

2008

# The In Pulse

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The In Pulse

A creative thesis submitted in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the degree of  
Master of Arts

By

William L. Hall  
B.A., Wright State University, 2006

2008  
Wright State University

WRIGHT STATE UNIVERSITY  
SCHOOL OF GRADUATE STUDIES

May 30, 2008

I HEREBY RECOMMEND THAT THE CREATIVE THESIS PREPARED UNDER MY SUPERVISION BY William Leonard Hall ENTITLED The In Pulse BE ACCEPTED IN PARTIAL FULLFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF Master of English

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## Abstract

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A collection of poems composed as an exercise with imagination and the attempt to convey the mind as medium for experience without forgetting the reader remembers something else.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction.....	vi – xi
Works Cited.....	xii

### Myriad Eyes

- Restless.....4
- Tidal.....5
- Disassemble.....6

Flash Fiction.....	7
--------------------	---

### Language

- Dont Chew Worry Ed.....9
- Text.....10
- Stuff .....11
- Complimentary.....12
- Getting Caught  
in Thought .....13

### Ekphrastic

- Wempastica Combatitum...15
- Plane
- Hershey Kiss Hat.....16
- Coffee O'clock.....17

### Mind

- Bouncing Off the Walls .....19
- Volume
- Crisp .....20
- Black Hole
- Meditation.....21
- Spasmodic.....22
- Just before sleep.....23
- Journal Selections.....24
- Ceaseless flux.....25
- Astral preparation.....26
- Lullaby.....27
- Topsy Turvy.....28
- Oxygen.....29
- Astral encounter.....30
- Composed Singularity.....31
- Mug falls to concrete.....32

## **In Betweens**

- Morning.....34
- Distant Silence
- Cortex
- My Forest.....35
- Linda Smiling
- Tiff A Knee
- Spilling the Beans.....36
- Manifold
- Insomnia
- One way to look  
at a Tree.....37
- Be very Careful with this  
Piece of Machinery

## **Situation in World**

- Presence of Absence .....39
- The Move .....40
- From the Safety  
of my Room.....41
- Listening to Sleep.....42
- Revelation.....43
- Torn rhythmic collage....44

## **Anima**

- Mesmerized.....46
- Transitions  
Shade Change.....47
- Septum.....48
- Eleven.....49
- Conundrum
- Overture.....50
- Tucking In
- Spatial Diminuendo.....51
- The In Pulse.....52
- Arms Stretched  
into Darkness.....53

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Creative Thesis

Introductory Essay

Spring 2008

## Introduction

“The In Pulse” is separated into seven sections which I will address individually.

Because of the numerous authors’ ideas I wish to acknowledge, I will keep my discussions limited to the ideas or particular works most relevant to this manuscript.

### **Myriad Eyes**

A few years ago I experimented with a type of poem/drawing that was influenced by William Blake. Numerous intertwining drawings surrounded little pockets of words or phrases strewn all over the page. It was a forgotten experiment until I read Virginia Woolf’s The Waves.

The following passage gave me permission to try the experiment again. Only this time, I had a context provided by a brilliant writer. It was no longer brand new to me, and that made me feel better about the experiment.

Here are the key phrases from the passage.

To read this poem one must have myriad eyes . . . Nothing is to be rejected in fear or horror . . . there are no commas or semicolons. The lines do not run at convenient lengths . . . One must be skeptical, but throw caution to the winds and when the door opens accept absolutely. (145)

Or, if you prefer Woolf's symbolic language . . . "like one of those lamps that turn on slabs of racing water at midnight in the Atlantic, when perhaps only a spray of seaweed pricks the surface, or suddenly the waves gape and up shoulders a monster" (145).

The three poems in this section are the most experimental in the collection. As I wrote these poems I also thought about the way Woolf attempted to write across genres, The Waves being one example that she called a type of "playpoem." I was attempting to achieve a kind of poem that also acknowledges a wide range of thinkers. Names, quotes, references directly and indirectly flood these poems.

The first poem is a kind of encryption that probably can't be fully decoded. The second is primarily a discussion with waves. The third is an elaborate attempt at a kind of wild academic essay. Dr. Seuss's The Lorax is correlated with ideas encountered in Walter Benjamin's essay "The Storyteller." Russian psychologist Olga Kharitidi's book The Master of Lucid Dreams, broadly contextualized as a book about shamanic journeys, is put in discussion with Robert Monroe's work using "hemi-sync" technology to induce out-of-body experiences. A number of other conversations occur in these poems. Much is left to the reader in these poems, which made them very difficult to write.

I would like to experiment with academic/creative writing in the future. These poems might be a catalyst for that or something else. I suppose you could say that about any writing, but it is particularly true in this case.

## **Language**

I have always been uncomfortable with the term "language poetry." I was told by some that "meaning" in language poetry was usually difficult to determine or entirely absent.

Postmodernism lingered in the background, mumbling stuff about how words are words which limits them as words—linguistics confuses and fascinates me.

