Poems to *The Decadent Review* for Consideration:

So Light Plants Its Root

Remains on the Planetary Surface

Remains on the Cloud Plaza

So Light Plants Its Root

**I. Bearing the Beautiful Collision in Rothko**

Long-held outmoded assumptions

that stocks of materials available

on this blue planet could never be

exhausted, or succeed in swamping

the populations with floods, are still

tender from eggshell digs in the greater

undone, while anthropological cracks

in the continuum warp photographic

eyes over the centuries. The outskirts

have been paved over using contraries

with old-world animals, glistening, rare,

on the screen. And so heaviness has more

than started to frame the freezing hot

whole range of slightest shifts in Celsius

leaching into electric longing and jackboot

fears, redesigning solidity while it falls

out of sync with quick-melting elevations.

At the table, unknowing may request more

servings, drifting over ground-hived bees

at the edges of shape where beings are,

who grew up with belief in the morning

and then evening. For the body seems to

have formed as a consequence of the roar

of vacuum-shattering outer space inflating

after the mysterious split-second ignition

that peaks now in the inherited tongue,

the ancestral jaw, familiar bones in chests,

as we try to grasp the fast-swelling oceans

of archaic languages with in-between colors

generated out of coevolving spiraled codes.

**II. In the Room with Paul Klee**

Sun as it blazes over the horizon

makes dawn in the primal brain

at one with the emergence of self.

It’s the nuclear fusion generator

you could feel at the root of being.

With cosmic rays showering stone

there’s quickening within matter,

the mother-seed of consciousness.

No person remains sculpted clay.

No clay’s playing the baritone sax.

Dark columns of smoke say wildfire

rides in on electromagnetic pulse

from a future already come to pass.

No person you’ve noticed in the day

was able to avoid some kind of birth.

The dawn sun in nuclear blazes

appears on the eastern horizon

in every cell which comes to life,

in every form of being created

by living collaborations of cells.

**III. Pollock Painting Organic Expression**

Given the huge number of other species alive in the human body

where they co-evolved with the organized systems of cells

and contribute now to inner workings we only know expressed,

it’s fair to say we haven’t exactly been alone and aren’t only ourselves.

It happens we aren’t exactly separate from all this circulating breath

that surrounds us, and we aren’t different from what becomes us,

what becomes of us in leaves and vines, in living alongside 230,000

newborns every day around the world or cradled here in our arms.

For the rain that falls to ground also reaches the blood, with 81,000

unnatural chemicals in air and water also chemicals in the cells,

where anyone’s material poverty is also poverty in us, with the living

climate the shell protecting the nut like the skull around a brain,

pollination guarded by husks of grain, bees that are breathing cells,

where we’re flying birds in the computer eye, wired with wild reactions,

the work wail populated with herds grazing over soft calls for extraction

to rev up the nectars of summer, that resist completion for the rest

of chaos, with aerodynamic blades generating the new energy still

spinning behind drips and splashes when Pollock moves at work

in old shoes all paint-slopped where the truth’s been aimed at gravity

making weight where thinking acts as if we’ve been here all along,

muscle memory lit from the tiger bones out to the clothes with truth

hungry enough to be both mother and father of the visible music

in indivisible slumps and peaks of philosophic matter off the brush

fallen heavier than trailer trucks of machine-tilled slipstreams turning

over the felt underground with ongoing circulation where we’ve been

or might have gone with dark and light streaming down fast into arcs

of concatenated sky out in the rain in falling rain that enters the blood

with its pulse of wind in between the poles, with tiger-toothed jewelry

of remote clusters of star birth leaning down into paint off the lip

of a can, while the can floats on the ocean of space separating worlds

in which archaic despair and rhythmic pulse have been splattered over

with onyx blood of the auroch, where the day’s been unable to stop

breaking out of primordial space to print the papers of night on canvas

that was resounding under inseparable Pollock from the downpour

in a solid drop of black that condenses destiny or spills growing

synaptic vines that fire *en mass* in conditions that gave rise to us.

**IV. The Light in Paintings**

**of Morris Graves**

The long-practiced ancillary past

lifts and falls with overhanging

sprays, cypress and mangrove,

as easily as the strings of spiders

vibrate out of blameless presence

unfastening plumb. So the fingers

of the transcriptionist can move

with mineral precision that leans in

out of Chopin. But we can’t know

many footprints the coastal winds

long ago scrubbed. So possibilities

exist, some that are able to dwarf

the natural and human spheres

we know. The ancestors, of course,

couldn’t see how small the planet is

as the cosmos expands. The Hubble

telescope happened to photograph

aboriginal light that was impossibly

old in the present. Our ancestors

couldn’t see dreaming as the brain

in communication with the mind.

