2008

The In Pulse

William L. Hall
Wright State University

Follow this and additional works at: https://corescholar.libraries.wright.edu/etd_all

Part of the English Language and Literature Commons

Repository Citation
https://corescholar.libraries.wright.edu/etd_all/879

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Theses and Dissertations at CORE Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Browse all Theses and Dissertations by an authorized administrator of CORE Scholar. For more information, please contact library-corescholar@wright.edu.
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
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

____________________
Gary Pacernick, Ph.D.
Thesis Director

____________________
Henry Limouze, Ph.D.
Department Chair

Committee on Final Examination

____________________
Gary Pacernick, Ph.D.

____________________
Annette Oxindine, Ph.D.

____________________
Carol Loranger, Ph.D.

____________________
Joseph F. Thomas, Jr., Ph.D.
Dean, School of Graduate Studies
Abstract


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
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 Between**

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


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

Woven

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

Merging

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 Ed l e i n u a t x t

c p a

MULTITUDES

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
E
embrace vibrations
A
T
H
directional uncertainty ABSORPTION 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 diluted SCHOLAR thesis confusedknowledgeablyextricable bid for the best questionable answer MuTemOoT elbow

d O O I I birds best heard when camping
e don’t KNOWLEDGE
s ambidextrous brains faceless foam
t existential asshole lOVe
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 missing left reason xsxsxsxsxsxsxsxsxs e

d 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

Subject: reader Object: memory
not blood related metaphysicmorphism

microbe of quantum function telepathic
inward journey harder than looks

TRUCE

WO Subject: reader Object: memory

OP not blood related

metaphysicmorphism

microbe of quantum function telepathic
inward journey harder than looks

6
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 N E 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 N E 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 exclamation 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 hault

**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

21
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 of 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

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

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 rotes”
   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 BETWEENS
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 detached
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
Unorthodox & 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
  nebulas 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.