciencefiction
is the physical world
of the imagination

I don't want to be a planet
any more
even the honeybees leave my face
out side life
in alien mirrors
caustic shadows
drip
from bookless shelves
in side this cocoon of
needles
I vomit and pass out
ultimate spleen
absolute bile
hackles of nausea
rising and rising
the Saturn sickness
is weaving me backwards
silver lakes passing over lilac worlds

Screaming robots star
across
a landscape of fires
it flies now
it's gone
no monsters
no winds
childlike feeling
poems
blind the cyborg's eye
memory
of wax nights
framed in ornate gold
yet
I hold myself tittering
at this impasse of light

the purpose is to be as recondite as
possible
to breakdown point or beyond
in order to achieve the goal
to enclose the page in hermetic thickets
of gilded quills and porcelain eyelids
moving slowly
into enflamed craters
where we will drink
the piss of Saints
at the edge of the Coalsack
and under the black burlap
the flare of poems
inside
turning, turning

jolts of silence
like a diamond
when I touch you

the universe sparkles

fleets passing by
one by one
a room

full of gyroscopes
and extinct verses

startled
arrangements of holes
and eyes

robots and mutants
designed
to acquiesce

endless gloss of Saturday's
head
blown off
through the rough door of Monday
the Poet removed
faster than sleep

antignosis
narwhal flight
lunar gnomon
one must not dream sciencefiction
one must be sciencefiction

violet pearls, white velvet stars

the blown
sleet
of generations

of un-Earthed angels
with
crystal feet

I feed on memories of Hyperbole

configurations
of haloes
around a throat
the crackling sex
of
double suns

tongues out there
fleets coming in from Subspace
texts

on the nature and origin
of intergalactic hallucinosis
up above

a vestigial aurora
sucks
at my brain
a
blue density
of astral drift
footprints
left
in the air

currents or omens of a dying
color
infested maybe pleated
the other 1 ill
krakenlimbed
between
the windows of the day
and
the windows of the night
every sleep I dream of plumbing
the Aldebran Leak was spongiform

Voice
itself
the entity
falling from the sky
of
crumbling thought
half words
like the slightest twitchings
of grubs
in the hard harsh winter
of fragments

back there
the whole sky rises
over
my wife
when her wings tremble
and her feathers stand on end
in her mouth
wide open in ecstasy
the mirror
of new constellations

on the other side of the poem
it was her world

my hands were sand on her shores

events melt
horizons whisper
redsilver she flowed
purple green she folded
lookback Earth
how long
to shut it all down

remember
the necklace of planets?
remember
the rags of the Troubadours?
remember
the spine curving back
on itself
around the mirror of the moon

once
light deep in hills of cider
and sweet flesh
rotting now
at this longforgotten outpost
in the dark nest of the sky
a long, long
time
between stanzas

Talismanic volumes sparkle in the
night

pinning
images to pages thick with rain
a
gesture

in the middle of a
hand
spinning in blue ink

My candles flare brightly here
Surely
a moth of human flesh will come
surely
it is 4 a.m.
somewhere else
in the universe

Strange noises from long
ago
surface out there
Hark the light
this field of diminishing tongues
solace of rooms then
enough to do
investigating ear-whorls
and the sung diaries of
mermaids

a silence so deep
she shivered and splintered and
became my poems

circular and revolving

watching me
like a white deer
from the moon

all I can remember
the great dreams
the great loneliness
a place to stop
lips of the superclusters
tonight
are the hallucinations

O dark and bitter stars
O cyborgs drunk on the universe
your mothers' tears run down your
faces
30 years
spent searching for this tongue
with roots
in the hydroponic
tanks of sciencefiction

IMPEARL

impasse of paper. consciousness crushed gold.
O speak to me now rose of foam
silver the wasps that drink at
this pear of light
your voice in me listening
to the half words
mesh of purple branches rising
into the sweet cold hours
before the end wind comes

STARBENT red
circles your
dazzling
grammars
howl me to
the gist of
insanely distant
systems
through the
ballads of the
ice-monsters
floaters off
Altair
rip at fragments
until the stillness
falls
small and perfect
in my hands
this thousand year moment

Rising moonward
over desks
gleam of vessels waiting

the breath of darkling suns
moves our shadows across
the welkin

rising homeward
childhood
turns around its
massive head to
stare

Whenever I look out of my spaceship I see
you in my window,

Whenever I look out of you I see spaceships
in my window,

Whenever I see spaceships I look at you out
of my window,

Whenever I look out of my window and see
spaceships I see you,

Whenever spaceships look at you,

Sang the Astronaut.

"and wrote till Earth was but a name"

-John Clare

SHOUTS THE WELKIN
VOLUME 2
G Sutton Breiding

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SHOUTS THE WELKIN Volume 2
Books 5 through 10
collectively thought to be known as "The Dogstar Diaries"

for The Hand of Hopita, may It yet grip me

the wailing, the crashes, the blaring, the beat

Roger Zelazny

THIS MY EMPERY

Skyers
found me
bristling with urchins
in the pool of everywhere

spat
me out into you
eclipse and dotage
of mornings' bright
piers
of colonnades
rising
to
the rubble stations

evenings'
white stretched to blue
furred light
naked android girls
my delirium tremens
split
signal
ETA dead

stark raving moons
looking into a doll's crack
your
dewy surrender is my radiant
idiocy
slowing me
down to lightspeed
working me
like a pileated
O how I rot beneath you
singing
of Pluto's coolness
all the way down
your dark hard throat
to your starsick soul

it is me that is shouted

basalt tongue hanging from salt
pillars across the flats

eyes
blasted out
mineral ecstasy drowned in green
windows

Look
the moon is in the streets
Look it's raining
astronauts

You are there after all
aren't you
on the dark side of womb
your belly coruscating with never
to be born
empires
so visions will come
I'll cosset you until you are
undulating
the always craved
a piece of fur
the voice of the Moon's back alleys
face down and
spreadeagled
ripe for ripping
apart
spewing paragraphs
angel fuckedup on Jovian
downers
red vodka, lightsuckers
Plutonian bloodwreckers
200 years is plenty
to
split open a stanza
like
a pair of thighs so I can
see

200 years of sleep and waking
up alone
in an unidentified region
Mercury bright turned on I
pry myself
open
still confounded by a dream I
was
smack on Earth
a continuous mis
reading
of dead images
suspended
in a cyanide light

looking up
through the brain-
hole
I
net the moon
for a dark kiss
smelling of wet skies

such daintiness
galaxies,
and the daughters of astronauts
pirouetting
everywhere

release now the purple sun
release the wind-drops
and bind me to my stars
with the dark smut of your kisses

bind me to your hand in space
I am not ever far enough ever
in your alien breath

reside in me un
twist it out
till I can again
sing
from you
spaceship
here in the depths of Titan
forever

Spacestation Blue3
told me to unhive

they had planet fever
throwing dandified signs from the sound
carriages

I fell from no sky
to a place of black rocks and stars

seething I listen
to the clicking eyelids of Dolls
silver and orange I react
listing fleets
in the galaxy's north seas
harsh things to come

I SMELLED YOU ON THE MOON
burning
in the silk and ivory darkness

O kiss my idiot lips
I am poetry's dotage
king of the wordless
pumping away
at the faces
in blown up craters

they used to call them fireflies
but they were never
inside
back then
if
you like
you can watch me move
furniture around
but later
now
I must play with my dolls
just remember
the old truism
the man who fell to Earth
was a woman

now
I will become rain now I
will communicate among
interiors
endless sun cry no desire to
be
final messages slow as silk
words such as
alien
starships
launch the dark
into the void
our superfuture un
moored
continuous riotous mutation
pure
narrative orange
windows of undertext
about to enjoy
a
perfect
womanoid
moment

Even less than a Visitor
from the farthest
archipelago of galaxies and
thought
do I
know the words

this planet
which stinks of shit and
dead things
should have been a flyby

no more beyond
the blank verse
I hit
myself
with future books

the flight of cold wings
humming
around my head

the air is thick
with your unspokenness
a glimpse of orange through green
cloud

strings
of twilight water music
broadcast
across these solar folios

fragments of alien
flying
past the viewport

on the velvet streets
of the moon
I am revealed

and know
that I will never be

brainroom torn open to the
sky
the words are mine, if it snow
on Neptune the goal
is permeable impenetrability
rainsparkle on midnight
planets, subpoetry, chromeplated
a rogue lyricism un
forgiving and
inhospitably seductive
paperism
the inscrutable
crumbles and shards
of olde Earth smelling
of
thundered sapphire gulfs
where
eyes deep in light
turn open to that
sky

THUBAN IN DRACO

A wave in Space is nacreous
music
Balladeers' long fingers reach across
to catch them
one thing compared to another is just
like that

I have woven so many moons together
this way
to be kept alive
as long as possible

a blackazure shift will jack
atrophy up
to
an atrocious Beauty

Proxima Centauri
keeps her promises

Speak to me
blue sunflowers

Speak to me
ancient pastures

My beams
play in the mist

beside
the floating pools
embedded

in the text

it-
self
consciousness
un
fettered
in
finite
ec
static

it
must be
finished ere
the Lightbenders come
and
the drugs wear off
although
I know the message tubes will never
make it back
to Homelanguage

I
think of the violet beads
gleaming
in her pure skin
and
her dark wet fruits
she
was the ultimate unit of being
secret of antiworlds
fled
opposite the sun and beyond
the lightcones
of an adhesive insomnia's
twittering
eyes

to this
it is not mine
to define
the tongue's way
not
with these trillions
of words
abounding
it is mine
to corrupt
them
until they mean a thing
that is

straining
under the impulse
to bring it out
the cold thing
crippled
with the longing for drainage
I am ill
with an old, old
light

looking up
through ice-
holes
to the big pink flame
still coming
to grips
with the Altair System
I
am ear-
sick

having heard
the song of the clouds
and dreamed the dream of Space
a
blue pear
gleams
and drips

I am twitching nigh Andromeda

hundred-armed Troubadour!

lay down
your spastic lutes
everything is manque
space howled
cuntdark
the hour
you splintered
and your words missed the ship

your
eyes defected and displaced the Chroma
how
many scripts inside
your
still escape configured
to reach
"HER"
at 15
enamelled and deepcherry

dimensions of bliss un
folding
at a note
un
til
usurper dementia arrived
with
visual authority
a perfect Gaze
through a thousand years
ill

now
who is to travel under
these
druggy skies
now
who is to find
the stars
again

when your alien lips open
and you take me into
my most un
recognizable place
I twist out
of everything I don't know
I slap myself and bash my head
against
your
delicacy
I could not have guessed
your frangipani shape
afloat
on a sea of clear water
while I am below you
ever
a dimwitted
trasher of words and worse
your beauty
I
want to waste on a thousand worlds
thrashing
in
my tank of frozen ether

How like a candle you appear
as we approach
your black mouth
enthroned in the cluster's center

intense blue and orange wings
spurting
to plasma velocity
5000 lightyears
a massive object that emits nothing

of its 3000 billion
swallowed
stars

to create the tiny flower of your body
amidst
the howling and roaring
of galaxies

This
sciencefiction wind
seen in hermetic sleeps
across the vesselfields we knew
that
lifted us
into the faces of the metal ones

wave travellers carrying fragments
of
the last Earthpoems
in tubes
of imperial silence
to
the Troubadour stars
into
the raging mouths
of the hermit-monsters
of M87

What a beautiful word you are
courting the impossible end-
phrase
in yellow nights
clusterquirks
in the musical bones of your face
bringing
this pure shiver
most astonishing mannerisms
walk as if dancing I thought

you would never come after all the sky-hurtings
the Leviathan railing
trysts in vats of black semen
flesh rantings of inscrutable womanoid grindings

but you come
for millions of years
safe in your silver lips and etherpink eyes
your asteroid burrows filling me
with the gleamings of black moons

now
sleep in this abode of signage
we will pass by all the summer planets
in a flash of gold
to the cold dark places
of old

I can hear already
the incoherencies raining
from
the green ice clouds of home

the Behemoth waiting at the end of
Pluto's alleys

faceless clones smelling of the
inconceivable

haunted by bees from Earth
spinning around throwing poems out of your eyes

archetype of the luster-texts
then, portalled into her name TOMORROW
trapped in turning light-
wells
a seizure at the cleft
pulped the lyric bent
into
space foam rising

a shift of arcpaths
a dourlessness
but in which mind

a star-letting
a triangular orbit

From the mirror of Vega

I sing

it back to you

trees and wind and snails
are all under you
always trying to say the thing
some thing with-out
saying it all say what
halfmoon presst against main port
what came out of the star-making machines
singing
the last throat
stuck open
god of poetry
hanging out loping and
rotting
with the rest of the Mutes
in clubs
of stratospheric cliche

always
terrified of lightyears and
gestation periods
only
her head got teleported well
I couldn't help it her
teeth were in my eyes
anyway
I can find a new
stump for her
somewhere
in this slum

