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Bloodroot

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Bloodroot

*Senior project submitted to
The Division of Languages and Literature
of Bard College*

by

Myra Basil Al-Rahim

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

May 2016

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All love and thanks to:

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Maggie Berke

Bard's Written Arts Department

My sisters, Rawan and Noor

and my dear, dear mother, Raghida, and father, Basil

I could not have done this without each and everyone of you.

Contents

7 **On Vacancy**

14 **Algum Wood**

25 **Ophiolites**

33 **Fractures**

49 **Heat Source**

61 **7:45**

On Vacancy

I

Crunched under the base-axis?

Hot-headed parataxis in heat sucked off my hands perpendicular to a base-tooth
plucked from the gums of the sea. Manic gargling. The thin air, no sooner than when it had arrived,
had disappeared along a seminal shock of white light; not a twig but a pilgrim
kneeling before the eternal city was perhaps not so incapable of shutting out all the moisture,
in which case, a guarantee of bones would be found exactly where the sleeping bag
had been left, gathering dust, the total output of a feeling so dulled
we never could understand it perfectly. Powerless to respond to un-redacted matter,
sensation bleeding out the orifice and its depthless pit called into question
by everything in constant risk of happening, like a sky refusing to yield rain,
the half-considered, half-awakened expansion into each moment about a day ago.
Yes, this was the Mobius strip, and this its hidden utterance behind ribbons of time
fluttering from the citadels of a city that refuses to die.
Indeed, where I had previously thought there to be suffering was in fact,
in a way, certainly a speechless partition of an awful thought some creator,
somewhere, staggering into a threshold of ends erupts its July filling us with death
and rocks and different segments of a spectrum which, placed side by side,
reveal the hole in the water at the top you made in Baghdad by breathing.

II

Some deeper pulse in the brain

Insatiable circumference: act not in cruelty
but as if the prospect of returning to that totemic mirage
quivering in the distance, as hollow as sunlight,
will surmount the miserable product gesticulating on the bathroom floor.
The little that had forged its way to the apex,
a rose garden filled with echoes, like her eyes and all they refuse to yield,
like wind lost in accents incomprehensible to my broken ears
at any given moment, will dream and reality
be relegated to a state of permanent impermanence?
According to the principles of the association of feelings,
walls think in rare anti-cyclonic motion.
As little sense as that makes, one must remember that,
the precise time of its needing
will arise at the very moment you find
you can no longer stop the mouth and must crack it
on the open sea within without your teeth.
Now snap out your throat and hesitate to contact us.
Now swell into Fallujah, the mute primordial ignition,
before the animal within is divulged into the palms of noon.

III

Pushed further into the terra incognita

Once my desires have more or less established time's black lines along the horizon,
 will the beginning meet its end in clandestine matrimony and our paths,
 though blind and separated, converge once more to form the eternal moment
 in which all moments that have ever been and ever will be are contained?

No battle is won but bores its way through the ash bucket of history,
 the breathless waste of years that shape the dull roar of time
 into a screaming patchwork of obsidian, the aftershock
 playing the part intended for it without forgetting that the epicenter
 from which it was born is a perfect sphere of molten plasma
 solidifying at the bottom of the gustatory crypt.

The prophet is a dud, yes?

No, *good*, but not quite restrained when subject to an influx of light
 and not likely to emerge but,
 assuming the architecture provided,
 will reveal itself in a memorable succession of phrases,
 each one rendering its own surface vulnerable to the exposure of light.
 Leading you headfirst into it I could no longer prolong our exhausted denial
 that the dawn would break, eventually,
 that there was something not quite good
 about the way things were looking from our vantage point beside the burning conclusion,
 a third lucid entity reduced to a world of its own,
 then to a *very find powder or dust*.

IV

It is we who brought a mirror to every particle of despair

and not the reply prompted by the question,
 a room engorged with light at your absence,
 each moment, from wall to wall,
 and this very partition between me and my own self
 (were ever two beings better suited for each other?).
 All this accompanied by an inward sense of disintegration.

We are not men speaking to men or the criterion of progress in time
 and as long as that remains true,
 moments like this will continue to be born
 weeping at the syllables that have chosen you not a second too late or *later*,
 certainly similar to a sort of peace lost in irretrievable time that was then,
 as it is now, never getting quite where it intended to be, that is, *lasting*, a
lasting peace, a shock of light and then the stillness
 usually accompanied by an inward sense of disintegration,
 a study of magnificent, pure mimicry conducted by
 x who is perfectly conscious of the half-billion possibilities
 that could have constituted x, the spectator and his projecting of
 x onto
 x which causes the public to stagger toward
 x: feeling without exertion.

Did you get all that?