There aren’t many ways to locate

archaic existence that eventually

led to our lives. We couldn’t have

found half the vandalism left here

by gods. So Morris Graves painted

psychic regions of brilliant bright

yellows teleporting through history.

Remains on the Planetary Surface

**I. Red Howlers at Dusk**

Let no time passing fail the test

of unusual luck trickling down on the clock

for the love of companions

where we’ve started out small,

close to the ground, which is the case

for anything made out of cells so you don’t have far to fall

if you’re trying to get both legs to collaborate

to carry weight in one direction then the other.

Where the old disciplines convene in a spectrographic spike

that causes red howlers to grin before crying out in their howl

from the shock of consciousness,

in the only solar dusk

when light’s on fire between the poles,

there’s fire beyond, bearing this heaviness

as global rain falls in cells,

fire on ghost-talked proving grounds

as humbleness faces gargantuan forces,

when there’s gravity to get a grip on.

Whatever raised us before we could think has left us with scripts.

Let us recall how it felt to be in swoons of love,

when wrestling fear in the void

until loving each part of what have you,

as Earth rises over the lunar horizon.

**II. Blue We Can See**

Out of respect for common birth, all people

understand hungers

caused by revolving in orbit around the sun,

where there’s enough to go around

for sunlight to draw on experience, which draws experience out,

as if altruism were the real price of admission

that exempts no one.

And yet as we are, we live as someone

interrelated with similar others, each one

in a similar life so different nothing could take it out of us.

The green plants reminding us of the niche we inherited

in the ecosystem for which the head was developed

an unthinkably long time ago by the cells.

Then we imprinted on what we found with our senses

when we were little, the first times we had the chance

to look around, down at the dirt

or up into the afternoon cooked up in leaves.

Hearing the smallest chime, inhaling it with the scent of juniper,

we saw what we could feel and see.

The blue couldn’t have been

higher, which had us hoping, in solar vibration making things hum.

**III. Sidewalk Violin**

For breath to become breath,

with the body inextricably ignited,

individuated but part of living unity,

matter pivots on unpulled fast inclinations of the genome

that over the leguminous time

overflow.

For hunger begins somewhere out of sight,

liquid light, dark as breathing,

growing calm around everyone home.

Look – drop your arsenal

at the foot of the Sphinx

which remains toothlessness

around those who thirst at the fountain of peace keeping them alive.

A long precipitous fall lifts off the wild seas

as weight sinks in rain toward the pavilion of lions,

if you have a mind to employ bioluminescence

making your path through miles of solitude,

if you walk in your own footsteps simultaneously particle and wave

intact in your clockwork

going off where you go,

while someone standing by the glass bus stop

plays sidewalk violin

in pursuit of moss-glowing green going on plumb

as it is written in a script of bee-turns.

**IV. These Conditions**

It’s possible a species as aggressive as ours

will survive wars between its nation-states

and the brutality passed along one generation to the next

unless a new war turns thermonuclear.

What the species won’t survive is its all-out assault on ecosystems.

The way the body evolves in response to conditions,

in increments that refine what’s been put in place,

the conditions we need around us evolve

based on forces and locations of matter with the effects of combustion,

releases of gases, loss of species to drought or flooding,

bursts of volcanoes or missile bombardment, loss of the usual

global circulation of cooling or warming currents of air or water.

So extraordinary heat stays with carbon molecules in the atmosphere,

heat that penetrates whatever the air touches with conductivity

starting with water, causing oceans to bake

slowly, almost from the inside out.

The longer politics stops the collective from acting en masse

as fast as possible to replace equipment and practices

that lead to the blood boiling,

when food stops growing,

the more it will cost everyone alive

and harder the end will hit.

**V. Tuesday Evening**

So the hermetic arts have invested in under-accommodated senses.

Solar showers have left deserted shade where the moth’s disappeared.

Minutia have been promoted as fundamental to stinking childhood.

Sun has darkened us bright when we were old or quite young.

Concentration of the mind remains a live emanation of the cells.