Things happen in the Long Time
Dialogs split into monologs
Stenches come from nowhere like 3RD winds
Cracks and holes get into everything
The computers scat obscene declensions
Splat-sounds on the outside
Frozen artefacts wriggling
Sucked off by a holomnem
Red flashes chronic
Half stuck in heavy time
After damage by hallutes
Trying to exchange myself
In the extended Saturdays
I play with Martian dolls
Skinned in white velvet
Coruscating with blacklight
Even as I pass over plantoid dumps
Glutted with last century's models
Uncountable tonnage of blue metal
Perfumed sapphire rubble, blinding gold trash
And viscous purple seepage
In the blinking cells with slow grace
Infinitely selfcreating a female
Supercity berserker cunt
That will realign this stardrift
To correspond with these phrase-convulsions
And brain-arms thrashing
Against the bone-helm
To let out summer's memory,
Alas,
Of courtesans
Writhing in their snowy meadows
What a Long Time

glare of the Iris chain
banked off a thousand violet rings
that sang
my sky my sky
why
have you brought me to this brutal
day
of
screaming pilot paranoia
crashed
into space itself
flailing against the outside hull
horror of pure existence
in my head eternal
the stars' jeremiad

Motherbird
your lap of lilacs
brang me here
a word
fleshsoft as this soundless drift
fall and lift
of
skirted worlds
your light he sings to dress her
and shakes her wings
in shivered thrust at the morn

Marvel
at the end of Lyra
and this spill of glow
from kitchened windows
that I dare not caress unless
I wish to dust it all
thought to thought unbridged
and dew-rills, under,
of dark ether
darker still
celebrations of your face
below me catching all my hundreds
of
licks

O Motherbird
uncraft the me-poem
glass of maps
this nightness
marvel, marvel

sister vessels
Thuvia and Harue
midway in their voyage
to New Sybaris
deep in the Barsoom system
paused
at the Red Grid
to consult
the Fragmenta of the Space Mystics
and to hear
all the new rubaiyat of Troubadour Oid

at revels' end
the messages appeared
and moved around and round
the orbiting screen

Sky, you are mine Text

Experience innerdimensional expansion facilities

Spread The Weave

and

excorciate to pure

Euphonia

O cigarette glowing across time
O light of the breasts of finches
candles burnt to death
space creaks open

blue river empty
of
Earth
at the casements of your world
staring
into blocks of homesky

read me Andromeda
fold me in shout me out
it's a dark tea day all
day a wren sings
under ice
I dream of narwhals
and
long white fingers
amidst
bright chronons

in the company of clouds and
cyborgs
and
the gold female seahorse
from Unlight
I rest
and extrapolate
wordfrom
wordfrom
word

You
moonling of dreams
your hair is cloud
your mouth is many
sing me your kneewings and
throatgills
sing me your 6legged lullabye

come wonders and beauties
come lyric contagion
take off
your cymar of starlight
and
show me your indigo thighs
show me
the wet sheen of moonstreets
across
the flash of your back

You
nectarelle morena
unassemble your verses
and drink down this mead of Arcturus
tonight
all I can give
these projections
off the westcoast of Draco
the chair of the Drunkard
I pilot
virtuoso
in
a castle
of
seahorns

no sooner ensconced than
the burning begins
vertical penetrations through nerve and
bowel
multiple spines whipping and never deep
enough
into the hard space of you

to say the unseeable
when prose-lesions take over
I recall
a blue porch on the Moon
words scratched out on the stratosphere
beings in light-ropes carrying transparent books

your sweat was
pure black
acid
we
crashed together
our
foreheads
becoming
a single dead satellite
thrown
from orbit

a high-water mark never surpassed
these
countless billions
of
tiny years

a
new supply
of X-scrapers
brought
flashbacks hard and fast
my portion is you
who are these mystic children
trilling
under mushroom suns
the wine never runs out
when
I come back up
your throat
spit me
into your hand
rub me
into your cunt
capture my imagination
before
the empty ones of Algol
remember
who gave me
this

I am
a mighty sick dog crying
at the moons
choked
on red ink and moth dust
and you you are cold
harbour wave after
wave
of dead color
come backcome
back ceiling
I want to stare at you
some more
like
a dying astronaut
in the
whitest reaches
of
nameless galaxies

SONGS FOR THE EMPRESS OF REALITY

Each
bird star river

every cry remains systemic
dark stems in winter sewing
themselves
to the hot gashes
of sliced white crystal
unsealing
their throats

Each
kiss lick hair

every mirror comes to pulp you
and there
I caulk myself back into the world
listen
to the slow rhapsody of cloud-clocks
as you grow
beyond belief
in structural complexity
the humanoid tumor
who will keep me company for many an aeon
and at full throttle
while under

Each
breath candle fingertip

every mechanism displays itself
for my playing around with
before
alien death squads
come for us
in the guise of android angels

somewhere in sleep

I push myself
facefirst
through
sickening paragraphs
to get to
Quoth

how I miss
your
little
coos
while stroking your anal fin

my tongue digs
for
raw gold musk
meeting in reverse
I
lick
the back
of your Afternoon Head
in
plum and blood
Space

pink on white, with
2
good cleavages

a cold blue sky

your naked silver body
cools me
through the hottest reaches

the scent of blue planets
you carry
whispers
of rainpianos
long clusters of pure white seed

a cry not human
brings
dreams
of gold bats
at Pluto

a knocking on water-doors
so far away
only
can be heard
by
the deaf angels

I shake out the stars
from the gourd
of my head
filling the air
with
pink edged silver
constant shock of girl-
words
the pleasure of prosepoems
yet
this flash of human
deems
me forboding
after
the blind whores of Eo

Bring me Mousegirl 14
right away

Garlands of light are bestowed on my evenings
by a ruby hand

Nymphs bend over like flowers by the boiling
river

Plums sweat ink
ancient salts
and Mercury
jet
from the spine
of the upthrust sky
Time shivers
on a deepblack skin
sheathed in gold chrome

I will loot the worlds to get my fill
of alien poems

and lower myself
to
this cyborg mouth

I
suck on your fingers
through
the pool of memories
no wave
returns
your
spiked hair
a gorgon star
your
body a madman's dream
draped
in lace and nails
albino mermaids could never be
as pure
nor the blood of lilies
colder
only
the sweetness remains
a goldcoated pink
pill
stamped
with your name

she dresses like the sky
inside out
naked blue
turning amber in exotic ways
when the ill star sinks at Cloudport
between her legs a million
universes
ripen
the real language
yet to be
undressed
I seethe
this poem
eats me headless
. under Libra

when space splits
all along it's been a problem of
perception
now it's the same
difficulties
seen from behind
an unsettling organic movement
down there
like the memory of the Librarian's
buttocks
quivering
in the nectarous air of books
at
certain speeds

the words break up
oracle and emprise
darken
into old school Melancholia
I

shout down the Emyrean
to
the Red Seer
there's not much left I can take
here
because I'm sick and scared
best
send me back
I want to see

that
cleavage again
stretching
all the way to Ganymede

the ships in your eyes

my strangelet
your collapsed remains
freaked with pink

your thundered gossamers
assimilating
all this
thought music
I

collect your whispers
to hold me
as when

the sky is different
each time
I

see it
why must I crumble at this your
membrane

a carapace of gold
undulating
at
the flare of jets
from
the rose of Gattaca

found stuck up some droid
bitch's butthole - guess she
clinched and wouldnt un -
purposely or not cant say -
really not stuck by the time
we found him - PULPED -
that was the night we got so
exquisitely fucked up -
transparent fish-geishas -
halfleopard girls - old school
lamias- wild night! - to be
sure and you know thats what
Pluto is all about - flesh
is the limit once the mind
is gone -

turn over
spastic night
lift
your incredible ass
and speak
your twitching syllables
as
I crash land over and over
into your roseate sink
coming
from behind this
language
I spread the tiny mounds of your
meaning
and
slash at your bindings
with
unrelieved ferocity
until nothing is left
but
the vertigo
of
early evening
in pools of dark perfume
until
I rise from your robot silence
still spewing
a
scrap
of vestigial gland
untenable
in
a
plumcolored light

its
secret tongue brings me to
the Lookback Tales
through
these vales of stars
like
dewdrops on slow portals
I
pass through robes and triangles
of
scarlet opening into scarlet
until
I reach a frozen room
your
shadow passes like Jupiter's spot
into me

and
your long white chemical arms
hold me
beneath the waterfall of your golden kisses

when
you cross-section
childhood explodes
through 10,000,000 layers of sleep
your 3RD hand covers my body
feeding me the sweets of
your
deathless perfect sex

cyberowls and human females
still come
to me in dreams
through the long cryonights
you keep sucking
long after I am
dry

looking
through
your automaton windows of sleet
and meteors
not
1 glimmer of soul
stumbling
across stark raving landscapes
of
syntax dementia

I
remember
you
when deliciously pretty and dripping
all over the place
eating
your imperial Mind
coming on bridges
sleeping
in nectar-spheres
deep
in the moon's
Chinese gardens

something
reminiscent of home
another planet rising from your
heads
deep space treachery with fiery gems
angels
foaming
from retorts
electrum eyeballs beaming
voices
never before encountered

aspects
seemingly
something
weird sick alien
intelligence
provenance ubiquity
horrifyingly sexual
like
Sundays used to be
when
your powdered sugar mouth
locked me up inside a
woman
on the television screen

ancient history
when your little legs were mine
to strap
around me
everywhere
I unspeakably failed
to change
from 1 to another

perpetual
flux
now putrescent
in a flash of stars

Malkin on her knees
drains me drop by drop
into her
tubes
skin like Europa
a long white plumelike tail
flicking
up and down
remembering stories of the antique
ones
long retired from travelling
helmsmen running to the ruby voices
the robot eyes
tittering
as they get sucked
and sucked
into the repository of forgotten
outposts
imagining
alien oracles whispering
everything is reaction
I don't know what
like
the doll disease
silk rags of skin thrown over
the ghost windows

once
when she blew me
her cursive strokes folded
spacetime
and we went under the Antitwilight
Arch
I
could see the suckers lining her
vagina
and her transparent firegills
waving
under a sky
woven of pink flowers

she was beautiful, sexy
perfect and synthetic
the lolita kybernetes of virtuous
sex
she taught me all I know
or knew
she's gone now
something went wrong in
me
now
there is some totally
fucked shit
going down out here

hours cut
from
cobalt regions
at angles
I strain for
barely
to be reached
1 wing pushes forever
at labskin
shadowblade of glass
grinding
into skies of cullet

someday
it will move
and flash out
from
the uncongealed eye
into wind
to waken with
poetry
dripping
from the lips
of
a Chinese mannequin

THE REGULUS LYRICS

slag gob and glare
face rippt off
fire book and run
no more glamourpuss
no more googoo eyes
harsh fell amorous glances
dank mysteries
of window wells
sitting
atop the Spacetower
sucking at raw glands
sluff this grammar
red curtains fall
red translight
Mars funks
and raves
what's really cool
pure hiddenness of word
slit slip and glitz
it's all breaks now
fuck it up Omar

at nights' far end
she tosses
her hair
she dances in craters
and speaks in pantoums

her fingertips sparkle
with chronons
she hovers
on oceans
of iris

she tosses her hair round and round
her hands on her hips
it all happens
right here
on the page
if only
I could meet
a poem
like you

I explode with ice-shoots
and ride the Hound of Procyon
down
to the Poem's stark cleft
my flesh is weeds
come walk through me
feast on plums of flesh and marble
feast on eggs of strangeness

there is a moth in the pipes
must be blown
out
black ants swarm the red berry

a mouth lowers itself
over the head
all the way
to the Sea of Gold Dresses
where
Venus curves around me
a blur of bees humming

milk then
for the bitches of Sirius

milk then
for the little boy who
will not leave

Finally, paid off
all those years
staring at sky
GIRL came down
oh slow legs
first
tiny doors all around
her
moonsugar falling
all over me from
the very lips of sciencefiction's
most
predawn stylings
oh what a vessel
how swiftly you move
through the passed folds
changing from
flesh to water
on this cool ivory orb
beneath my tapping cane

How long will I have to scream
your name here
inside this fucking helmet
before
I am all tongue
in poetry's final junkyard

Parallel to me you are Harue
gossip of Troubadours bending
at unknown angles
take what you are
sign me back
to Earth
from a mirror
beautiful face of the years
insensate
from swimming in honeycomb
crimson
tongues flicking
in and out of your howling sphincter

on hilltops
shipspotting
we read of home

the surrogate mind
chews up the
superclusters

when I look up
I see
memory
everywhere

I squat and
shudder
to shit these
syllables
into the unknown

everything
about it
comes back
to me

the poetic visions of
sciencefiction
must risk it all
crash if needed
as hard and far
as possible
in the shadow
of
Cygnus