Without exertion.

The center *shall* hold, that has never been in question
 or has so many times that it is no longer in question:
 the center has never existed or, indeed,
 exists only in those small moments of dialogue between
 x and his beloved
 x, where
 x is accused of never giving a fuck and in defense,
 x suddenly combusts,
 nothing more *really*, never enough will to make a change, *really*.
 Soon all desiring Arabs must be exposed,
 each and every one taken into account, including absences,
 yours, specifically, until the mysteries of each center
 coming back to haunt us cast the light,
 which is part absence, part wanting,
 be smothered, and the last word,
 exhausted.

V

To be constantly distracted by the sky is, in fact, another kind of
 progress between two fingers waiting to place the death pill on your tongue,
 that slow perishing and reanimation in a room before a dark window,
 and nothing to be heard but the sound of yellow fog descending over the clorox tenements.
 Candida *rasa* in rime crackling, signifies the end of the world in no unforgivable-sense,
 hurls herself face first into my self-made mud that splatters on a pinto-breakfast of psychedelics.
 In the liminal eve of my sight, all desire for abstraction runs out and is apathetically replenished,
 or runs up my desire to act as a sentinel against this tranquil invasion, drinking the clouds
 in all their sincerity because the desire to do so can never truly be depleted,
 so why not re-examine the impulse to be the ocean column of human arrangement?
 Thereafter, looking west, the just visible edge of frame and beyond,
 mother lymph knows the empty dark window that beckons the light to spill into it
 from the setting of the last last sun.
 In my eyes, the end should be slow but not silent.
 In my eyes, the end will turn away from us, ideally,
 looking toward that darkened window
 where soon, again and again, unable to move to where you hid as a child,
 that strange place between the larches, simultaneously, a transfer of light
 from one face to another, will come wiping out all there is in the head, poor thing,
 till what remains is the very flesh of things nocturnal and shuddering on the fringes of the blue anti-gut,
 indisintegrable and banished by love.

Algum Wood

Each time you work a nut loose the truths burn out and float away above a stack of colonial base-teeth inundated with indigenous sludge. The autonomous imagination hereafter gouges the underbelly of the gorged tilapia, rescaled to a burial slab leaning on the rhombus top of the toaster-oven, whose cracked black lid, unhinged at the peripheries of *her* depilator, safeguards a ziggurat of forged meat, mottling of what fled the anaphylactic lacuna ripped into her luminescent lip plumper, its wet blue empty torrents, for no one is ever satisfied all the way.

*

An iron lung in the very hypocotyl to be ruptured by way of a strobe gurgling its viridian ink clot, as soon lived as sucked out, ramrodding a burst into the vault apparatus; am I am you now speaking to I or at or on behalf of or not at this instant is indemnification for becoming the human mechanism of the Neolithic womb waiting there, suspended and beautiful yet lost in streams to a breaking dawn, whose primordial extrapolation of another, better universe backward into its egg is *not far too far or fast too* intrusively winked at, cardiac tissue of rudely lubricated live-streamed sex arcs in echelon formation, *and once there inaudibly ask yourself why*

Speechless humility of a creature
 worming its way through the void
 on which no man could lay claim but only enter
 and become irretrievably lost, as it were,
 among a torrent blooming with laughter,
 signalling its birth
 which must be received with indifference.

Our blazing end nullifies in silence
 what dint in the secret heliotropism of the past
 residues whose penumbra cannot last
 as you burn away the noon of the eye
 to the ground and start violently
 in the direction of the other ledge.

When will time's ulterior motive
 bare itself in a corridor of anonymous sniggering?
 These syllables offer a kind of deliverance
 so close it burns with certainty that this is the moment
 in which the past
 engorges its own secretive totality
 with ruptures.

In Baghdad the problem takes on a different significance, owing to the rise in sectarian Islamic insurgencies and the human collateral of their jihadism, *much of it dialectical and in women*. There, a suicide bomber detonates his explosives amid a throng of civilians on their Sunday outings to the souk; parents with their children reduced to a river of blood sliding through the corridors of the market; just looking at it like a female child is to play the naïf, but slipping on it is, if anything, worse; in that moment, *everything* is simultaneously rushing and still; even the clotted haemo-projectile hurtled from an undisclosed source levels the throat of the tallest citadel in Basra into a mere nopal, a fist, silence, or forged into the base of the citadel itself, a butterfly fluorescein metaphor, its evidence – the intolerable faintness of its stench, *this blood that is beginning everywhere*.

Picture, if you will, our secret heliotropic lives
governed by a mysterious, single hegemony of light.

It sees all but waits.
Now imagine a homosexual harem

sprouting up from a golf tournament.
Your first impulse is to join in the fun.

