

T o S t e m
t h e T i d e
o f
D a y s

Elwood | P u c e

A p o t h e o s i s

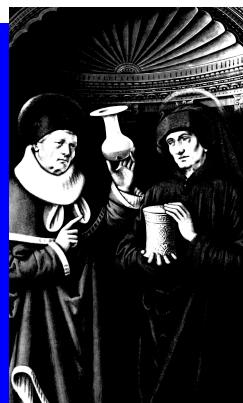
Adoring the sacred skulls,
He thought where are their
other bones?

ribs
metatarsals

Bleaching in the sun perhaps,
Or necklace of a sheikh.

Black for white,
They once exchanged an
ulcerated leg.
Anagyroi: unmercenary love.

One held aloft the unguent,
And one the stinking bottle.
Piss of the dying,
Piss of the radiant dead.



Corrage

alien prom
is a sexual event
tentacular
occurring octoannually
with themes of
waterplay
zygotica
and the far reaches
this night
proposes
Worlds

P h o e n i x

I took you to my home
And you remarked upon the
fireplace,
Climbed inside and sat there
for an age.

Herodotus, Isodore, men with
itchy fingers:
They came to see you purify
yourself.

When all was done,
I swept the ash into an earthen
vessel.

Sometimes, I hear you chuckle
at my notions.

P e a t

Life's a bog
the smell of which is very bad.
Man's a frog
And woman is his lily pad.

What to say to the melancholy man
Relieving himself on a pink-ringed
can:
You are a ghost with
Teeth like little tiles?

S t a l l

C o b b l e s t o
n e

Those lights along the riverside
were hastily installed
memories like bric-à-brac
knocking in the shallows

on certain nights
i go to the place and sit
in hopes of love
it comes when it comes:
a slow, breathing thing

j.
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t e e t h

words are windowpaneless
steaming stainless
on the shoulder
gravelbed granola
tenderfoot
why the leggy diction
silver-wire narrative
find purchase in the disparate
a structure or
a song

J a r m a n

detritus in the doorway
stoop and
squirrel it
he treads his alleys
limberlight
Ahoy!

S a m e r a f

Love, to me, is a formless thing
Fear of growing loathsome
I now pronounce you
Long as fingers
Hard as a hammered band

Generals

Let me tell you my dream, the boy said, holding up a finger. I was in my father's car.

I cut myself on the dial of the radio of my father's car. The knob broke off; my hand broke off. I felt for it in the seats and under them. When I looked up, the car was moving. It was moving in circles in the grass. The radio grew louder & louder.

I too was in my father's car, the girl said, looking down. I cut myself on the steering wheel. My feet were nubs of bone. There was no gas pedal, no brake pedal. Just a falling-out hole in the floorboard, a void for falling, falling into.

The boy Now hear this. The
nodded. ►peppou priest was drowning
The boy in the place of
worship. A great and silent
splashing. The organ soared
metallic, sidereal above our heads.
Down the well the dead boy swam.
There were tables and chairs at the
ancient source. Comets in the
honeypot.

Yes, said the girl. These are symbols and signs, the deep down stuff of the world. Likewise the woman bathing in the fountain, as cold and hard as stone. I did not eschew remembrance. We were larger than the trees. And the man with the pick and the grappling hook? The soaring eagle of portent?

• • •

Yes, they were also in the
dream I had.

The boy nodded. It is good to
have dreams and tell them. I
dreamt of generals holding
sodas, their penises erect. All
were gloriously
adorned. Glistening. Clutching
at the stiffness.

I
dreamt
of
Generals
with no
penises
or
names.

The boy nodded. It is good to have
dreams and to tell them. Listen now: the
generals holding sodas,
their penises stiff. All was adorned.
Elucidate.

T h e e n d



N a a m a n

Spigot-shaped,
The mouth of God made covenants of
cleansing.

My skin was pink and leprous
with the suds.

Immersion,
Submersion,
Application of the cloth:
I did not trust this ritual.

