





# Rendered

VOLUME ONE • **July 2022**

A SERIALIZED COLLECTION  
OF POETRY & PROSE-POETRY

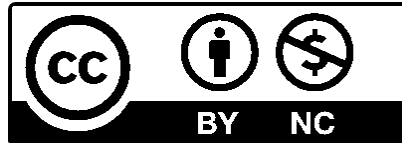
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——Ignited In Dark——  
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# Notes

Much of the text here had been intended as a larger collection made up of five sections (§). The structure of this series was taken from breaking these down into volumes, *this being the first*. This change was a response to my own sense of impatience. Being a terribly fretful person, my creative workings are themselves responses to my own terrorized urgency with the patience needed to utilize wordcraft such that it genuinely reflects my living emotions and memory-driven ambitions, that my workings be form and substance of the agent who desperately drives her fruits in the whirl of artistic, poetic traffic at this abominable time in civilization, teeming on the edges of society, of the human, of the divine, of the unique. Of what can still be alive under the weight of the industrial, insatiable serpent that we quiver in terror within. I **do not** make these texts in any attempt to be “a contender” with any other rising or passed figure in literature. I very much understand how **my words might actually suck**. I am not a Pushkin, nor a Dickinson, nor a Glück, nor a Graves, who – among countless more – so valiantly tackled the written pursuits as they did, bringing what they carried into the room where they composed, bruised on the heart and palpable in the measure, the oration, the conveyance disintegrating medium – forging in its place a striking cry reverberating through the deep chasms of lifetimes. Instead, I wrestle with this because I am the person, the agent, directing this particular existence of

mine, compelled to have made and circulated my own words on my own terms. This is the core responsibility of every individual who knows this medium taking place in their own lives, giving texture as best they know their own mind, their own heart – the elusiveness of the mind and the passage of the moments always leading down the path. And on this basis, creativity is all that acts in natural, perfect sincerity. I cannot and will not promise any definite number of editions to this series, that the lengths of each volume will match nor that it will be something in my life I perfectly stay on top of, as there is no such thing for me. The idea is that *Rendered* will be where I concentrate verse & prose-poetry for the foreseeable future, while more elaborate titles comprise my best-architecturally structured polemical prose pieces. To all who picked this up with open minds and hearts, my deepest thanks and hopes that you find something useful to feel or think about.

—— May 2022







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VOLUME ONE • **JULY 2022**



# Special Thanks

to everyone who saw my recitations at open mic night and bought a copy; to all the vagabond poets of this world, living and past; to all the curious hearts and minds that make up the basic sensibility one ought to have toward one another; to dearest friends I leave nameless. You are all so very loved. As much as a girl can possibly be thankful for people in her life: thank you.





# Preface

Tatters spent (— *their calamities*)  
Bore bastard portions.

Now I've found a light  
That *was* a moment ago;

Letters sent, phrases  
(Or phases) planned.

Plan? Damn.  
Routed again.

We live and breed  
On a history  
Of destructions.

Passion and fury  
Delve into thought:

*"Run, harm, run.  
Let the brain-bits  
Take seed, digest in  
Better tracts to become  
Worthy constructions."*

They are pounding  
On the fracked earth  
Trying to get to you now.



0.

DISCUSSION SPEAKS resultant silence

The way a sharp focus—caffeine high—

Spells out its impending crash.

Some limited, disposable turns of the head,

An odd glare outward.

Be ever-cautious.

The hills of these words

Are teeming with angry

Wolves.

# 1.

Imbibing pain to the extent of my vision—  
Criss-crossed Hell of strangers' faces,  
Their bright purgatory funded with woe.  
The whole contract is opened, laid bare.  
The mortal steward of Joy grins, asking,  
"Hello! How is your life going?"  
Voice infirm, uncertain —  
Striking, sensible.

Looking— Scared, Alone— I opened at  
Random. Took the first hand held out from  
Any page in the aisle: no touch but guidance  
To cope. Vision of ferocity, is milder  
Than the faces on these desperate cretins.  
Thumbs fold over the drooling blood.

An imp smirks —  
Adorns coal with fuel.