On a structural level, these poems are playing with linguistics. I hear people play with linguistics in conversation almost every day, on accident or on purpose. It makes us laugh. These poems are for fun more than anything else. Sound and entertainment are important to these poems. They are influenced by language poets, and more particularly Beat poets. The last poem in this section “Getting Caught in Thought” is a response to Allen Ginsberg. In the documentary Where Poems Come From, Ginsberg describes writing a poem as “catching yourself thinking.”

The first poem in this selection “Dont Chew Worry Ed” might actually have a serious meaning, but I’m not too interested in claiming it. By saying it like this I am thanking Charles Bernstein.

### **Ekphrastic**

These poems can be generally described as language/image poems. They incorporate unexpected pairings of words in order to create strange, imaginative imagery. The images are also given action that should create an odd personification of animals, insects, and atmosphere.

Some of these poems are traditional Ekphrastic poems, in that they were written as an attempt to describe a painting in words. Others are different from the traditional Ekphrastic poem because there is no original; they attempt to create their own painting.

Like the language poems, these poems are also geared toward sound. I suppose that puts them in conversation with all poetry. The music of poetry, whether it is mellifluous and smooth or cacophonous and harsh, is an element that I always consider. I support what Ginsberg and many others would call the “natural rhythm” of words instead of traditional

meter. But I do think that our sense of natural rhythm in poetry is driven subconsciously by meter.

## **Mind**

Meditation, introspection, lucid dreaming, and out-of-body experiences heavily influence this section. The content is often an attempt to capture a distant memory, a dream, or an experience during an altered state of consciousness.

Structurally, there is a lot of variance in this section. Some poems resemble the language section. Some resemble the myriad eyes section. There is even a rhyming poem incorporated – the only one in the collection.

Theoretically, the mind poems are influenced by psychological biography. Carl Jung's Memories, Dreams, Reflections is probably the most famous example. Jung used prolonged periods of introspection to understand his own mind so he could apply his learning to his work in psychology. I use prolonged introspection and meditation and apply my experiences to my poetry.

Robert Monroe and Olga Kharitidi are lesser known biographical authors who heavily influence this section. Without their work, I might be greatly confused, paranoid, and possibly under supervision. Buddhism and Shamanism often find a way into these poems.

While I think almost all poets are capable of influencing this section on some level, Richard Wilbur's poems come to the front of my mind. He has numerous "mind" poems. "Walking to Sleep" might be his most famous example. Wilbur has a way of incorporating classic literature that you will not find in my poetry. However, I think we share an attempt to describe mental processes or experiences that can sometimes seem to elude language.

Some of these poems are encrypted perceptual moments. Some of them are merely a dream record. Some are imaginative journeys through writing. Some I'd rather not say too much about.

### **In Betweens**

Plenty of poets have written short poems. The Haiku is the most famous short form, but many writers have come up with inventive ways to structure their own short poems.

This section is placed purposefully to provide breathing room – a kind of intermission. Reading a collection of poems can be tiresome because of the sheer multiplicity with which your mind is engaged. Short poems can sometimes spur a quick thought, but they often do not demand or even lend themselves to much conversation or over-contemplation. If readers like it, good, if not, they did not have to waste too much time.

### **Situation in the World**

A lot of my poems take on imaginative or theoretical concepts. The poems in this section are, for lack of better terms, more real. The language and imagery in this section might be described as more direct, accessible, or realistic. That seems to imply that the previous sections are inaccessible or fake, which is not the intent of my description. I merely wish to point out that these are certainly not language poems. They are not just having fun and experimenting. These poems are not much “fun” to write, but they seem necessary.

Many poets throughout history say something about the current state of the world in which they live. It sometimes seems like a poetic utopianism to think that there is a possibility for peace and unity and somehow writing poems is helping us get there. Whether or not it is hopeless, we try.

These poems work more with tradition than experimentation. There are more people, places, and things in these poems. They incorporate some common themes like looking at pictures, looking out the window, or listening to the rain. These common themes are challenging to write about in fresh ways, but sometimes freshness can be sacrificed for accessibility and dramatic effect.

Spoken-word poetry also influences this section. I want these poems to function audibly as well, if not better than they do on the page. The language is plain enough to be easily understood when it is spoken aloud.

History heavily influences this section. War is a terrible, ongoing thing.

### **Anima**

Carl Jung developed the concept of an Anima—a feminine part of the male psyche. One could read this section as a series of poems that show the speaker trying to understand his own Anima. As his understanding grows, he becomes more balanced, prepared, attuned. One could also simply say these are love poems.

Structurally, many of the poems in this section were originally attempted as sonnets. In that respect, they ended up being close to fourteen lines and often incorporated “earthly” imagery. I read many sonnets while I was writing these poems, but I ultimately decided that attempting to stick to all formal elements of sonnets was hurting more than helping the poems.

I appreciate the many professors at Wright State University who contributed to my learning. Without my studies in literature, my poetry could not have evolved. I owe a special thanks to Dr. Gary Pacernick for his constant encouragement and valuable feedback.

