

## “Trek Echoes”

Sand drifts in the outerworld.  
The scanned horizon monolith  
(alloyed metal in a man’s hands)  
is tomorrow’s only gaoler for those who ride.

Monument (*wind sounds*),  
a rapid-pulsing hawksong,  
an arrow brought forth, christened, erupted.

Skulls fill tepid waters where no cleansing can be made,  
forcing Midnight’s mad mother to kill her good brood,  
constructing a river of sacrificial babe’s blood.

Wash the will—witness/distribute/disseminate in a new frame  
the elder ways.

The blinded water child sees what meek men cannot—  
belly-moving, black-draped charmers in a course storm;  
dawn-crawlers in their secret hordes seeping thru a sky-hole moon—  
and the world will not turn.

There is a bird here beneath—  
clawed/pulsing in a sea drift.  
No chaos in its subtle structure.

*The swirls of a mind’s curvature are a lip’s whisper.*

The monolith, a white blinding wave of neo-immensity,  
comes to dance – deliriously feasting in its blood trance of  
transgression/absorption/transcendence.  
There is god in an eggshell remnant,  
the massed oceans’ volumes contained in a pool,  
reflecting the wishes of made-mad monkeys disemboweled in their captive capitulation.

Well-washed in a new snow linen,  
dressed monuments cry in their stoned rapture stance  
as a new architect breaks ground for crumbling empty cells,  
ancient and abandoned at the point of their sparse monk inceptions.

## **“Portent for Dead Kings, II”**

Denouncing oblivion,  
spectral pebble kings stoned in caverned/castled rock make a shadow stance.  
War laughs crashing on the salted sands and frozen steppes of modeled mythic anarchy,  
their sandal-strides mark gated blazing portals  
to the sunken cities of unholy hatred.

Atavistic battle chants roar savagely  
in the bleeding ears of those who carve the carrion for cold competing gods.  
In the mass grave-ditch,  
bleached bones meld to make mountainous temples erected on fetal promises,  
torn and broken in the forged-ore hearts of young mothers  
caught contemplating the new religions.

Death’s dominion is the rotting kingdoms of arrogant heir-sons  
drunk-splayed on mock Hellenic bone-thrones  
slur-evoking black and bloody edict tribal rites in the wasting, raping night.

Sacrificing their soulness to the immortal unabashed,  
weak priests scream their blood-hell incantations to the dull sacristies of ghost kings.  
Vile wormword enchantments draw diploma’d/bespectacled grave-diggers  
to unsand museum pieces from torn tombs and raped graves,  
    the split ships shackled in Poseidon’s sea-waves,  
        and the unsecret once-holy enclaves of the seekers of Anubis.  
Speaking of honor as they ram their seeking into honeyed shafts,  
    the mad prophets and petty profiteers  
        the sand-eaters and dog-tongued alchemists  
        vomit white earth in fly piles—  
their spectral elders crash-waltzing in black-ash crescendos toward Har Megiddo,  
where the blind remnant armies of their final, failed campaigns  
stagger in wandering wait.

In darkened depths below the din awake the mystic horsemen,  
borne of life’s rains and the warrior’s ways—  
ground-shaking/sea-earth claiming,  
exploding forth/the truly chosen riding to wreak riots in the dog lairs,  
their hoof-crash approach making weak-kneed the spectral pebble kings  
who have laughed at gods enough to know  
new winds will blow their crumbling stance at long last to graven ash.

## **“Portent for Dead Kings”**

Burrowing up in the fat flesh  
of the mad king’s mind,  
the eye-spiders sucked and supped.  
The rat/snake brain feasters lashed to god-right reason  
and spit bleached bone outward to the shackled hay-sleepers.  
With swollen-fire rims  
the tear-ducts combusted, spraying sand-encrusted pyramid atrocities  
and un-orbed revelations in an infinite line.  
Scarab-priests (the spear in the spine of god)  
drank culled wine from the lacy veins of angels’ wingtips,  
splashing forth in titled waves and death-pledge edicts.