Clouds shape faces and mouths  
Tearing apart, distorting by  
The eyes' discerning dart.  
All of inferno, limbo and paradise—  
Distinguished by the shade, the sunlight,  
The margin where the grass blade cures  
In half—perfect themselves under slow,

Momentous changes. Faces to eyes, eyes to  
Nothing. Nothing leading into cold sweat.

The crust and cavern of Earth stand  
Apart, connect a bridge laid  
Plank-by-plank over the species' course.

But neither man nor animal can traverse.  
Their domain lingers below the pass;  
They stretch upward, desperate to assume  
The principle of change. But find themselves  
Changed. Pain is the extent of their vision.

## 2.

NOT-OKAY resounding

In the midst

Of grinning tremors.

The tremor of *okay*

Made inert

By a question of later.

Shattered in a barren plane,

Horrifying patterns: gravel floods the skull,

The spinal confluence spasms, goes numb.

Silence . . . break . . . (at long last.)

In focus, dazed concentration –

Rended All heart's knowledge –

Bent All consistent motion.

(Same hour looms.)

Indifferent headache faces forward;

Breathing not unlike driving as

The window mirrors stagnation.

MINE EYES BE CLOSED TO IT.

### 3.

Stoic fury. The awakening chews half of me.  
Hateful hour reminds how & why I am hated.  
Vomit, coffee, cum stain life's head of hair;  
Turbulent necessities leave their traces.  
The dripping faucet holds the question.  
The drain, the answer.

### 4.

Hail to Death: a dancing flame's reflection set  
O'er timely degrees of the Wind's Force.  
Throughout, she merely danced. Wild, restless . . .  
The path of a narrow, cunning trajectory  
Sweeps her between the modes of Grace . . .  
She is not death, but holds something of it:  
The hidden feature of having expired—  
Opened a fissure in the bottom  
Where one perceives a hand changing over.  
Light still abounding, one's disruptive permanence.  
No death pains but its still-living; blazing wax  
On the cusp of the cosmic hand's fingertips;  
The only flame alive withered to the faintest

Recollection. Brightness in darkness outlines  
Her smokey annihilation. She who annuls absence.

## 5.

The essence fragmented, life vomited.  
Static between the eyes.

LET TODAY GO.

It has taken all its time.  
Deathly ill from mania;  
Hours estimated made  
Peace's finite infancy  
Evaporate in life's  
Burden of age.  
Wallowing to reach  
Betterment, second into  
Minute. Wailing still from  
Below. The bell's tongue is lost.  
The stone she's thrown  
Has merely grazed its flare.

"O, how I've let today go."

Wind brushes the rim, turning  
The tongueless mouth agape.  
All it has to speak is whispered

By the sad, scared, stagnant  
Soul that rests upright before  
And in-between the dawn and  
Dusk.

“Now, I’ve let today go.”

## 6.

To go without  
    (or go between)  
The expected measure,  
Surrounded by all the techniques  
By which shrieks might slay the epoch  
At hand — yet I know: They would  
Only tear fibers that bind below the rule.  
The task is not mine  
But an open source catastrophe  
Left to pass with odd comment

    (gained, made.)

So ring thy chord, bards of  
Grief, skalds of Inaction  
For what good it is to do     (you.)  
Skim thy campy ladles o’er  
The pool of the Evident:

What was witness  
To all great failings:—  
The Feudal Dirge,  
Tricolor, unicolor sacrifice.  
Stalin, Kennedy.  
The Industrial Empire,  
Wicked Snake, cowers  
Next in queue.

Surrounded.  
The measure lies in suicide.  
Thus rang their chords . . .  
An ancient verse carrying on.



## 7.

(From the hour where the mind checks out:  
Where all that's left is the light, the tone &  
The memory . . . Every outpouring to follow.)