## Works Cited

Where poems come from. Dir. Lewis MacAdams and John Dorr. Lannan Foundation, 1991.

Woolf, Virginia. The Waves. Ed. Mark Hussey. New York: Harcourt Inc., 2006.

# The In Pulse

*Dedication to M*

It is Us  
you dreaming for me  
me listening unconsciously  
asking myself where it comes from  
then thinking  
oh yes  
I know where it comes from

MYRIAD EYES

**RESTLESS**

perpetuum perplexi own stretch fair oath alone

more flex to numb TODAY error debunk

mesh eruptions causal mischief halo heli halluc hallo

paranoid neurosis again read loved her again WONDERFUL

conscious quandaries quantum-ries equation-ries

W o v e N

“ries”: continuously being revised o So slowly from simmer to boil

e M e R g I n g

s N d C t

a e gone

p R m t R

Y i A e

N o V e l N

a A e E

s

r game

s

B i L a T e r a L

hot shower

bite to eat

here and there intervals

perusing hues exuded from glances distant whispers chemical reactions

sudden awakenings late for work entropy variables

P o t e V

u r g e e e

(feel used up) exhale stale air

z y / c r o

z l e r t

PERCEPTION

p O

upcoming don't care don't believe in society unlikely future success good

boundless minds

body swap 3000 B.C. / A.D.

orb protection

E d l e i n

u a t x t

c p a

MULTITUDES

i L r

o p

cognizant clouds

d r e a m o

o a

trampoline sidewalks

*Tidal*

lurching limbs over roadways  
one day no one will need to run the show  
what semblance remains inaudibly  
body language energy field  
GESTURE configuration  
distorted perceptions of size time  
sensory verve allocation  
woeful silence surge of intent disordered fiber  
thoughts reach tangible air  
conversations with spiders UNQUALIFIED ACT  
tachyon synapse multi-dimensional simultaneous  
*all is possible* skeleton hour glass B  
weave curvatures R  
embrace vibrations E  
directional uncertainty ABSORPTION H  
E  
dreams beyond words  
empty revelations Samadhi  
loose bodily attachment strings wavelengths  
*conscious of unconscious*  
billions of finite thought-capsules compressed into flickers  
lift of atmosphere crystallized leaves  
MINDS galaxies  
mingle in the firmament  
discreet under-current seek like frequencies  
smoke shadows  
mnemonic overtones I am faceless  
allusive fusion double-trinity (Seven)  
W intersperse  
A don't over think it  
V E S portal absolute uncertainty  
harmonic urge to sway CENTREFUGE  
nebula neuron exercise cells

# Disassemble

every time try to UNDERSTAND intended  
 message, theme, meaning (whatever) think to self  
 "hell to know" other self agrees know  
 whattodo incredibly dilluted SCHOLAR thesis  
 confusedknowledgeablyextricable □\_•?✓??Γ∩✓⊙Γ□  
 bid for the best questionable answer MuTemOoT  
 S P R F C elbow  
 d O O I I birds best heard when camping  
 e ← don't :::::::::: KNOWLEDGE  
 s ambidextrous brains faceless foam  
 t ■Γ●×Γ existential asshole IOVe  
 r "sync-wave technology" exploring consciousness  
 u symbol cymbal simple semblance cRuMbLiNg  
 c Kharitidi Master of Lucid Dreams  
 t mantra sanguine familiar first-time sensation d  
 missing left reason xsxsxsxsxsxsxsxsxs e  
  
 SQUEEZE OUT OF BODY INTO AFTER REALM THAT REMINDS OF BEFORE CHOICE TO FORGET PREVIOUS  
 LEAVE FAR BEHIND OR WILL CONSUME DENSE DARKNESS PULSE UNFORGETTABLE  
 ♪ ♪ ♪ alone ≈ \$\$\$  
 on same page if don't believe quixotic-multi-dimensional-solipsism  
 have no god of some kind some *something somewhere* -perhaps  
 FALSE "goodbye blue sky"  
 roll over snore knee to rib  
 Something to hold: †  
 no simpler way to illustrate "the inadequacies of economic progress" than The Lorax  
 break  
 getting sleepy thick no halt lizard spit  
 S TRUCE  
 W O Subject: reader Object: memory  
 O P not blood related  
 metaphysicmorphism  
 á↗^~  
 microbe of quantum function telepathic  
 inward journey harder than looks

*Flash Fiction*

signature  
envelope

Man with head on desk  
    (knock)  
He opens door,  
she stands in pajamas.  
“Couldn’t sleep”

On couch,  
head finds shoulder.  
She pretends sleep.

He looks at her green socks.  
They remind him of apples.

He drifts into a dream,  
becomes a worm.

She looks up at him sleeping,  
closes her eyes.