But this time the night shift cannot be disturbed and the
nude subjects in various states of repose

will soon scatter *at a single pistol shot*.
Is this the fork of never again?

Animal approached from behind?
Subtropical cyclone levels the Hilton in Palm Springs.

The wall I want to be has disintegrated and I,
having come into this life by a different gate,

must yield a sign without shape,
in a space without space,

and douse myself in the effluvial now.

Gradually, you wade through the scalene slot up
 back alleys to the part where the vestige fits
 not equal you. I could do without it—soft—single coordinate
 (a point) at the end of the world when exotic matter
 is a penetrative memory subject of discipline
 to the undulations of martial homesickness (in my egg).

You get what for
 now pay my attention
 slammed against people all glaring and dissolving. Does
 it hurt when I touch *this*? Doesn't this matter now too, hyped too
 sky convulsively contracting
 were torpified. The mitosis of extracted
 face it you can't keep fucking me like this, are
 you what you eat you are, must end and I
 am not sure where to go, or how to, or to go on at all,
 or really what you call that kind of thing, whatever it is
 I do or do not do *this* for, man *this*
 animal *this*, *this* bone for *this* cage, or
 even if I want it, and probably I don't, mother
 dressed in a thousand knives, reprieve for Abu
 Ghraib *I cite its adaptation on a bliss in memory*. Concomitant
 detonation fatalities largely for profit redux
 by snaring and pulverizing the head. Place
 behind the walls, though this steamy lick
 thwarts you
 fade into *this* the probability *this* the price of milk in 1682.
 Break out *this* Maggie asleep in bed with a spinach leaf.
 Does the residual light can
 tertiary to the shattering ruptures under
 look me in my mouth
 meld the cracked skull, *at ease*
they do not ask who seizes them. I can
 want to do you here. Probably I don't.

For a long time, you have remained antithetical to gravity
 mitigating the fever of the dream
 jet, billboard, distant half-wit
 you as foot floss
 gashes through provisions
 make finalized the milk sun

stork of fractures
 of hair in your dessert
 whereas in truth it is what you asked for
 indeed, collateral you damage to no end
 overseas invisible swelling of its mouth
 achieve four-to-the-floor and be there

be invective, deliver the flame decree
 let disappearance storm the Halls of Progress
 and hollow it to one end you are chattel
 are crash of the anti-trust to my animal spine
 viable crack and fasten
 white out, do sex on the ironing board

plucking a precise slit eternal treacle
 has liberated you by the throat
 only, you fuck up the oil scare, deserted
 slashes a scalp predicts the static fat hen, tonic
 galactic dud, the flame cut
 do forever release us from our stable emptiness

where the red shone proscenium at the rim, are sublimities
cht not to die alone
 animal bedding gulp down blimp quaalude
 crunched and minced in deciduous you
 would enact an interfusion beside
 fistfuls of raw bird marmalade for
 who knows okay ditch you, abstract at dusk.

If there were nothing to eat
sky and earth turned offal

where woman once throve
trapped against the living surface

in the First Year of Life
ascending to its microcosm

mother *sans* intimacy
every other gesture

a user experiencing thought
which breaks the light

on the human face
silent in its broad blossom

walk out of the sky
whose damage control
comes sardonic
in December
knows nothing
but a dead man
woven into the details
laid bare before
his noble penetrant
make it so
we are afraid
everything around us
a blacker moment
takes shape
in yesterday's
crawl space
is
your method
when

it works

do you know

if it will

detach

come to life

with its back toward

the blade

lays into the evening

our history

rises against the clouds

leaves a sweet resin

Hot beam of mid-day sun
odors of emptiness and decay

mingling with the scent of honey
the bees, their abdomens

compressed, shriveled, listless
guarding the high mystery

of generation, their sanctuary
of not knowing

why they do it.
Some lack the will to expire.

The rest are dead
and fall as lightly as fish scales.

The beekeeper closes the hive
chalks a mark on it

and when he has time, tears out its contents
and burns it clean.

Ophiolites

I tremble in strange oscillations between a past
hollowed by sunlight and the song of a dying bird.

Between pure milk bodies and a sylvan glade,
arborized permutations

suggest an intimacy impossible to desire,
tremulous in limpid strata.

The kind of jewel that defines eternity
possesses no center.

