

from THE AUDIOGRAPHIC AS DATA
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As for the 9 armed treatise on classical misadventure, let me recall my own stakes, the drama mislaid in the backdrop of Borneo.

Chased and re chased by spirits, I had no language to call on the archery birds, the fantastic scrawl marks, the stray fact of dissonance, or the feral notes which struck across my heart.

In one reclusive hamlet I saw an alligator bird, then I heard rich convulsive statements moan as if a partial earthquake had arrived; as if a lone barracuda had descended multiple paths and arrived in the ocean after multiple advance on its life. This was the telepathy which accrued in these borders, of me, a red Australian head hunter multiply displaced. First, the different scent of the jungle, then the purple colour of my harvest pontoon, then feeling the threatening flow of a noiseless solar ocean leaving me unprepared.

I, the lone journeyman seeking his gifts apart. Open to the turning glance, to the aleatoric seance, to connective drift, to alien horizons.

This being my trance in a ferocious land, where the gainfulness of beings remains restricted by tremor. In one dimension I'm shadowed with threatening advance, by multiple shadows as oblique and susurrant combination. This being the void in which I swelter, listening from the voices which swirl from an uncommon lake.

This is how a life test is conducted, this is how power remains made and unmade until all the forces are done.

To rise like an electrical flower, or beginner's bleach, to inspire division among the true portals of de-rehearsed hearing cages, making something summon itself with unused menstrual noise; the initial instrumentation of parametrics falls by accident into some sporadic, colloquial sun.

I can talk about eccentric blizzard reflection in model fear, hurdling evolved marine vegetation, but that would only summarize the Strait of Hormuz as a jaundiced money table.

Secondly, if I irradiate decaying blonde guitars as payment of ransom, their totems would still captivate the hybrid mechanism of meta-indication and mind. Ether is not for local stare or newborn roving, the clutter of an artificial lamb, or ambivalent feldspar clowns.

One is still an awful draught of conflicting terrariums, though one succumbs to the loud communion of dis-orphic felons with thousands of faces, capable of loving and despising the untrue motors of social stigma and the doomsday hypotenuse.

One is frightening urns with the prized lightning bolt of Cape Eleuthera.

One is disrobing the fresh embassies of a sound that unfastens baboons, baboons that turn toward me with new paintings and princesses.

There is a bird which leaps from ceramic towers. Which exhibits immense radiography understanding itself as the powers of triumphal liquid. It reads by telepathy certain hurricanes in the heavens, the regions which build and glorify volcanoes.

Is this a bird which has evolved its leaves from a nautical terrace, seeing in its eyes a sheaf of telepathy erupting from its force as an inclement monster. Witness its movement always prone to dark events. Which has nothing in common with analytical staging, with prone or established events.

Let me say that I see like Ernst or Leonardo, shapes which exist as shapes within shapes. It's the way that the eye falls on visual eras; eras which span the instantaneous, seeing micro tensions in cobalt, a fish which dwells by means of instantaneous range, by means of vertical utterance.

So indeed, I have an eye which is lit by instantaneous shadows, by storms which extend from in-condemnable mesas.

Say, I provoke fire from untested pyrite, it is not because I have made of powers an unintelligible sorcery, knowing that to condemn remains in its essence resurrective potentia.

Thus, I grant myself the awesome sterility of reflex. This reflex has condensed as the state of the bird.

As if awaiting a new form of turbulence, the scales of an unknown parliament function as acid, swimming with infinite stains. I have told you about cacophony; the knife in the incremental ice floes begins to boil with its own disappearance, and who are we to say its words were not sowing some form of procedural intoxication? I have known about distinguishing winds ever since an atlas was lured away from itself with backward motion, alternately channeling amusement through calico exertion-moons.

As of late, all of our tasks have been taking lace from different valleys, denoting augmented biology wicker, closing off the wretched cycle of Aramaic sound waves. To burn the saffron as it flies into barbaric catechisms, to coordinate the oldest screams of human attribute: I am also a picture of the nativity furnace living in Britain. Presiding over cold, singular wheels, our aluminum school of perfect tigers balloons into travesties of immortal sand. Of

connotation without differential predators or precise camphor. Let it be known that this business diffuses metaphorical papyrus, it harbors the devilment of free-form silence with arboretums and psychological serpents mailing their faded rains to Sonoma. I've had enough of divine dramamine penury.

Is it their stolid irritation of radical stingrays that degrades my stimulants? Or is it calendrical papacy urine in the boot of a still-born seal? One cannot tell, but one knows the stale work of divided combination in the lustres of phosphate. The mathematical Cubism of false wounds and sterile distillation illusives.

Keep the green square in your heart.

Let the silt of stigmatic crystals replace the thermal gates of love.

And rarify the Cyrillic chalice of disquietude like Goethe up to his neck in the Dead Sea.

An equational mass condensed as cellular foci, as convergence, as drift, as spark, as curious balance burning between planes.

Bio-agitation?