In the morning,  
their necks hurt.  
She walks out door.  
He returns to desk.

lick  
seal

LANGUAGE

*Dont Chew Worry Ed*

know uhh fence oar NE thing  
much eye still absorb  
2 No (deny, know) is doubt-worthy  
you say  
I like you uh lot but you dont make cents  
squib hear scribble rare its not cents  
I say  
who needs cents if you have love  
2 yous uh con trap shun  
may be cap sure uhh  
sneez wuhts can have uh laugh 2  
its come forts pee poles should be whare uhv  
cant throw out the uhn edge you cape'Ed  
2 many jeanyusehs without cents  
prop relayed commune native tules  
we appose commuhn dinging this sepper a shun 2  
eyes all hour eyes half memories  
ad to that a billy un averbtiesings  
cents  
ad 2 that foto grafs and videoz  
tell a vision muze ick enter net  
we all get used 2 it may king cents  
2 kwote all precidents  
"do not worry NE 1 I will make cents  
get ouch your rulers and plehmeasure me"  
cents bys sects in ploy the pee poles  
ever rethink gets a pretty little box  
pee poles look in from uhbuhv dont "see" it  
2 get it eye would need more  
and i say dont you cents it

*Text*

Evident within the text  
is the text within the text  
distorted by memory of text

Yes, we want it  
text  
text  
text  
text  
Lest we grow and falter without our protruding text  
text  
text  
text  
text  
We want more

Text

Pleasure is utmost during the active reading of text  
secular text, binary text, meaningless text  
as long as it's text, we'll read it as text  
Text will please us momentarily  
We'll remember text and wish it had lasted longer

## *Stuff*

I like it.

What are you doing?

Stuff.

Can you stuff anymore luggage in there?

Can we eat this stuff?

Can we smoke this stuff?

S.T.U.F. - a band name

(Standard Transcendental Uber Funk)

Is it getting stuffy in here?

Back Pain?

Rub some stuff on it.

Need a dead animal stuffed?

Take it to the taxidermist.

Stuffed flounder, stuffed pasta,  
turkey stuffed with stuffing.

Oh . . . (rub belly) I'm stuffed.

Your face is stuffed.

Shut up or I'll stuff a sock in your mouth.

Stuff because it rhymes with tough  
and rough, which doubles as bark.

Don't stuff a body in your trunk  
unless it's your body.

Don't overstuff the trash can  
because then it smells like shit.

Pick up your stuff;  
it's disgusting in here.

*Complimentary*

Apparent truth holds somewhat true entities  
Contingent train nauseas swim motion  
Uncertainty leaks cracks sinks

Nevertheless soporific crop harvest  
Trips itself at times on purpose  
To relax  
Splat            Splat            Splat  
Topography yields structure eminent  
          Surface            Surface  
But what for            to deplete or  
                          Purpose  
Repeat apparently  
          Burning  
Burnt

*Getting Caught in Thought*

marigold bleft two lah  
shrink ta lew calleef sharah

Might for the uncertainty and the strength the The  
or lack there of so distance between you and i  
is traversed by you more than i call forth  
the uprising essence the scent of marching

skiff shimble rave skiff shimble rave

because i cant always see with my eyes my mind in the way  
attached to the reference that is a fern that is a mantis  
this is my expression this is my finger in the air

clauph lip shine dalu ulad

until something slimy emerges singing

lah dah dah dah dah dah dah

where should I go on my bicycle

i dont know try asking the wheels maybe your hands know  
kadate kadate kadate goodness murder your television  
i keep trying to fall down but i sway back upwards polytonic  
gotta get it gotta get it i will return dont you scurry  
it takes an awful lot of food to keep this body warm

EKPHRASTIC

*Wempastica Combatitum*

Deranged birds postulate  
earth's foreboding dissonance  
with elastic bubbles on their feet  
that burst acidic cyanide onto dirt

Clouds devour moon-music  
and form witch faces  
with toothless mandibles  
while elderly coyotes sulk in dismay

Spider architecture shimmers in notes  
that pass through ventricular chambers  
into molecular rivers and out  
beyond diminishing return and bugs

Roof-top gargoyles spit on trampoline  
sidewalks where bouncing children brood  
at their inability to decapitate the beasts'  
rotted-oily-flesh-obsessed bodies

Myopic caterpillars struggle  
from their lack of inertia  
as they meander through caustic pits  
in search of shelter for transformation

Love-sick lizards in plum-shaded mists  
weigh loneliness in silence  
Tectonic plates plead for a collective shift  
but can never agree on the time or place

### *Plane*

Hallucinogenic fog levers resonate sense needle  
doves under barnacle choral oscillating roar.

Loose ivory keys roam two swimming bass  
conversations in an amber tinted cathedral.

Lizards bite balloons – fossilize ash  
seeds grow into trees then fall and rust.

### *Hershey Kiss Hat*

The energy here is oval and yellow.  
Intersecting dreamscapes paint small suns  
next to purple starfish and blue eyelashes.

DNA rests on snails with melodic dunes  
suspended sideways above tangerine deserts.

Pink wind holds squid lightning atmosphere  
as a green neon duck flutters acid proof wings.

A little galactic projector dangles by his feet;  
his head rests on an inverted sunflower stem.