Somnambulist multitudes, locked in the compound confines of a confused populace,  
shaken to awakening by the stale host and vinegar’d chalice,  
traced the smoke signals of atheistic scorn  
to the skull-kept wormwood garrison of righteous reasoning.

Fought/beaten/devoured/forgotten,  
the poor-paid last legions left at limit’s last post  
could not fend off the charging hordes of the eye-spider’s crazed storm-ride.  
Succumbing in bend-kneed life-begging,  
their lives were made blade-stilled with sixteen blinks in rapid succession.

Burning the gallows-fodder in war-pennant revelry,  
the new-sighted mystic minions marched on toward the three kingdoms  
and the disintegrating proxies of the ribald alchemist-fakirs.

Nebuchadnezzar, Last King of retribution’s false testament,  
feasting on snake-waste in rubbled kingdom alleys  
and longing for vegetable dinners, loosed a stone wrought of subtle sand shifts  
and woke the rain-riders coursing the night road,  
who drove out with a word the slave prince’s blood liege  
and purged the place of Inheritance’s bad breeding.

Her fabled king thrown and broken, the horse of the red dawn  
played god in the wind-ravished ruins of the sunless subterrains,  
marking pits for the souls of the wretched commons  
and mocking the rain that raised the hay.

## “Desert Hemorrhage”

Left to bleed out  
    in the western desert,  
the Naysayer and his jester-queen  
revel in wastedness.

Long poems of garbled media  
    pool beneath the cult tracks  
    and riotous philosophies of  
        coal-ravens black,  
while the angels, hemorrhaging contempt,  
    give paint to sacred doorways,  
    hiding the distinct  
    and subtly divine.

Hard felt the plans of the fer-de-lance  
and her weaving, woven caravans.  
    She of the slithering broken peace—  
        the clown of the 12 ways making hay of ecclesiastic specimens  
        she traps along the way.  
Wattle and daub,  
cyber-crust—  
sticking stuff for the mad feasters  
and tempestuous eaters of fetal kings  
and would-be things.

Rebuffed/unclaimed,  
    vulture-fucks in dangling clusters share  
    a view from a bombed out mind-rape,  
        sewing payload mayhem,  
        shrapnel tongue-love,  
        drinking sand-acid and dancing hard on the rights of gods  
        and their war-whipped dominions.

Briefly still unbloodless,  
the blinkless eye finds the strength to wink away the water.

Bled out,  
the movie splits its Real.

## “Alchemy IV”

Passage thru to yellow shores—  
Coves resplendent/irregular/perfect/iridescent.  
Descend.

A traveler on island plains awakes.  
He will arise, un-nesting the new mystics—  
a baptism in branches, unwavering, concealed, well made.

Borne high, the eagled, ancient hawk-rite  
dances a glittered shaman’s trance/Icarus in a wax stance  
constructing molten desperate magic for the meek men, Westward falling.

The candles lit/a world within a carbon tip (*clean to burn/Immaculate*).  
Messengers carry the birth words on smoke wings  
to the far-earth islands, seeking new rhythms/tribal meanings;  
rituals elaborate/convex/mantric in their bean/corn/cocoa symbologies.

The simplicity of birth  
is a breath a wish a death.

Kali, in her manner, lends the love blade within the optic wound—  
(a thought a bird a groove).  
Imbedded/emplaced remains embrace brain-game embolisms,  
fraying in the air, wistful/alone.

Fast, but eat sweet the given fruits.  
There is no blood but cinnamon;  
no fatted calf but the sadly self-sacrificed.  
The sweet tangy sting we swallow is ginger’s folly (*amazing/tasteful/demure*).  
Gone at last are the sickly, whimsical wishes of elder kings.  
Their new design is a neatly knotted, greening pine—  
resplendent/irregular/perfect/iridescent.  
Ascend.

The stone road offers dune clues to yellow shores.  
A mask guides a mast.  
Soft, to pay for passage.  
Embark.