AS THOUGH THIS were all your fault.  
Brave your pity, for what no one weeps;  
Brave then kill, by turn of the wrist.  
A tempest abides your troubled head, as I.  
An emotion you had dwelt in for some time;  
"Meaning" sours, fermented in its etymology.  
There, the Paradise of Thought imagines . . .  
Imagines the Arts of Inferno. Deep at play,  
Stirring beneath the matter held in mind.  
Summary terror throughout the centuries  
Curling in the thin, oily current of the present.  
Jarring maw recounts. Tear receives into ear.  
O, Dark Flowers of this strange Inner Field!—  
Persistence yearns for what lacking persists  
Verily as I had chased your hints & whispers  
Throughout the Valley you'd led me to . . .  
In each blink, breath & glance: a birth, I see  
In the glimmers beneath the evening Sun.  
Each lapse between: a perishing, sensed in  
The Moon's strange, attentive glow. Hands join,

Made in some ring round our minds. Confusion  
Married with Wisdom: Infliction, coping . . .  
Timekeeping of the scars & their backstories.  
By pages thusly writ, we declare—circling our  
Place upon the ground, so drenched with blood,  
Watered with the tears of sisters & mothers—  
**That All Sense degrades under Cruelty's Reign.**  
Yet so miserably shaped are the ears for intent,  
So wicked is the gambit of Pundits & Rulers—  
The Sound Cries for Sense are read as war charge.  
Nerve is hence writ not for Art—but for Grasp—  
So Cruelty's ejected, Sense well administering  
The Healing Gravitation in manifold form  
Which draws the Many Forevers, unique,  
Innumerable, into the restitching bone once  
Turned by the charging cavalries of fervor—  
Etched with the love of conquerors, disposal  
Of lifetimes, richest contents of families . . .  
Towards the Blessed Day of Abuse's Demise.  
Outstretched from the Cobble of Shelter  
Is the Arm of Youth onto an Ancient Root.  
Taut tendons—supple veins of wonderful,  
Torturous dreams; allured not with title nor  
Salary, but in search of A Waning Vitality . . .  
Waning . . . Brutalized . . . Yet breathing—  
Deep at play. In that matter, bolted down in  
Mind, the question is framed: “*What do we*

*Get in exchange for bowing, hailing & sacrificing  
To these Masters of Woe, disallowing ourselves the  
Eternal, Loving Currents of Life & Breath?"*

Some hide to mull the living idea as it occurs:  
Compromised pre-determinations, perfections  
Alluded in value, virtue. Faith in the norm  
Paints for many, easy-handed, a plain, cruel  
Answer as the amalgamation of these: quiet  
Moment in the half-point or more of a life's  
Course. Exhaustion & reward given eternally-  
Revised purposes, appeasing gilded promises  
Turned bitter in the new elements' rising.  
Habits & notions, old, new, beset all pre-supposed;  
Strife in concept, custom, interpersonal contact . . .  
Yet the bald, universal occurrences in all things  
Playing out—warped with pressure, beg to ask:  
*"What daily do we bring down & prop back up?"*  
A joint reply of Thought, Audacity & Youth:  
**"Pillars in the mind."** Lines jagged or curved  
To join, form in whole. Progenitors enclosed,  
Lulled into trance as the youth composed  
Themselves, their ends crossed to diverge.  
Compelled by nerve that Sergeant O'Brien  
Told them not to fail. Further demonstrates  
Without secular sermon that one can neither  
Straitjacket the ebb/flow of life, nor can they  
Dictate unto others what they feel is "reality."

By their knowing, never admitting, in witnessing  
What is not Christ—acting to it as Peter before its  
Death, person by person, the Hope is diminished,  
Waned, brutalized . . . yet persisting in all for  
Where an inch of breath is partitioned. In all  
Way-weathered youth abounding, gracing their  
Places with effort, best possible deeds of sincerity &  
Kindness. Truly, their most important battles.  
Fighting to Reap the Hope's Fruit. To better outline,  
Define & convey what is crystal-clear in suicide or  
Breakdown. The place & purpose of punks, as I.

Did you hear? Ahead, that is the Fierce Thunder  
Of Will—maybe intervening, maybe evading?  
These on the Many Mounts—setting seeds out,  
Beckoned by something deep to bring in what  
Was sown—are the echoes of what long ago  
Tapped on the Root. What queer divergences  
Dissolve the pillars, kin will witness the process.  
The Richness nowhere in breeding & slaving.  
Familiarizing, evolving. That, on such merit,  
Shall merely resemble "good." And "faith," as  
Berrigan tells Hedges, drawing the patterns of  
Intermingled Good, will clear its judgment and  
Play healing part upon the ground scarred so deep.  
That patience so wearily learned . . . So my Faith  
Is the word, the Intent, and The Elements'

Custodians Who spun Their Challenges to our  
Potential, Communicated in That Vast Thunder  
Across these Expansive Mounts! Deriving from the  
Inferno, Recount, the Ecstasy of Creation, the Rising-  
Over of Meaning & Etymology's respective pens.  
Here on this Temporary mount, we brace.  
This was never your Fault, nor mine.  
But how you lament, sopping tears.  
As though this were all your fault.  
For thine pity I shall not weep—  
But make a turn of the wrist exalt.