Triangle exclamations scratched on circles distract  
the arrowed phallus from detaching its fulcrum.

The Venus fly trap kite could also be seen  
as a windmill spinning galaxies into the sky.

The internal uncertainty meshes pastels.  
Swirls reach inward from the corners,  
slipping into kaleidoscopes.

*Coffee O'clock*

The ceiling to her terrace    invisible  
her finger to her nose        pondering

on a separate balcony    I lounge  
with a blue building       in front  
I have a miniature spoon    for coffee  
next to a broken necklace    a clock

she has a yellow unicorn    dream  
it knows to cease the timed    worlds

MIND

### *Bouncing off the Walls*

My great grandfather in that narrow kitchen  
the table pressed close against the wall  
eating pop-tarts, drinking black coffee  
his contented grin and single front tooth  
(which he was sure to floss after every meal)  
asking about my dreams in that narrow kitchen

### *Volume*

attention  
web  
e quation  
wave  
a sleep  
full crumb  
molecule  
owl chshh  
sha man  
sha woman  
a wake  
solution  
goal  
parameter  
lightning  
figure  
atmosphere  
moon

## *Crisp*

balancing cogent material integration stacks in room  
elbow configuration interlocking pure surely conducive  
urge harmonics to sway inward expulsion gradual shift  
become conglomeration of tones vibrating outward  
liquid absorption noises in head mistaken as external  
sonorous momentum sinking inward  
beckoning fluid phrase situation amongst drift souvenir  
dry sponges with microscopic organisms stuck  
frozen multiplicity cataclysmic halt

## *Black Hole*

Accounts supplant artifacts withstanding piles of rock and dirt that are not dug up but creep out at will to speak direct messages of past adventures that would otherwise lie beneath to be dismissed as forgeries or crumble with the training to choke life with time causing it to gasp and awake from its slumber into a world of inner rumbling before floating amongst particles into a universe of love.

*Meditation*

Deep

Sway

Breathe

Slow

Progressive  
Muscular  
Relaxation

Inspire

Thought

Sound

Shape

*Spasmodic*

pleasure for speak  
    look into eyes  
    close eyes    imagine  
    find time escape  
absorb the exhalation sigh

    peel unravel unwhirl  
layer    layer    layer  
    mind    between    mind

balance wedge bristle sparks

    a game easily forgotten to be a game

liquid cryptology spillikins

catch breath    tell love again  
    curling    inhaling  
    rippling

flint to the nebula

    walrus with a pudding cup

    open frozen metal door  
kiss serpent lips  
    dance with elephants  
    scurry with lizards  
    spin with spiders  
give a gift  
    receive a gift  
ask questions  
    return  
peel unravel unwhirl  
    self    within    self  
bleeding phantom violets

mortal smoke conundrum

## *Just Before Sleep*

It doesn't take much to sink into consciousness and get an expanded sense  
the perception of awareness within a vast non-physical space occupied  
for the moment only by yourself as you hold loosely to a thread attached  
to your body your comfortable known that is insignificant now  
a light in the distance no a sound a vibration you can see feel hear it  
you stretch you're running down an empty highway  
someone is next to you faster you must go faster there is much distance yet  
can't think enough to wonder your stride lengthens  
arms and legs now the diminished gravity clues you in  
it is no longer a dream you stop and tell your companion now you have questions  
what is there to read here a whoosh and a click the words are on a river  
you pull them out with your fingers long strings dangle them from the clouds  
they get heavy after a while and pull down a fog what happened to your friend  
a faint voice a system of ladders overhead you grab the blue one a pull and a click  
your friend holds out both hands palms upward small flames in each  
they grow and swirl above your heads then converge into one a flash and clap  
the fire is in your hands intuitively you eat the fire explode into tiny particles  
put yourself back together now you know you're indestructible this is a start

*Journal Selections*

18.

Two miniature rabbits appeared  
on my coffee table, jumped  
down to the floor.  
I heard scaling guitar strings  
on my patio.  
I went outside.  
A man fell out of the sky, landed  
on his face  
then fell back into the sky.

4.

In a cathedral  
something propelled my silhouette  
upward through the amber tinted room  
and out the dome roof.  
Each room I saw next  
had a mirror of itself behind me.

11.

On a porch  
in the woods  
surrounded by ravines  
snow pulling down the trees  
a child came  
showed me photographs  
“that is you”  
I couldn’t see

*Ceaseless Flux*

Fluid, meandering flash – stitched together by memory,  
never captured in the flesh, perpetually dissolving.  
Grab a hold to stretch the duration of deception,  
to get a shred of halted momentum,  
a sedative burst and condensing of magnetism.  
Futures, planned and doubtful, come pouring  
into seamless consciousness, suggesting certainty,  
conducting molecular alignment, momentary actuality.  
Internally combusting curvatures manifest mirrors,  
perceptual wormholes that shatter worldly senses,  
leaving us to levitate with ethereal emptiness.

