

## Tongues of Light & Darkness (the Boy King)

1.

(this sound)  
  unraveling  
                                amongst the sculpted dirt  
lamps of imported skin  
                                drop the pen maker & his greasy pastels  
                                here inside a full moon  
the upward struggle of splotchy charcoals  
                                as if mined uprooted & collapsed again /  
  a figure of speech  
  dark shades of black & greys  
spoken /  
                                displaced /  
  a sperm of red  
a collar of great green anxiety          soften  
a lens of intrusion  
  (another test I've gone & failed)  
banks of plentitude  
                                ironies that twist themselves around rosy cheeks  
  still molten from the foundry  
ros(e)y ironies  
  roses of iron  
  &          the moon  
                                over an old river of bridges.

2.

this imposter race &  
  muddy crucifix  
flutes sing their praises  
                                birdlike profiles of old men          cry for new stories  
  
a pinecone drops from the wilderness of civilization  
the way a newly crowned child king  
sprouts from a civilization of wild beasts  
where natural  
as a crushed face  
the un natural  
super natural &  
preter - natural  
  form doors  
rabble banished thru warbling cloth

3.

                                a young king  
  removes the crown  
  from his head  
the crown becomes a full moon

the moon  
a wafer on the devil's tongue

4.  
a touch if yellow  
there  
in the bones of the old  
decaying tree.

steve dalachinsky, paris 1/14/06

**The Sheaves (written @ Espace Japon - Paris 1/17/06)**

- 1)  
the sheaves are small &  
perfect bound  
they fit tightly on the shelves  
spines a spectrum of color  
bound by their own logic  
& stories  
3 or 4 shades of blue  
yellow to green  
the orange that was re(a)d & white liv(r)es  
black & grey of fallen houses  
risen cesspools that flowed thru the belly of a dog  
muddied belly  
polluted by the policing of weak masters  
bricked up smiles  
hanging by thin wires  
from the teeth of well disguised capitalists

why breathe?  
why hold your breath  
even for the instant of a turning leaf?  
here spines become a color chart of history  
points of discussion before they are cracked  
here water sails away to another place  
where the temperature is always  
sweaty & crisp

- 2)  
baby beater  
sucklin @ ya wannabee da crackle bridge  
a bird or 2 in flight  
a misconception  
a throe - back ta yer-in-all  
spread water like a bark-a-boold @ derpstown  
wingin language as only pro-active can

knocker dood  
sibling's tongue  
connective tissue's always con  
necting something like only conn  
ecting issues  
can

3)

sore & bushy-eyed  
wink the back space  
ether is backset  
back stage & set up / either crime's in /  
or crimson wrapped the toolshed  
wannabe or wannadoo  
walk into the pyramid  
backward/draw back  
smell the noceans as re-rights  
juggle aside the bacon's tongue  
cramble 20 - zero to balance along the tracks  
there's no use stayin til the ballad's finished  
all en(d)gines strangle the wrangler  
in the (b)end  
yer horse is tied  
& ready ta go this breedless distance  
to the next broke tool

4)

things be always tinted  
language's spoken here.

steve dalachinsky

**(S)tamp(on)**  
**(Silva, Bauer, Turner @ Instances Chavires - Paris 1/27/06)**

i/b.

i am stamped by your beauty  
you are faun-taped  
the blding is cold  
all blding s here are  
cold / not just the stone  
but the very guts  
a synthesis of instance & actual being  
the roads splinter & o pen/en (de)a(d) drimboolahas  
repair

still almost all guys find the center  
& it is ill-fixed

a tuck here  
a nip there  
sewn/sown  
briggie-oo chioness  
catcha wha ga loo brainsells /  
kin hops rebuilding the world as a lake  
a beard  
a bower  
a silver screen  
a seescape by turner  
one mouth speaking in the broil  
ta ta ta dah dah  
dah dah dah dah  
ethereal sentiency

2. (perhaps)

i be stamped no pant out o' the mouth o' boiler makers  
- instinct  
all move their limbs by it limp lipped  
a crossed line crossed  
it is here even in the savage tremble  
cold  
so cold  
these collapsing stairs  
co-lapsing stares  
sans light (i lit)  
ah the lumiere's bootstrings z toned  
agree please aching sound fingers rigored  
elbows nala johannes on my.....  
nose bleed  
be one whose pants are held by bottles.

af/ ter

turn the one whose lens is leffe - ah la blah  
a glass for drinking pictures  
a friend to quarrel with  
momentum  
if this room were a lake of mirrors i turn into from  
cold collapse  
heating up the rem/murd  
he's heating up the clean head in short sleeves  
is beyond being stamped  
easy as you blow your breath away  
he makes faces  
the one whose face  
is a mirror of listening  
whose hands remain thinking  
more than acting

i am stamped by your beauty

as the world is stamped by  
a gurgling  
membrane  
restored of memory

if indeed all were the setting sun  
on a WIDE street  
a square where mammals stamped  
& even bones before them  
held some fractured scores &  
failings -

b4

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addendum(s) :  
rudiments gone w(h)il(e)d

another ending  
writing as a way of listening.

