

# Healing by cutting:

December 2011

Take out not some damage piece of thorn

- but a child, something whole

- don't know what's coming

but who can

know what you want from a long life?

Who can't land that?

who goes around and names things and to say it only

- makes us see - that way

WHO WROTE names and NUMBERS ON CIGARETTES,  
YOUR CALLING CARD, LIKE A TEST

hatch-mark

hatch-mark

-destroy tissue-

Oh, running water-

who caught the communicable diseases:

freedom and equality

- globally became endemic

banned encampment -how you hummed! may never see

and hear again

never again seeing the bang -encampment humming

blue smoke

enjambment

all your dreams were cherished by me

all your uplift spirits raised mine  
this machine does-warm as the dawn breaks the night  
where you and I sleep and jostled by the movement wake  
the pendulum  
climbing staircases to sit atop a fort/tree/ss of wonder  
waves their hand over bodies sought to heal them  
who took to the streets like bandits  
played music with paint and conjured images  
drove vans to outreach to flower beds  
who bravely took to buildings like their static swing didn't  
frighten  
too, took to bridges, battled over water,  
oh metropolis, shutter all you- windows tight.  
- metropolitan romantic eyed gaze,  
- shaken platform streets  
so be radical!  
that ultimate discourse  
- higher than the codified language of our predecessors  
or their sacred texts  
one truth I do welcome  
please tell me (the truth)  
- because you were  
who will be with you?  
that repetition sheathed  
you will be waiting for: tone  
thing to come back... you never had saved

the subway tracks sparkles at night  
- hope dreamers are made,

The water that runs between the tracks of the g train  
runs towards church ave.

- the tiles of the floor come up like game tokens

And the bank vault glistens

all visitors and travelers

lay your sleeping bags over flower beds

-you can't say no to a millionaire-

And the cops line up but they are just birds on a wire

rubber bullets and smoke cans point blank

well that's how this story goes

Ya! Well we've seen it our whole life

those echo voices and new strange expression of sound  
as there hung heros and faces which are dying to be  
familiar

and those who humbled themselves up  
scribbling on their arms 212 679 6018

the new government, seeing first life, in these covert cells,  
slowly progressing

for when it comes down to having absolutely nothing

- you either are or you are not in that boat . And the  
people here are saying, we are all in one boat and  
absolutely we have something: togetherness.

laws are you saying:

when you are eaten by the monster, dead, in its stomach,  
that is when it knows where you are absolutely...

pragmatics, the sun of all your glow fallen rye

-feel it all the time now-  
come up for you have fallen back  
What do we take into our own hands?:  
the old organism with growing new organs  
well that's how this story goes  
ya well we've seen it our whole life

-the air beneath out reached wings which are still  
- and the creature with winds is intangible like a mist  
and still  
like the snapshot of an explosion.  
-and who so quickly go  
- and who rode in circles the trains at night  
what meaningful exchanges came by under waves  
and would like the tide be transitional between force body,  
shaken

all the people shouting  
greet morning light and romantic eyes in bereavement  
together  
- hail the light for soon all by fire fall-  
-marching up the streets blocking traffic,  
-finding crowds and standing ground and shouting  
shouting and echoing from the microphone:  
- ideas and voices, anticipation, lies, nigh-mayors fear  
ecstasy loss-waiting for the break of morning  
for reinforcement

- spitters and cursors and defectors and being  
surrounded, trapped netted in penned -- looked at with  
distaste

discontinuous groups take the night from our shoulders  
are a thousand triumphant nights oh nights lay low

- oh discontinuous groups thou shalt with all the power of  
the earth fall.

smile for you are bright and your romantic eyes are  
longing shimmers of that which only nothing for years has  
found you.

- for broken like a window which looks onto the polis and  
polis shape

-and you and I reflect that which it is governed by broken  
by the morning light and

nothing you ever really want grows in desire  
who makes those choices in life plays with fire

find the way home trace the outline

you worry out into your hand and trace the line home

people you may not stop them but your right will

as we stand proudly on the fundamentals of a new nation

these and henceforth people you are its cohort and its  
fundamentals

children of our mothers and our father nation passes.

And though it seems like the torch of liberty -will be-

- passed extinguished it is the blood which passes and  
infuses.

town the torch, extinguished fire, the lady cry for hers was taken -

her only sister, broken scales and blind, kidnapped, taken

- her body

- we will never find and all the world is shaken

- And that darkness compels us

into the light and venture where the fire burns so bright

and faces, erected over,

- and distinguished we rally and march over bridges,  
defectors,

- and are humbled only by each other, and curse those  
hoofed animals screams shrills and

please don't stop them the magistrate commands of them  
and nothing

amongst them is saved, no-one is redeemed

- becoming who will be there when you lose yours:

- being

drove deep underground like fire on the heel- to be

-eruption,

a liquid fire that hardens stone

a fire that melts away and that on which he will walk,

- for who are the stones beneath his feet, that grounds  
supports him.