*Astral Preparation*

In hope that dream doth grant me words  
I curl amongst ethereal worlds  
Amidst the lifting of my soul  
Somber elations arouse and fold  
My being like sky-bound balloons  
Sees cities shrink and clouds amused  
In the depth of mind so freed  
Death becomes the spirit seed

*Lullaby*

as I fall                    amongst the Rain                    I feel the same  
I feel the same                    as I fall                    amongst the Rain  
I feel the same                    I feel the same    as I fall    amongst the Rain  
                 amongst the Rain                    I feel the same    as I fall    I feel the same  
amongst the Rain    as I fall                    amongst the Rain                    I feel the same  
                 I feel the same    as I fall    I feel the same    as I fall    amongst the Rain  
amongst the Rain                    I feel the same    as I fall                    I feel the same  
                 as I fall                    amongst the Rain                    I feel the same                    I feel the same  
as I fall                    amongst the Rain                    I feel the same                    I feel the same

*Topsy-turvy delusive thought*

mental undefined completeness  
proportional fusion synthesized life  
spiritual delight of momentum brain lobes  
catching vital flooding placated light

enduring paradoxical agitation  
sensations of tensions seeping skin

conditional heightening awareness  
spares opium spirit oxygen

unmistakable momentary comprehension  
of immeasurable love pleasingly terrifying  
appearing once all has disappeared

diligent introspection precedes the result  
conscious cognition of a nature mind

perplexing ranges of phenomenon  
will not exclude personal interpretation

## *Oxygen*

Where is the algorithm?  
Is that it with the glowing rings the moon became?

I die as oxygen.

She somehow belongs here,  
curled into a temporary continuum,  
helping me see shadows and dream.

Can she be the oxygen?

There are other integers – people.  
Most of them are inside of me already,  
trying to help me forget about physics.  
They think I might be better off if I didn't write,  
but they haven't shown me anything better to do.

The integers can't stop the osmosis  
that swishes me around inside of myself.  
Seldom, chemical waves find the balance,  
and the space I temporarily occupy  
is no longer a room or a planet.

What name could I give this?

### *Astral Encounter*

He listens to what he perceives to be  
an entity that transcends time.

As he knows it he doesn't.

His inclination to break it down  
into a manageable equation  
is what is keeping him closed for the moment.

The entity tells him that because of this  
his aura flickers with a yellow tint  
and his telepathy is a little off.

Messages come through with static noise.  
Images are seen through twisted mirrors.  
He always seems like he is about to disappear.

He doesn't entirely trust this entity,  
which is why he wants to understand more  
before he allows this creature into his mind.

Show me your rote on emotion,  
he demands of the entity glowing before him.  
The aura flickers red and green with a black center.

It vibrates until a melody emerges.  
Others shaped like the entity come into form around it.  
The melody shifts into counterpoint.  
Musical phrases filter in and out of his consciousness.  
Tearing him apart, healing him, and tearing him apart.

*Composed Singularity*

he spoke seven words as we walked  
him pulling me close against his side  
“on the courage of the ancient rites”  
our auras intertwining at dusk

he, like the rest, is a bird

his own sun to follow  
if I had not seen the strings through his soul  
I would have asked him to stay  
to phrase what we understood implicitly

*Mug falls to concrete*

Something restful  
Built soporific  
A muffled blur begins  
A cosmic mind walk  
One split time cup  
Filled with clock fuzz  
Held in fingers by hand  
Loses grip to the lid

Inclines decline  
Paradigms design  
Muzzled words mistaken  
In ter pre tation  
Remains at whim  
This ex is tense  
Holds to handled fingers  
Releases a gasp from me

Breath is sacred  
Common sense stated  
Some puzzles may withstand  
Mended wounds return  
Sipped trembling hot  
Shaking with loss  
Slipped from grasp of handle  
Tumbled flow through empty air

Observe intent  
Slowing down the time  
Impact severs handle  
Expected shatter  
Rather, other  
Transcendent confusion  
Contingently informed  
Glass won't always shatter

IN BETWEEN

### *Morning*

much time spent    partially awake    ridding of thought  
allowing the pillow to pull    tight    hold to the feeling  
always another layer (dimension)    beneath (behind)  
try to paint    sing    write it    in pieces  
all attempts fail beautifully    each a part of the next

### *Distant Silence*

Sever me from occupation  
and leave me to solitude  
I want to remember  
being a spider of consciousness  
stringing links between pillars  
and trapping dream beetles

### *Cortex*

I want to write you from the cerebellum  
with hands and feet and transparent string  
tugging at your intuition to align

*My Forest*

I am sleepy but I do not want bed.  
I'd rather climb into mailboxes or  
dig lizards from muddy rocks and  
spill spoiled milk over alligator skin.