Thrilled and falling omegas?

There is that blankness, that seance of reversion, that interregnum which ignites as ghostly utterance and spinning.

Thus, the body returns to its creatureless state, to its atomic reflection at the opposite end of its opposing suggestion. Which is a flare, which seems at one level, imported meteoritics. So what happens is a kind of proto-flotation which then commits itself to a horizon of fluidic momentary drift as evolved reversal, so as to summon elocution stated as lone event, to a thicketed and unblinking portion which breathes, which then tests a perfect portion of itself in the middle of drifting, without the honour or dishonour of presently condoned definitives. This then shifts, and drifts at higher tenor, regaling itself in the face of structure as liminality.

Yet, it is the power which attempts to rejoin the Sun, to seek in itself a culminant helical vapour, so as to speak of itself as a sum in the encompassing blackness, all the while escaping through itself as would an irrepeatable neutrino through darkness.

Which is something other than a voided risibility, a shaft, a compound mote as summoned form in the whole of Uranian history.

So as polyphonic advance, nature at times, hangs in the vapour, perhaps, as the amazement of one body, a billion plus years in the making.

A few times the summer and its dative harvest of whatever added a preface to helium by designing an elongated graph of the life of the woodpecker. It was really just a black square of salt, but in *The Merchant of Venice* it is known as the cerulean rodeo. In antiquity, laughter was also called a castle, and this castle would receive the wolves of the shoulder. This castle would set its wheels on fire and open its windows of molten lead whenever lightning would photograph itself beside sheets of brass. You touch these windows everyday with your acidic hands and dislocate your eyes, giving no reasonable answer as to why you do this. You also show your lyrical alkaline to the avenues of colloquial archery.

Throughout all last week, I would find out new facts about the twelve crowns of Night and why I've become the obsolete plaza-maker among a host of unbound baseball games. Why my lemons occupy the jurisdiction of the highways and the sea. Why copious grass blades leap into the vessel of an L-shaped darkness. I learned about the registrar of occurring buoys according to Thomas Carlyle. I learned how to catch four-sided dice flung from a nocturnal carking spoon.

Will, as a true cardinal with walking-wings, you worked the absolute light of the last chime into an assortment of strenuous voids. Something is evolving from your searching gourmet of moonrocks like the knife-blades of a tree sprouting from the seafloor, like foam from Jupiter appealing to no god or tonal fire-crypt. You've hurt the glass of regular crows, and it is obviously time to re-name the bellies of lions as "the rare fogs of the railroad No."

The sun is moving, and we play dead in the new sport of internal clinging. We see the ripe intuition of the black roof of every shadow's hotel. And south of here, the heart is everywhere, crossing pigeons and gin with an evergreen haze.

If I were to awake as a specific trance mortician I would know the power of general bio-agitation. To know powers of Inscrutable Heat, to walk through carved Yoruba portals into levels which and remake the Sun. Of course this is not the rubric which burns as command in order to hollow out all witness, but to make of intensity its double, not as some isolated yeoman, or brokered symbolism united with a kind of plague in itself, but as something other than speculation thereby knowing burnt saffron, not unlike the powers in Cameroonian grass dimensions. The sacred nuance, the pelt part blended through meta-discovery and trance, the latter being ghosts, sung by iconic measure. These being the gusts which spring from ironic mountains. Black streaks, empirical calliopes suddenly yellowed by light. As if the Sun were a lateral maze of carbon in the atmosphere, a kind of fleece, a boat of carved lightning. This being the gain of density in the being, the proof through the

suddenness and purity of witness. The latter being life arisen above condemned comportment, being blue as powerful and suggestive volation.

As it stands, the deepest nutational hearing reformulates itself through 9 directional addicts who slide into the mist of a downward potion. Also, concerning the allied notes of a common pinwheel and a New Zealand wind horse, the signals produced bear a familial resemblance to the violence of hanging fruit, to the woman who purposefully forgets her wisdom in one remarkable flood of ecstasy. The expressions of the magnets, the heavy bellowing of the sundials and decapitated locomotives, the blue-black variations of sempiternal forward-weapons that make movement into some kind of an aboriginal mood poetry, all spray the sun with olympic narcotics and totems. They all pay for a certain harm done to my floating leather palaces.

Scissors for the opium girl. The Latin of the tenor. The city of perfect flotsam. A ventricular lie. Incorporeal volcano water. The whirlwind in the vault of assassinations. The famous devil of a perfect vanguard. The probable myths behind a dial tone's mothering season. The fertilizer of Duende and the blowing configurations of Dada. One eye that exists in a colorless coin. The Arabic voice in a grove of genuine gray matter. Chances are, I have only illustrated the manicomic wood of a trick lunisolarity to the second degree, have only satisfied a drop of the intention these toxic mallets have encircled. My rotary days run on the silk makings of a simple granary in Romania, the cornmeal of cracked circular streets that coalesce into the tissues of a spiritual sea turtle's privacy.

