

preface to slain in mirth

48 Poetry... people at trees... tristessa
Pollute means politely insert excess of words into composition... less than it holds

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restricting shapes of extraordinary things, the surreality of a disc illuminating the earth and beyond.

Speak means softly spill out stricture, a freewheeling structure, what lies beyond words

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I am telling instead of showing, still concerned about the form, woman represented here as a dome of cloud hanging over a permanent mountain, where I arrive. Look over this city I had built with dreams about the order of things and desire... desire, the most particular edge to live by to fall into. The only certain mystery in life!

The present manifests.

Approach and claim the gift

listen and predict...

One chooses to remember
I know when one lives and dies...
A perfect unison for all, this cinema,
my assistant talent.
It is what I can't afford at the moment. Big fun.
Music is emotion.
Word is collapsing heap of shite...
never-the-less is our main element.

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Essentially, a story undergoing,
the dramatic act of remembrance...
Melancholy and Grasshopper...
Slain in mirth, mirth in slain...
Several women made him think...
but one big accident...
and its celluloid imprint.

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SLAIN IN MIRTH

A nightless Galatia. Selenity. The instant allure to assassination in the republic of tristessa. Here, in demure tents we respire autonomous breaths.

Boiling in the mutual stream,
in the obedient wail
of the ridiculous hour.
Solid eyes tell me
who am I,
I am worn over a million shrouds.

I won't sleep

A desolate pair!
Lovely final awaiting.
Hysterical seafaring mistress
and my grasshopper anxiety.

...I do love melancholy...

...Cellophane protection,
look at this terrified sand castle
in the beach life resides, shivering under the wave,
cogwheeled,

54 longer to swim in minutes of you.

What to do?

What to say?

Your lust is moulding.

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“Melancholy, strapped queen of the queers.
Who is your wiped out valentine,
wanton and livid?”

Pull bashful dreams to achieve me, Melancholy!
Hit the songs of solitude,
forget about me,
about the new vow,
unpromising, I am rich and oblivious.
Hit the songs of solitude
with your apple eyes,
you won't miss a thing.

My auburn purpose in mediocre ways;
Selena,
an invocation,
salt of woe,
when I die be my grave.

If I could beat your heart
you must stride in and stride out
the slain sympathy of your kin, smile.
Profanity. Moon on your face,
Selena is our mediocre ways.

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crono, crono, crono

coena tasf amiboe duncan
triffa trum, bink injower dimag
wicked contagious gibberish.

Beautiful the size of the enemy
reaching you.
At least, the sin has drenched us for
invoking the rain,
for a walk in the pain.

No, that, won't do.

56 When we unite our beings
in medley of tongues,
everything is delayed.

Melancholy and the Grasshopper!

“Who is gonna yell,
stop action and touch,
amaze me and penetrate
around midnight who can assist
my clones to bite the sound...

...of an orphaned bomb”

Unknown thing is on the ground
pandering to Grasshopper, the blooming agony:

“Curse! To the love
so avid to suffer.
Your sleepless nights
know my name
But, I have to discover before you waste me

Patterns of tear
on your face.
Trees in gale bending towards
the polished stream
wisdom carries tiny things.

I inquired the limbless sun
for the last epigram of all mornings
waking up by the cliffs of your rolling body.

Melancholy!