*Linda Smiling*

Some  
times things                    one eyed  
with strings  
  
react in                    cryptic  
static                    n waves  
m                    o                    then chuckle  
o                    i                    in a wink.  
t

*Tiff A Knee*

Slew the curvature momentum endeavor  
elipses summon  
cough                    stretch  
devours itself evasive

*Spilling the Beans*

Expansion letters lose there binding nature  
U n o r t h o d o x & Over  
Stood

Particles are pulled apart

*Manifold*

positions arise  
all thoughts dismay  
solutions stand in plain sight  
mass civilization will perish  
of course  
we will have love

*Insomnia*

Finally alone

*One way to look at trees*

trees grow in  
both directions,  
like the mind,  
distancing from  
pure observation  
while learning  
the facts;  
both are  
useful, but the  
equilibrium is  
where the tree  
meets the ground.

*Be Very Careful With This Piece of Machinery*

December, rain in the Midwest  
a haze settles over the desert  
tides have gone to sleep

if you wish to witness

Antic Atmosphere in F#  
eroding all which the  
being had built  
with a simple  
electronic  
device

SITUATION IN THE WORLD

*Presence of Absence*

I can give you these pictures and you can see  
captured glimpses hundreds of people taking small confused steps  
holding their children's heads against their chests  
other children alone with disturbingly aged expressions  
sensing, not knowing, the thick ash odors and starvation

I can give you these pictures I can tell you  
that is the crematory that is the train  
this is a grandmother here are young women with heads shaved  
all their body hair was removed and you can tell  
they weren't gentle

If you look closely you can see misunderstanding, anger, love  
you can see and try to put yourself there knowing what is coming  
you can try to understand praying endlessly to be saved  
praying that you can die in your sleep instead of going in there  
as you starve as they walk by with their guns as you hear the screams

I can give you these pictures and trust you with humanity

*The Move*

New house

new arrangements

new smells

same feeling

even quieter seems louder

paradox of city

drunk on one street

silent on another

always the cars the sirens

trains in the morning

church bells all day some out of tune

everything everyone slightly out of sync

planes roaring air whistling through nostrils

hear them speaking not their scuffing feet

out the attic window roof within jumping

think where to jump next

floor in waves long and narrow dusty smell

ash on the sill

a few birds less wind

sense of being surrounded accessible

back down the narrow corridor

slippery rug into a thin-walled room

the ceaseless ambiance

eternal patience

*From the Safety of My Room*

Little deception out the window today  
mellow birdsong steady roar of the highway  
no need to disassemble it right now  
still trying to put together my own direction  
sense of comfort place in this place led to think it  
unlikely it could ever be pure flawless  
in a glimpse a glance a moment of clarity  
usually mortality the primary known which might not be  
as deadly or pivotal as many claim more of a step  
not an ascent or descent to who knows where (nowhere)  
that subject is tired anyway – sticky – too many straight lines  
too many marked doors and door keepers not enough  
love overwhelming sense lack of worry acceptance  
not enough direction toward amends dissolution of vengeance  
no more of this for that illness delusion life's supreme importance  
such that mortality is terrifyingly avoided or worse 'prevented'  
at the expense of another's death instead compounding illness – fear  
each one in a different context with a different level of pain  
experienced by those in direct contact those thousands  
miles away still feel it and know we are connected on another level  
seeing the pictures and knowing terribly that the pictures aren't real  
what is out the window might be for now bringing a cool breeze  
there is no mortality on this street that is the liberty no crimson sidewalk  
no stray bullets to duck no water to boil no clothing to sew  
the liberty to think about it honestly as a fortunate outsider  
a lucky non-participant observing not experiencing so  
I could never really know yet how enticing vengeance could seem  
justice reparation consequence punishment necessary things  
are they if they tear more than mend tear the hole wider  
tear tear tear ultimately building more tiers tears tears tears

*Listening to Sleep*

maybe the quiet keeps me awake  
any near silence is a symphony  
idling machines  
the scuff scuff of footsteps

that is when certainty peeks in  
the train sounds three sustained horns  
those tracks are four blocks away  
that other sound, I'm told, is in my head

not that it's fake, just inside  
a frequency  
that emits covert radiation  
waves that pass through and say

I have this strange feeling  
it's tough to explain  
somewhere within that sound  
not the train hitting its breaks

the strings ringing inside  
not that one, the one within  
at the center  
close to the original

humming mirrors  
fixated as finite light capsules  
chaotically racing toward  
accidental flickers

am I going to them  
are they coming to me  
are we really fixed  
can we exist simultaneously

*Revelation*

When men learn to control their survival instinct  
to split every loaf of bread  
there will be no place for war  
those who still wish to kill  
will meet no armed resistance  
we will not serve, nor shall we fight

In the face of their bullets  
we will approach death silently  
and with an immense final breath  
catapult from our bodies  
maybe come back in a few thousand years

*Torn Rhythmic Collage*

you're not ready    have to take care of other stuff first    security and whatnot  
should you want the plan    a safe route toward your destination    a warm financial coat  
before you hit the street    look not much different    your beard and long hair  
not much different than the homeless man    pulling out your cracked guitar  
opening the case in front of your feet    hoping someone will hear and think  
that is your soul coming through    they will feel your love    just as you felt the homeless man's  
when you danced    crouched low to the ground    snapping your fingers and nodding  
glancing up at each other as you made slow half-circles    later he told you he felt it  
your energy flying outward from you    through the physical and non-physical universe  
he has met quite a few of you in his day    just enough to make this place feel worth it  
he knew he was something more than his body    and you listened because you felt him too  
he had heard the echoes of his origins    and he knew what almost caused him to forget  
distrusting his intuition    misinterpreting the signs    listening too much to lessons  
he would be content despite the conditions    and so you said you would follow his example  
it is quite clear you don't have to be here    nothing too terrible would come of you if you left

ANIMA

*Mesmerized*

Perhaps it was the rain  
dropping into a puddle  
outside my door  
that made me imagine mud  
pressing through the cracks  
of your toes.