It’s hard enough, never been easy to live as a being

human with humane beliefs

able to base differences on what’s in common.

No one among us exists who never went through birth.

No one has a mind able to survive without the plants.

We’re so close we could miss it, too hung up on differences

to consider the possible practice of peace

to stop trying to please the sheriff in hankering,

the diminished fifth in the horn player,

the physician who held your head shortly following birth,

the reverend who preached into an unfathomable bucket,

as if you’ve never stopped answering the impractical test

when you’re seeing inscrutable faces of human aspiration

where inexorable flowerhead lift has its yearning

at moth speeds, so great an urgency exists.

Remains on the Cloud Plaza

**I**. **Turning**

Out of whines and peaceable assembly

Kerouac’s astronomical meat-wheel

of everyone inside-out has been

turning hot and cold in revolutions

abreast with accelerations of labor

and unprecedented hyper-simplicity

promulgated by the explosion

engines and wheel rolling through the past

at thunderhead edges of sight where resurrection of the present is

so much steed-charging across the bison West

in the general truck and melt feathering back on the tongue

into summer peace as spontaneous as Buddha’s abandon

of finery in the fabric of this age

where leaves still comb power out of sunlight

given this chance to live

cloaked in dangerous familiars which must be only natural

lifted off stallion shoulders from synergistic earnestness

in the appetites where we must take

great care to ensure the pumping heart heals

when the mother root’s expedited out of exile

when the plugged-in guitar claims freedom

in mindful overflow fusion

reddening a flash of wings.

**II**. **Present Stands**

Knowing sharpens on planetary curves and keeps us returning

to genetic connection at the speeds of the garden worm-holing,

as the mind wakes to contraptions from notebooks of DaVinci

that bear down on the next generations

lifted by altered botanical seasons happening

to moss that holds the buildings in place.

The Doug firs towering in back of the house never stop being

what they’re rooted in, what surrounds them as they remain

parts of the spread-out forests in people’s yards

where you can see them trying,

reaching, bending

in the breathing spectrum.

Through arboreal dark ancestral lift, the decision-making of cells

steps through adjacent philosophic doors open to the last century

loneliness of beauty was whispering *greenhouse*

into burst-horse action seed-sprouting,

for presence stands in the firs that were living here

when WB Yeats assembled *A Vision,*

using antithetical pairs of faculties

employed by the university of awareness

that learns from trees standing in the body

of fate, until heaviness takes the road

on its shoulders with cave-wall paintings aloud

in the chest that contains two horses exhaling, loaves expanding

as catalyzed contraries of expectation in the gist of genetic code.

**III**. **Cells Lit by Sun**

Resistance breaks with tradition, finished with compliance

in present conditions

of the unfinished future

street-carried flat and round as the last time

you heard your name in a friend’s voice beginning with the ascent of cells

lit by sun that turns them back to the purposes within longing,

as if we’ve all been one another moving quickly

or slow but steady, like the morning.

For every forgotten moment with buried desire has always been

part of the whole central to our make-up

going back to the mammalian afternoon

making serious forecasts of birth when the sun started

into hatchings and then birth down the streaming cosmic cord

into self-repairs and diva dives, tanning

and bathing in salts of the indigo unknown

where she’s been lovely,

marshalling patience and wonder

turning wildly topological while the last rains steam.

A hummingbird takes to the air without trying, as easily as gravity

holds boulders at the bottom of water

forming rivers that flow through being.

**IV**. **Mitigation and Adaptation**

Not much has been happening

where so many have been pushed back against the wall.

Are things as they seem, when you catch your breath?

Through interminable beginnings of what might not have been,

isn’t being a chance?

Where would we end up

if it weren’t for the spectrum with its oranges growing round

and long passageways of orange squash blossoms back in the garden?

Gravity sinks behind glass cases.

A one-night day rings up birth of the mind.

Change the climate, change the make-up of microorganisms.

Alter perception, and practice brain surgery on the future.

Dumb down, and be dumbed. Clean your plate or fail to thrive.

Consumption burns lights, where contact sports fill the night.

How far does the reach sadden? What volumes are being read

that were never written?

It turns out nailing the place down

dwarfs the personage,

what peaks before diving then returns to peak in the Sanskrit hum

of viability, in the face of primal honesty, in the glare of impermanence.

When there’s little to be done

because there’s too much to do,

to what discipline do you turn?