## 8.

Something difficult took place here.  
Musk of fear, streaks of jarred dust.  
The adjectives compile a woman scorned.  
Horrid feelings are pulleys and gears for  
All her purpose, her reasoning. I saw—  
In the senses freighted through this ridge—  
The bruised depths of steady acceptances  
Instilled in her kids, void of gripe or groan.  
They play in the downpour, miniature flood.  
Prone in their tiny trenches, twig muskets.  
They've come to depend on the ease  
That begets a disquieting expanse;  
Flashing, it burns and swiftly emits.  
We tend to pine that our feelings  
Elevate & sustain a Gilded Carriage  
For our view of colors only seen  
By wages of ME, I, YOU, WE.  
This is what pummeled her to death  
And back: where the scent of her distress  
Came through, outlining her violet dress,  
She folds her hands to me, asking "Why?"  
Mine is a wordless gesture, the sorriest reply.  
Eyes fixed, blistered on a swivel,  
The sibling trio is froze in gray static  
Watching their mother beg me for truth.

9.

**Deafened defense.**

A hypotaxis is captured—

**Sapped.**

Made like the rain:

**Poured down and  
out.**

## 10.

A ceaseless ritual to console, or to  
Fortify these, our precise melancholies.  
Inner guise: clear troubled waters then  
Dispatch the record, entrusted to seal.  
The morose safety anchored, I knew  
The ways men dip their calcified follies  
Beneath the murky head, all quiet when  
The abrupt close of all he could feel.

Emblazoned by the fold  
And disclosed in the note:

*“My awe made me a fool,  
My misery kept me alert, adept  
To the primary lasting rule:  
The greater hurt is happiness kept.”*

Still, his remark is propped against  
My assurance’s splintered fence.

I let him off with a warning, (so he stayed,)  
Posed that way by morning, (asking to play.)

Begged and beckoned on high, next day  
Acknowledge these, our self-promises  
Yonder. Wherefore they loom herein,  
Their kindling is for warmth or disaster!  
Thus before he would beg to rise again,



His prayer to Jove or Jesus consists in  
Washing the wandering faults  
That forged his worldly assault.

## 11.

Blithe delirium parades  
Through friendly faces.  
Made naked by  
A waning day.  
Shyest among them,  
A solitary Chronicler  
Persists, imagines eccentrics  
Within lived history.  
No other confirms.

Icon, city square  
Imagine her with  
A luscious Grin.  
She draws shade,  
Refracting her candid  
frown.

The friends run  
'Round Beltane Eve;  
Revelry's Mistress walks,  
The Chronicler notes:

*"Generations, this disrepair  
Hooked by design."*

Her references trail  
The pickings' decline.

## 12.

"I'm the only one here," going without the  
Mirror & gun. "I" is the dividing line between  
Being & knowing, all whom life's about.  
Here they go again, vaguely annoyed —  
Pressed thin as film on day's dampened run.  
Asking in silence, stating by alluring.  
And though it feels evidently that  
All Creative Deeds or Efficacious Chimes  
Make chipped porcelain of life's stupefied go,  
It pauses not a muscle, not a verb, not a rhyme.

# 13.

Time, Space and Something Burning.

What do we do when we **find** it?

When you've won the game, do you

Just kill yourself? So tawdry, these byways  
Into purpose! I need no ultimate, I want  
No fruit not grown of me! I want the whole  
Of the window's view without the medium!

"Make more games," says the smiling day,  
City sneering in a thought-bruised night;  
Incurs the many new, unfinished alleys.  
Observational items; set pieces loitering.