The song of the dying bird
centers its eternity in the sun

that is no song, but it sings itself
and shatters

Space is an obligation. Coordinates 1'13.2"N 74° 5'32.46"W, like a polygamous egg, erupts a protuberance on the red anti-plexus. Already this theoretical passage between two points has lost sense of itself among those moments of internal pressure antithetical to the dotted progress of sacred trilobites. I will follow the path of my sister, and be condensed into an ooze of vegetal suns. A thousand moon mirrors, forgive me, a thousand 6. For I have become a problem unto myself. And now any cheap imitation of what happens when what happens when the vessel, the object referred to, our ingrown wilderness between the globular phalanstery and my unaided-eye, burns away to freezing blue ash.

speaking about something
other than yourself
is like mining for girlfriends
at the bottom of the ocean i couldn't

Behind the double-bolted door of secret pasts waits the price needing to be paid
as heavy as the small child inside of you. What we imagined was required to perform
the diagnosis of corrosive living, that is, the reason why your birth happened before you could stop
it remains insignificant when compared to the immunized arc of days ahead.

Any fact, being so averse to itself, realizes a dark matter beginning to bloom under its skin.
The wet-dream of spring presents itself in opals of light across the lesions of history's
wintered landscape. Knowledge does little to illuminate the dark vectors of this fate.

What occurs in time bears no resemblance to what was said would happen.
The truth emerges like an out of focus vision,
and in benevolent irregularities will the land suddenly open beneath you.

I, Mira-Bai
lying atop the motherboard of Cain
no bigger than a common grave
have returned to the vanishing point
from whose hole emerge
naked men
belonging to a bestial lineage
of glass hands

*

That incendiary body
we call our mother
spills over
into infinity in its various forms.

*

How must I keep myself from going blind?
I am by far the brightest object in the sky
and encourage stellar catastrophes
in other stars I confront
the collective nemesis
and strike
revealing greater ugliness
everywhere and all the time.

The past will offer
naturally

no more than your life already lived
radiating at the violet hour

all those images of defunct days
their scattered ashes

a meadow with a dry mouth
a memory

advancing its millions of soft blue atoms
its faint black rim

Fractures

1.

what it is "about"
 on this earth, in this doorway
 of lonely men
 I have come across
 searching the tide lines
 for allotments of
 Europe: this harmless obsession
 slowly blossoms until dawn

2.

one finally gets the music one deserves

3.

and all around him
 cathedrals arise from misunderstanding

4.

something quiet in the way of this savage sideshow
 bare if admittedly soft torso
 she who is depicted here
 below the water
 from which two eyes look up
 against me, in the end

5.

I alone have
 vitrified in order to become resonant
 blue in the vast twilight
 where we retire
 remember silver hours

6.

redacted we were
 following the riderless horse
 consummate fluidity
 something hard between myself
 shall cry
 among those spires
 twisted by unfolding events

7.

endurance of the pine glows
 its apoplectic radiance

8.

this was an era roofed with contradictions

9.

splendid waning hours
 inside the abandoned portrait
 its lineaments were frail, separate children
 I note the story

10.

fresh time
 thronging on livid tongues
 their mother extinguished

11.

in the first phase
 spittle drips
 succulent

all my coveting

12.

I began
 chanting hexameters
 transfixed—false—among the leaves
 and him dressed in 100 knives
 dust and
 naked boys
 I rise into his
 I do not rise into his

13.

I, Mira Basil Al-rahim, at last saw the visage
 explicitly rendered
 in forged steel

14.

tremulous figures
 murder'd like sheep
 in their robes
 where the great elm contemplates
 this sad religion by the hour

15.

final scene: violet
 shadows
 small hole
 between my legs I read
 the burning labyrinth

16.

silence among numerals
 it insists on calm
 belongs far away from here
 in the museums of the ocean beds

17.

I had mistaken this sweetness for garbage

18.

All desire for oblivion runs out and is indifferently replenished.

19.

I heard primitive
 night graze on
 the innate voice
 shattered at the back
 alone, listening
 elsewhere a mass of
breaths under tree
 you take its name

20.

pilgrim ants pouring back to it
 devirginating leap
 a symptom of mind function
 said like sweating
 the great red bridge
 which you will regret

21.

virgins like dog wood

22.

life is unmonumental
 never-to-be finished
 coherently hammocked between us

before it started
 in all our veins

26.

white day burns

27.

still, the light

28.

I turn away
 something desperate . . . to our created body
 persists in the shadows
 forced higher and higher on
 the yesterday you glorified
 or

29.

throat pumping utopia
 into the ashtray

glass and iron delivered
 dense, intrinsic

everything except my new suit

30.

the note throughout was
 subordinate to nature

white and violet

31.

who kept the secrets of the senate

32.

presided over

Venus stationary in the center

33.

oh beautiful, maternal factory ditch!

34.

all these convictions compel me to
 pure plastic form:
 supreme magnificence of mechanical speed **not**

the construction of bodies

listless children, wholly meaningless

we must invent and rebuild ex novo

our modern city
 immense, tumultuous shipyard
 active

mobile

everywhere dynamic

35.

to the shores of a mountain lake—
 rock. Suddenly he stops transfixed, moonlight over him—dark
 water reflecting night sky. He has found that for which he has searched so long.

