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UNMAKING OF A FILM

Ink of my pen is your eyes retracing my hand.
Why can't we fall asleep?
I lost my eyes on vision.
Tenderly, sought a grip to a soul,
harnessing.
Am I cute in bloody Harlem?

You arrived.
Who are you?
How many times have I been deluded?
To see you is to dream without a memory.
What do i care as long as
I have a sieve for heart and sand for emotion?

Tristan and Isolde
but, who is who?
Exchanging fatherly torment in a newly
moved apartment.

I am this void climbing up her chest.

November.
New amber.
Feeling.

The curl of her hair as leaves, her shade sweeping by.
Vampire American dream
brought us here and I bet
she will sharpen her teeth on my weak vessel
for a reason...

Her long tongue lashes out an insane past.
Freckles on her shoulders
pull me like magnet
attracts iron dust.

Living in an island with a window to hell.
Poor enigmas defend her,
refrain her
from thinking,
from rubber blokes.
Crying when she is laughing.

65

At first death of intimacy,
we are in a film
I began making
love to a bleeding lip.

Nycrus. A film's emergence in emergency.
Russian musician I want her to be.
Restaurants... November... New amber.
Animate days on end without mission.
Plans smeared at tables.
Republic of images in disintegration.
Thinking London!
Birth of remembrance signals for longing.
But, I am here and now!

Don't be a mother to my skull
You are still the hand of that night
unsure of whom it belongs to!

What do I want?
An honorary for volunteering myself blindly
as a secret before the same traitor?

Haunted by glory
handled by precious peril
in control and out of control
by premature plight of wisdom
I outlived a life too soon.

In a city, planes bury passengers,
admit one by one to the maniac descend in return seats
the target, potent with candy cadavers.

In this city
I came to excel
she found me as fallacy.
The blame put and fondled,
permanent killer after me.

shit!

I have become the ground
for grinding punished
children.

68 Pelvis and wise-numbing elvis
I profess snake's charm
you scare me with your unavailable human passion.

In a hurry, we waste the land
fecund land
that inevitable land where
we must return to bare as bodies
devoid of language,
the sudden abortion of conventions
and lousy representations of ourselves.

Your humble ruins.
You more or less detune yourself everyday.
This beguiled act when you mistake me as just a face.

I am a clown,
demon on a cloud
down under by law
I am an awful love
insensitive to the protests of a beautiful cunt.

Speak with someone else to me from a far room,
insert your thoughts through the draft,
I can only believe when I eavesdrop on a rumour
that I am diminishing...

Provocations for enthusiasm.
Poor insipid lover.
Redolent with wonder
and achievement,
and underachievement.
Things to come to a rest,
whirling inside a lonely enlivened daze.

70 December –
she mowed my head amid daisies and desires.

All of the time, bottomless furnaces snatch me...

Trials unannounced,
doubts aren't led astray,
I have a feeling of odd testimony,
your nightly decay.

Lice occupy the place where you used to lay.

In the depths of a house
almost a house with evil glimpse.
Invite folding characters to the surveillance.

There is us and a bunch of records
to dispense solace.
Invent affection and
mockery as a part of the distance.

But, I am here.

How are people positioned by what has been said?
They don't know what deadpan words are in the face...

Her departing speech...
still pumping blood.

72 Rid the bestiality of skinned sour woman,
pondering restricted thoughts to rob her of her perils,
attention!

the economy of losing
and the viable insurance of friendship.
Ridiculous expectancies that can never be met
at either end.

Monumental collapse of the western world
coincides with the eruption of her freedom.
World, world, world,
I count ways to revert my way back to the womb.

And I arrived,
my sumptuous arms
delivering my fragile head,
a glittering night-out.
You felt me momentarily/more materially leaving this
life, as a creeping cry.

It's my fault. Debauchery.
I could sense a disentangled story
assembling
without a conspiracy, studding the end,
so bad and better than its beginning.

73

“oh, forget about it”

74

I sent my verve as a gunman after myself.

I was asked to render blues

I was someone else who understood.

Morbid morale.

Ambiguity of the role my attractive corpse plays.

Our connection spawned

a venereal disease out of excessive care,

rotting the mystery of love

and heading towards a general dependency

only appropriate for cowardice.

75

I am a handful, sparkling rubble

salt by woe

still uneventful mountain

for a pervasive prophet escaping a return to eternity.

Greatest sins of the world.

I will never come to your door

and never drop attentive bombs.