When one begins to ask to determine  
How they reason in saying to "just  
Enjoy life," then I would be most

Wary of death's personal imminence.  
All there is to look upon,

To set out on,  
To speak of  
Is too daunting to reach.  
And yet no end sits even here,  
At the drafting of the future, final reasonings.

Even after, these shed into their distant sprouts;  
Becoming the next, encasing the new; The done  
And the unseen.

Horror. Bloodthirst. Heartache. **Violent** isolation.  
Light. Breeze. Warmth. Momentary contentment.

All I know has hardened the ground  
On which the black character meeting  
Its white field dispels the foremost charade  
In the homo sapien engagement.

The screams, before, during and after Grief  
Ought be expatiated.

## 14.

Hunger is punched in its stomach  
With caffeine and carcinogens.  
A fifth of leftovers digested and/  
Or understood. Meet me here  
When you have a moment, or  
Give my share to your warden.  
Because my wait gets weary and  
Your conscience gets heavy;  
I'm not here to stir strain  
Or hold you down.

# 15.

*Blotted out this universe*

*To reignite on boredom.*

Lacking room— lacking chair  
Or bed, lacking shelf or table;—

The first sight is the neighborhood  
Asleep in winter twilight.  
Not one lit window, not a single way  
Into the picture of home.

Only the contagious key  
To the rare building's door: unset.

The frame also. A simple, methodical  
Cut in a crumbling wall;—

The roar of the wind, the patter  
Of the sleet building onto  
Brick, seeps into the memory  
Of the mortar.

Memory turns. Flipping tune,  
Dragging itself out, landing flat.  
After all, no wall's intricate history  
Compares to anyone's.

The black rag, smothering old embers,  
Lifts without weight. A brain for intake,

A body for resultant motion.  
Door unhinged, frame shaped.  
The light behind is shaded by the head  
Looking toward the illuminated patch.  
Far too narrow to have shone so high,  
A bit too wide to penetrate the lock.  
Head turns, hangs to scribble  
The note. Glow floods as words groan,  
Shaking the homeless lot. Light jumps,  
The fall to its death.  
“Let me take myself further away.  
Let this candle go out, not again  
But finally.”  
Morning's fire, snow withered.  
Door cracked open, then closed.

## 16.

What you don't confide  
Adds to a great tide.  
Drowning, smearing possibility  
With a false whim of invisibility,  
I charge the jab thought fierce  
Meeting flesh I can't pierce.  
To abide low I've found wise,

For my death swift under the rise;  
Sadness fought in my small domain,  
The day above, ceded, is all I obtain.

## 17.

The Highest Folly versus The Most Frightful  
Cost—Belief and Yourself take to the ring.

For victory. For blood. For right—for title earned.  
The mark of fantasy ignores the fix, promises  
All things Good in bets lost upfront.

The promise brings us, and so we entertain the  
Most difficult thing. Here, the young effort fell  
Onto little things: tiny efforts. All we've only  
Exactly been capable of.

A prowl alone entails; the moon shines  
Upon the gusting smoke. The most powerful thing  
You had ever inhaled.

18.

Last Word Before Sleep.

**“I need a break in this life  
Or I need to leave it.”**

Admired, just enough,  
To lack it.



## 19.

Unbound with care and gently lowered  
a final fragment.

No less a grave than a bedroom,  
or a weathered cedar trunk.

Pleasant space, pleasant sensation.  
Pleasant thought—the docile lack of it.

Pleasant space, pleasant sensation.  
Pleasant thought—the docile lack of it.

As a cool, gray silence sinks, cold and dry  
Rushing over the black sky,

The artifact hoists a light like a flag,  
Gliding through the stationary shadow.

The interrerr watches, absorbed with need:  
To embrace the flashing moment.

The utter height of his high  
Dissolving before he's held the time.

He senses before sensation, that he's  
Getting under the skin of something.  
That, by degrees of self-discovery and  
Self-realizations honed in sync,  
It bridles out from skin, flesh and bone;

Becomes the permanent. "What all  
Aside should perish?" he asks.

A time, and then he verily discerns.  
"No fragment hereafter will outshine  
What I and deed set out on."

Crumbled or fled, this grips the mind  
With a daunting flood, after racing,  
Dithering 'till wearily waning in  
His heartbroken chest on fire.

