

Tova my Monster

April, 2009

Part 1

Take memories, unfold them-
time and space; words control them-
tapestries and installations-
art, and sun-day trailing conversations

You leave only echoes behind
footsteps in this hill-side city
-dancing down hallway streets, in the snow-
-wild wind, soaked by rain and charred by fire-

We stormed those institutions-
We stole their relics-
-to parade them-
the songs we sung: they resounded out across the open air

We coalesced in where everything we ever wanted was-
seeing our dreams- out slowly- as they happened

Can we not say we did forge what happened?
We did craft, we carved, as if we could regret the choices
that we made-
If we were solid stone that edifice would bear our names

But reach our lips- it was Tova, to whom I owe everything
and but only can give back, again, memories unfolding-

Being not small wrinkles, being not on the edges-
these lines run-cross the pages

You are the binding of a book that cannot be the book of
shadows

Your generation by means of some majestic manipulation
bestow the brilliant -vibrant colors, in and of yourself you
did imagine

So, but you can dust off this town
not because the bricks and streets do not glisten any longer
they only shine dull in comparison to what you can
remember-
[remember, discover by imagination]

-Our memories are stars, far off suns
and they are orbiting celestial bodies
whom now and others someday will transcend us

So, but we were - for just a moment,
I met you, a thousand revolutions of the sun from today
-I knew you longer
-measurements being not what π s wrong
just our imaginations' sensations stronger-
Our birthdays corresponding to
-the only solstices and equinoxes-
The calendars that matter only to each other
I laugh and pray I knew you one year longer

The paint isn't fading; the colors-
only splashes

-we will see those reverberations
far off in the distant future
-we will be- remember
-our memories unfolding

Chanting like a favorite trance tech-no
-blue-glass bulbs, glazed with electricity
screams and lies and angry crying eyes
-we were the liars and the screamers
our eyes rain cried-

Fear not the day -nor the coldness of the nights
-not blindness nor sickness, nor -
-fear to loose the motions of the moon.
Looked out over and across any empty city
we seemed to be as guards, over its happening
-the grand constructions of our dreams
-the branches of our night-mares

Vacationing only to find- how awful being alone is;
dragging ourselves, or being dragged-
-never finding a convincing argument

We wanted to be those innocent children- on the
playground, swinging, running, -pushing shoving up over
fences hiding in-between the bushes- We wanted to find
everything new for one last time- venturing out into the
early morning for nothing -and being satisfied, all alone,
being untamed in the morning-

Realized by archaic rituals

-feeling cast by shadows, contained to the moonlight-
we saw together the rooms filled with nothing
we tripped down the same iron staircases,
-onto the shore, into the cool waters
-we were soaked by night time

So, but we built it as a city on a hill

By those-same ethics, which drive us,
so do condemn us
As like the Aztecs who were driven-
-out into the mist and glacial lake-fresh waters

So drift out, unfold memories, blow away dust the
-ashes, throw the colors in the waters

From your balcony remember -waves of prayers-

So many things happening-so-quickly
the lines are being drawn-still, yet moving
-a platform far above the battle
enshrined by relics, -a space created-
for a ritual, which is life,
-the clock-work beneath skin

Part 2

As the sun rises over me in this place,
as the sun rises and as the sun sets

I sit and I wonder in which slowly does move me

Out across the airways, over roads,
through and in-between the buildings
in the jungles of far off places

We have seen the temples destroyed
we have seen the tops of mountains
where the ruins stand, as they are-
fallen, sinking into the earth
images of what all our people did once imagine

All is stone surfaces, the iconography
captivated mental states
the vision, the sensation, those explicit symbols,
glyphs which are to their creators, after-life

So, but they had no conception-
we would remark them as mental-
yet only the hard rocks retain them
their solidity is static and life is too fluttering
to smash our skulls against the solid rock walls.
Our signification is not en-graven
we exist in the mental states we touch
-care not if we create them, worry not if they persist
-our signs will be there, breathing, contemplating on the
open airways

There is delirious chaotic rhapsody
-delivering oaths and vows and prose on those

- rooftops and railways, riverboats and blow
away the dust of the past

Part 3

How much more we love each other than we love ourselves

I would push you up the latter,
- save you as chaos ensued the rooms behind
I climb up-after knowing you are safe

Underneath the surface we only have the choices we made
outcomes from options-
doorways in a shifting architecture

We navigate to find each other
sometimes the framing holds-
us captive
-we imagine, we convince ourselves-
punishable by conceiving
-that no reason did contain us

I will stamp my foot and bring about an earthquake
before I choose to leave you,
before I climb the ladder and do not stop
when reaching top the trees-
I will enter chaos-
I will drive crazy madness
emptying the air-out the windows

blowing smoke extinguishing the fire
colliding down stare-cases

The demolished hill-side
the screams of un-dead voices
their movement in the shadows
longing voices, flashing lights
blue-lights, siren red and yellow
headlights, red, green - and yellow
and those that radiate soothing rainbows
of colors in a slow precession, a hypnotic beckon
-to set the battle, to wake the warriors,
-to predict the future
while all the time fire-works exploding

-Cast shells and make sacrifices
orient by signs and symbols
approximate the space with tokens
- draw- out the cosmos in the sand
-command the ears to listen
-place the relics on the alter
-and rise - a mountain top
attain redeeming, enlightened power
command the air to clear

All is still surfaces and noises and looks and stares
-and movement beneath the skin breathing in
-rhythm yet breathless, yet gasping
choking and drowning

Now dangling off balconies, wavering

- and blowing prayers off into
the night over roads and rooftops and across
- the water

Tear down tapestries and installations of
-memories unfold blow out candles and
-away the ashes down stairs slam-door
hold back tears and do not extinguish the fire
- which burns the rooms behind