

Eve was the Snake

is a collection of poetry released into the public domain by its author,
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Eve was the Snake can be found online at
<http://jmc.31337.info/poetry/01-Eve-was-the-Snake/01-Eve-was-the-Snake.pdf>

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In the beginning, Adam and Eve evolved from apes.

Adam only wanted to get to know Eve, so Eve invented a Snake and a
Myth about Forbidden Fruit

so that Adam would go Crazy until he wanted her Body.

dedicated to Jonas, who carries the wheel

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Paraíso en Arcilla

3/27/2013

So shone abalone –

Rounded shells in lands where sun sees the evening

And value is known in creases at the edges of eyes and smiles

A child finds that shell

And imagines that if the sun were rising over the horizon instead of setting

Then she could more easily crease the smiles in her eyes

Although the rising sun illuminates the shell

And its green and purple hues smile out over the water

As it transitions from a world of dark and blue

To one of light and shades of red

So the child's longing to be on a western shore passes as she

Blinds herself by staring

Into the road of fire that the sun paints in a reflection on the ocean

From the horizon to the shore at her feet

Wild Dogs

4/4/2013

A land apart from others and

In some sense left behind:

An essence of humidity fills the aether;

The dogs see spots.

Dehydration reins them in to the cracks in the ground.

Here where the sun shines on useless tooth & nail,

Hunger prevails.

Nullspace of a Matrix

4/5/2013

So raucous shone the alpenglow
O'er doe in meadow sleeping
While mountain birds elapsed in the pre-dawn light,
Their chirps heard by two hikers
Aloft in the eerie aura of a sacred place,
Their occasional branch-to-branch flitting
Suspending a stranger to propriety,
Bringing his mind here and now

Oh, Bother

4/7/2013

Hold still, sky, while from below I watch thee
Focused so intently on thine cloud cover I am
Staring,
Hoping that the sun will scatter them
Or that the power of my gaze will
Radiate enough energy to dissipate them
So that the short-sleeved shirt I have
Chosen does not leave me shivering cold today
If only I were a wizard
And I had that power

Untitled

4/12/2013

Dear Princess,

Do you know the color of
A bolt of lightning as it flashes
In the fore of sky,
In shadow of the clouds of storm,
Still fore of bodewell hues?

That tint of yellow: hatchling chick
The clouds: a river stone

While underneath this scene: a red
Like sunlight seen through
Skin of loving and warm hands

And as this picture moves in time,
The ocean laps beneath.

Alpine Affinity

6/10/2013

Familiar meadow-in-plateau amidst peaks
Bounded by woods, here wild flowers grow
And snakes and rodents move about, unseen
A beetle crawls up a stem, antennae twitching
Instantly the hard wings open; the bug waits briefly,
Then flies off to greener fields,
Winding in the breeze which also carries
Pollen up and aimlessly like prayers

Inkspill

6/11/2013

The author sits in silence,
Naps in nowhere land
Writing only to satisfy his own curiosity
About the story brewing in his mind.
And so the under-curious produces nothing
Until boredom and loneliness inspire
Kaleidoscopic letting of characters and ideas.

Neighborhood Reputation

6/12/2013

Days pass

Upset stomachs, blades of grass

Children laugh

Neighborhood party crasher's crass

She won't last

She sits and thinks and then she asks:

Where's all the cash?

Back to that one thing –

Circular-saw accident – lost more than a finger

Not a light surgery but not a flatliner

After seeing the fallout she decided not to linger

21st Century Seasons

7/1/2013

Horrible heat; can you feel that electric beat?

All night, the blight hum of the power drums on

and we reel in radiation from illumination via bulbs in the ceiling

Do you get that dehydrated feeling?