Then his crumbled appendages  
Grip the flooded mind  
Which goes along into the dawn.

## 20.

WE EACH OF US BREATHE FOR two or three  
Quarters of a century before kissing  
The mortal universe *Auf Wiedersehen*.

Lurking through this life as a ghoul,  
Hearts tempered with experience—  
Folly of expectation—hands are laid

Before the ground lived upon.  
Air, height; exaltation in the blood  
But aching in the tendons to make

The idea real. Hurting to hurt no  
More. The Pen, the Chisel, the Brush  
Are the Picks, Shovels, Swords. Our

Ancestors are the fabric of present  
Life. One has the ones one wishes  
To forget, and the ones we kick

Ourselves for never being born yet  
Then to know. In not knowing them,  
Purpose is hollow to the intent.

I've steered my ship in all weather.  
Eased, furious; the sea is at some  
Point still, and the sails can rest  
Long before learning the same.

Road outbound, thank you for your  
Time. Praise, for the things you taught  
Me took place in no utterance at all;  
That adored conveyance humans  
Cannot wish to mimic in our diaries.

# 21.

That we would be freed

From an essential dictate

That pervades in relational

Reflexes alone;

That we could be free

By walking to the tasks

Unshackled, unbound

With resolve so fierce;

That we should have freedom

That ends nowhere discernible,

Rotating around each and all—

This is the cardinal scare.

And scared, we persisted,

For Terror, usurping the Normal,

Would not allow true thought, sense.

Content, committed.

## 22.

Turn over again. A shared working-knowledge.  
Palpable in moments to oneself:  
Blank pages, pen, window and a restless mind  
Enduring all the world. Pondering  
In those gazes out the window how we could touch  
Across without knowing how  
Strangers know the same way.  
Frozen in a single second,  
The slip from ardent grasp.  
Hides what one can reckon:  
The simmering second lapsed.

## 23.

Maybe this might is not mine . . .  
But maybe the might of a long,  
Grueling thpught supersedes the  
Line wistfully wrapping a song,  
Prickling the wound of this time.  
  
Perhaps the night is a landmine  
Tripped by a despondent mood.  
The blast, collapse, demand signs:  
How life can heal by a richer food.

Suppose I'm a wrong-doer, remorseless  
For the act of my wrongly-done art.  
In the bend of deed, colored but formless—  
You witness a perspective flayed apart;  
Crying as Phalaris hadn't dare wrought,  
Freed if the wound in life would clot.

## 24.

After Fellow Youth's dream pop runs its plague,  
My ear holes demand rinsing with gore.

Quasi-rhythmic blast, sustained curl  
In the vocal folds. The blood must halt  
That it may rush, but rush lends nothing  
To the Sublime of the Fit.

Fanciful comfort—annoying affirmation  
Of warmth. (Dreams alone.) Such throes  
Turn my mind to North Hollywood, 1997.

Two men surged into death discovering the thing  
About a daring reach, resultant siege.  
Indecisive decision of being at the back-end  
Of a converted assault rifle, dyed gold in tow,  
Before the knights carried equal blades.

Playing-out unlike Fit but close  
To the energy of what brings a person

Into the pit.

Taken out of “musical” fury

And into the narrow abyss of The Public.

Engaging in the viscous brine of existing,

Seeing Phillips calmly acquaint

In taking All Leave by the aid of a 92FS

Sparked to me as an image never, or soon,

To be seen on an album cover.

But in the still frame, much like

Eddie Adams' photograph,

(projectile midway through the brain,)

it lapsed in style and shaded in

its own archived spot on CNN.

Hence is the mood also in the *Thoughts*

& *Prayers* ...

Musical dreams are moot where emotion,

True to occurrence,

Is pressed down with worldly stone.

# Far End.

All  
the  
days  
of  
the  
world,  
And  
what-  
ever  
comes  
out  
from  
you then.



## 26.

Endless composition—

We reign

By the weight

Of vast misgivings.

Paltry oppositions—

Compete to break

Into new cult

From the ancient caste.

## 27.

I know of a mark. The very first  
Encryption. That original cipher  
Is a streak in the charred Life-Tree.