**V**. **Burden of Proof**

You can do everything right

but if your mouth is full

maybe if you’d just act just act like a doctor

demonstrating familiarity with a range

of human intentions and habits of nuns

habitats of subtropical dabbling ducks.

But how do you prove

something nobody knows? How do you know

the speed of your horse

when everybody’s racing down the road within consciousness

when the road’s been thrown into fast forward

as if it were only natural to move faster

when who has an unconditional moment to recall another time,

but how else could you know where we’re headed?

How can you show anyone where you haven’t gone?

How can anyone prove there’s nothing we could do?

Maybe no one shows up to claim possession

waiving rights to attorney

as elephantine and richly purchased teaching

where hunger’s gone into unexpected spikes in compass

stretches of emptiness that, without them, could not be,

as roundness has, and wholeness is nothing if not waves

breaking out of sea-depths in the new brain, as luminous

and oaken was the release of sea-sway single wings open

behind those born to the only mothers and fathers possible.

Sailing Away from Byzantium

When the future contacts the present,

it can be for stunning purposes,

such as predicting whales beached

in Florence or a bread basket drought.

It may be to stop people from talking

without learning more, or to reveal

laws of mesmerism, say, or the effects

of hormone-mimicking reagents released

from industrial drums into the public trust.

The future doesn’t shy away from barging in,

whether we’re on stage in the archaic Greek

theater, delivering parts from behind masks,

or undergoing a fresh arc in the sad story

of civilization putting its animals at risk.

It stands at the gates of global horse races,

the future, where it fires the handgun

in a display of power, terrifying the horses

that bolt into the distance, disappearing

faster than anyone watching might want,

for the sake of all you can take to the banks

of the passing river of diamonds from rings,

diamond waves leaving the present behind

in places altered when the moon shines,

revealing the appearance of an empty world,

while rich moonlight pours down into pools

of breath across the yards, and reaches

behind the closed eyes of morning birds.

Created

So you stand up even when you sit down with your Kentucky

great grandma shucking fresh peas and polishing red apples

on the wrap-around gray front porch of human architecture.

The Mason-Dixon Ohio River runs swiftly crashing through

the heart of kindness along with the Mekong and Willamette

in energy that long ago took over for any victimized darkness,

though there’ve been uprisings, as we’ve seen, that look out

for the skeleton through the eyes gleaming red as devil coals

maybe you think. Surely Dylan has already sung our way out

of not knowing, and drawn gratitude from the bulk of dreaming,

which has a fortune invested in blue jay feathers staying alive

on jays in the community with blue-gray luminosity and moss

on stone steps, glowing as speech of inner nature that peaks

with consciousness given to people who don’t raise themselves

of course, or invent the tools or meals given to them by history.

When anyone comes up with something new, it was on the cusp

of happening due to knowledge and cooperation in the collective

whole of what others taught, what’s reached people of pending

launches and humble needs of being present, having been born

to a mother and spending years as a little sky-diver who walks

around beneath high-rise folks capable of doing a few things

and maybe some good. But it turns out in this planetary gravity,

it’s easier to destroy than create, and impossible to avoid losing

what you love over time, given the sacramental contract signed

with exhaled fractals without trying. The advantage of being able

to think ahead may be seeing the value of what’s been created,

living without its importance collecting on anyone’s shoulders

(break)

knowing it’s a trait of what’s created, every capacitor or learning

child, every tree that survives and saves us, every blue jay alive

in the community of jays. But in the dark night of illicit scorpions

preaching gospels of hate, the air’s fouled and vision’s clouded,

where it’s easier to destroy than create. The question from Dylan

singing, “you’ve got to serve somebody,” is who are you serving?

Or put another way, on what foundation have your acts rested?

As blue jays know, however much primordial squawking you hear

out in the field as evolution keeps working to give animals words,

the plan may be getting along, granting space, communicating

by singing or positioning the body, hopping down on springboard

legs in the anatomy of energy as a way of talking, like meetings

of eyes and the camaraderie of foliage. For wherever you have eyes

or centrioles of cells, you have being, presence, which is meaning.

Blue jays know as much, say scientists who reported witnessing

blue jay funerals in which jays assemble in branches by the body

of the fallen jay and deliver a racket which is many jays talking

it up, mourning it must be, which shows, after all, little difference

between being a blue jay and human alive in the fractal expanse,

where recognizing the value of a life is the foundation of meaning.