Where your head aches and your fingers and arms swell

and the body that you thought you knew so well

puts stops in for the roar and din

of the gas generator on top of the heat

Stadium lights on to witness the fight song

A billion billion leaves fall into an autumn tomb

As the harvests end, children carve and are

monsters, cats, and ghosts while their siblings

offer and are the subjects of homecoming toasts

A streetlight blinks and tries to fill the night

While mammals and birds try for all they're worth

to save enough for winter and increase their girth

Gas or electric heat and spray-in insulation
keep us warm while outside it's rhinovirus incubation
An icicle is the only thing that grows down
And the snow keeps cars stuck so any and all are slow towns
Where facades and the difference between run-down and luxury
are hidden out of sight for the layer of white
and the snow's streetlight reflection means
the day and night shimmer equally as brightly

Shards of eggshell fall into a nest
from the casing of the bird who hatched before the rest
at the beginning of the spring when the glaciers start to melt
and bring a drink that'll chill the warmest heart
or water crop seeds at the harvest season's start.
Seasonal hormones in civilized society
mean lots of "sorry, no"s and even for the nice guys
but the world continues spinning and the sun to rise

Micro/Macro

7/2/2013

Strings

watch

as they dance

alone in nothing else

muons, pions, several quarks

too numerous to count

protons, atoms, molecules

a trillion at a time

to organelles and cells

and macrobiostructure

bacteria and viruses

diseases and their cures

pro- and eukarya

and vertebrate, mammalia

the quadruped, the plantigrade

the ape who walks on two

Known

now

as a thing

encoded in a book

theory, art, science and math

too numerous to count

emergent structure

and attribute

to economy and power

and craft of war

crime and punishment

and society and justice

newspaper and radio

and television, internet

atomic bomb and satellite

the astronaut in space

and wears a shoe and cardigan
and makes everything over again

who crash lands in the ocean and
eventually dies just like everyone else

Impermanence

7/16/2013

Firefly¹ said,

"There's no going home because home is the same, and you're not,
and never will be again."

Q:

What marks can we put on the
passage of time to allow to persist
the illusion that our experiences
have lasting meaning and that,
granting an anthropocentric focus,
our accomplishments are due to effort rather
than causality?

A:

Days, months, years.

1 R.I.P. <http://firefly.yourjapan.jp>

The Other Black Gold

7/30/2013

Dregs of coffee stir in veins
To ease the awful waking pains
I ought to try but won't succeed
In getting by without the need
To caffeinate; it's an addiction
More than that I need the friction
Of a night without much sleep
The words I push my drink may keep
So here's to ever-sleepless nights
And artful, long internal fights
With demons who doth disappear
When the sun is nowhere near
For in the night my fear gives way
To creativity gone in the day
And peace of mind and will at hand
So begone sandman! Take your sand!

Here's to coffee, rev my heart
And at the dusk, at nighttime's start
I'll re-up with another round
So that my pillow needn't be found
And like a font I'll keep to spring
Until the earth completes a ring

And may words flow until the sun
Comes up and my nocturnal fun
Ends suddenly and with a daze
And off to bed I slowly laze
But then recall that molecule
And think to myself, "I'm a fool
It's daytime, I shall be awake"
And so another pot I make
And sleepless life is thus maintained
Until I crash, empty again

Untitled

8/29/2013

Dear Princess,

Do you know the sound that's made by
Windshields as they shatter into
Spiderweb designs as you are
Hanging upside-down by seatbelt
Looking at a cliff?

I don't for the adrenaline,
I'm awfully glad of that –
That chemical just aggravates me,
Says I'm close to death.
So I retreat to safer roads
Where car-rolls are unlikely
And the mental cost of driving is
Affordable to pay – but I say nonetheless that
Flipping over once is fun,
Twice I'll pass

Foundation Shifts

9/22/2013

Aren't we anonymous automatons in the flowing wax and ebb of unsympathetic economy?

Don't we slog in an improvised shuffle,
An elaborate swirl of energy expenditure which satisfies
Apparent self-organizing forces?

Is it a plight to live on the wrong side of the line dividing
The satiated and the wanting?
Do we tell ourselves that no holier judge can say which side is which?

Will our identities converge when age numbs the vagaries of life?
Were our souls complicit in strife before we were born?

Graph Edges

9/24/2013

What can you stand on, new one?