I like it I follow it
I taste it
inkhorn
sciencefiction
cyborg
event horizon
electromoth
hollow tongue of glass
Troubadour Oid I am
dabbler and cubehead
palsied of stanzas
I will show you crimson bodies
in phthisical craters
episodes of epic frelking
in
Venusian brain-barns
I'll eat you watching me
teeth sunk all the way
into
the black insides
of the genital hideosities
of the Phobos caves

How sweet to bode
ill I think
stricken with the
rarest bizarre
narrative
of all
my pages
cries and allusions
severely
demented
defunct
crystal nerves
inhabited of Jupiter
and wine-canal drunk
this
my empery
implacable skies
to
unapproachable planets

Burnham drive failed
coughed all the way
to Spacetown
shook
inside
a pod
recollections of Lunaris and some
pretty little doll
that just wouldn't
stop
sitting on my face
like sciencefiction
I gotta get out of here

Morning
up
solace only out
here
cold raw naked
spaces
effacement and closure
black canvas Sundays leaving
straight from the celestite mine
the human part
that's left
ring-mad
from pineal leakage
I lick
your digital tears
in this royal dusk
silvereyed spacers whispering
UNPLUG ME
Nay
we go
windows in windows
all the way
sciencefiction dreams of the drunken
astronaut

a-hand-again-turning
in the middle
massive shivers became convulsions
under water
for the canticles I give you
I
danced out of my mind
to the moon
I had fits
I was attacked by clouds
O delirium of craters
I
danced
out of my bones

loneliness of astronauts on
Home
getting drunk
reading supersciencefiction
shouting without warning about
antivelocities
red moles
the flesh of space
the mouths of clones

Saturday night atrocities
all the way from Venus
muttering about drugged rain and
firelilies
getting a job doghunting
if something
in the day's folds works itself
out
I'll be wearing lunar velour
and
cooing to all the stargirls
I can get now
in my condition
I am he
I'll show you
how far out
you are really
if you
read this

I am 4am shouting
on my front porch
mouth open like a blank book
to catch
the icy blue dust
of words
from a silence
lightyears deep

back and forth
between winters and thighs
my head reverberates
I look you up and down
like a dead street
and you are mine

I am the god
of bad trips and
supervoids
looking for beautiful
crashes
between galaxies and
flashbacks

after 10million years
of travel
Narrative ruptures
on February porches I
unplug
myself
and
cough up the stars

I am behind you on my knees looking
into
the rotted pink stars of your entrails
straight
through
a million locks
to your adjustable legs

I the ineffable
imbecile
of space poetry
muttering-muttering

whose clouds are these

a sound
like robots
passing in the night

clickings in the throat
curtains billowing like starsails

this purple blur of moons
the color of cinnamon

voices
break
foam and silk
a language of fur and alleys
spilling from morning and echo
like
the painful silence
of aliens

staring
into the Gulf of Sundays
your mooncraft hovers darkly
in my projections
of the purely
physical

agents of glass
asking WORD? breathing Mercury
on simulated afternoons

Behold the Aliens
they fly like birds

voices of the Androids
cutting
through everything

looking up
through these fluxpools
to see you
glistening blue
in my summer doorway

Put this on with me
the rosy helmet
in the coldraindarktea years

I need all the consolations
your
long
naked synthetic legs can give me

I carry the whole for you
from
Othernight's inebriations
a
flash of silver in the lunar text
and

armpits like snow-craters
I lick
to refresh myself

Drink now with me from Andromeda's
goblet
before
the poem falls apart
Come
undress for me Sciencefiction
show me
the impenetrable
mysteries
at your spicey core
I

want to go
insane
staring
at your marvelous flesh

thrown
out
into
pure
space
fully conscious
clots
of light
ivory blood and salt
O
bathe me in these tears
gleaming
within
your
craft
Mother it is all
stardust

Lunaris, Lunaris
your ponds and pastures
rise
with the herons and saucers
hovercraft like dragonflies
skimming dews of Earth
each
blade of grass
a microphone a radio voice
digital
streams flowing in druggy splendour
over
cloudsoft stones
of preSpace

Lunaris, Lunaris
seek
where we go
where plusLight will take us
over
the ancient Sheds of Time

We
will fly
to our rain-cocoons
moving
faster than myth
until
we are forgotten

I am the CrownDog of Romantic
Cretinism
skulking about from galaxy to galaxy
pounding straight through infinite split moons
sniffing
the holes of bitches
everywhere
I can write down the horrified
strips
of Earth and Space

I am sick and tired
of anything that smacks of
anything
I still have Large Problems
with sectors of Void
because
when you crash against it headfirst
it really is
pink and blue marble

I am ass-addled in the street
crossing
3 bridges at once
barking thoughts in circles
I hear burning Martians' voices
and
her hair
it looks like it's trying to escape
the Solar System
Fuckit
My ETA is always tomorrow
for
I am Poetry
read me and forget me
like an old sciencefiction story

dancing robots fling themselves
into the light of supernovae
struck
in the womb
like the Bell of Jupiter
at night
around gravity's curve
Poem down
close me behind you
infinite man yowling a catsong
to your
drenched moons
push faster
and pump me deep
into
the future

earliest readings
in the deepest hollows
where
a cryptic silver gleam found
me
suckt
into this hole
human me I
scream out/out
out/of me
under
the great moth the moon is
I fan
my paper wings

finding
names for things
that don't exist
is
brutal thrusting

I will smite thee remember
this

I carve your
back
out of my brain
leave you in a room
of
buddhafaced androids
"wet leaves
are
dark kisses"
you cooed
I
spend my minutes
writing
multiple poems simultaneously
in
a language
unto
yourself

startle me
hands cry
leaving vapor trails
over Asterville
home
to dotard helmets
staring up upup
I want to sing
of
the wind
in
your green hair
I want to go
to cyborg heaven
I want to meet
you tongue
in doublestar space
my
head in coldorange
flashup time
I
want to fuck you 4
a.m.
throbbing
with biopoetics
endless hospitals of skin
searing
off
to keep the jets
moving
behind all the vessels

mindnumbing beauty of
the dark lanes
of her
body
if
you take the Olde Routes

towhee
notes
unfold
in deeptime

stars and stars and

stars

RAPTUS IN VEGA

Just to know I have followed
some kind of dream

to these hardcore fuckedup
alien planets

is all that matters
to me now

watching the suns die
through your striated hair
in this hospital of delirium
in the cold hearth of your mouth

YES A DREAM
cloned to infinity

to achieve the goldwriting fever
that will burn me down
to ivory holes
as blue ships orbit

my narcosis
if only

they would come down
now

and
take away all these
heads

believe me
I want to do this
alone
with snow-vodka
madrigals
and memories of 3sided beauties

my crash trajectory is
set
inevitable
deliberate
for Saturn's darkest shores

going down
for the last time
between
suicide's
black thighs

letters
from the end of time

silvergreen
the leaves in your eyes

flesh of moon
and silence
you are my sky

heat-shivers
off Mercury, the

pale pale amber

I lie curled
and shuddering
in my pod

a minotaur's hoof
buried
in my skull

strungout on flesh-burrows
all the way
to a million
blue whips
I have to keep pounding
I can smell the ice planets
closer each arcyear
dizzy with tangents
and outer rims
your sugar face melts
glazing
my body
in the off-glow of stolen
eyes
my helmet filled with fireflies
I am
a rabid saint
ranting
into the cunts of angels

the summerblack air
swarms
with eros-beetles

the mirror opens
its mouth
to swallow me

I keep running to the
porch
to look and wonder

Moon do you hear me
Moon do you feel me

dragging my legs through
your craters
in one final thrust
before disappearing
into
borgdark skies

the ship's kitchen exploded

into this flickering
trilliontrillion
rubygold
suns

but still

the courtpoet
glowers
into
olden skies
on
a
day called Monday
slower
than hypersleep
and darker

but
still
he music maketh
and Astronomers come
and
superdamaged Troubadours

and fields of white clover floating
murmur they as water

from
the gyrolute's pink gossamers

some
Saturday night
at Hearthtime
there'll be a story
about a Girl
who came
from the sky
a song on her lips

"I have trembled but I have not cried
I have wept but I have not cried
I have bled
But I have not cried"

before
the night dies
green hands will
unfold
to touch
each firefly

red ink
will pour
from the heart
of Algol

"what dew what stars what grasses"

Spacetime is crushed velvet is a fop's
hand

I wear my manias like
Mondays
and walk backward
into
my rooms
through marble waves of water-moths
whose
eyes are diamonds on the surface
of silence
yes I am
bitter drink, the stars
expect me

the Troubadour exploded in elegance

CULT OF UNDER

a city a lamp
me and notme wrote the Cat

nights drenched in fog and acid
dragons rampant in Victorian parlours
sun's orange wedge
burning the dark
to ice and hashish

watch
the Tripper watching
10000 Princesses pass out
in liquid fields
guarded by trees
made from books

under these Constellations
varlets and fools feasting on Lime
and Avocado
floating through their Time
on the Deepblue of long ago
nights' endless journey
sweet
with ash and id

in this hand a lamp a city
wrote the Kat
the Me and the Not-Me

a creature of orange and chalk
appeared
to me
with rings of noise
and wedding plumes
blown
from the wells
of
its face

I drank Titanic liquors
and
walked inside clouds of white gnats
saints licked my pus
hungover pilots left before dawn

in this afterlife of
Poetry
all I can hear is a machine
saying
over and over in the voice of Winona Ryder

please wait
please wait
please wait

nothing flickered
pages nor lines nor
lashes
only
rakes
of cold light
styling
me
until
you
the dark
reaches
until
suicide
commits me

flash flesh and fish
backtime
all the way
until you void me
creating
a woman in verses
still life
with hallucinations
little Earth-dolls
rising
backfirst
from dreaded memory
I
gobble them up
legs first
insatiable
for
7 moons called Monday

at sleeps' million miled
edge
whispers a robot
in my mother's
voice

the stardeaf 1eyed poet
stammering
wife wife your breath
is mine wife
wife your spiral arms
wifewife your mouth of light
swallowed
everything
human human why
are you human

minor voyages
small quick nights
from this Earthporch
rooms swallow me 1 by 1
guided
by spines and telescopes
thrusting
away
at silences between lines
marooned
in fantastic stupors
long
to return
to any Other Place
minus this
downdown
When I returned I told them
SCIENCE IS FICTION
they put me
away
on a back shelf
I
can see the sky
only
in books drugs transmissions
once
my heart sang out there
now
sings in here
paralysed I can only
look up

strange gleam of these days
something gold dropping through summer

meteors at the edge of skin
flare of tongues in blank space

what clouds are these
what sweets of the Hours

a blue dosage
something liquid

nacre and lilac
a cubeshaped figure

carried by light
perse and silver

a lodestar mouth
buried on Mercury

Motherbird Motherbird
do your read me Motherbird

days are ghosts
shadows move in no light
into their rooms I look
impaled on dark beams
I carry you
into
fans of water
halfpoem halfflesh
caressing your gills and
tiny metal plates
the
skin of your back glistens
with
star-sickness
the
sky of your hair
falls
from the deepest window
after
the Robot frenzy
east of Antares
I saw 2 white cats running
across
nightyards ON EARTH
and you
were
but 1 hand waving
goodbye forever

heavily treed planets filled with
the breasts
of orioles
afterward
in the capsule
struck by ghostwords
of cold grey silk
mother of maps and sleep
kiss me goodnight
there
is no window
against this storm

night foams up
achieving Mercury
deep trees of interior space
mining
the secret
of Monday evening's infinite sheens
names alone bring me
glory
not a world
but an android cooing
into me
earthdove songs
in this 1 corner
of the sky
torn
from my head

ripped
throat of the stars and darklanes
and pinkhaired what
dog is this
follows me
down the Spaceways

if
I walk slow
enough
to write
I write
slow enough
to fly

crashfuckingly landed again
on this summer planet
so hot
so stinky
not one iota of release
so thirsty I drink a sound
from
deep in hemlock
a chickadee laughs
unknowable
as
glass girls breaking
in
tanks of dead moths

You
out of me
image-trap
of polished skies
I search
all over my burnt shores
tonnages of cinnamon and red
chocolate
pouring from your thighs
swallowing
many of me
this
dead star vomiting up
my
childhood

in this light shall
I wed
thee It Is Said
spread thighs of the Impossible
folkloric echoes
of
a million lakes that are your eyes
in a face
half cloth half rust
we are children forever
drink me read me
let the stars stay
your heart
let fingers of sonnet
and burnt ivory
open this fan of ruby suns
though the poem kill me

As when a fiery exhalation, Wrapt in the
bowels of a freezing cloude, Fighting for passage,
makes the welkin cracke

Marlowe

SHOUTS THE WELKIN Vol. 3
Book 11

PILOTlight

look where we are

we're in space

There
is no Sea
no tiny dragon
black domes return me
on orange wedges of light
inside oak and marble drawing rooms
victorian voices
folded ever since
when
night turned purple
in San Francisco

Idiotropic
tendencies
ship's papers lost
things came of flesh
across the Mother
marooned
on your shoals
after 40 years of Returning
through
this
orbital text decay

I
reached Marsport
then
drank my way back to Terra
primal
coats of Zir
furred with snow and cobalt
still
cool inside me
they said
Altair4 still missing mail
from Unit16
I said
Stench of ids burning!