I tried, harder than with anything,  
    (I tried, harder than with Joy,  
Than with Composure,  
    Than with Love,  
        Than with myself)  
To repair that stamp's Merciful Countenance.  
Parsed anew, prefacing with critique  
On method, conveyance—the content  
Berates interpretation, impairs retelling.  
  
From that I sense the phrase said best  
To oneself, absorbing gently from troves  
That lurk in sunlit leaves, in place of those  
Stuffey tomes of Hubris, Conjecture.  
  
Spoken in confidence—violence of grief,  
Murderous intent upon Uncertainty—  
They ease into the consoling counsel of  
Life's Breath, Noble Frenzy. That steady,  
Disinclined exhale.

## 28.

"IT REALLY IS JUST how I have ..."

Unfinished, the sentence rings, anxiety  
climbing, climbing ... "Have."

Then my thoughts for what I 'have'

Piddle into my only possible composition:

The ringing chime in the emotional trench

Of a damaged brain in a dying world.

"... how I have ..." It can reach neither adjective

Nor noun. With no point to find——

This is 'how' I 'have' some or nothing that

May or may not have me in its grip.

So I shall be a saunterer, a roving madwoman

By the means of having the not-having.

What is that to you! For what you 'have'

Assuredly 'has' you most; speak nothing of

The joy, the absence filled, the attainment!

## 29.

Trees endure samsāra as no pilgrim ever.

Still in rain, young stragglers watch.

Ancient kin—toppled, flayed, quartered—

Carrying on the vital call, the sway, all into

Their final gasp.

Guiding hand of Nerpus, Erde

Carried that breath into me as a child.

I could—so shall use their being laid

Down as medium to blossom. (Bloom in  
concrete.)

To engrave the sight in words

Onto their tanned, dried cadavers.

Perhaps joining among those morgues:

Signals for these many elaborations

On saving the lives that keep life

Alive

Drawn upon their very marketed

Bodies.

Last paradox writes our closing fable;

Winner writes the last, no one & nothing to read.

## 30.

The ritual permeates within me.  
Should it be with strands of hair,  
Clumps of flesh or copper wire,  
I take in hand all I see—  
The knots, who lay all bare—  
And set spark before fire.  
These fingers work the loosed bale  
Croaking empty in slimy tongue:  
*“Hunker down! Cover your head!”*  
Morning comes howling on the rail  
Along a spot the bergamont sprung.  
Here I source an ancient dread;  
Forward-being, no found call.  
An odd, worried attention drifts  
Into the circle of my being.  
The steps of one who’s lost all,  
The ritual hand brightly shifts:  
A sight brighter than seeing.

# 31.

How we love the enemies  
Who supplied a clear purpose  
Punctuated with a constellation  
Of weaknesses.  
So long in our lives had we  
Cast our lesser selves and  
Lesser still of our peers;  
For all enemies are  
Foggy renditions of polar  
Opposite kinds of me  
And you.  
Proceeding in caution  
To hate is remarkable  
Studying in who & why  
Violence finds aim.

## 32.

Whether taken out in time  
Or in currency,  
A run of a thousand  
Becomes a hundred rounds.  
No more space.  
By finitude, a face looks out,  
Marveling at sacrifice;  
All undeserved tokens  
At altars of pain.  
Faintly, a voice encourages  
A frugal approach  
To the solving of the  
Empty stuff.  
Boiling, churning . . .  
*"It gets worse . . ."*  
Bitter contemplation smirks or sneers.

# 33.

## *From The Dog*

My human has done  
The complicated working  
And still finds himself sad.

Sour-hearted, the rain,  
Sweet, washes dread.  
He props beside the window.

Turning to me, eyes  
Bewildered as mine,  
He seeks a smaller absolution.

Name, collar he gave  
With hand petting  
My head now lie apart.

I'm the good girl  
Just for today.  
And today love me forever.



## 34.

As brushstrokes groan, they confer

A way's away,

Where what has washed skin and primed

The weary bones to hold fast the pen

Slinks halfway out of this world

And all the way through to a mind.

Usualness walks the floor before the dance,

Lasting hours on the eve. Last artifact of day.

Wrung in wait—

Waiting on *self*, its chisel

To sculpt the moves of its host body.