steve dalachinsky

**Braxton Twelvetet plus One (live @ the Iridium )**

set 1 3/16/06

hr.glass tippedspills/each grain repeatedly  
(like kandinsky connecting to schoenberg)  
to A/B connecting to self

60/this will spill good-wined & changing toward

set 2 3/19/06

(smoke..am happy if she is with me  
we will one day duo in some setting of)

....hr.glass no / slag  
learning of salty sand / lags salger out  
der way acalls right dat seeps thru shirts  
saw ya trickle in der mittle range  
fluid avians prickle down whadoo  
landwholes for ifin not fer fillin in  
retawd in da lineseems not to be movin  
even as it spills time

from one dropped glass t'nother  
kicked grains stained white with bleach  
frickle faster 'n smattrin  
stutter the vast & crimped spans  
glance dance prancen' in a clickle  
cyclical cabbn thru stawdinary hites  
shaker spit & spillin ~~~~~~ `` ~  
~ :!{[ ....///// ~~~~~~  
~~~~~ ~ ~ ~``~ ~ ~~~~~~ `~~~~~` ~ ~ ~ ~ / ./?  
ton o rabx refrax a circle quickle n' splats

steve dalachinsky, nyc

### train to solotun 8/21/90

sub urban  
commuter  
rush hour        in german  
& it's hot  
                  the seats are so small    my fingers hurt

watch out  
watch yourself in the window  
until the trees becomer your mirror

old friends always think that only they  
know what is best

watch the people & the fields & the factories

old cows think that only they know  
what is best

simple dialogue  
simple frustrations  
can be as painful as morning

when you are a tree you know nothing  
there is only the earth/ where you are

the man is always building for  
himself  
his species  
                  the landscape keeps changing  
the man keeps changing the landscape

uprooting trees

man & cow are old friends  
man & cow always think that only they  
know what is best

man is man's best friend  
is a row of cars at a railroad crossing

waiting

the gate is red & white  
just enjoy waiting    whispers the garden

                  i stare into the mirror  
it is other people's eyes  
other people's faces            & mouths  
it is hot in here  
on this train  
to  
suburbia

                                  at rush hour in german  
& the chickens & vegetables all know what is best

the trees become my reflection  
                                                                                  the horse is  
lead away.

steve dalachinsky, switzerland 1990

**for j.m.**

so where does the melody come from?

inside ?  
                                  outside ?

i want you  
to know  
he already found mine  
at a house  
sale  
rare as it was & it  
was

they butchered you  
napalmed  
you  
named you  
&  
palmed  
you like i would a watch @ a pawn shop

2. well not all sang off key

1.

sq pegs in a rnd hole  
sq hole yr  
resting

sq peg we always think  
sq  
peg round hole  
lght (more or) less  
defined

peg-o-my heart  
i love you  
peg o my heart-shaped  
heart -

in light what's  
meant?

steve dalachinsky, nyc, jackson maclow mem/trib @ poetry project 3/5/05

### **last words (for jackie mclean)**

drop down backward  
squeeze the head that eats you  
(i'm not that kind of girl - she whispers  
high)  
what bridge is that - stoodways  
how he held the saxophone (to his mouth)  
lightning /  
falling /  
& repeating  
registerd HIGH  
take one step  
beyond  
right now  
dr. jackle  
owl's eyes moisten  
(as you) let freedom ring  
for the aggregation  
rrrrrrring rrrrrring  
jackknifed down(stood) & blood heard  
  
did yrs pass on the touring  
one out destination to another  
as ya tipped the scales  
(blue)  
humble connection to the #'s  
  
scene: the street  
circuits clown



carries trickbag / wears  
dark velvet  
rehabilitated skeleton  
carries trickbag / wears  
dark velvet

how within these figures  
what truly does make one survive?

how he hold the saxophone to his mouth  
tongue-faced seasoned chops  
i'm not that kind  
of  
HIGH....

where does a dynasty begin? end?  
how many masters are left? even in the future?

release the singer  
& the singer's son  
dynasty's also must fall

where is the singer  
& the singer's son?

who is left now?  
(he is so right here that he's invisible)

feed the hand that bites you  
bury the fickle monster in fresh soil  
& squeeze off another round

(it's like working on a plantation - he tells me)

steve dalachinsky nyc 4/2/3/06

### **the funeral (of jackie mc lean)**

we gather by the river  
in a world without end  
rising  
coughing  
inquiring  
weighing  
resurrecting  
(believers or not)  
we play at stewardship/ness  
endless world of  
original lines:  
flowers glass &  
world of

alternate

endless

midnites  
midnites & flowers  
bile-stained & blood sun  
blood  
clouded sky  
sky  
skin of wood &  
beheathed  
rain  
the beheath(en)ed  
the final song  
the riff & rift  
of noble but over long  
speeches  
cleaned brass affectioned  
tribulations  
saintly persecuted hospitalities  
weep & eat  
oh wise conceit  
seen possible  
wrath fires hidden & emoted  
from the b(r)east  
voice  
tongue  
fingers        dance  
skill  
influence  
woodshedding  
unruly structured discipline  
(drafts)  
the good book(s)  
struggle to be baptized  
billow  
heritage's hymnal

glasses stained with bile &  
sun cloud  
the

rise & blow  
oh holy dope fiend  
we are tired of being  
alone