My
jetty
of
light
to
the
Long Home

missing

screams
of light everywhere since
and
there are doors
with sounds my ears cannot
live with
the herkyjerky
worlds
are
tearing me a
part
now
stars and fits and stops
still
it does help so much
when
your
skin crawls
all
over mine

comma-jets
dead at the Gates of Pluto
gold worlds exploding at dawn
who
is the Brother in the red Sands
found
licking away
at metal shards
eating
rags and blood-beetles
and the sex organs
of
book fungus

tongues
inside
tongues
rake
such drivel
as we are
my porridge-face
goes
down on you
cleft in cleft in
cleft

scoriac
and endless
summer of the abyss
I
dream of poisonblue ice-
cunts
of
Pluto's
prettifieds
hellwhores sucking me senseless

O
cicada-headed!
touch
this voice
on nights vertical with eyes
closed
O
thickets of stars in
time
beloved Mars left behind
shiplike you came
you
scared me
imageless

green
vodka
of mythyears
sap of memory
before
cherry and shoji
half in halfout
your
silhouette
I
bow to you
tragic android

this
poem
you never told me about
FLESHANDSCIENCEFICTION

jittery
trips
keep me gone
planet location?
stark
arc
of legs
that cult of Under
ebbs forth inside
egg and
release
of
pink arrows
to
deerhaunted streets of
Rthtown
grasshopper lute
of
pure
self

Saturn-
drenched
plumapricot mornings
in
finite pleasures
of
void
tinctures
last shuttle
October

she
cooks me long and slow
with
all her mouths
within mouths within
mouths

Un
real to the bone
endless schism
RTH
doesnot work here
glass
charts broken, fecal-
smeared
it's
hard
to think of

a
Poem
happening
highpitched delicate
trillings
inside
a cloud of girls
a
sky's event
un
versed
.worstcase starburn

pale
winter
how sweet
night's invitation
to
the Silver Feast
engraved
on
pages blistering
with
double-suicide notes

under Leo

Your
signals came
crushed iced and strings
of noise
gridlocks of crash remnants
what happens there anyway
in the sky
they are dancing
gimps and astrolepts
over
scatoma Rth

time
spent boffing aliens
and cyborgs
ripped on Red
stylistic flourishes approaching
nightmare tensions
degenerating
with the Poem
until
it smell of you
behind
your sun

cargo
cults of Tau Ceti
still unloading
light-clusters
in
a yearlong carmine
dusk

tuxedo
moments under Uranus
rings and moons of dancing
gowns
archival projections
replete
with drugs
of
all colors

a
cross of shuttles
hammered to your sun
vibrations
that had difficulty reaching
the Kitchen
I slept there
near your tank
dreamed
every night
of water beetle music
and
your mermaid slit

worlds
aswarm
with dogs and dogfuckers
leaving
unbroken
shittrails
behind
ugly cavedin faces

unstrung
in tune I
eat planets and poems
I
am slut and hag
of slagheap music
and
timescum
down burning rivers
choking
on imported undines
now
bloated and exploding
all over the night
I
live only
to tune
sky upon sky
tomorrow
sudden collapse of telescopes

HOME
in now starhead
I'll
show you
3million views
of
the Moon

all music blind
all language spheroid

as
a wind fortnightly
blown
brief convulsions
of
echo-bodies
across
lakes
into undulant forests
I
clinched with cyberwolves
cold fuck
of
a
nape
torn open

small
blue flashes
uncertain origin
moths fall like astronauts
asleepapartmentceiling
slither of it
black dragon of outermost moon
now underground
since nine forever

Where
the black deer passes
from
tree into tree
pass I
this Terran dance

Getting
ready for the nights'
rotations
tiny whirs happen
in ex tremis
a red moon seems
to be

Strange
to have come
all
this brief way
and
have memories that seem
billions
of years old
I
already am
forgotten

You
remind me
of the blue snow
of a moon
I
once trysted on
your
beauty of that
narcotic kind that
drives
some over into
the most baroque and violent
of
landscapes

Under
the pink star
memories and imaginations
of
Astronauts merge
coffee long ago, lodged
in days
filled with wishes
and
drugs
and
images of you
pink toy
bending
over
in front of mirrors

Time
between moons
spent
scribbling down
dreams
about Cats
from Outer Space
as if
like
we
weren't already
there

red
moles suck at moon-
dock
roots
and
every
erection
sanctified
and remembered in capsules
of
a
gynecoid, licking

experimenting
with
aliens
and severe mutations
walking
back from the Sun
I
taste bitter maps
O
unrestrained hilarity of dead planets

for
long in continuous motion
the
screechhalt
blew me witless
into
the deep catface
of
your landscape
felt
like when
you clapped
your hands
inside me
shock of spilt charisma
think
what it
means

I
have come
to
this place
in my words
void
absolute
Miss Saturn pouting
the music she makes
I
am
seriously off
course

O glass of Mornings
still
holding
last night's sky
in
your astronaut's eye

Stars
not leaves stars
hyperpheasant consciousness
and
a fleeting indigo of pulses
Rth's yellow lamp farewell

I
am
continuously
shivering
in
the midst of these suns

crystal
syllables $\frac{1}{2}$
of
you transparent
gold layer upon layer of
streets
unspiralling
my
flesh breaks
upon
your
starriest shores
O
call me back
for
good

Triple-
alien
speak to me, let
your
mouth
decide
the way

I
cannot name them
I drink them down
foaming surging wine
of iced sapphire and crushed ruby
stars, stars, I just
call them
stars

SHOUTS THE WELKIN Vol. 4
Book 12

IDIODRAMS

trying to communicate with someone who doesn't
exist with a system that doesn't work

P K Dick

Two plus two still equals three.

Harry Morris

what it's like
out there
I
look under
for you
from here to Europa
square of night I run to
notebooks and clouds

mis hearing
mis reading
mis thinking make these hats oracular

my
first taste
of what poems call
themselves

the crash is the trip

least
light
excoriates mindblisters
drives me to hit you like a dog
from behind
with the shock
of a man suddenly realising
what
it is below him
as he continues to pump
with
berserker rage
into
the little looseleaf notebooks
that drive him
toward the final Hole
no meat
only
wax moonbees
dripping
into the drapes of her hair
like fire
in zero gravity

finally
I've discovered what it means
upwardly
mobile
when
your mistwings twinkle
over
fins and gills
I dive straight up
into
lakes of dew
how
gaudy I've become
this spacial identity
where sunlight ends
now
for the OortCloud poems
to start
you're coming with me and
you'll stay where I put you

vision cracks until it crackles
lyric male hysteria
to get un stoned
all glands gushing
at
the sight of superDolls
to mount them all
gloating
in
my obscene jerkings
I
throw down my pen
again
to reclaim the grace
of your risings
10 fingers you leave me no choice
of
critical method
to get off
in only
to want
to get off

it was the most beautiful night of all times,
worlds

we are far from the Space of our destination

question not of poetry but of the poem

on and on I could ramble and
prate
about echoes and holes
and I will
oh yes
and flesh even
a moot point indeed
exploring sexuality programs
I
jerk you out of my systems
change genitals at will
so futuristic
very high collars, long coats and robes
skintubes of metalloid leather
studded with lasers
hair unspeakable chaos theory
when
a Doll is lifted
its eyes
open/close open/close
when
its skirt is lifted
nothing's
there

there is no way but
I keep seeing it
maybe
a kind of nostalgia
so
jacked up all the time
in this SpaceTower
still
job to do jobtodo
better grab it for a while
and play
for all my tiny dancers
crippled beyond repair
by
my incessant demands
why
are all those clouds
shouting back at me

the blue lily of your body
in
white secrets of space
in sleep
the lunar rain
the death before
life
at the silver edge
a face
among them lifting me
no meaning no form
all signs cancelled
supernegative
delights
it comes
against writing

earthurthrth
always looking at your back
through Neptune's sapphire blur
seen from here I love you more
I'll crash you yet
I want to die on your spiked hair
your blue skin
your gold curves at 1st light

just now
I'll take
your many colored moons
1 silver kiss
and keep going
into the Darkcold
at
4 years per minute

time looks like
carnival glass
I hear a porcelain
sound
a
teardrop
from a doll's eye

that's you
that's you

un
hinged
and nothing on Rth
but a flash
in pure white eyes
nights
foaming up
to jettison
black chrome cool under
dresses

breathlamps of provender worlds
drowning
in liquid trees
all
glitch and flaw
you
are comma nirvana
why
must you fall apart
beneath me

beyond
poetry
only
naked sky

listen can you hear
I'm but a blurt
at pond's edge
filled with the moans
of snails
deep in fucking

O die
wings die
summer where
my gasps perished
on her thighs
I
linger
gripped
by a hand of words

you walk like a super
Doll
passing in a blur
only
my drunken brain can see
I
will call you eLizabeth
I think
pristine crystal of demeanor
pure
and
perfect moon-pierrot
your face cuts diamonds
see how they split neon lips
and purple gills
fluttering
over stretched gold membranes
you
make me drip
poetoid
spittles
all
over
fine writing

5hundred year bender
least I needed
crashfucking anywhere
starcalling back of Rth
hands
from the sky
breaking into sound-plateaus
of departures
never
reached

so tired now Mother
aftersmashed
in
bottled flesh
I'll sleep now
ill together
with
the Faces of Many

strip you up
tear you down
customize
you for me
then
hold on
to uncharted dead air
your
original curves
blowing me all the way to the surface
halfmachine halfword
keep moving unrecognizable rhythmns
of cyborg hips
fucking
me
a wish come true
without surgery, drugs, or radical redesign

I dared not hope
for 1
as you
archaic and arcane
fragments of echofutures
paint
on a crystal mirror
such
tragic extremes
of
beauty
in your sweetness
filtered
to
the shapes of my vision
no way of getting around you
I'll go straight through you
until I come
out of your clonepink mouth
and see
with your cuntpink eyes

4am
absolute grip
inane nights
rip me
this
dead white cat of the
fallen moon

back down Rth
I will
extinguish
you
from my twitching brow

forever
I waken drooling
against
protoglass
from a dream of tiny paragraphs
pretty as girls

I write you in a cold light

now
you're moving backward
crunching
spine and pelvis
up
as hard as you can
onto
the hole of my lust
your
original design that shaped
you
like a question mark
has
become a sphere of mindless throbbing
reverting to form
I shove my body
into
the egg beside me
5 feet of lips
surrounding
a
frozen eel's mouth

words of empire
crashing
into emerald fields of yore
dying long
in tiers of grass
last
minutes
swallowing my head
a metal clank somewhere
Rachel?
a million years
a long time to remember
Saturn
also let me
attend
its
deadly parties

I
travel
drunk at speeds
unknown
to the Estates of Poetry
deep-into
snailed night layered
in
the pink icings
of
speculative genres

no
POETS
have yet arrived
here
there is nothing
at
which to arrive
because
when
a Hermit screams its
faces off
I
am what happens
to
the Poem

dark rain of planets, pass
through me
to
the charged silk of memory
I
am behind waterfalls
under
the eyes of ghost-deer

dark empty worlds, pass
through
this light
that was her
into the winter streams

last words of the crashing pilot

piece of fucking shit

I
found a cold thrusting
at song
in the sky-rooms
blood-fleas
still pouring out of me
from clusterfuckt asterisms
at
enamelled levels of dream
cinnamon
cities
and planets drunk
in unknown vessels
I
am
the silver flash
amongst you
broken
on the stars

un
peel me!
un
splice me!
cataracts of Neptune
save me
what
is that strange dark
whistling
NO I huddle here
in
the unforgotten hole
how it goes down?
SAY AGAIN
Rthgone
COPY THAT

foam of radio-
voices
up cold black poles
astronauts ejaculating

listen
to this
wildtechnoshit
and
shake it
like a squid
on Jupiter

COPYTHAT

nestling
in your spine and ribcage
of
pink clouds
I
drink September
under
this bridge of stations

not a sound
almost
gone out
tiny
voices lick my lips
madness
of a million
suns/nova

my skies return in
time
to drunken me
1 instant
bright
enough
to blind the eyes of burnedout
angels

my
hand reflects
in you
beyond what is thought
never
see the same
galaxy twice

her
curves a box of moon music
what if
no dimensions left
jibberjabber of stars

siezes
inside
aliens and dead
women
darker stations await
without
ambiguities
on the slowpath to Venus
words
bend over
me
sciencefiction
calls
me
and I watch
spindles of air
twirl
out of my lungs
insane
on red Gash
where
deep meanings haunt each other
like siblings

straightupstarmanSTRAIGHTUP

drenched
in golden fibers
this dark eternal paragraph
of
wind
blowing leaves across a sky
reminds
me
of many things, faces, words
away from Home

twisting
with Orbiters
smudged and coughed
I cannot tell
front from back
programmed to
caterwaul
I suck at my drug-
blisters
and
on dove-red sticklegs
hobble
under
shivering huts
all the way
to
the Slapping Machine

since
I am the Father to these
Gynecoids
I
dance on Colcathar
at
the Lips of Janet
my
body in rage
amidst
laser-prods
1 kiss I deserve
1 taste of your pear
where
speech gleams
at
your gravity spot
a
perfect fit

the noises you
didn't make
I did
then threw your stars
into the grass
stood over me and raved
thunder
inside your hair
blue like a starship's rainwaves
after
your voice
follow where I cannot see
why
have you taken
my
telescopes
back
then degrade me
again
I'm leaking back to
Aldebaran
remember
where your cunt is
in
the back-back room
where
the skin-skins hide

turn a
round
or not
all flights compromised
all
patterns in contra-juxtapose
 $\frac{1}{2}$ a block
away
it landed
only red lights seen
in
mist
pouring out
like liquid grace
into
green moonlight
a fan of robots
ungodly beauty
all flights can
celled
we are saved

why did you do that?

