

Sing Your Way Out

*poems & more
2009-2013*

Dawson Gage

Evening Prayer Manifesto

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What thoughts we have of you tonight, Eve Carson
for your part and mine had enough of
this sick design to transgress posted regulations
Student sneakers after sundown idyllic
to feel guilty about the vulnerability
of our unconcealed beauty
on yonder side of midnight
heavens cloudy so the moonbeams
only just shine enough occult wisdom
to light my lonely way in this forbidden garden

Botanical weapons bloom into apple blossom armies
the azaleas go on general strike
for the right to grow new petals
of maniacal hue and texture
so the bushes one by one begin
to reek of the wild funk of
day-glo unsolved mysterian flora
for the shaman of the spiritual emergency room
to admix and administer napalm chamomile
ayahuasca coca-cola poison-ivy scuppernong tonics
served unchilled in bottles of painted stainless steel

On these days when hooligan ambassadors from
the faraway dreamlands of true queer anarchism
have gone too far this time and unplugged
the ice machine in the laundry of Victory Village
thereby enticing fortunate nearby sophomores
to disrobe and lay their naked innocence upon
the grassy quadrangle for daydream meditation
on the judgment of square-goggled straight-toothed
juries of their so-called peers ambling along

the arteries of interdepartmental solipsism
with intellectual leukemia leaking into the asphalt
airspace
of gestalt and lingering like anti-depressant perfume

And yet (!) all things considered we've only
just begun to see the fall of everything existing
into the irregular shapes of pathology
some middling hidden psychotherapeutic lama imam
has tossed her bucket of monkey-wrench sutras
into the heart-works of my stolen home-made
motorcycle
and since replacement parts shall indeed be on
backorder
'til we cease our blockade of China once and for all
creation
it seems we have no choice but to lay these machines
down softly by the roadside

Shoeless uniformity in dharmic synchronicity
behold ensemble of insatiate schoolchildren (!)
as they long-march professors in chains upward
bound together this enchanted evening
to the borderlands of hot and cold wargames
to the horizon beyond the lost horizon
where you wait in elation abiding calmly properly
to inhale deep breaths of humidity
to siphon pure chaos from the evening atmosphere
so as to exhale the Dao of cleverness
so as to meditate essays of secular serendipity
in the bare-naked formless solitude of your
classified hideout shadow chapel buried
down into the sloping piedmont
painting prophecy on the obverse like manuals
for so many drop-out studies-abroad

O **Eve** not **even** you can save us now
nor can we save you from ourselves
and verily will have hope forsaken
our cause and the laws of natural movement
shall axiom-by-rule-by-name-by-one dissolve
into the maelstrom of high engineering

O **Eve** not **even** the youngest among us will
keep virgin genius of our natural ecstasy

O **Eve** the seasons shall continue in sequence seeming
much the same as that of bygone years and
sheer cleverness dispels fearful surges of yearning
but the libido of a universal love may yet
still be in our collective grasp!

Down with fables!
Up with miracles!
Right and left don't make a north star!

O Eve we beseech you: if you have the answer
let loose your lips and lift the curse that locks
our tongue in self-same silence
the sky begins sliding into violet shades
and quite clearly the curtain call is with us

O **Eve** mine eyes are yielding
to the temptation of chemical sleepiness
and **even** still the mind behind
pines for the normalcy of room temperature
and the control of sea-level-headedness

O **Eve** sister everyone but you has gone
deaf or blind or dumb or numb or mindless
so absent some guidance divinely rendered
by your persistent human memory

we may **never** have another trip back down
to the surface of the Earth again!
we may well be fated to pass these final days
conducting useless experiments aboard
clandestine space-station laboratory classrooms!