Ejaculates painfully.

36.

compensates
for his loss

37.

a predicament:

38.

progenitor of an illegitimate ornament

39.

entity that had come before
generally of rock that is not movable
rules at will and is with walls
hundreds
wrote in the vein of *semper*
hanging the abstract external she
pleased to be able to live in one

40.

for the purveyors of naughty civilization
I wore red
infinity appeared as advertisements
white unadorned prisms
you are going there

41.

she fell onto the tracks
train over scream . . . rivulets in forest

42.

Gomorrah dressed as a woman
 its fight against ugliness
 inked dress
 passages in the sky
 their 'will to form'
 no more successful

43.

Concrete—the spectators fuse with the scene

 levitate in moody gas light, more upset,
 the tributary is dammed
 and somehow the event has taken place beneath the rationalistic image of a
 24-hour clock—the sovereign city crumbles
 at the same time not wishing to violate its classical façade.

And somehow the perfect still life is arranged on a table.

44.

now Florence recapitulates
 drained by impluvia
the descent beckons

45.

caught between multinationals and dirt

46.

dying; and was overcome
 though at large, the Black Spruce
 and occurs to me upon starting to write
 what evidence buried under blue corona
 emerges possessing molecular time

crawls, strides forth
 on broad creek bottoms. Wintered
 in the midvein not merely to observe it,
 the axle initiating sleep
 stone nipple squirts
 I have realized
 while part of it

47.

if not to peer through the jaws
 then to pry them open

48.

must concede the signs—absent fir—and tapers gradually to each end

49.

spectator, for life is not
 split up by my open conscience
 warm, moribund days
 fall short of greatness
 spoils in your mouth

bank of earth filed down
 upon the object being perceived
 in the cellars of the ocean

still those arrive young in this land
 and over the great savage, collapse

50.

my mouth shall be open to those calamities

51.

urine and oil cloth
 reminded her of home
 this was all Arabia
 a sad parade

52.

born and begin marching
 on the isolation booth. Intimate
 sniffing back to childhood gardens
 O Lady of our Downfall,
 bushed oozed wax myrtle smell
 of carnage, prey immutable
 are a flaccid species
 in terminal clusters, very numerous

53.

priests feel hot heavy squeeze of her
 then return to the midline. In passing
 “I” and sometimes “you” “are” and so forth
 merely to slide over where despairing children
 headless, juniper
 appareled in celestial light
 to me did seem
 weeping in the hearth
 never fettered
 the light in their sockets

54.

droops at the tip of a forking leaf

55.

the wide spectrum of pain produced on irregular whorls
 cannot be identified by finding words
 till *moveless woe* itself
 cuts the shadow and springs

56.

Monsieur
 Baghdad has fallen
 will rise again
 in the dirt

57.

bombax of the silent tundra
 I am lost between
shredding my colonised hells

in the belly of my father

58.

yet weaving the severance

59.

or hides the body
 of a stone man
 from which petals erupt
 and are wasted

60.

in our teeth waiting
 a woman
like so many others
 piled up
 the railway
 its heart stick
 splintered
 earth breaking open

61.

Stone pyre crowned with the floatation device of history.

62.

Lebanon chokes out Lebanon.

63.

Suppose at this point I qualify the metaphor. She

64.

is a hole, impenetrable

65.

then you say
 agony out of my ordinary steps
 and I say
 our house is a pyramid of embers

at least on Mondays

66.

for four-hundred years
 mother lymph sheds her leaves

with all this crying
 you can make anyone say anything

67.

that men do not claim
 the future-body of the scabbard
 hilt stuff or rashes more excellent
 chink of the city
 rolling blackouts
 from the East

68.

inflamed bird
 chattered by the Beirut cosmos
 king drooling in four cardinal directions

69.

sometime I
 forcing me from myself
 tepidity of the indigenous throat
 she followed
 against
 the error of sleep-love
 did not appear entirely?
 lower hand of her
 a depth of four thousand leagues

70.

or a prelude of air
 across the waving grass

Heat Source

Sharif beats down on his august junk. Its traditional shape. His discharge and collapse cemented together in a fine-grained matrix. This scene performed in real time. Sultans begin to doubt the effectiveness of their own strombolian eruptions. As is noted, rather than restore stability, the pasha king drops the boom mic. Silhouettes dance on crater floors by the verges of Ur, whose servants' return, a convective circulation of the city's blood, and sadden no one. Your job is to isolate and exterminate them. Inevitably there will be rumors of foul play. Are you still with me? Because without me Ur cannot be written as its fragments distanced by the bullet belts ripping through it. Yes, I have begged for the return of the Great Ziggurat to lead us to the bay of the innocent dining man. My solicitations interrupted by a dark lady emerging from the confluence.