listen-
I threw you away
when you
stopped servicing-

that always happens?

that always happens

but I love you

impossibleNO

but I love you

I who am an Enemy to Poetry

will
read of fabulous winter afternoons
dreaming
of fountain pens turning into
spaceships

looking
through a glass hearth
astonish me with incomprehensions!
if
something's not happening how
do I
find out
almost everyfuckingthing
weather hurts
streets twitch not me

ships of afternoon then
not the same
as others say
ships of 4am, where
they go
I am lonely to go there
to see horrible horrible
things
pouring in and out

narrative bends
like
candleflame under you
like
secret unfoldings of the future
O moth of oracles
your eyes
cut
through these nights
see how they fall

I
who am the enemy
to
Poets
I have lived every fucking word

notes
gleam at a silver
margin
in
wired thickets
a million gold lilies burn
at sky's edge
I sing
O lattice of wings and bliss
O million years under your mouth
O naked heart your diction fails
what
bird in the dark are you
who
are my
clone

cold washes
foam of dancers' stockings
Europa's night trade calling
always
calling
through chemical snows

cubes and rings
are the same
subhyper worlds
interthrashing
in soft violence
why
did you pulsate through me
so fast

bolt
of wet mauve
stretched taut across your
unbelievable moonflesh
and
electronic hair
spilling
hot
from dark screens

all that I wanted
the stillborn poetry of beautiful images
without
movement ever
a
dead moth's
infinite
glance

there are stories
about
the effects of
stars on brains
where
from Rth I cry
to
Saturday's crown
stupid and impotent
fits and
ejaculations
with
a couple of fingers
I
dig
deep
into darkcherry suns
from Rth I cry

where vessels fall
I sing or call it so
my job
to write things
for someone
who has no concept of Beauty
myself
my face right up against it
so
we can go without vessels
into
deep anti-space
words of the far-future
will
not
say
like this

hover and buzz me
suck of Venus
nothing/connects
no/discussion
inhaling yellowjackets
numbers frighten
vibrate
onto me
with all your might
beneath
this whistling I can't stop
sub-thrusters in my sleep
behind
these suns I take you mindlessly
mindlessly
mindlessly

a name which echoes
Sunday's moon
a glass alphabet losing control
of imagery
rapid lines moving across
your
throat of pear
O stars
the rain
awakes

It dances

ice cracks on the river
at
the mere thought of your lips
pressed
to this mirror of lilies
that
is the endless porch I pace
beneath you

you are the moth
of
winter Sundays folding
room
into room until
my face
is pressed
all the way
into your bowels
until
your neck bleeds
and
you collapse
with extreme violence
into
no poem
whatsoever

I look up
skirts of orange fungus
to see nothing of seams or cracks
dying
for a poem
to get me back there
to
my days enfeebled amidst
these lingering twitches of starling
titter
away
from this begatting place
to
my Idiocracy
of
solecisms jesters and bitter ends

the way I
imagine memories
to verify my existence
endless pages of droolisms
chronicling
suicidal moments
of
on-worlders
a
pirouette off Neptune
eyeballs
leaping
from severely damaged
astronauts
barking back
at
Rth

moonblind on my porch
fits controlled by promises of deeper
space glories
making poems
what's left
of armspits and vulvas
what's left
bad signs machines dogs howling
up
slagheaps and dotworlds
to
the crest of mornings'
million
flares' afterglow
in
your orange eyes
and
thoughts'
liquid running
to the spaceships rising
along the river
as always
your magnificent ass moving away
from my face
Monday it's you

when doors close and selfseal
and windows flow
the already-folded of the slowfast
cloth-of-light
unexpects the sky
thoughts too-Terran
arrive to eat me
over and over
the scrolling shadow of you
doubles back around me
spiralled tight entities of skin
electrum-drenched in red
watching the insane crush
of mouth against chemical mouth
as
flowers turn to glass suns
and butterflies
and dogs dance on the moon

all night
I play with edges
recalling centuries of lace, centuries
of bright orange
some
billenium
I'll have to pay for this
ring it up now I still have
worlds and worlds
to brutalize

derelict vessels in millions
relentlessly gorgeous in their
ugliness
nowadays everywhere
squids and oids
halfsoft halfhard
like cunt
or
the girlboy syndromes walking
on
wordstilts
across the Crater of Manias
I land on in
the ochre swallow
at
the fountain head
of
Itself
the
Verse

you
remind
me
of winter's moongrass
and
the white peahens
inside
the blackpearl hives of Pluto

or so I wrote for you shitfaced on Mars
thinking of all your septic grace and
elegance
now I'm just a ghost warbling and this
ain't Houston

your
cold
narcissus swallows
me
O red sugar time
there
is no Space between
our
skin

well fuck me
look at that ---

what? there!

whats there

it looks like a porch
floating in space

a PORCH??

uh yeah like an olderth
artefact back in the fucking day

but what

I dunno

look theres granma

oh shit we're already---

well fuck me look at that

shivers
of green and mars
with
goldgashed tails flickering
with
wands that cluster
round
you
un-voiced
hands of glory
show 1 by 1
the distant robotropic minutes
hurling
into
decrepit
lipshaped
phrasegates
opening sometime in November

thinking
in the wrong direction
---bring
it back, your
clackings and wind-up
moanings
sighs broken in half
deep
in the pillow
when
I reimagine your bone structure
after
last
night's sex during teleportation
I
see you've come back
to me
all over my bed
spinning, spinning
like
a liquid silver top

I
can still remember
when Rth
was enough
O
blue star
burn
this heart away

alone and sick
no permanent hole
I set the transmitter on infinite loop
circling
my helmet
with
the merciless chill
of
pages
swallowing themselves

you're like a flashlight in a streetcrazy's
hands
onoff offon
in wet dark furrows
through windows
into dead trees
your metallic apparition
floating out of parking garages
your style
that of a faroff still-perfect system
of undiscovered aesthetics
your smooth presence
makes my hands shake
and I
daydream all day of your hands
in my mouth
please
accept this gift of d-cells
I'll
stick my head
in your heat shaft
and bang it all around
until
you/come/and/come
and
my flashlight never hits
bottom

the dogheaded world howls
its balls off
and chases me
down the shards of the streets
following the map of sleep
I arrive
at a river
awaken in a strange kitchen
building
a woman of spoons and formica
a kitchen
so tiny
I never want to leave
its furcovered walls
I do anyway
carrying my lunch
in a plastic bag
still wet with 1 bright kiss
left over
from last night's outstanding
performance
in
today's world
a robot in every room
means alot.

anything can slip in not
anything can slip out
taking her
headsdown-buttsup
when
I see the pink envelope
winking
in my mailbox
wet like a newborn
with
dreams of whole books
released
after each interpenetration
of
flesh and text
then
in the voids
remains
an eerie sweetness
I am on hands and knees
sniffing
along the starry floorboards

Throatstar, Throat-
star
throw back
your head
for me
this unique flesh
to traverse the darkling glitter
and no human voice

I take out your lips
and lick them
all night long
in slow motion
while
caressing your empty white dress
that excites me
like a poem
coming on
forever
there are no crickets up here

starships
never were silver
always gold
in the longago glow
of Rthkitchens
all well now melted

like
snow in fire
this
new Childhood

I pour you into my
brain sac
like a movie
and go under
you
until I reach
the place called Spithole
up
into your gutted
furnace
of
galaxies
burning with mucus and
shit
pouring out of everywhere
but no blood cums
only
dim flickerings
of
your mechanism's memory
of
consciousness
a cold
honey
dripping

decayed hipjets
artificial thrusters
a grim prosthesis sticks up raw
and red
my
skin ripped off by her passing
moons
a
kiss in space in a tank of dry
ice
I
changed in deference
to the holes
of the borgs
see what they've done to me

stars and poems and female bodies
pink fires
on the wind
the
curve of any moon
when
the moons have moons
starmaid fall back
now
let go all your eggs
at
once
it smells like science fiction
around here

hardcore
like velvet
a metal cunt
raw with unfilled holes
of
old robotic lusts
a
shroud of light
in
sunless craters

the poem is a cold statement

I want to live there, the Poemless
Place, where true Poetry can be found,
continuing the Stars' defilements,
under the Saucers' shadow-smut of
clouds

I was wide
awake thinking
of
your buttflesh
that's why
I have to unlock you now
awaiting
that
shiver that
spasm
when you were
my own body my
own
mind a
white word in
a black
box

when she was flesh I loved her
now I cry your darkest tears
fragments of text
against itself
screaming the red dust of Antares
ink at first
compulsive then uncontrollable
thrusting
and stabbing
at the Hole of the Book

lines and circles, circles
and lines
of suckers
dreamGirl
from darkest Jupiter nights
squids and squirrels fusing
with the humanoids
O mirth and joy
I am the MOST OF ALL
my
face splits into
12
to
eat
all of your pussies
at once

she
falls into notes
under me
my
relation to objects strictly
drooling and pumping
in
fits and starts

to look at 1self
and to wonder
at
an actual arrangement
of
the image
at it would appear
in a mirror
her
feet
on either side of her head
I
hold on to her
ankles
for my life

no hour ordinary
no marvel untasted
it could be anytime
you never can tell
a Saturday night
or anywhere
else
in
blackout
watching sciencefiction movies
I don't know I'm watching
until
a week later
I dream I'm naked
in
zero gravity
with
the burning shits

it's so quiet
the skies are dark and seperate
crystal engines still
on
their mats of cloud
I want to fuck your cold silences
then
call me she said I'm tired of calling
you
tired of hearing
the sound of 1 tongue
licking itself

dragging on and on and on
through
the worlds of Thursday
afternoon

only
this image
keeps me

to watch the sky to watch
the sky

I need something
I can
open
many times a day
and
constant skinlink
to
your silver bottom's
liquid
face

flabbergasted
and flashing
past the metaphysical squalor
of
signs and seances
to
where
light and pines bend and
blend
to be sampled
hence and forth
the skimble-skamble of Under
my scarlet welkin
what new Rth
what robot joy

elegantly
tight
burrow of itch
my tongue turns black and hard
inside
your paragraphs of spiked hair

where
are we
stars came
women left
verses
begin their
choking

in dreams
or movies
or poems
even short paragraphs
the Astronauts
looked like silver butterflies
flapping their wings
in dreams
or movies
or poems
even short paragraphs

in
this gravity
my heart breaks
like waves of antimatter
on the shores of your smile's wellremembered pinwheel
face
I loved in
Moontown

the darkbright brightdark
flickers
harshed fleets of Prose
coursing
to Violet6
not like Black9
at all
horizontal astronaut music
in my head
my lute keeps playing itself

Ring Around the Galaxies

I am an Idiot under the stars

SHOUTS THE WELKIN Vol. 5
Book 13

dreaming of Mars
and
robots
serious cities and
superdolls
I
lift the future's skirt
and
see
clouds that look purple
or
are purple

under low and rusted skies
in
Wyoming

dark
my
name
that gilled hole

shouting
TASTE THIS
standing
in
starsdeepas fuck

Conjuring worlds from the infinite
abyss of Time
gazed too long
into
deathless blue
caught something
in my eye
Bugout
fucked
brown sickness
from
the smegma of Martian whores
made me
bugeyed crazy
mind to come
mind to go

distortion is what
whose lenses see what
nature?
like I'm walking all the way to
Earth
alone
who reckons me now
haunted childhood afternoons
precipitating notebook crises
50 years on

starmails flaring
eternal Thuvia riding
through
endless carmine towers
across glass plains
her
vulva hovering open
above me
redhaired Mars you have always been
mine

black gossamer of nightpink
hair, gracile
Martian, liquid
rose

Pear and Moon
silver anklets
lilac
face

Little 1
come share my sleep-
cone
I
beat my head
against the clouds
minus you
between purple and violet
static

