

*A Poem for Proserpines, **by Joey Madia***

The ragged stone angel
patiently at prayer
looks homeward
and away
from the patiently prowling wolf
rabid at her feet.

Its psychic stare
no longer piercing
its slack-jawed patty-cake
within the sanctuary
of her plump
and plastered
thigh.

She moans in Heaven's rapture

Sighing.

sighing...

ever, ever sighing.

Then sighing
Nevermore.

She turns her marble gaze
to the Proserpines
of velvet pomegranates.

To the Beatrices and Magadalens
to the Annabels and Helens
(only Goethe's,
never Faust's)

to the Lolitas and Lauras
nursing their sanguine wounds.

She flutters her pitted, seeded wings
in the subtle motions of stone
and gazes onward
toward the temple of the Mystics
New and barely known.

Where Anastasia awakens
to the mind-locked remembrance
of a mad, en-trancing monk
tracing whispered mantras
upon her sanguine thighs.

Is she weeping for the child
or does the child weep for her?

"tuned the dial 'til static" by Joey Madia

Tuned the dial 'til static
And here's what I found:

Canvas smooth as stony marble
A seed beneath the murdered soil
A brush in the teeth of women artists
A weeded way for Lakota gardeners

Hammers for a re-creation
A shot of Hennessy in contemplation
Spikeheeled//fishnetted Iliad Homers
Anthill cathedrals where Atheists toil...

Jackals licking the blood from our anthems
Posies arranged on periodic tables
Wilting and fading in dark meditation
Til the Wintry One comes to whisk them away...

Hookers dull with roadside diving
Moonshot men on soundstages flailing
A sad convention of bitter Sisters
With tarnished rings and fickle postures

Toenail paintings of proud Madonnas

Gilded and cracked in peeling plaster...
Pictures painted in statued moments
Drunken wolves slurring a failed "Glory Be!"

Pez-sweets and caviar served to mad dancers
Distorted contortionists in movie-star stances
Skirt-zipper Arias launched to the heavens
Maps read in lobbies, all pointing East...

Cold motel bedrooms with nary a bed
Corner-prowled limos with tires untread
Fragile magicians waiting in iceblocks
Whores in the homeland, running the show

Tuned the dial to static
where gods do not go.

"In the Theatre of the Black Bamboo" by Joey Madia

Scene 1

In the Theatre of the Black Bamboo
I saw the scenes the Ming men knew,
where boundfoot courtesans bathed in seclusion
in the motley-draped blood of the Fool.

Gaze upon this gestational stage
of corrupted geishas and Eastern ways.
With a dire cast of shoebox souls
ready to hang from the counterweight stays.

Scene 2

Sleep ends slowly in the steamy cocoon
of an early winter's Wolfe-viewing room.

Scene 3

The finch and the sparrow woke up to an arrow
lodged right where their singing once was.
When the dog-god's North star
called the blind men to war
and thus was the Birdman abuzz.

Scene 4

Andersen's girl took the billygoat's wool
into her hot matchstick hands.
Speaking words to the Bird in the fallen king's crown--
With no guards on the ramparts
the kingdom fell down.

Scene 5

From the mountain-tip she enters
like a salted sea-shoal
in a tartared-fish ocean
that yucks, bucks, and rolls.

Scene 6

For Gipetto's poor pleasure wood filled his world
for prayers that are severed by forked fairies' tails.
Once in the belly of the grey-primered whale
Pinocchio Jonah could not help but fail.

Scene 7

Someone tell Roswell the alien's back
and the hotel's best porters must carry its bags.

Scene 8

It's a rare Ming vase for a glassed-in space.
The Theatre of the Black Bamboo.
The lukewarm waters. The falling curtains.
Where dreams weave the sleeper's cocoon

juicebug/z by Joey Madia

mystic sightly/slightly fuzzy/come clear and nuzzy
//maelstrom calm//
the blindly buzzy did buzz a flux
razzin the rab // fluxxin the slab
blind as a buzzer he flew the new juice route to find the spliced truth fruit

sight blindly the buzzer came wilin 'n' stylin
to sit in the pit and smack a fat wit and it was NoT bugged
its language was no language an Antllanguage a UniVersaL language
a something that could be read, repeated, spit back verbatim
unthought about rote written disseminated regurgitated antiinitiated
aka//infinite mobiling static stuff
spellcheckedless dictionless perfect(shun)
perfectly scribing its own samples //keeping its own linguistic counsels
it flew unfaillflaingly

it was a buzz the buzz a buzz to spin a spin
the bug shrugged
and dug it was
it WaS a RIDER

it was journeying//: it did not say goodbye because it took all of it with it
it was already there so it didn't care if it ever got there cause there was already
here
and the here was this
and the bug was very very Very VeRy VeRY VERY this
and the bug hugged the lugs
and the wheels and the tires and the hubs and the rubs and axles and the
crossaxles and the joints and the uv's and the pcp's and the ons and the ons and
the ons
til the gones be gone

and it went on and in and it transmissioned and it communicated
it went up and in and up amid, cranking clanking spanking shanking
not caring if it got the sHaFt cause it **was** the shaft// the sharp shoot//the shaft
all the way til it was blocked
and the block was where the power was::
where the buzz was just and the crux in flux
at once the buzz screwed up thru the chambers //the cylinders to the pumping
and the sparking and the light and the gas and the past and parts and the sparks
to the holy head the distributing messageglow of the swirling twirling squirming
kiloton world of wires