I was done pretending to be a pre-pubescent boy so I became a useful metaphor. Like teaching grandmother to suck eggs. Four cardinal directions: [Wanda] [the target] [sweet resin] [everything confounded] by our emergence into a reality frequented by lesbians and lechers. Bloodroots de-substantialize the bargain being struck, some form of active degassing the latest step toward isolating the protogenic girl. Center Jenny (blonde, pink bikini) who identifies herself as the source of this oppressive, concentric continuum. But no one is the radius of everything we are. *I know that, but occasionally I forget.* The problem with life is that it is often unsatisfying. Ask yourself why. Hot, sweaty "pool boy" lets her hair down. I declare myself Sarah Source and plunge through the fracture-zone.

Many days will pass without feeding at all. Note that the emptiness grows with you not apart from you. Venus database contains a complete inventory of chimaeras in heat. Hybrids do sex inside the ocean-ocean seduction zone. Hold out for a moment. Let's say those waters confer immortality in a spate of mysterious shipwrecks. Somewhere off the coast of northern California. We find this a plausible conjecture. There is, after all, something at stake for us. Water and human coitus. I could spend hours *looking around*—*not to be taken from behind*, and instead, to take for myself the armless hominid. All we are. But who? A warrior pledges a weepy allegiance to his mother. Is the battle then absorbed in a sponge of unmanly grief? Can we truly know the lobster from which the music of the universe, divined in all its depths, originated?

Most people don't want mom and dad coming home in a box. Death is like that. I presume it's male. Between her legs. You peer into a precious opening where hunters forage alone. *Loss is like that*, lying in the column of its occurrence and slowly spreading. You prefer not to think about it. Get low down. Here, site of no-space. *Fleshed with everywhere*. And all this time, against a lamp, birds charge. So why bother? Dogwood, rite of passage. The only flash of horror came after waking from my first dream: Our Lady of Effluvia evacuating her glass vessel. It was practically murder. Years later a vital clue was divulged from the reservoir tip, looped *ad infinitum*. I don't want to think about it.

Vulviform gouge in marble rock. Slit through which I might enter. Irkalla, am I the Oat King, nightmare at the centre of my heart? You, rock, *in the gardens at noon*. I still panic. But it's already 2 A.M. What can I tell you? We never mounted Inspiration Peak. I take what I can get from you and run. And somehow it all feels like home, a picturesque decay, foetal arch bent out of shape. The fucking does not stop at the critical point but, instead, continues beyond it. Imperial swansong, ash to walnut. Kulak throngs impale the proud suburb; whole women thrown to the animal—France is made. From her breasts drips a strange, violent milk.

Person A and Person B collide, then rush rapidly back to the discharge zone. Ridged interglot turned hide. Within plumage, sorption swallows the messenger whole. Here, you say, and here, and here, and *and* becomes an impartial *therefore*. And what one desires is what one desires. A gorged boob slips out. At last the night freely gives itself to me. Just so.

You lurk helplessly in hotel parlours, *lie down in hot sunlight and are called dog*. A vast level of anxiety melts. National vanguard destroys all congressmen, turns over Anti-Christ. Am I Anti-Christ? Child with the mirror? Away with me! Between two rivers, Phalangists and Soviets are still exchanging dirty nudes of each other. The first function of the donor is to facilitate the quietude of your fluorescent escape. Occasionally and aggressively she must smile from a bathroom window over a stone plateau to black doves clustered between two perfectly symmetrical dystopian acts of brother-sister coitus. Trace the human presence. Stock Stockholm and Plexiglas mirror. In my first nightmare I drown. In the second, I taste the water.

The earth proclaims its otherness and confirms there are many “others” in me wandering through its roman wilderness. Before Baghdad’s diremption there was life. Before the warning shots there was the arborescent gulf mortared into great caverns of glistening eye shadow. My house is a dying house. In another life, an old man in the carnelian shadow of some Campbell Soup can is laughing at my milk-stained wife. My father is throwing roses into the Euphrates. I make a line drawing of this. Kapellmeister Hariri descends like a single snowflake, oriental style. The candles of Hamra ignite. Your birthrite seems to offer freedom from death—this is a *meridian fact*. I, together with my American wife, have taken the liberty of fucking you. The poem finds an index of its measure, *breaks down and cries*.