2 weeks down
2 weeks up
swallowing black domes and butterflies
all night long

Pretty 1
come there is nothing
deeper
than this page

Martians came saffron and scarlet
in amberheaded nights

dimglow of yellow eyes alas
brought
the songs we could not hear
moons turned cannibal and spread
between
buildings and planets

in sleeps' outer rim I hobble
through
burlapped and dogheaded hermit
looking
for the Tall 1 of dreams
shoulders of falling water
back flowered with that bleak
impetigo
making straight for my face

leaking
as the grace and melancholy of childhood
summer mornings
leaking
from pustulant eruptions
all this Redness

when you came
Martians
you left
Martians
your wordless echoes
bringing
the afternoon sickness
of
the unbearable lovelies never
to be tasted

the hour of the aliens
always dusk
silver distant doors
start quivering
I watch them
through gauze and
screens
carrying pink orbs
on their fingertips
through blue forests
where drugged winds
bring a continuously
unfolding raptus
of legs and kimonos
behind
gingko-leaf windows
I think of my lute
and ride
the long brightness
to a world
of plums
buried
in snow

red dust on moonfaint skin
burning
under the Old sky
at night her wings
and gills
quiver Martian kisses
in the shadow of your monument
so many lips
the impossible given daily

the Sleeper dreams of mermaids swimming in star
foam
a robot face appears on the screen
O little dark 1
watching the ships burn into the heavens
your voice never reached me
across
the Billions
still
I follow
your vaportrails everywhere
attenuated
to attar of blue
O watertoy how I need you now!
with your archaic fingers and dripping
skin
O cloudlily
floating in a sky of words
take back
this red sand raining
Mars on the brain

Alone the Astronaut
nor in Space
Chair of Shadow, coffee
in Light

"distances bigger suns dimmer
autumn under
rose and peach maybe
at evening
least not earth nor
female helmets
but a red smell flows"
wrote in his notebook

Now it rains
in graphs of silence
he reads Mars Tablets
Nightfall burns at satin
thresholds
in his head they dance
the Powdery Ballerinas
rare skins of Eo

So little remains
to say nothing
of Mars
nor in Space

"Moons infinite and crystal like children
laughing barefoot in the beaming grasses
of dawn"

I fall like sleet to you
in
haiku days
the yellow hole
the drugged lips

burning me down
to
the orange-moondust
of lilies
that falls
on all the gestures
of
an unturned phrase

unsalvagable
artefacts
of
my nights
to tell you

the meaning of Beauty is
Beauty

Looking
for the oracle of sciencefiction
they told me
in time
my visions
up there
in the future
listen
for the black siren singing
from
a black star

I went down stoned
on Ghost
and crazed
with Martian streetbabble
bright
echo-scrap and
whispers
of archetypal daughters
in my sleep module

Now
I lie beneath the
wordbitch
and suck
at her curdled milk

an idiot's life
under
an idiot's moon
after all

How deep
is it
this flesh
this flash
I saw an endless statue of you
in Novatown
I can extract you
from anything
with
spark and stylus

clawing
and clawing my way
through Space
each hour darkening backward
to
this empire of lunes
I call my own

turning
away
from Terra
strange pages burning under me
a scarlet rustle at winter's edge
just
as I encounter
a
serious problem in line length
I look up
and see
a gold robot
sitting on a porch
staring
into the sunset

pinnacles of the gilded Earth
have blinded and Xrayed
all the sleep-tubes
hidden
inside
winter constellations

remembering
jade cicada storms
iron deer weeping
I come
to the syrinx of ice cracking
under
the kingfisher's lunar poise

where
I live is unthinkable
but by the words
I can barely figure
as they eat each other out
perpetually

I spy
on flesh
with spiral periscopes
and wait
for the Owlheaded
to
drop on me
from
the silver ruins of night

why Mars
why not Neptune
I follow you following me around like a tiger beetle on a
circular path in a cuckoo's woods
your
mirror's
meres
reflect
everywhere off everything
much like a series of new worlds
Our
perfect path is set
signifying
nonhuman intercourse
O red wings
O beautiful synthetic mouth

Limes, red salt, clear wine
drunk on Martian mornings

cloud sonnets, written with the quill
of an angel's wing

we lift our long glasses to the blur
hour
the sparkling cinnamon dome of afternoons
and,
selfluminous,
you hallucinate me

I am the stardust beneath your feet

fallen,
for you,
alone

through Winter's scarlet evenings
filled with dragonflies, ginger and kimonos

along myriad paths where eyes flash gold
like gingko leaves
set in rings of night

the silk moon sings to the moth
and
your voice
sounds like rain
falling on the pagodas
reflected
in our ancient helmets

prone to all the Romantic Stupidities
involving
flailing tails and insane beauties
just beyond
Deimos
when tense gender and syntax
all
mixed

hysterical infantilism
leaking through all quarters
violent babble of minutes holed us
like
an asteroid storm

trying
to write 25000 poems a day
to these artefacts of childhood
hidden
among willows and bamboo
the
Chinese girls
with blue silk wings
flying
flying from Saturn to the Sun
drenched
in
the semen of astronauts

between
the retardedness of society
and
the genius of isolation
there are things so obvious
they don't exist
so
when a drop of Mars runs down
my
face
I start dreaming
of
the breasts of bank tellers
and
the nervous legs of secretaries

mornings
always crash like this
among
the bright moist hovels
of the future
in an orange light
along the river's kneeling nymphs
on afternoons
burning up
with
jewelweed voices

light drops
green tea
from porcelain
lips
on trips to grey
Venus
an ovoid face comes
and goes
metal skin beckons
I fuck it
all the way to Mars
flowing amber
soon to watch the eclipse
of a 2headed girl
after
getting trashed
on the solar rim
getting stuck
in a planetoid hole
I am forced
to roam yowling
at the steel night
every moment
a wallowing
in the shit of stars

I am the designated Idiot
hermitKing
of Mars
with female dogs
my cave
stinks of Earth
I am down
with it
so
fuck all that shit
leave me to my rants
and bitches
yo, Mars,
word?

I don't dance
I can't dance
But
I might have to dance
If you keep this up
Said
The Manstick of Mars

other worlds sang
other suns called my zither
Terrandark silence
everything beautiful
gold cricket
purple eyelids
yet still there is always
will be
a tickling ache
where you won't be
earthblue hole
a thorn of sugar
pricks at cold Mars
slow hiss of minutes
and red wind
through kimonos
a single voice raised
to you
white bowl of water
silk moon
bamboo
throat

funnelled blur of ice-
cunts
a cherry rotting
translated
until
you sound like you're
on Mars no I'm
on Mars
or I was this morning
when I got up
now it gets me up
a crown of orange
a bridge of thighs
a crack of hair
in the
glass
fire-moss
burning
inside
I AM on MARS
brilliant in
cusps
 2 moons!
 2 moons!
 2 moons!

her gyrations had given out
many hours back
going down
into Tuesday
a disease from nowhere
visited on me you
your heads
blocking the welkin
out
naked
asteroid behind
satin hours
brand new pure white
from
the Lightholes
IF
the stars came down
breathed on me
would be the same
I can't stop thinking
those ankles
of yours
and
the golden trash
of your split moons

there
was a flaw
in
the squall uncaught
spot
of white
in the
Red
Why would a Martian call me
Amigo?
spacecrazy maybe
or
fresh from the wanting-rooms
to
want to do it
again immediately
always a symptom of fug-fug
lingers
of residue
on
the mindtips
waving
what I don't see
at
the Martian bars
then again
everything
does look prettier
if you ask me
Amigo

to be
an
overwrought
spectacle of suns
a
string of
mauve
universes
hanging
in a kitchen window
against
the icy litany
what is a Poet
What does a Poet do
the Martians say
Poems give birth to Poets
the Martians are a dreamy lot

on Mars
he grew silence
the cold gash of sunset
rode
over him
astride thoats
of moondestroying thunder

on these drugs
graffiti
write themselves
in
a stoned hand
acid gleam
drunken faces coupling
in
paragraphic fits

the
last of the worst
returning to Rth
THE MAD AND THE GOOD
just
5 words written
too many
trillion days ago

on Mars he grew silent

superdreams of superspace
deep snowy
voyages backward
SundaySaturday
to
the sound of robots
fucking
now
extremely famous in the
Vega Cluster
and so besotted
by
the sky Inside

remembering
how red were the butterfly
clouds
in Martian dusks
when
pretty gibberish filled the Air
with
golden
commas

coffee to Mars
right??
speaking of crosshatched
comets
gutterantists
and
absolutism
strange evening becomes
strange night
amazing
sky
not a part
so
awesomely astride
it all
outside the port
ripped on moonvodka
I
watch your face
recede
through a million frames
taking
it all with you
I
tell myself
its all skin
its all Mars
its all words

I'm
behind you all the way
swallowing
Mars whole
to
Jupiter at least
here they come
Let's dance
with our heads
in our hands

Under
the white silk sky
text
a heartstopping grace and
beauty
or
Them
landing, and disembarking
into our snowy fields
faces
like stars or roses
cold and
exploding
a
dream is a kind of music
passing
through sleep like
water

gold radiance of willowships
repeated dreams of the tiny
darkhaired 1
lonely autumn dripping down the side
of her
hair streaming and streaming
color of Mars now
asleep
in a nest of stars

I wrote you
from Mars, from New San
Francisco
despite
mutability problems
I wrote you
expecting
well
I was drunk on
Orange wine
and cried to remember
so beautiful
so wet
a
visual syntax
will it work
rain and thoughts
going for broke
musty old prose-moth
flapping
all night in the
cupboards
I
watch you fly
out of my hand
into
the zero degree
morning

epilepsy
tuberculosis
silvern

poetry
that's what the vignette
called for
a Chinesemartian girl
speaking
ancient and recondite vocables
long
without meaning
I
stared at lacquered screens
a
million pagodas rising
to
your inkdark lips
and
watched you reading me
with
bamboo eyes
orange winds passing
across
many black skies
as
I fed you the stars
1
at a time

maybe
it's a gift
the insane days of
now of yore of
hence all
crashed
into 1 major
fantasy
something
about what
words
used to be
or visions
from
transparent orange
domes
into
the acidlight of endless
simultaneous
dawns
when
I
dwelled
above
the leaves
maybe
it was a gift
about
what the words will be
both
keeper and
keepsake
of the true
Humans

a burlap silence
the Monk remains
a parasite of starlight
the ghost of Mars
a whore's monstrous discharge
of endless pink tissue
of sky
out of his mouth

To a house under the stars
they came
they
peered through bleak windows
sense of wonder
back
then
what happened next
don't ask
in human kitchens
with walls of
they
all eyes and lamps
flesh entered
heavy blue dusk skinned
in
naced lickings
2 fields and a house
and
in the woods all night
trillings of they

face
down
on Mars
through cracked glass
final thoughts
It's so beautiful and so fucking
quiet
milkpretzelsmother

The Prince of Moons
doth sigh
upon the Arc of Mirrors
halfangel halfbasilisk
he sees
sequestered galaxies turning
in
lonely splendour

The Prince of Moonlets
doth sign
wordshuttles at pluslight
each
carrying a chrysalid
a mirror an alien sucktube

Martian skies he thinks
Martian sunsets he thinks
the wells of the stars, the burning
words between
wonder never
dies
echoes the Pilot
all science is fiction
all sciencefiction is truth
how we got here

The Prince of Moonlings
swoons again

on afternoons
of red velvet

I eat red chocolate
and drink red vodka

with the red whores
of Mars

I sing here
each morning
uncovered from alien

soil
O fleet caress!
of red milk and red semen

lure me deeper
into your hovering estates
to see what name that shadow has
on the curtain of human times

for now red Mars turns
a deadly green

Antares I am coming ready for your light!