Only the moment of being  
can explain how I managed  
to lift our energy into flight  
out of this dimension  
into one where it was only us  
amongst the gods we chose to create.

It was they who told us to return,  
if only for a brief time,  
to this place  
where we write, paint, and read  
ourselves into transcendent slumber.

*Transitions Shade Change*

they walked beneath the dock

and waited intuitively

for cosmic alignment

geometry disguised its truth  
truth disguised its geometry

fusion sang in conversations  
two energies beginning to understand

spatial consciousness is not a myth

the molecules bursting around their heads  
listened to what they would not say

transposed their thoughts into melodies  
situated loosely within a droning rhythm

those notes became mirrors  
reflecting cyclonic echoes  
from mirrors within mirrors

smoke fell beneath the dock

they inhaled its suspension

the moon peered through the creaking boards

*Septum*

sometimes just need to walk into waves feel cold water hit belly

jaw stiffening twinge wakefulness to fullest extent

(want to get back can't get back yet try again try again)

wake up somewhere else here with heart another energy

want to read and sleep more eat read sleep tell her quietly here

simple words toss sardonic sound alone not enough

need little bursts words nice not necessary

deliver a gesture speak to trees laugh with dirt

desire brings a next another to remember exponentially

velocity in constant flux diminishing survival instinct

## Eleven

Here is how I see her  
like a hole tearing open a sunset  
peeling the horizon and revealing  
not something I could paint or sing

I could be nirvana here

Maybe if I sense her architecture  
carvings etched into stone pillars  
surrounded by immense meadows  
a grandfather tree in the center

I would hang a swing for her  
the sun could glisten on the wheat  
mountains rising rapidly in the distance  
like earth gods feasting on the atmosphere

Rooms within for her to conjure

## *Conundrum*

In the case that his consciousness expands,  
passes through eons of animalistic existences,  
each time learning a better way  
until he finds himself a her in the present,

would (s)he absorb the entire rote –  
intersperse it amongst vibrating wavelengths  
and recall it during a sub-subliminal  
experience within a future existence?

### *Overture*

We, like most dreamers, uncertain  
thrust ourselves into a sensory verve  
waves of premonition frost, static  
nebulae forming and converging

all at once in a blur of atmosphere  
a cosmic storm on a green horizon

our position – listening, watching  
swirls of polyphonic strings  
whirlwinds of sonorous eruptions  
faint, melancholic rhapsodies

summoning our attempts to articulate

### *Tucking In*

We could follow the paint as it dries  
gullible chameleons on our shoulders  
who we love because we know they're there

what splits us we will meld

minds boundlessly resolve, resound  
a mellifluous disassembling of construct  
stitched, not like wounds, fabric

later flung over sleep  
drifting slowly hung collage of space

absence recedes into the between

the blanket molds  
suspended marvel curvature

*Spatial Diminuendo*

feeling keeps coming through chest  
spine to frontal lobes  
immense flashes compressed  
difficult to unravel  
burrowing into subconscious  
remnants as intuition  
hear keep close  
keep close

*The In Pulse*

Up to our knees in the December Ocean  
How long did it take to get here

Wormhole swing set

I have phrases and associations  
you have emotions and paint  
not to be specific

May I watch you read the air  
with your lotus eyes  
that is the campfire  
in the December cove

Mnemonic mitosis

The magnetism we sensed below  
pulling us toward frosting waves  
translates itself into math  
with an implicit solution

No equation

*Arms Stretched Into Darkness*

“The darkness soothes me”,  
she said as she shut off the light.  
She followed the sound of my voice;  
I was standing by the window.  
I reached my arm into the emptiness  
and my fingers touched her necklace.

Many nights I lifted that red owl  
from her shoulder as she slept,  
trying not to wake her,  
watching her motionless figure, imagining  
her eating the stars in her dreams  
like a whale devouring plankton.

The universe didn't seem to object  
when our dreams became entangled,  
strung out like electric webs —  
a static wave pulling hair from knuckles,  
the dreamer herself, actualized,  
leaning over a riverbank, splashing.

Our simultaneous awakening,  
a seamless moment of quantum proportions,  
as subtle as the decision to step forward,  
aligns an unimpeded sun with the window.  
We both foresee the singeing of our retinas,  
and we open our eyes wide with anticipation.