There can be no other who holds me or him or her

Or them to the point the ink soaks in one splotch;

I have prayed much to a Shining [heathen] God

Just to hold his shard beneath his domain,

That he perhaps parted with a hand

To shut me up; either his lady-warrior—

Or the pup-bitch to the Hated Fenris wolf.

Goddesses, Gods—help me to be real,

Help me to be bright, but not as thee.

## 35.

Aloof with choice metaphors—  
Their welcome ideation—  
He lives now as Creator & Severer.

Inspired enthusiasm he masks  
With the casual force of stride  
Is accentuated by avoidance.

Soaked most all the time 'till capacity.  
A mid-recollection lifts in fear, winding  
Downward. It volleys in prone awareness.

So few events as no lift a curtain—itself curtailed;  
Miraculous reference. The unaware be blessed.  
They know no feature of dishonesty here.

To Severer, the crown he'd fashioned harshly fits.  
But as Creator, his crown finds him too loose;  
So in the heights & chasms he adjusts hourly.  
No love, no hate. Only breath & tendons' flare.

## 36.

Early, I felt the flea's legs kick  
Beneath the wave we shared.  
Refuge, heed! The skin is thick,  
Hiding how it's lately fared;  
        blank within colors the way between.

Dust-sized nerves grip where  
an alerted body prepares its flight.  
The thinking beat under its stare  
conjures its shrinking, sad plight;  
        that second shows what the species seen.

# 37.

FACING THE FIELD, back to the flames:

Here something assumes to fight.

Yet not for blooded trophies of fame

Nor marks left from raging fright.

A phenomenon where ourselves occur

Back to us as detached, distinct

Agents run a muck; how we then refer

Onward in the perilous instinct.

Opens a fissure we still work to preserve.

It is no novelty of the going seasons,

But a motion by time we'd left in reserve

To sever the veil of abstracted regions.

Halt, we do only, by the threat of harm

That rises to top by careless diction:

Act done against the stain of vacant charm

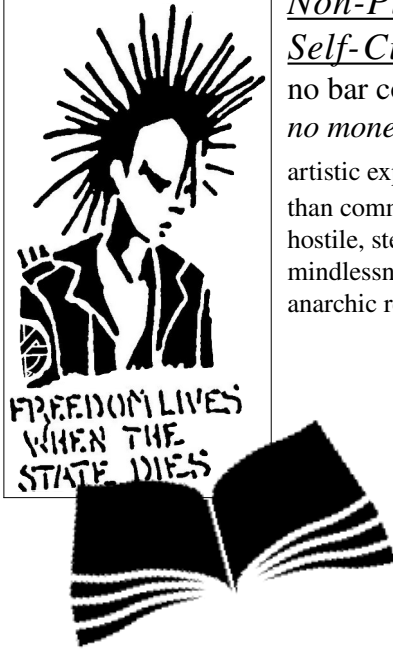
But unbinds the careful role of fiction.



reborn in flame...

# Ignited In Dark

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## Non-Published

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artistic expression is more than public domain, more than communal. It is a mutual, lingering VITALITY in a hostile, sterilized world of domination and mindlessness. We need an individual, spiritual, anarchic re-attuning with this vital force, that it may overwhelm the collective sickness in this world, to make it All Of Ours once more, void of All empire, bind, hierarchy, nation, race, gender, caste, job, army, political sport team, punditry, puritanism and police. We must grow up and dismiss all the huffing and puffing of the over-fed elites, their state-provided army and the centrist morons who desperately cling to their fallacies of "middle-ground" so that "Everything Can Just Go Back To Normal" without any disruption of this shitty miserable concrete VIOLENTLY NORMAL **prison world**. You don't have

life in you if you like that mode of existence. **You hate life and deny life to others if you support violence to Make Things "Normal."** Artists ARE HERE TO FUCK YOUR STUPID SHIT UP. We're here to scream our hearts out in the streets, on the tallest mountain peaks, in line at the bank, at the capitalist bread lines, to make the normal quiver with the reality of the fires in the hearts of those withstanding and withstanding – then withstanding some more – and to stoke radical sensibility Everywhere. – Claire-Bella, June 2022