

EVENT HORIZON

1 Haunt

Inside a jade pool
at a point of no return, outside ourselves

thoughts about time
curve time. Urban siren:

a car horn honks
one, two
then ten times. Someone is anxious or bored or both.

Someone milks love
& permanent happiness
from sodium vapor street lamps.

Someone wonders
if the soul attracts
that which it secretly harbors. Moonscape:

a retama leaf
unfolds on a sidewalk

searching for primal matter.
Our escape is impossible.

Whisper
on bookcase in APT 203,

sunscape
sunscape *sunscape*.

2 Positive Language Makes A Water Crystal Beautiful

M Emoto

*

M-theory demystified.

A pelican
picks blood
from its own breast to feed its chicks.

*

I translate broadly as “being-for-itself”
wandering blindfolded inside lyric till endstops
hit
on a pendulum

swinging back & forth
b-a-l-a-n-c-i-n-g, while
wild parrots survive

human anxiety & global
hype—armored
in Deep Blue
for the coming water wars.

*

A bubble is infinite—
takes 0.1 microseconds
to burst
(unlike *truth*
piercing theory-world
w/ its leathery extremes)
& I can't go there

whipped into circles
chasing my tail
perfectly formatted
into 4X4 inch red
squares, flat
in M Rothko's thought.

3 Our Moon Passes Over Jupiter

Blue Dragon
descends
from the Court of Fire

to meet
White Tiger
from the Abyss of Water.

Spatial reification?

Squared
we're no longer bubbles
but one persistent message:

a day that begins with water ends in wealth.



Noctilucent cyanide clouds
creep
through our weakened magnetosphere.

As above, so below
who needs "cosmic unity"
perpetuated by a fireball
over Twin Peaks?

Flamingoes drop from Siberian skies.
I sweep up body hair dust bunnies from my bathroom floor.

Poisonous space dust CNN won't touch
as Asteroid 2012 DA14 barely shaves us.

Is there comfort
in hearing the static
of a purple-ringed planet?

There is rosewater Lokum to eat. Detail
cures abstraction:

ginger cat, green eyes
meow meow.

4 Wheel Of Light

...the fortuitous encounter of two distant realities
on a plane that does not suit them...

M Ernst

Green Lion. On the way.

Skeleton Key.

Binary Star. I proceed into.

Multi-color molecules
leap from a Baroque mirror. With a smile on my face. Translation: legitimately cool
sitting in quiescence.

Apples are recalled from our reformed planet. I eat six kinds of air
drinking pure dew. A scrub-jay

hides a peanut
in a flowerpot; I resist removing it.
The more precisely I appear to him, the less precisely he is known.

A self-contained particle
finds God useless. How
sad, how hopeful. Self-
help or self control?
Give me your hand—

counterpoised, one gaze
orders the SF skyline:
metal beads / steel drums.

Fasting minds empty
fog horns
swollen lymph nodes
wet sheets. Rest. Sweat. Rent, bills:
paid.

Vertical pressure released
I go out onto the streets
for a revolution,
where troops have encamped,

as an individual
act without profit,
while ahead of me

in the Pride Parade
your fire-red hair

kilt sagging
your Irishness neat.

I am sold by your heavenliness, rivulet, & stream. Pure marriage potential.

Overcome your
self on Market Street
toy soldier. Protest
camouflage &

spin! Spin
for fair wages, for
fair shares & wedding rings.

Spin
before it's
back to the bookcase

top shelf. On your
wristwatch: my reflection.

6 Ghost

Jupiter couldn't find love here
seeing active memory as a
past action; whirling dervish

expanding beyond
us, moved
to

love his
riddled in

wandering
on, scales

another planet. Scathing. Perhaps
Mars

light is it. Right on.

Red dust
storms
on the horizon

paint the landscape
& our eyes

in unison

deliver sidereal
glances, disillusion.

7 Hypnagogic

Petrified
in microscopic sea ooze

inside my mystic chamber

distilled
between sleeping & waking I
wash the fullness of time from my neck.

~

The cognitivist in wetsuit
meets

the noncognitivist nudist
for a swim;

mercury
fills the gulf between them:

a chunk
of rose quartz
nests on my head.

Ending war by starting another, I'll never understand.
Only the awareness of serenity remains.

Knead clay;
make a vessel.

Which comfort zone, one zone? Cocooned
w/ earbuds tuned
into the hiss of exhaled space @ spaceweather.com.

On the Bootjack Trail...
is that a metallic
ping
of a meteoroid whizzing by
or the brilliant ring
from inside
a beached whale?
...echoing,
your hand cups my ear.

The soul harbors nothing blue
but midway yellow. No
King's right hand lays beyond us.
Iron-rich resistance
purged
from the right kneecap
pushed some dis-
ease out. Blood
intuits veins
slows down
pumps faster
removes fear
collapses time.