O **Eve** who could ever say exactly why
you **never** got to speak the thoughts still
gleaming in the corners of your diagram
no matter (!) for over mere material obstacles
the mind we share together shall from this day
ever after **never even** think of anything
but universal love and objective spirit

A new book of changes in progress
and children don't leave for **we've** only
in the holy flash of this instant
caught a sidelong gaze in the direction
of an all-one-world futurity that was
foretold in the shimmering ephemeral
swirl of **evangelical** soap-bubbles...
take a moment and train your lenses on
that rainbow sphere and if you look close
enough the movement of the very continents
foretold in the contortions of the surface
go a little closer and you may even see
your own face reflected in the in the
floating crystal ball of this sober
moment of a fake sunshine afternoon
and come time for **evening** prayer
I'm sure I'll **even** remember where
my beginning ends and your ending begins

O **Eve** rest our sins no better or worse than in the lives
of others

O **Eve even** though lacking
holy wings and halo golden
your very skin was angelic
and so beholden we shall be
till we seize the pen in hand
and prepare for the final exercise

O **Eve** the world becoming
what might have been
if we yet could heed
the lessons of your buried life

O **Eve** now we see how this benighted
realm of ours will not give up without a fight

O **Eve** your secret words resounding holy
in the chambers of hymnal skepticism

O **Eve** take heart we won't relent
in the passion of rambling purposive
about the valleys and hallways
of possibility

O **Eve** the Old World shall not be missed

O **Eve** dear it was only by your compass
that we came to know the fullness and emptiness of
Eden

O **Eve** why don't you point your
light to the escape door and
all and one and one for all
may charge unbridled in unison

O **Eve** as you dared taste the apple
so shall we plant the seeds!

O Eve high-ho-the-merry-o
a-fellow-traveling we will go
together to be rather than to seem!

Ghosts Besiege Twin Capitals

1.
*Work to give flight to one-world
philosophy one world of
cosmopolitan right
perpetual kingdom of heavenly peace*

Laozi & Sunzi & Zhuangzi & Xunzi & Kongzi &
Mengzi & Mozi &...
Kant & Marx transpose dreams

Celestial celebrations shake the earth
in blue skies red banners stream!
breathe perfumes of otherworldly fluorescence!

Kang & Liang & Sun & Mao & Zhou
Lu Xun & Lao She & Mao Dun & Hu Shi
struggling to dream
that impossible dream of
the life of a world to come.

2.
For if we should neglect
to correlate the dreams
of each and every
one with one another

A universal human love
would lead unto salvation
but Alas, for shame,
ye human beast!
you're such a particular lover!

Greenlaw Hot Shower Exorcism: A Dream Sequence

1. (Accusation – Enjoinder)

Shame on you!:
Carmel Mocha Earl-grey Tea-time Ivory Ebony Tower
of Greenlaw!
whereas innocence of unthinking
goodness would see us know
only: that we are naked together with
our skins cooking and cooling
in pushing pull of daylight
to do what we know to be right:
Embrace the bodies of your neighbors!
Arm-by-hand-by-shoulder-by-loin-by-neck-by-spirit-
by-bone!

2. (Encouragement – Babbling Meditation)

Cast the cubic appleseed dice over
Yahweh's own line of Talmudic prohibition
scatter them over this kingdom of stories
that already have been written

Out from under the lovely shade
wrought for of our own complacent comfort
by the condescending hidden
hands of heavenly host
whose dexterity knows not
even the absolutely essential
principle:

God extends commanding and knowing
overlord of all matter and relations
with the exception of the keystone iota wherein
we taste the secret of this whole blasted
arrangement:
God that not exist
and therefore must achieve

good government for the universe
indeed creation beyond and
the bringing forth of whatever may follow,
utter void of limitless enosis
or whatever else.
So: follow the boundary as
best you can 'cause disintegration
appears to proceed at
ever-increasing velocities

God's own secret weak-spot
Supreme Caretaker
I pity you not

3. Conjuring Forces in the Shadow of Greenlaw

Your fountainheads babbling alien waterfalls
that tumble down into puddles upon the
leaves machinic of grassroots wall-to-wall landscape
whose chlorophyll masks the snickering gleam
of Mammon smiling down beneath the treacherous
topsoil