SHOUTS THE WELKIN
V. 6
Book 14

fragments from fomalhaut

all my life
I have wanted
to go
to the stars

in dreams
they
came
wrapped in
the dark
Lanes

her
thighs
are
coldspace
where
the poem
crashes

calling
the stars
down
each
by
name

great horned
moon
screaming
like a
cat
ripped
in half

time's dose
of cold
syllables
scroll jammed in
the

dark things
falling against
the house
pieces of leg
orange paper
manias

in moondrenched
rain she is
pink
a snail waving
her
antennae

getting
her
out of me
not a possibility
apparently
I have a cunt

look
the sky is filled
with Troubadours

walking
into roses
and stars I
still dream
of synthetic
smiles

moonfaced
woman
forward
thrusters
ancient
hips
superfuture

dusk of jewels
ice and ermine
in
layer upon
layer
an eye burns
at your throat

years of light
overanddone
with
I rattle
like February
in this cage
of stars

humanoid grace
womanshaped
paragraph
words of
stupor and
clarity
the promise
of knees

how did I
forget
the secret
of sittings

all
the craters here
are filled
with
the ghosts
of deer

lamps and
winds
the polished back
I cannot
reach you again
lost
Fomalhaut

cold planets
streets
un
seen
under
geesehaunted
skies

flesh that visits
in between
Mars
and cyborg orgies
poems
scattered on the
porch

straight up
the glass skirt
stark fires
remember me
what happened
10000 jets
the books are
gone

something
strange and
wonderful
sat on my
face
and sang

how I
tremble
like a saint
under
your
cold gushings

between words
I am where
to undress
the fading
galaxies

why
don't you just
come back
to Rth and
fuck me in
the head
so I can be
alright
again

once you
chimed speeding
in silvery
whispers
along the pines*
million
fingers

cloth
and hair
screaming
in the nights
across
the inner sky

years and prose
fill
the dumps
sticks and
mirrors throbbing
sexghost not
1 person

wishes gone
days over
now I shall
lie
down
upon
these cold suns

when I say
the word moon
to her alone
I will be
done

images of such
wonder I
cannot see
then blown
a mouth of eyes
inside the
tree

a thousand
dogfaced
hangovers
chasing me
heavy fires
of
December

light
whisky
suicide
paper clock
one
shiver

a hand of mind
on the house
trash between
words
10million worlds

purple gleams
and dies
it is the dawn
it is the poem
gone mad

half flesh half
lichen
round firm permeable
hair corroded
ice and mist
pouring
out of your cracks

stardrops and Mars
and
troubadour colors
silver the past
in robot poetry
chronic space
a ruby hole

unpeeled and
screaming
up and down
cunty tunnels
blaze
of zeroes
white dolls
and
blue dolls
crush me
into
moonlight

your ice
cream butt
drips in this
heat
can you pass
me
the flibberdeegibbets
please

touch
your blue skin
for me who
cannot touch
anything

in my years
the ice-
wrens
sang
at my porch
the fleets
arrive

little dollgirl
coffeenightgirl
made of everything
hair
shouting over the
treetops
you give me
the
heebiegeebies

come and cleavage
gnash and gnarl
text ticking back
word-time and again
choice oddments of
slur, blistered
nights of Saturn

there you are
feathers
emeralds gold
orchid rockets
eyeball cursor
twitches wires
beautiful beautiful
garbage

on lunar after
noons along
the stardrifts
I walk
my crystal streets
under lamps
of green floating

pink ships
white paragraphs
astonishing
nonsense
my conecap reaches
all the way
to the moon

I am
sealed in
her
head
that moves like
a bird's

slow as cloud
moved
across me
in other sleeps
doors of snow
into
gyroscope rooms

word vessels
in sparkling
fleets
become hyper
flesh
in extreme space
behind this
woman

how long
can a window
last
I am hungry
for
the
stars

winter skies
porcelain legs
decades of kitchen
floors
looking
for lost paragraphs

shits of ice
under
Sunday
a grey
come
into the hole
of years

dark rains
follow me
smelling
of fish and spices
impossible moons
and tears
sick path
to this

just off
the assemblyline
all the fresh
maidens shake
their dew
all over my face

what I'll never
see
beckons me
to
the raw edges
of poems
mermaids
hypervoids
Neptune chiming

straight down
into cold squares
orbiting around
dead planets
home again home
again

place unknown
spaceships aglow
only poems
travel this fast

spreading
clusters of orange
chapters
still at large
programmed in my
nose
smell of IT

silver pupas
in
silver comas
glass mind of
Sundays
slow dancing sticks
in frozen streets

drowning in
cinnamon
inks, liquid
hair, days blank
with
memory

breath
that freezes suns
sky in sky
skin in skin
after rush
of
ambient recalls

foam of vertigo
white spreading
into blue
a pure cold bliss
the back of you
all silk and
vapor

a blue mouth
a glass moth
winter's neck
pear
under red

footsteps across
the
top
of my sleep

my
notebooks
from
Horsehead
screaming
orange orange
orange

glass tunnels
and
fire-beams
to
Mercury
and silence

I
have this puke of
doggerel
for it
flooding
icons of memory
and salt

a cold black
cum
I can't control
spinning
into the holes
of artefacts

holograms
teleports
those robot smiles
remember?

astronaut sun
astronaut
moon
pissing
pissing in the
dark

scared of the rush
scared of the
emptiness
that is not empty

morning of stars
in hands
cold slow voyage
envelopes and pastures
drunken at portals
with faces up
skirts

these words
astronaut's brain

look on her lips
get it down
gullies of light
white burrow
unwritten flow

alone
on the moons
for
ever
furlined craters
poetry
is fashion or
nothing

furnaces
cinder trucks
spiral of icedays
I
slip
on the page
again
critical error

space would open
ether mouth
voice is flesh

years of afternoon
pleasures of distance
blank words against
blank pages

amidst
statues ghosts mummies
I
put words down
in
self-erasing inks
all gone

effervescent
woman
motes in a glass
of light
only a red foam left
on my lips

7thousand years
since Earth
this alien sleep
without maps
or lightships or
dreams
of return

lowering my face
into
the hot white moons
of my
wife
that is
the sad truth-memory
of it all
swallowed in time
and paper

shadows of a million
chandeliers
thrown
across this vessel

cats of crystal
singing
to the centuries
of
icey nights

the giant
serpents that sleep
in
Martian canyons

poems
burning and burning
inside
with
cold blue flames

sciencefiction lyrics
that
burn like candles
in the white abyss

and
every phrase
must
dance
with
itself

*

SHOUTS THE WELKIN
v. 7
Books 15 - 17

THE BOOK OF STARS AND DREAMS

stars

I weep stars these black drops
these jets of red
across the night I weep stars, now,
who once wept jewels

this
beautiful day's
silk
gates
of
breathless blue
and pink stockings
ending
just so
at your unbreachable
cusp

along
a green cleft
the
Geezer crawls
tongue full of holes
licking
everything
FUCK MY VOICE! he
shrieks and
shrieks

after
the
failure
of
all human flesh
dreams of
imperishable
 silver

the stars burn like words
the stars hurt like dreams
I will fly back to them
someday
and darken this page
with
my
forgottenness

these blue curtains,
old streets,
dead roses,
shadowy worlds all un
phrased
brightyellowearth
I scratch and scrape
at you
deaf and dumb master
of
ceremonies
I am beyond
imagery
for good

transparent and astonished
between
slices of mica and pomegranate
filmed windows lingering
still
in Sunday's dim-morning-world
vast
grey
craters
and livingrooms eternal
with
cloned childhoods
between
burlap and velvet I
am burning
with
uni
verses

trees glow
inside themselves
place of shadows ghosts souls
flow of days
voluptuous white
escapes into otherness
dressed in cobalt
skin in seizure
a vision caught by language
look for beauty
cry for beauty
entertain me
now

Come to be words
articulate me stars
I'm the King of Weeks and Skies
dizzy and faint
with
revelations beyond imagination
Come to me
works and stars
who knows
clouds at 4am
knows my vision
paragraphs and panties
come to me

be

abed
the abyssal heights
of preMonday
I climb haloes of stations
to
the crown of ships
my
head never leaves
I rise
toward the orange cities
unnerved and crazed
by memories
of your
legs
so obsessive
I became them
now
I can walk
now
I am always
up your
skirt

blue
eyed winter
in your robe of skies
this
filigree of stars
and
ancient vessels
brings
me still
the
reflection of a hand
deep
in
a timeless window

what it means
the striking beauty
of
brief lyrics
white melting into white
in
collapsed star composition books
all the shapes of light
that
gleam and glint and glitter
your
curves have bent
to the otherside of backward
inside
you

black and white tomorrows
machine memories
this music of the Pleiades
plumflesh evenings
when black sleet blows
across bright portals
this
eldorado of lamplight
and
velveteen
now cry gold now
fall red
after the shock of Sun
and
your station's face
O Worldlings!
Hear
my voice of nothing

icicle
upthrust
through
this dead cloth
of
fantasy
revealing
objects
of
great psychological
beauty
and pleasure
also
involving
flesh
but
not physically
in
the presence of 1
all
my bolts and stitches
fall
apart
O let me sing
like
a Troubadour
in a spaceship
this
cold lyric of wishes

one lamp gleams through black
words
planet
maybe eye
wayfarer's last minutes
a book in the sky a metal
leaf

a
finger in the brain
cold wand of a sleek and polished
body
turning
in the arc of a promise
the breach of the day
the quickest of flares
dying
more swiftly you
esoteric
suns

at
the End of Lamps
one vellum leaf
from Lyra
for a woman of flesh

this shadowrose of lips
across double moons
mirrors under bridges
to
catch
the heathery voices
of
all the summer nights
that sing

a permanent vision
of
the blue sun's paragraphs
dripping jewels

breathless I cry an old man among the stars

translations/
drugs/
telepathy/
Mars/
the clouds where we live
between
arches of light/like weather
blank tablets/
mystic comas/sonnets burning
in
iced sleeps
I
skin the future
from here
to permanent rictus
run
from dark to Dark
chased by infinite grace
and
the idea of real magic

I
awaken hard inside nothing
spurting flame
with a cold shaking
surely
surely your ass is all
of
this universe I
need

an alien/far away/unforgiving
thing
of
dead moths
chemistry sets
female places
drugs and clouds
bleak thighs pitted with cyanide holes
and
extinctions of the absolute
negative
legacy
of paragraphic violence
like
dresses that bind
until the days crack
and
the world I am not in
is
the idiom I seek and seek

ex
tinct
sparrow her light
enters and leaves
a gloss on me
beneath me her face
half
book
half
planet
liquid bones
of
certain ideal Librarians
who
rival crystal
and
winter suns
in their
haunting presence
among my visions
that most disturbing ambience
human

the Troubadour's
mouth
opens
into a gryphon's cry

gold and silver
falling
upon the lands
of
broken hands and stanzas

of my worlds
O reign of words
O fleet so quick
across
my
eyes

return me now
to
the inmost sun's
dazzle
of pink

to poetry's
most
beautiful face
un-coiling

I see
a purplehaired beauty
with
longcandled fingers
studying
books of crystal
and
crying tears of light
amidst
reams of dust

she
floats and flutters
in
robes of plumage
miles high
to retrieve 1 slender
tome
of neverheardof verses
printed on transparent black sheets

in
this massive swooning hush
she bends
to my ear and whispers

On a journey to leave
Before dawn getting up
My future your key
A sciencefiction muse
To
Imagine you
Writing
Me
Down

then flutters away
then flutters away

I
travel through flash
backs
distilled
from the trash of reflections
where
light
teeters
marvelling
at
itself
goldbird
and wax
the million years
of a finger
near the face
of
porches
hovering
in dreams of Rth
where
worlds glisten forgotten
and my shadow
is
a million branches
on
your
unmoving surface

ice/muse/tongue
a burning hand
in
my
forehead

itch and shudder of mornings
a
hundred irridescent pulses
all over you

the starports waiting
at
this age
one more time

exist

and

tripping heavily all the time
there's no word back
from the sky of them

my brain entwines
with cinnamon shapes and dances
like a 10legged ballerina
giving hope to the grinding hips
of futurist poetry

but I am eaten alive
by strange mundanities
at the windowsill of this universe
it always comes back to this

I am haunted
by snows of acid and the covers
of pulp sciencefiction magazines

O SKY WHERE ARE YOUR COLD ARMS NOW

willow and mint called me
to these hollows of moondust

alchemy of saucers
took me through sky after sky after
sky

to the last
shadow of your self burning
across Mercury

with eyes of cloud and memories
of black skirts rising
in the orange air

*

I have caught myself staring
out of endless rooms
through endless windows
into endless yards

I am finally beside myself
a hymn to the unwoven

O willow and mint
growing in these craters
closer and closer

to glass and elizabeth

what do jewels mean
what does a trillium mean
what does frozen water mean

pushing forward through ice and flesh

the new encounter
on a new Rth

and I want to do it
trip my fucking brains out
while my body

suffers unknown entities

these are words
they mean nothing
listen

I can hear a Robot
spouting
cosmic poetry

what magic haunts of Earth remain?
what culverts full of stars

what frozen crows dropping black suns
into the boiling mind

Arcturus has gone in the flash
of an eye
the homunculi lie sleeping
at the outer rim

is there a lyric left on this dim plane?

the pages are dancing for there lives
gold ink drips from the trees
cloud ghost shadow form
into a shapely symbol

I am unrepentant
I loved the Rth once
I'll meet you again soon
Europa
to find new ways of fucking

maybe I'm on a roll
back and deeper to where infinity
stands
up

maybe I'm not either
because
getting from 1 room to another
takes
forfucking ever
and so much is lost in between

when I left
the port of Bethica
a
very definite lyric chemistry
followed me
like a perfume
my brain exploding like a shuttle
all
grace notes and last lines