Release it and let it flutter away until you are satisfied

Here, there, the foundation shifts to follow you

In a tribute to your impermanence

Be heartstrong in the dark

For though a path will not appear,

You leave one

Maybe another can follow

Illuminate a here & now

Because the heres & nows are scarce,

Costly and

Rouletted to some

Ode N

9/27/2013

Lost and therefore bursting
In directions accidental and unplanned
Thanks to that ineluctable ...
Which keeps me up at night.
It's a strange meter in which this mind ticks:
Often laborious and weak,
But sometimes rhapsodious and effervescent.
Tremors of doubt of tenets
Leave sedimentary effeteness in subsiding.

How many dialects have we spoken
In the temperate dusk which crawls from the east horizon
To proxy our thoughts to patronizing or ideal audiences (each other)?
Where can I go from here,
When roads to the future lead into the next dusk?
Into the horizon the world spins, land after another.

Consider: a turtle sits atop a turtle sits atop a turtle ...

Hello Echoes

10/3/2013

One soul in a manila envelope
Ready for shipping says
To the soul packaged above him in the stack:
"What does it all mean?"
And that second one hears
But does not know the answer
And so does not reply,
Rudely,
Not even to acknowledge the inquisition.
Tomorrow will come regardless,
Until earth and sun are no longer
And the concept of tomorrow is obsolete

The Colding

10/9/2013

Here again, the winter blossoms

Isn't that chill-on-wind awesome?

Where are the animals of late?

They're in their nests to hibernate.

Leaves from trees fall, orange and brown,

From branch to earth a-swirling down.

A thousand crystalline beads form

When dew's the opposite of warm

Trite Scrawling

8/23/2014

Wonder until you are curious

Wander until you are lost

`$ echo "seek until you find" | sed -r s/"(.)(.)(.*.*.)(.)(.)/""\1\2\3\5\4\2"/`

And on your journey, give more than you take

The 0x0 Ocean

9/3/2014

(Start at an artsy coffee house)

The most beautiful paintings are

Wept onto canvas post-aging in an innocent's memory

(Stop to breathe)

Such that in effect the iris

Is an asymmetrical filter,

Taking ugly on ingest and context on emit

Leaving quintessential feeling (breathe)

(Why'd you break the rhythm?

We were just getting set up to divulge all of a friend's memories)

(Stop to breathe & look merely complacent)

(There's no rhyme or cadence

[With cigarette in-hand]

Which makes confidence-breaking acceptable)

(Now put the microphone in the stand & make some grand gesture: which is up to you)

(Do you wear glasses? [Let's get really off-track – there's a bar down the street;

Tell directions to the crowd & get go-ing])

(Now we're here, yes, and so:)

On the beach, at the ocean,

The Pacific Northwestern water

Freezes the body and so –

The experience is purely physical when

It could otherwise have been

(Reminder to tip the bartender)

(Breathe) psychosomatic (this just isn't the time or place

To mention what we came here to say.)

Ya la Próxima Vez

9/24/2014

1. Life on this side of the whip
is not a permanent crisis
despite sideways rain on the ill-lit highway
and traveling figuratively towards an ambulance
and literally to a place where
I want to be more than I want to be in my own bed
What are all these comforts about?
What I need to get by in lieu of a reciprocal.
2. Hopefully the status quo will integrate me
and the blooming, daisy-petal counting children
won't pay me much mind.
3. If only I could control the urge
to address apologetic poetry to former lovers, and
never-readers anyway.

Deluge of Passersby

10/23/2014

There was a cataclysm at the beginning of time

When all potential souls each cried out,

"I am not ready for life. Nullity is so much
easier."

But the dual-roled charioteer-shepherd waited patiently,

At times urging them to action and

At times pushing them away –

Not due to unloving,

But so that they might find their paths

Tea for One

10/23/2014

A bouncing ball

A world on fire

A gaslit slave

A parking stall

A mind that ticks

As axons twine

In pathways through

An active mind

I once loved her

Uselessly

But love this strong's

Not meant to be

I'm letting go

And channeling

The love I felt

To other things

It's like screaming at the top of your lungs in a vacuum

Iridescent Tantaleyes

10/24/2014

Mystery girl –

You are unapproachable like a blinding diamond

And beautiful like fission in a star

But I have earned my stripes

In the war of the genders,

And your red pants and opalescent eyes

Will not make me lose my cool.

You are a manslayer,

But I am impervious

And which one of us will tahashsham in this hashama?