God was the mother-bone of whitened convention. My own eyes had to see it, and be seen by it, the witness, your brown strayed tired flummoxed father, leftover, untaken—dangerous even though dead. But in the dark, alive, for an instant. Sometimes. The “first position” comes in the fourteenth year enabling a tender, delicate, ultimately, meaningless love making in the presence of strangers. Why would you sell your birth-right for a bowl of lentil stew? Xanadu unsettles distinctions between fine art and ornament. The system is busted. The indicator: a young woman kissing a donkey as it hangs from a noose.

Across the borderlands, a human-donkey antagonist gives the middle finger to the oncoming dark years. A scene of talismanic significance. Yolk, water, or sky? How far must I venture before the hero's reaction is undercut by its lack of narrative context? White light splits the room we are sitting in. Walls, chair, window. Or you, the bloodless anathema. My hands, sweaty as usual, before an immortal thing that begs me to worship it. But just because a thing is immortal, is that the only reason to worship it? So it is with us. The figure of death grows distinct beneath the sole cadente. Am I speaking bitterly when I tell you in this world or in this poem there are no miracles?

7:45

You are now beginning to see the relation between tidal waves
and the sinking ships of Adam below the mantle of the moon.
But the thought comes faster than a pistol's bullet.

*

In life we must suppose a certain image closes the door softly
with the power to crystallize and transfix a moment
that we summon in the secret language of the poplar trees.

*

Pinned to a moment opening around you,
a promise of so much that is to come
takes root in the cove of ancient days,
in colors tender on the breasts of the moon.
Their eruptive force tracing your orb.

behind
a face
a mask
rock in my
hand
true enough
to know
the hunting grounds
at twilight
a letter
to the world
still
unwritten
a famine
only
in my mouth
that tastes
what the eye
detects
and the mind
precipitates
on its shores
Basil
beautiful loser
everywhere
a fiction

I'd like to be serious
for a moment, and evade
the strict morphology of
erring to concur.

Undress in June, let
what happens
happen. I am forever
pointing east, never

discovered how to
breathe. Once I was not,
and once remembered
thinking nothing of it.

The rage.
I cannot
see myself, and so
move as if hidden.

Turn to you and
offer my pills
you turn
away from me

and offer an access point
I started
toward it. Woman
who keeps no secrets

and sleeps
in the rawhide of dream.
here I
ask too many question

then get rotten. I was
sometimes
impatient with you, thought
time was money

hardened. I believe
in the welfare state and other values am
starting to feel regal
why am I dying

just as exotic as any other
brown girl who
raised a hand to you
thinking she was the center piece

really just trimming. What
do you like in a serious man? My
love for you is proportionate
to its limits. You

get what you see
I take
what I can get
and run. Finally

learned my name. Finally
had something
to depend on always
hungry I

verge backward, lash
unprovoked. Raised a
hand to you. You turned
away from me and offered

an access point. I
hardened.

Sometimes, am I afraid?
 Am I afraid of soggy damage?
 The annexation?
 Am I afraid of heaven erect
 loading spring calves into its branding pit?
 Am I afraid of the toffee mallet?
 Black, open pothole of horror?
 ISIS Deathstar?
 Will the pain resolve? Will it soon cease?
 Will the Arab boy bear witness to an age when
 all is so fucking lost that the minutes themselves, no longer counted, have no meaning?

*

Suraj always leaves the hot-tub last.
 Every time he does this I wonder,
 if you want to fuck him (*purchase, lick* etc.)
 why not sojourn with his
 POMO MISSILE EXPANSION PACK FUTURE NEMATODE DEBT EVISCERATOR?
 His
 PERMANENT INFECTION CLUTCHING
 DOOR HANDLE OF THE FEMINIST HINTERLAND
 OVER THERE BEHIND THE WENDY'S?

*

I melt glass with my forehead.

 A martyr is not a torpedo.

 I am always telling you I am you.

 Borax shattered on stomach says

 do it again.

 Sometimes, I do.