My aim to revoke that evening,

our hands unite beyond casual need,

two innocent children meet

making love in words

something serious might occur in the waves of this boat

I am anticipation quivering inside your laughter
and blue is the colour of my skin.
Alienating the sea and the sky from its population.

76 You must be indelible in slate, because I insist.
Deft performance I made in passion,
please linger with me
and humidify my shame.
don't shut the door to my face.

After tragic speech,
I acclaim the guns pointing in my direction,
spinning your head
by what i can't possess
and drag back to bed.

Infatuation, a vulgar invention.
Time is rotting in unison.

Insignificant speck of lust
I must be for her lean appetite.
She would not devour me
to savour my death.

Others bother me,
dear mother, they are killing me.

Slender monster maiden for whom
the vein of the nervous awaits to spill spite,
while she singles out
every snare she trudges.

I hope to breathe again
in your lungs.

Because, you are killing me
in the air

I trace your scent,
in the air
to find your imminent crime
in the lap of another man.

77

Bundle appeasing words
and gallop my way.

Enchantment... wild going.

I am necklong-vessel, turned down by a dry vampire.
I am inactivated like an informed bomb,
cut like a rope strangler,
a bad man taken by the throat,
dysfunctional weirdo,
glamorous soul
slowly being crumbled by a fanny.

Cathartic moment,
continuous executions of my return with a graceful face,
ugly expression to her island.
Drowning in a glass of water,
The dictator giving speeches,
noncreative insults grind her teeth.

78 Labyrinths I ran to get here
misleading every bit of me to a painful temple.

I am tumult by common demand,
caught in your wheels as a cat.
Break splendid things you attribute to me.
Ignore realms of ideas with
your eye-popping arrogance.

Bars,
theaters,
streets,
you admire!
Strut through your trance;
modern and ancient for the spectacle.

The automatic justice of your universe.
Can I be the desire committing...?
You are the reprise of a repugnant crime:
a forged cruelty as an appetite.

The green kiss of your dollar lips.

Don't step into me on sad marches
or as a news blaring out,
The annoying company of your admirers.

79

Speeding into a wall ahead, misled.
Think of rubber pads, feathery pillows
soft speech of yearning, yearning

you look at me
to seek something
this is not it.

I'll beg you again
as long as i am disempowered from my expression,
endlessly talking about
the indignant imminent genius that I am.
At heart, a million snails
parading the ashamed flag of failed revolutions.
stained red of me.
rid off me.
rid off my rest.
off to static cocoonism.

Recoveries and impulsive death throes

80

For the sake of recovery,
will I find myself conjuring up the same illusion?
So that...

... "Love has lurid black hair,
short fringes

undulating swift trance

transcendental skin.

Her dark ponds save hordes of foaming bullet rage.

Me, to a new languor, she won't let slip.

Her cry is a sonic kiss in my ears."

An impulse plunged

A wild cinemascope deprivation

awaits

her to withhold love.

Remain from your woe, man!
Away from the alphabet until I curse,
Your fractured verse
 is beautiful, handsome and wasted.

81

I retire the scenes.
Save cinema from snakes and funerals.
Camera, camera man,
the obedient spy - sympathy.
In search of virtual contempt
you have certain perceptions of me and unimpressed,
you arrive and tired of being happening.

I have chosen you to conduct me to the instance
faster than light,
the instant in life.

I bear the brunt of living in a man;
a stupid din of an idle horn
that single-handedly demeans the eternal symphony.

Human form!

82 One foot stuck in a holy lie and the other
kicking freely at my tooth.

Human forms
the declaration of escape,
never facing
the right way...

I am more handful than pissing rain
as the falling stabs of conscience.

I want to bleed the last drip of success from
a grand failure.

Drama drama eyes
flooding with difficult poetry,
the vengeance of dictation,
malbehaviour,
surrounding the sociable labyrinth
I may be eternal.

Long before it was conceived,
poetry had been condemned to be marvelous,
up against the epic about
man and woman,
already circulating the charming
electric world,
already in neon signs
and projected in watchful rooms
blaring out of little tune box:
A shock in variance.

83

Poems will clear up the industrial mess on my mouth
from talking too much.

Coincidentally,

Ache of this blue maggot spoke thus,
“let me be on my own for a while
let me dance the toes of midnight over forgotten corpses.
I want to quiver like a child again and the faces teeming
over me are attractive as my lovely shape.”

She slept on her tiptoes and floating, crashed into a tree.
That’s for not listening to me when I am already history.