Your fountainheads spray irregular showers
laser beams of literary fluid impale the hapless
schoolkids
Rambling and loitering in patterns about the tarheel
bricks
Cleansing jets of rhetoric sting the faces of young
people

(like the ante-deluvian
Super-soaking-water-pressure-tingling-tickling-burning
Cold War Hot Water skin-blast-shower-head
like the one still found in the upstairs hall bathroom
of my Grandmother's Fayetteville home;
to the naive cheeks of my own generation,

having hitherto felt only the lame trickles of fixtures
ready-made to cope with the imagined realities of a
Malthusian real green world of imperative conservation
and envies disavowed?)

Your showerheads of old-timey alt Americana
can wash away the sweat of guilt glistening on the
faces
of young and old literati squinting towards the sunset
anonymous and absent minded as the bells of the older
looming tower
pierce the fabric of the atmosphere ethic-less in
the first flourishing flashes of overhead illuminations
that perspire fiercely out into the
cynical grey sidewalks and onto
uncovered eyelids of nearby flora,
the long leaf pines kept awake
against their will and made to
keep the night watch over
a civilization that works itself
to death and beyond
by the hyperactive flickering
that most precious of inventions:
a little contrivance of glass and
esoteric trace metallic elements
that can channel the force
of a foreign power
and make sense of one energy
in the language of all the others
and take the Earth-mangled compound
residue of pre-cambrian exoskeletons blended
with carbon gleaned from dead stars
and brilliant quartzs and degraded leaves
and the bones of mentors long since passed
and whatever else (however, indeed!)

may have caught the rolling
waves of galactic motion so as
to arrive at destiny as shards of
acid potential energy piled high
and wide into the ruse of grassy camouflages
el cerro rico y sucio no tiene quien le mire
sweet & sour anthracite
beneath the electric glassy blue
sculptural machine that looms
like a hilarious and twisted open
secret disclosed unto McCauley Street
for the contemplation of pedestrians
when they have reached the
end of the sidewalk galaxy

All of this a counterpoint (so it would seem)
of man's latter-day coal-fired compact
fluorescent market civilization

Oh the charm and splendor of changing seasons
beyond all texture known to natural philosophy
the unmanned musical time-station erected in memory
of tobacco-dogwood-textile scuppernong scions of
hard-scrabble Reconstruction Tarheel charming haute-
bourgeois
whose memories (all-too-clearly) wouldn't deserve
such mercurial commitments of
their proud provincial proper names
had it not come to pass that
the innocent teens and twentysomethings
grew from weak to strong and strong to great
only to pack the mystic insights of their twentieth-
century
diesel-electric vitality and the grace
of their Edwardian sexual longings
and the boys of the suburbs walked Flanders' fields

and quivered psychotic in the doubt and
sorrow of the merest uncertainties
while the crack-shot sure hands and
steady general intelligence,
that urban arc of country-boy lives
extracted into wildest novelty
and infinite momentum of hungry
minds on-the-make
and the invincible shield of rural homely
virtue against the temptations of mediocre
urbanity
of medium stakes and medium rewards
played and struggled for in capacious
appearance of infinite freedom
characteristic of a theater altogether
smaller than seems on first sight.

from bleak tidelands to the shadow of Mount Mitchell
were thievery-drafted into trans-Atlantic
arsenals
of imperial identical twin-sisterly militant drives
summoned into dissonant chorus
that vibrates in all its treachery
and seductive disharmony in the tongue
...on the lips of she who alone
may sing the arc of history!