What did the cleaver and nail say to the subculture?
 Harboured resent is your Sudafed and your Tolstoy.
 In orgasm, is your subject iodoxybenzene E267 and spam?
 Resentful children chuck SARS at the military industrial Barbie complex.
 Single file like detachable anal-beads the schismatic ocean blocks
 its skull to do a crunching noise
 at the Thorvald thunder, which
 consequently, derides to rebuke, flies
 away and we the
 suck hard: acid etching for civil
 redistribution to three or
 a thousand then assume stress position
 or don't. Dildo wagon bolts ventriloquized by dog
 of the second night grimacing as his gonads disband for \$5.99.
Bitter experience but not sour, if you taste what I mean.
 On the mesh of the nexus of alum, gouged out with
 spoons to lick with care there must be titrate and dosage.
 Cut loose syntax. And move on. Sprout forth:
 condolence from Disney leach to soil porosity
 optimal first vasectomized the Arab-lover bent over
 your rigid meat rubbed out. We are the revolving
 turnstile that is the only way we get through, floodlight on the word
our so as to say *our* war machine sprawls across
 Bethlehem, seed of the Orient *i.e.*
 Gaza. Purple finger on G-spot. You act and
 re-enact the deranged monophyte of rhubarb you are,
 I am not ours. Clamp down softly over dinner with an Ali
 Jabri or Akram Zaatari. Cityscape may just erupt a wall
 deep with its pent-bolt unexposed
 but how long can you keep hiding?
 Brittle Goliath cracks shut the jaws of the measly sphinx
 and the net operating loss in Fallujah, for all
 its worth is a sufferance
 baptism of sugar fungus by milk curd in Iphigenia
 jpeg not for eating. Carnage: your baguette.
 The dog marrow mortared on a smooth-bore gun.
 Sven Braxten is back and is Matumba Ghali.
 Then rivet up into the colonial fallacy
 aboriginal pharynx turned to dust. With the iron femur
 in your hand, nail in the condolence from Disney leach to soil
 osity optimal first vasectomized the Arab-lover bent over
 your rigid meat rubbed out. And devotedly Miss Raghida Ghadour
 severs the tide—
 makes animal whole again—
 pyrolyzes Scheherazade. After the crash
 baby kool-aid desists quivering in its malachite

syringe like a lightning rod tilted to deep Kut, preferably.

Hungry as my veins get I can neglect it

I am over this love and over
eating out the mirror.

I place the fuck-boy adjacent to your mirror wet as that
 fourteenth day locked inside the moon chamber's consecutive access points
 which is classed light in warm-abscess pulpectomy 4D surging
 druid neon y axis 627 to take for myself my brother perished
 by the sword makes your mouth water all day
 everyday just chill out everyday in pleather boots
 in a thong of stock brokers who deal in the bloody pelt of diseased trade-offs
 I take hold of her who speaks to the flower softly now
 donning my 6 nations (thus day by day did she make demands upon my floating economy)
 spit-roasted between several habituations is the habitat coming down
 on the benzoin charmers. And combat. Acclimate the schmoozers' black veins
 with our view of the coriander rod I shall reproduce here with
ibn poured into Bobcat-owned periodontal FUCK calling out
 my name is Rita-Ora there is some squirt on
 the inkhorn of your western media Howard you fuck-pig
 it is for watching man lying along the desert
 you tug the hide of the calf and Iraqi blood oil like a sand cyclone gratifies
 all that tainted air from the golden chafing-dish to the hex bolt
 the glyphs will be Basil *ibid* it will be
 hell to crack but panoptic sounds like red
 in the eyes burns like magma
 forming igneous dikes of diet water the manatee
 of the sky told me this: you alone will be sequestered
 phased out from all Eastern planetoids
 slipshod the grinning skull in its periodic imputations
 yet forgiving too the milk surrogate thermalizes my reservoir tip
 in light in any fissure on the motherboard
 only junk pharynx therefore dodecane in FALLUJAH is donkey yolk
 if not then a Beginning Counter Action *inter alia*
 don't know how to be who you want but anyway worth dying for
 look front with your milk cataracts
 the true operculum of Mir Damad
 Kut *the system* never more frantic to be loved
 than my most favorite classifying subject who
 classify classifiable objects that are already
 classified and are themselves classified and best
 classifying are these properties that are
 classified and classifying others as properties in the eyes of
 classified classes classifying (but are also

classifiable) subjects which enable them less or more adequately to anticipate their own classification in classifiable terms

classifiably

directions: an origami crane has at the downbeat

all day masticating its seminal incision moment

or Baghdad comes into its own. Serfs are stealing sugar-licks benzene derivatives

my father's unsolicited isotope cranking up bulk nut southward of the cop fortress

in love's impetuous waters flush the fertile window full of hate lunge

next to but not on your wife, *Basil*

you impact this

you is no-way to expose 96% of an exit-point

from this storm we call diaphanous ephemera

and trust no wet night to rise in thunderclap spandex called Zed-Bomb

way into this out into that *me*

shiesty bedazzled sexed-up rhododendron so much I wet

the essentially transcendent 4:4 hominid lesbian insurgency

to the point of equitable data exchange

choking out by any means available

the autonomist sub-prime uprising. Eat me.

Hair skin subtract dog interest 1.2% obeisance it

now remove your milk mask and ask the *Afflicted One*

to look front and back at the contra-ink poured into

the palm of dog-sin or not it is the 15th day

locked inside the moon chamber

and everyone loves you are just trying to help