

# 4

## **RUMOURS AND MY BROKEN BELLY**



## KINETIC TWIN: HERE AND NOW

Undying, divine vagrant lens  
whirlpools belied life,  
lustrating everything  
from the endless gaze of God.

87

Live eroticism.

All of it.

Iris wound.

Sightless sea.

Seemingly there, but not at all.

I look to seize

the severed winged abrupt night-time,  
slender land's cape.

On faint processions of simple grandeur,

I, instantaneously, split from memory.

Photography; become of not becoming.  
Still in accuracy.  
The soul of the evening,  
fabric to a visceral apprehension  
as the eyes of an aura  
so distant and distinctive.

88

Camera obscures as much as it reveals,  
spying for a range of inhuman ambitions.  
My eyes made of this scum,  
falcon strokes,  
vision of laid back elegance.  
When you lay along fainting seraphs  
[as both the perishable head and the sorry gun]  
a healing bruise of an end will collect your  
drunken mouth from my genitals.

Physical, it's you,  
the unattainable for my camera-eye;  
the house of firmament.  
I am the seductive earthquake  
come down on me like a secret...

Don't be so sad. Don't come any closer or I will reveal  
this life living in a peeling stain.

89

In this ethereal poem,

You are a whisper shut in my smile and I smile with the  
rotten teeth of God.

This is my most favourite disguise under impending loneliness.

I have royal scenes of belief,  
one last chance at diamonds rampant skin.

Through me you flee the recurring hesitance.  
Bitter clarity of the real splashes  
towards salty pier of dreams.

90 Blank desires black out  
and your vision peters out.  
Lights are redundant!  
Poignant memories scoop out your swill subconscious.

• • •

Verbal rhapsody paves the rueful route back to home...  
...for thousands of years...  
...you are too sad for blindfolded farewells,  
redolent as hippocrene  
and wine-stained oblique eyes.  
Ancient paroles without a safety net, wherever you are...

This city is a vice bridge  
where all the scum of the world intersect,  
But, anyway,  
in another smooth year,  
will you show me your alluring womb?

91

• • •

I often think of someone by the curves of yours  
and I recall summoning you from the astounding  
keyhole.

Console my sentinels.  
Hakan,  
Glow and roam.

## FOR ME AND YOU

92

Cremation of this illusionist hero in open sea,  
the sea is lean and naked like a wet damsel.

Regale his arid, widowed heroine:

mirth is their lament.

## KINETIC TWIN: VAGINA AND THE WOMB

Warm feminine surveillance is wrought by  
a despotic gaze,  
surpassing me without knowing...  
...loveless...  
...routine...  
...railing.

93

A little matter that's understood. Smooth, that is, it must be all about the air of a touch. Did you feel it like approaching, too? Did you shiver? Love takes the form of those vocal accompaniments, who you creak in joy with. Just, imprison this regretful admiration for the abstract goddess who you are just fucking.

Knowing you, knowing me  
I can't be known for love.  
The choice of switching layers of tectonic consciousness.  
When I am in there,  
nothing will fall for a shadow or qualm.

You don't possess dilemmas and seal over me.  
Potential perdition of any fanciful lady,  
holding tissues of pleasure,  
you should renew yourself to become  
a passage to a new deity  
whose air curls inside you.

94

Ticking, ticking like a bomb, you are also re-creational,  
Out of you nowhere is neat.  
But, this world should work out a roomy cell  
for the time being a wall,  
for the being to become a soul,  
so that I can evacuate it.

Alerted generals of my frenetic genitals,  
the communicators communicate in their last signal...  
one flame each retains  
from the brisk downfall of the escaping sun  
deadborn expectation  
inscribed on despotic time.

Where does your softly worn nook  
keep my morning arrival?

Be there with me  
in dearth of happening!

Eucharist!

You caress oblivion like a prick.

95

At the tip of your fingers the night has sunk with the song  
you play,  
combing my air.

Vagina!

Dig straight down your rape of silence.

Grow out of hand,  
the worst has passed.