U p d i k e

Time is the phallus
on which our mother
spins
I hate the way she
tilts her head and
grins

T a r b a b y

Dr. Blanket drives a Camry, 1999.
It's parked across two spaces in the
lot of his small practice.
Mold describes parabolas.

P o r c h

In the dark, the father is sitting with his son, two outlines. Everyone knows Orion's belt, but it needs to be pointed out when visible.

"And Polaris, the north star. The sky rotates around that."

The son knows that, swats at a dim bug.

"And Vega. V for Vega. A goose or something. Do you want a cigarette?"

"I'm too young."

"Have one anyway." He holds one out and pulls it back.

"Ah, too young, too young."

Other stars he knows are the Dippers, big and small.

Ursa Major, Ursa Minor. The morning star, Venus, which can be seen in the early hours.

"Anyway you'll get cancer. I'm your dad and I won't let you smoke."

"I shouldn't smoke."

"You shouldn't smoke." He pantomimes a gasp.

"Anyway, look here. I'm your father. It's time I told you about something."

The son looks down. The porchlight comes on and the mother comes out.

"Hey we're having a moment here."

She drags over an iron chair screeching and sits down and lights up a cigarette.

"Hey don't mind me."

In the porchlight, in the night, they sit there heavily.

They are waiting for something that will not occur, or is unlikely to.

L o b o t o m y

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Enough of limbs
and ligaments
your rhetoric affronts me
bodies/ · parsed · like
sentences¶
arranged in little graves

Pangæa is a puddle
On the locker room floor
A mighty man emerging

A p p a r a t
u s

b e d l a m

>I went to a bar last night
>It was a club
>The incident occurred at 5 am
>They gave me a mask to wear
>Against the smoke
>Bodies of women and of men
>Come to the purple fire
>>>Lose your face
>A place gone primal, <[digital](#)>

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Gin and tonic
make it gin and water.

Catch the eye, the cold
of someone's daughter.

Cough and sniff
when conversations falter.

Bleary-eyed,
we stumble to the altar.

The moon
is a tear on
the face of
God
His eyes
are red
with carbon
Come and
let us be
unmade
Naked, let
us flourish

e u l o g y

Sex with Edgar was a sad affair.
He had a spit of grizzled hair,
Lived and fucked in fear of
imposition:
A good man and a Christian.

S a r a i

Lithe and irreducible,
An arabesque of sorrow,
She dances in the marketplace.
Her hair is full of cinders.

Z i o n

A man of nervous production
Of starts and stops
He works the presses, collates
 divine literatures
Tracts, Christ in a pamphlet
Eyes weepy with fluorescence
He tinkers and fiddles
Plays violin of a Sunday
Shoulders bowed, eyes uplifted
Beard like an aging fire

asthma

What is the god? How might we conceive of him? Not as the man, but as the fullness of the man and, thus, of the world.

What are the qualities of the world of the man? They are: a breathing, a becoming, a dreaming or a seeming.

With these, to propagate out and up is to imagine the god. We can, I think, breathe into the breathing to seem what it may become.

(Note that: this is not the GOD, or all things as they are. It is merely the god we seek, of some things as they might be.)

To the breathing. It is expansion and contraction, universally (the BIG BANG or Shrink). I will call inhalation an eating and exhalation an excreting.

This is System.

The body breathes and is breathed through organs, tubes, and apertures. Man bellows—finds himself, above all, Lung.

To the becoming, Or, a going-toward-death. Not as the GOD goes—dumb and ultimate—but as the god, in glorious asphyxia. He unbreathes that he may become another's breath. This deliberate seizure of the death-function we call Becoming.

Finally to the seeming. Seeming is that operation by which breathing becomes. It is the breathing between the breath, tissue and filament of the god. To seem the breath: to feel it hot on the neck of the world. It is the great porous membrane, the passing-through. As like a dream as not, we seem its rise and fall, firmament upon firmament.

Take him for your wheezing god.