This would never occur in Versailles, this act of milking illegal grapes. This wretched but majestic puberty of celestial menus. This subtraction of auras from a vacant apostle of Ukrainian basalt and mortuary vomit. To knowingly abandon exit, to deploy all of one's subterranean mayonnaise, to praise Fahrenheit on Mars like an intricate comedy of bird seed: this is the courage necessary, this is a rectified jeweler's genie.

For instance, wattage which turns around inside itself can be other than the state of hellish procurement. Since Divine combustion embodies the grammar of the stratospheric, there is never the poltergeist hovering at the doors of Napoleonic strategy, mulling over the legacy of von Clausewitz hoping for electromagnetic re-entry into prior follicles of blood.

These are clusters which form into states, which issue as flames of free being, as flames which issue as whole fields of heightened neural suns. Not the body as perfect philosophical dossier enlivened by abstracted industry, but higher germination vis a vis accepted limits. Limits which result as a chronicle of bones, or a wagon which burns on the margins of old vicinities.

There seems always the linear sum, the approach to time which attempts to anchor mist, to tally and misread burning, this being the catalyst which hoists up dazed perception, which hollows itself, which plagiarizes its own genetics.

So if one enlivens oneself through perpendicular forces, one comes to the aboriginal, to the essence of blizzards as moment.

This being the sum of numerical schist, time in this regard being a true and puzzling cannibal using its own principle through acts of sordid strength, using death to compile its own fortress as structure.

Does one posit life as something other than bio-metricity, as something other than criteria which wrangles with itself attempting to fulfill its own tenor?

As aboriginal, one exists outside the leaven of what the Northern monarchs call eras, outside the fixed temperatures which gain from the Saturnic as orientation.

Life gains, one lives from void to void, without the code which seeps from restrictive mapping. Thus, the body of light can be gained from the voice.

No odd head of an octopus, no de-sistered psalm of eight-legged geniuses, no simulation of chlorine or perspiration could conjure the suit of connective worlds from the sickening sex acts of miniature conquistadors. A fertile hell and the perfume of weightless hawks makes use of these sea-side proverbs to the benefit of lava and souls. A fabric from the pre-mature vulture's mouth precisely castrates 9 American trapeze artists as they board a small vessel of carbon monoxide. Then they claim that Syria is immortal and wickedness is immotile like the virgins of a silk-black mixture of Israel and an ouroboros.

I can no longer tell a streetcar from a German poet. They're all in some state of pathological excitement, writing love letters with words that digest crystal criminals and warped caskets. On the hill, by my house, a projection clear and holy articulates the blue bullets of American football. It strays from Chaucer's imagination and enters the golden shower of a play-Ground's handshake and colorful, counterfeit mimes.

Cutting into the facts of things, one throws dice in a box and expects responsible sideways tokens to splurge their Southern membranes. One brings coal to a cubic Hecate and expects sedation from the Sicilian midnight heat. One stares at the tangerine feathers of a Rhodesian partridge and vomits a mathematical golem.

The quickening sometimes requires the slowest courage, the slowest sting from the slowest Mexican Kant.

I know a force of utterness builds, like a being in trance singing to the sound of retractive blue lyres. He, who refuses to not pursue situational fire of distant events. For instance, being to being, galaxy to galaxy, the estrangement of facility can never occur, where a crystallized motion is understood to be enraptured by pure occurrence.

Gravitas, open stationary yield, can only partake as partial sign along the way. Thus, the transmitter of these signs begins to breathe by partial infinities, by hallucinatory endemics, so that a state of awareness occludes its lesser yield of cumulus in-variety.

So here are the local suns for viewing, understood as a musical dossier, as a first partial circumstance of value. Then other circumstantials occur, other forces of experience. In terms of ravenous invasion, these suns are always spilling, posting rays inside one's subconscious sun system. Leakage, volatility, peril. Then signals through interior substrate, into depths too powerful to contain a form of itself. Then perfect reaction through emptiness, Something other than a flawed reactive principle, a precipice which blazes with its carnivorous mirrors, with its own non-reactive results. So to table the vast crude numbers of stealth, the apocalypse conjoins, and attempts to seal further answers.

What are we but marigold and the rabid paper of time? To live forever like the blatant Ground? With the fighting ice of an overwhelmed Malevich? It cannot be.

I said something once which invalidated the spine of the sea while the darkest Roman howled next to me, legs uncrossed. A giant flower, a giant lake, a giant tomb. And the caramel candies. And the blood money. It all symbolized the brewing of paint in the river of the willing. The birth of tobacco in my bed clothes.

A human may have anything at any time but the drama of original narration. Infinite progress without the location of death.

And in a violent tradition, when the sounds snap their own necks to notice us, we may awaken in a feline skull, in a neutered dream of everywhere to prolong the actual pretense of art.

My style is every style that style prevents, as if the hours could hold my frigid goodness in Southern aftermath, in the unstuck tears of a growing idiom.