Invent the drain in my soul  
inside this stale soil,  
where I stand,

invent the drain in my soul,  
rubbing yourself elegantly on my laying con.

## BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE

96

To the meshes of the afternoon,  
we'll embark around musicians,  
feeding our nocturnal vision.  
Before anything else  
to discern the unborn tragedy  
and mourn for life  
and brevity to express anything else.

Donor of boredom to this mouthshut evening,  
sunlight crammed with your sincere weeping,  
I embody a plain labyrinth.

## POEM COMPOSITION #9

Above, the poet keeps a firmament in his chest -  
Below, a love-full cliff with an embracing base.  
A poem is a snake

97

thrown off this blank.

## POEM

98

You are meshed into oblique reflections.  
A cannibal curiosity quarrying life,  
eyes matter!  
Chance emits a bate of illusion  
as a lovely body.

Which of your sensors suss the surveillance  
of yourself on yourself?  
Quicken the sand with minutes quailing.  
You have sufficed all of your needs,  
living through a butterfly's century  
before any sunset.  
And, so it has been closer than your jugular vein  
and, so it has triumphed over our temporal skin  
with a burst of vision permeating  
across the necropolis of faces.

## POEM

99

A bandé surrealist,

Blindfolded with a million eyes,  
gun powder like love before a fountain of spark.

## POEM

Dashes of revenge  
your palms are the machinery of killing  
not known to men,  
your sneering appearance...

100 A modern prosecution of sadness.

I exchange my guilt with a spy  
who admits being you.

I am the reason  
hemmed around  
to stop you bleeding  
into your pile of hearts.

Anonymous poets dictate,  
pandering the last words of suiciders.  
At the tip of your razor rays,  
you are the unfound body of a kingdom and  
stark needless.

There isn't a sound,  
places promenade,  
and I promenade,  
you must re-emerge  
from an aid I need to give myself.

## RESPECTIVE POEM, MEON EVITCEPSE

Realms covered the side  
you passed as the tan of this respective poem,  
printing shy landmarks/landmines,  
in arbitrary glimpses that can not become a glimpse,  
and I fall for their echo.

101

Clamour of your transfer in the air  
which still haunts me furiously.  
Delicacy rimming your body,  
I am pervading all over you.

I'd rather stay with your void  
and commence with flowers,  
sweating  
fainting fragrances  
to plunder your space

My head is a bullet yearning for a target  
hidden under your skin.

A sad departure,  
A baggage.  
Claim the stray story inside...

Stallion anger...

Reaching your legs.  
Hunger.  
Hunger.  
Hang her.

Leery towns  
coating dust  
dusty bodies packed together,  
bricks and tender social order,  
patrons for a void assembly in pride, in pride, in pride.  
Bite each other with glory  
Bite each other, victory.

## ORIGIN OF WOE

I embrace nothing of you.

The limits, the limits,

origin of my woe.

Snails and worms at my funeral, I keep referring to when  
the dead-end comes everyday,

103

Liberation in figure, I was molded to resemble divinity.

In character, a quickly dissipating smoke

and an endless inferior error from running the mouth as  
the engine of thought;

looking into raw scenes interpreting,

in other words,

crawling sense back on its fair skin,

and your bulk of memories... unidentified,

doesn't help my arms stretch beyond its length

because...

I embrace nothing of you,

the origin of my woe.

In this prison... embodied... I appear just malignant,  
barely pronounced but never to be seen.

Will the anchor that keeps me here,  
finally let me wander?

I am as ancient as the eroded shores of Troy.

But, the earth still embraces me,

the origin of my woe.

## APPARITION

I hope to wreck on your slate with an epic simplicity.  
Like the peak of your scream in this overture of  
rare movement.

I want to mingle with myself, just the movement,  
with verve and abolished passion battling  
in a charming room  
where the ballets of my apparition hang themselves.

• • •

And the definite fear of heightened hope - falling kite  
knives erect.  
stumbling over.

I know you by light and adhere myself on wings melting  
into the heat of your physique.

Any minute now,  
The blast will recover us from our wounds.