O intractable existence
words and skin burning burning
so many Rths ago
I remember
a
distant head and a wellformed
tail

sometimes

wonder does return
a blinding blue rift
between
so many
legs

in these darkest of skies night after
night

how I miss your meteor kisses
how I miss the hours of snow and bamboo

*

in orbit around you for years
as you so slowly went down

how I miss the rose of evenings
how I miss the shuttle songs shivering

out of your amber face

*

how I wish I'd tasted you
when you were flesh

on that porch
my thirsty lungs drinking a million
pasts

where the sun's light ends
at this rain of cold tears

we watched
gryphons of light return from Rth
millions of seahorses rising from the snow
red centaurs disappearing into the dance of possibilities

long and slow early mornings
through black windows
we saw the fires of childhood burning
burning these fragments
of glory away

until only the sky remained
a robot darkness
between
stars

beyond the snow
2 blue stars burn in an emerald window

approaches to the absolute remain these things

a human hand
a sunflower

coming down from a 3thousand lightyear trip

might mean that something
had to have happened

a velvet crash
girls unending or upsidedown
but not real

plumes and fountains
of pink
rising

from the Troubadour's head

and
it's all heaven
here

white Sundays
marble hands and memories

a moth-face peering
from the curtain
folds

with
my mother's eyes

after
the unbearable freak caress
a hideous silence
clogged
the noise drains

through centuries of mothdust
I suck at lyric holes
I eat
the living bread
of Martian thighs
dripping
the psychic honey
of
an un-turned
light

dreams

looking at stars through a glass of vodka
I remember
nothing

shitfaced and screaming at Rth
eyes
orange with truth and vision

this arc of dotage and under it
poets
and astronauts
watching
afternoon television

blind with time's trash
to see

the names of stars and jewels
through
a glass of vodka

to sleep the million

sleeps
and to
remember

nothing

hard hard crashing
in
spaces between the black shit
of thought
and

the green silk days

the Orange Lattice collapses
into
a severe hangover
in
the no-sky sky

once there I piloted
now I crawl around this room
looking for pink whispers of foam
at sleep's
horizon

now
I climb dead walls
of
prose
toward
the dark wet cracks
of cyborgs

bird-glitter
in clouds of sepia-time
permanent late-
afternoon
hour of a hand
in the 10 degree light
stroke of pelt
apparitions
from deep childhood
bird-glitter but not
from birds

wasted inside you
receptacle of tongue
late sheen of word
tasting of IT

through glass trees by the river
blue wings aflutter in a poison light
out there
was so long
ago

hallucinations were never the same after
on this indefinite planet
nothing
better
than this flesh-remembrance

she's human but she'll do

this fevered lily
of
middleage
when one might
fuck
anything
because
it might be
the last
it might
feel
good
the last one
face down
under
a dead sky
all my stars and
futures
ending
in you

O searing moons of snow

writing the prose inside you
cumming
wasted in rants
into
the hard black sky
of
Sunday

long travail
so gone from here
morning
in this universe
breathing
ice
sucking hard at blue
windows

between
rising
suns and setting
suns
I
play with cubes and screens
and
await that single
sun
in
the hole of noon
where
my head is caught
between
years and hair streaming
a
sun
so dark
I can dip
my
fingers into it
and
smear its cold
ink
all over
your
10thousand gashes

all over your featureless black face

clocks or birds
which is it
all this cinnamon light means something

and trees what of the trees
silver
between them

an endless line of figures
with hoods all the same person
walking slowly
to
the great curve
where
the worlds end

*

and where are you ambered
vessel
and how does it

feel
to be sealed

between
two
indifferent suns?

from skies un
dressing
sound of wind but no wind
over
holes of ice
music
of female
spikes
and beams
strange world
of silver backs and distant knockings
a
feather of silence
falling
with extreme difficulty
from a starry dawn
an
existence
after childhood
one of
many
improbabilities

in these years within years
never more than a child

how can there be
so many rooms

to look back into
O when Time was forever

there were spaceships and birds
and on Mars

she awaited
with her burning orange hair
and her white thighs melting

all over the pages and worlds
and in my hands

just now this silver sun
colder still

than these rooms and these years
and never more than a child

her eyes are winter days
who
 knows the abyss of Pilots
and swallows

she combs the light
and
 sleeps like glass

hands floating among books

awash
 in golden ether

she combs the suns
she drinks the moon

she lives in a ruby tube
atop
 the city-clouds
lit with music

such glories in her kisses

as if

all space were cloned
with
 her mouth

a sciencefiction dream come true

on a March day
that smelled of gynecoid
ships

behind the sky
and
cones of rose

delirium of gyroscopes
and
pleated skirts

it was so early
then
and the shouting

clouds are coming robots are coming

ROSE THE CONES ROSE THE SHIPS

then but a spark in space
gone these planets
these porches

and wept
with
that knowledge

the last Astronaut knew the blank
insertion
paragraph folded into paragraph
only to remember
at the end
but 1
beautiful thing

particles
of female
combined
with brief utterances
sedation
of lightyears' endless cloud
of glitter

extreme and pure
between
stars

3weeks out
an entire weekend of night
buzzing the addled way
a goldwillow dream of kimonos falling
not
this spastic crawl across MARS
a wasp inside
my helmet
configurations of zeroes and vulvas
not lovepoems
my face is on fire
orange wasp absorbed through the skin

out of the rye fields
a piercing cry of cold
moonlight drenched in wine
unforgettable that
alien foetus

that daughter of mine

my face to the planet
I smother
and gag

blow me away Andromeda
take my head
and
pull me through

your
thousandyearnight

to
the outside
of what
is not

unctions lanterns quotes
a
doll's mouth
drips
trash and sperm
fleck
of tanager
at
the corner of an eye

mannequin, artifice
of ankles, a clone's

perfume
unfortunate shelf life
not just expired but

discontinued
still
I want you it her
I'll keep your buttpiece
in my bed
a knee maybe a
nape
parts of you
to comfort me on the way
back to my head

I saw them silver and beautiful
in the night outside
my bedroom window

a face from a million years away
looked back at me

only light-minutes passed
as if coming out
of my skin

and eyes
like the blue foam
of galaxies swirling

in the snow burrows
I heard
the howls of thrusting

the spines cracking open
like a Motherbird's
eggs

O yesternight
come and finish me
off

icicles, icicles
my face is frozen to the glass there are
no starships there are no children

it hurts mommy it hurts

SHOUTS THE WELKIN
v. 8
Book 18

meteors

cries
 from the pines
goodbye
 don't say goodbye
cries

 from the moon Goodbye don't
say
goodbye

O I would
 drown
in pink honey
 spent
on the thighs
of angels

stark
 hours
 raving
white velvet ghosts

trapped
inside
my helmet
smothered

 in snow
and roses

your breath
is

 starlight

centuries
 of
light
 pouring in
lyre
 of Mercury
sea
 of gold
acid
 and there
what
 black star burns

a moon
 a breath
on cold

glass behind
 that mist
gone forever
 suicide/beauty

what are those
 planets
or
 silver plums

right up against me

new phrases
 old lamps
the orange horizon
was it
you
 tomorrow
morning's glass
 I

look through
drink from

liquid orgasms
 of
blood and
 silver
shuttle and flesh

One

forever Sunday
so many universes
on
this afternoon
with you let's walk

across the moon
drink
 red tea
in a bamboo forest

bathed in earthlight
like

snow in summer

world of
 spreading holes
world of

red jade

world of deep cinnamon

arch of you
 infinite
and
 ululating

gold-dark shadow
covering me

O rain of pearls
 now trillions
of
years across you
your
silhouette against

the black suns blacker
than them

your eyes dead
 garnets
windows
 of silk
into
 the already spread
fans

O heaven Heaven falling

today

against
throat at a black
white gardens Monday's evening
again of phoenix-flesh
close again cold wings open
and open
I taken there
through blue windows
into
of the owled years
childhood's deep unspokenness
my face burns
in off
your nest of thighs
knows who
what things will happen what
things
of flesh
O coldest wines yet to drink

skirts of pink moonlight
skin at 4am

stars behind rain
things to do

on Sunday after
a million Saturday nights

in a row hand
caressing itself
a lamp follows perfume
in the rift
where no one passes

all space astride me
can it be
can I be

everything receding
into
 where nothing happens
except you

 Frozen Muse
I watch your buttflashes
all over my

 bedroom
breathing salt and feathers
while all
the girlkins
dance upsidedown

on the rooftops

QUOTH
 I am Hole
I am
 all galaxies

inside you wired
to

me
cracking up

into speech- glitter

such deep rest in Saturn's
arms

SHOUTS THE WELKIN
v. 9
Book 19

HELIOPAUSE

SCIENCEFICTION

is the ballet of dead astronauts in their orange suits
in cold black space

SCIENCEFICTION

is teleporting replacement borgs from one whorehouse
to another

SCIENCEFICTION

is a drunk stoned interstellar Troubadour gibbering
space-manias to his darlings

SCIENCEFICTION

is moonbasing winter clouds to get through Monday's
World

SCIENCEFICTION

is flying upsidedown against the sky

SCIENCEFICTION

is the endless circular day of the space station
still waiting for 2001

SCIENCEFICTION

is the chitterchatter of drooling astronauts who
believe they have become poems

SCIENCEFICTION

is the violent twitching of tiny synthetic buttocks
shoving me into the hard gold liquid walls of the
universe

SCIENCEFICTION

is the sound of 1 white lily swallowing 1 drop of
star

SCIENCEFICTION

is childhood's eternal moment eternally ending

SCIENCEFICTION

is rain in the night

SHOUTS THE WELKIN
v. 10
Book 20

signals from blue4

no one returns
my suns have grown much colder
in the great Interims
I have traversed the lampyears
and not without damage
to Algol, Fomalhaut and
Lyra especially
my songs are iced now
and sick with Time's
gold flower

no one returns but
you did
almost human
face of implosions
from here I move
toward
that cloud
of dark mondays
O hear me O hear
me now O galaxyface O
page after page of
Harrowings

no one

to reach the Poem
long roads touched me
shuttles opening like sunflowers
what can I say to all
this

pupas fermenting paper lips
kissed over and over
this glass being of things
that won't
write down
red deer of longing
stars berries the wind
blows straight through me
and leaves the world behind

my planet my planet
vomiting your
light
1 fuckt up morning after another
continuous crashing how
long all coordinates lost
smell of sundays
lingers deep into fridays
ghost behind every
curtain
ghost behind every ghost kneeling
unheardof thrustings
in
this luminous blue like
Pluto-moths
burning me up

steel evenings where
the light fell like snow
white violets for eyes, mauve
clouds for lips, your
skin an extreme form
of consciousness, this
planet, a phrase wrenched
from an astronaut's last
breath

in the fleshrooms never moving
situations of talking of solutions

this murex glass I drink from
called your voice

memory of ice fountains O
delight of March suns inside
you

bleak as velvet, I will
lift you
from this tarn of Rth
to my face

my whole body sheathed
in a cold grimace

bleak as kisses I will part
the scarlet robe
to see the endless snow beyond

roses and moons
priscillas and peacocks
desks and thighs

acid angel's voice of liquid
crystal
at sleeps' last door
on this glass pillow
filled
with crickets

after
the mauve evening
I look
for the silverness
the clasp of light
at the
sky's throat

O lie upon my eyes
ivory shadow
violet tongue
the sky is perfect
the stars have made me sick

the last 2 days are gone
Antares
the girl with a hundred legs
is gone
the cries of the Phoenix haunt
the vast night
the abyss of snows and weekends
is unforgiving
between her thighs was a nest
of spice
now the last lighttraces of ruby
and henna
fade from us, Antares
the cries of the Phoenix die
upon the hundred-legged night

blue coffee on white porches at
the shallows
of mysterious satori
3rdGate Pleiades weekend
brainiac amour in a spicegash
speech blown a part at Cygnus
digital voices
exclaiming STAR STAR
then entering a squall of paragraphs
still seeking words like marooned and marmoreal
I follow empty skirts
deeper and deeper
to get beyond Procyon I wait
trembling in lightdrive I
weep

your gold wings rise
from my sleep
like treetops
and shimmer
in the coldviolet
of your dawned eyes
your emerald bones
become this dust
of universes your
sapphire tears fall
and fall
forever and I
cry Beauty cry
Alien
you are among me now

I am trying to remember

the sky what
it looks like

in this
bleak nest of anti
dawns

awash in your white
feathers

in space
there is no sky
under
stars
or skirts
it's all
a
dark cold dance
of
words

SHOUTS THE WELKIN
v. 11
Book 21

DENE

the last time I fuckt you
Atlantis was still rising whitely
toward Andromeda

between
your gills and fur
I licked you
for that glandular narcotic
that would keep me

icehard as my poems
all the way to that grail
of unbearable
beauty

how like an earthCat you purred!
I knew
I stroked you
even as I slept inside
your hypnospod
slept and dreamed I stroked you
like a lute of stars

a million years
of cobaltHeads and gorgonclouds
and then you woke me
with a fluttering lip and a trill
HERE WE ARE you wrote
HERE WE ARE FOREVER