and the buzz bug made the scene the oily spleen and on out thru the grill and at
the grill it had itself a thrill a spill of a chill puce juice//a ginlime grime splice
well why not it was with it all the while
and it was travelling and it was there and gone and still unnoticeable
and so still there
blind the bug dug the rug as it swept up and the stick was shifted and the wheel
was wobblin==
and the horn blew forth a beat |boom/boom/bass/boom
cheap jazzy beep with a shriek a c-sharp in sixteenths and trills willy-nils and
disregard for the wanton wills of the silence shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
and it looked
and it was on the InsidE of the *windshield* and it looked out and saw its brothers
coming at it
{says:}my brothers don't fear the false wall but come up thru the grill
spend some time in the chill
get to ride the ridge of the blade
and learn what it is to be a fAn (whooo) fAn (whirrrrr)::ha
ride the wall of fire for the firewall is the key to be near free
awwww its good
and you'll be buzzing to the c-sharp jazzy beep beat on the chromium center
seat//and my brothers, it was sweet

and it was good sighed the fly and the buzz was fly
and the bug was what he was and the buzzy bug was the best of what he was

and all he was and he was not the fruit
but he was **of** the fruit
and he flew and he flew and he flew
in the buzzing bit of fleshy tushy fruit
the totemantic pucejuice. the truth==
zoop.

“takin a few to lay a groove” by Joey Madia

i love you in a gone way haze:
a sort of encrypted symbolic gate
with a key pressed in yr own machine

lemme unlock it-
to better know your codes...

reachin you gets easier w/out the static-
the strain of past pains]
infusing and influencing angered sub-strains

i love you in a gone god way-
a lack of fear makes clear a higher plane of conscious loving's come near
dearer to me than coin or phame or credited page

move on in together
like an orphaned sister and her mystic lover;
this ain't madness in the chronic sense
or even an untangle-able mess
so stress less/sing de-stress
the flag is up
and i'm inquiring about surrender
(Yes?)

this is oneness and i see you searchin' for the seams
and seems of me and thee;

don't be.

the perfect logickal turn of this 'verse is that oneness
only happens
with distinct and magickal parts

"Crabcakes Benedict (Prescott, AZ, 1997)" by Joey Madia,

Sleepy-eyed and contented,
we went for brunch

in the rich hotel's famous restaurant.

Newlyweds king-and-queenly quartered
(at someone else's expense)
in the best town's
 best hotel's
 best room.

Picking a red-clothed table
where we could see and be seen,
we tipped imagined caps to Lords and Ladies
and talked too loudly
of the balcony and view.

By discarded copies of East Coast papers
(rifled through by less leisurely, more poorly pampered travelers),
a waitress served us exotic, tempting teas
selected from brassed and polished maple boxes.

We talked excitedly of writing projects
while eating fat orange slices,
cutting steaming crabcakes Benedict
with long, silver knives
(which offered, at no charge, a glimpse of our narrow, falsely regal reflections).

To pass the time while our fine teas steeped,
we shared a word with a waiter
(newly arrived that Winter),
a warm server,
handsome and actor-like,
passing his days in a rich hotel's warm restaurant, like us.

He was as out of place and oblivious as we were
despite a sudden-coming, comforting snow
and (for a time) no thoughts of the poorer places we've known.

"sir" by Joey Madia, joey@newmystics.com, 732-771-7857

Behind the white-washed trestles
where mother prunes her prize-winning flowers
I catch a glimpse of the man she calls Him.

His cocktail-breath expulsions
play at odds with his washroom-smelling hands
and medicinal hair.

Sanctimonious he seems,
dealing cards to war-hero friends
near the alley where I
play tennis-ball-bounce to pass
the friendless weeks
of summer vacation.

I want to call him grandpa.
To climb into his wooly lap
and learn the money-games of picture cards—
But "Sir" is all my mother's bitterness will allow.

The scars she hides in her garden gloves,
beneath her khaki pants,
are her secret reasons for this long war.
Mixed among disheveled plant-seeds
(a guarantee of fragile crossbreeds)
are the remnants of the bud she was
before her roots were cut.

Though I nearly hate him
(by habit and extension,
second-hand information)
I look forward to the secret favor he asks of me each night
after mother's left for church
and father, thorny man, is locked within the den.

Though I am the progeny of his sworn and bitter enemies
I alone can wind his watch.

**"We, the Sons of Rag and Thorn" by Joey Madia, joey@newmystics.com,
732-771-7857**

We are the sons of the rag and thorn barons,
corner players,

stale fruit eaters,
who steal the seedy magazines with their fine Latina dreamprints
not to be immoral
but because we are too ashamed to face
the moral grocer in his spotless, morbid smock.

This is our dilemma,
so well have we been raised.

We haven't the teeth for coconut,
though our toenails are ragged and sharp;
we carry our grandfathers' compasses
from the days they ruled the seas.

We can find our way to Heaven
when our landlords need a map.

We soak our minds in tin-can rum
and dance to the music
now forbidden but once free.

We are the sons of displaced nobles,
once Lords of the land and the ocean Kings.
This dry earth now our heritage,
taxes burden us heavy as lead.
Like a necklace of prized jewels
exposed to be cut glass,
we're left to lie in dusty drawers—
mocked reminders of our past.

We are the sons of a looted tomorrow
with nothing worth something to offer a wife,
so we make our sons bastards,
to spare them the pain
of a gutted-out birthright
and the chains of a slave.

“On the [psychologist’s] couch”

This *place*—companies, phone calls, money, mileage ...

Don't let the Mind grab stuff to improve your need—don't fall for it!

It's actually really nice... home...

To you, these *animals*, the planet's little mint butterflies, seated on your knees...

It's on my *joints*.

Get a sip of this tonight—the wonderful hearts of the ingénues
can, with guidance, sustain your growth...

Stop.

...Or return to *me*.

Stop!!

Why?

Well...

Be your funniest!

See if I look back before I finish my day.

I didn't look at you!

Bring it on!

Like you, I know what you want—money.

That's just not gonna happen here. *Guaranteed*.