4. Columbia Meets Laozi on the Dark Side of the Moon

O, Columbia!
she whose profile sparks
with such suggestive golden freckles
that the stars only fantasize of mimicry
and the moon begins to doubt

the valor of natural sunlight
and feel first time sensations
of neglect and abjection
from virgin nerve endings
 blooming into darkness of
 the satellite's occluded side?
Could it be...can it be...might it ever hope to be...
the case that the far side
of present-waking moon
already has been claimed
by Columbia's only true nemesis?
Could it be that when the Old Master
crossed over into the Himalayan outlands
and bid farewell to the arena
of the 9 and more warring states...
could it be that once
he'd penned his little book
of ways without destiny
and ends without means
and handed over the smug
little magic manual to the
humble hip bemused border-guard
who stood protecting the Western
frontier of the Very East herself from
the planetary emptiness of a world opened up
to the snowy truth of its nothingness
Gasping into the thin air of the uplands
a helpless intelligent sensuous vagabond...
could it be that he had climbed so high
and journeyed so far into the Western nightmares
that reign beyond the walls of all-under-heaven...
could it be that so manifold was Lao Dan
in the unremitting drumbeat of natural numbers
Two noble truths of zero and one shall only
coincide under the ambit of the Dao
by method of which (the method of the Dao)

from such materials as
nothingness and non-nothingness
(a diametric contradiction!)
the very forms of all the myriad things can
be rendered and delivered anew unto the world
as live-born clones of their self-same silence
brought to life in the minimal being of their
representational ghost that smiles like a cynical
guardian angel smiling meekly back at us
from the other side of the mirror
with the uncanny mask
of our own human faces

implied in the shape our binary lenses
 through which we glimpse
 shadows of butterfly infinities
 disunity salvation of
 polyrhythmic strategems
 such *cleverness*: merely reflecting
 undoctored chaos back upon
 the surface of appearance
now look right *here*!
 a flickering momentary
 flash of human fate!

5. Greenlaw is Condemned

Druids of the English tower
surrender while you can
Shakespeare's words drip from your lips
but our side has the man
how dare you cast these spells about
without one care for the sacred!

You sin without blinking!
preaching freshest slogans of cool humanities
blended with the elemental

tropes of human tragicomedy
inflected with the echos of yearning
to represent sex & death & honor & shame & jealousy
Perchance to dream faint suggestions
of a justice beyond all history

Natural selection tracks reasons
because it ain't got any of its own!
shame shame shame on y'all open your
eyes to the world you've made
where friends float away from friends!

Summer 2010 (Before the Fall)

410 McCauley St. (A)

Palms hovering, poised
above letters printed
on the plastic shells of keys
that divulge their signs
to the circuits of machinery
that lies below in
mindless and patient anticipation

About the room as womb and sphere
too-common, self-same smallness
of purpose-loving mind's desire
for forms of a different world to bloom
within these walls forever
would such siren songs
remain in gray similitude
we'll therefore ever-after bend and yield
to a gravity melodic hoping-fearful
for if only we could
shutter the windows...
barricade our gates...
free our minds...
a world lacking pictures
will be found in turn
to be lacking

Upstairs at the Carolina Yacht Club

Like sunspotted eyes our vision subsumes
only silhouettes technicolor flickering
daugerotypical worlds
and objects long extinct

...

On the white-sand barrier
island of Wrightsville
Atlantic may as well
be Pacific indeed
what mindful eyes
engaging gazing out
to ocean yonder

What might say he and she
clasping foam cups casually
draught Americana and
Chardonnay on icecubes...
...icecubes filling the communion cooler and
they're only catylized by
buttery-iron-sulfur-inflected
beachwater streaming icy
up out of the drinking fountain

Sip beachwater on ice
sundrops on ice-beachwater
coats skin with a salty shell
sucessive waves of perspiration
in stillness of saltwater soul
atmospheres peel away
layers of covering

410 McCauley St. (B)

I.

Love of collective collective of love
sheets of heat lighting repeating above
all-under-southerly-heaven descending
sky-flash street-lights raindrops distending
How can it be that the thunder shakes the hillsides?

II.

Swaying sensations of circular motion
secular callings of regnant emotion
as lotion and time sting upon
contact with the mind and skin

III.

rocking the chairs
rolling our tongues
lending our ears
ringing the gongs
breaking the rules
one by one
so the law lays down
when the day is done

Haiku for Fellow Fellows

Alyssa

`Hear me Syracuse!
God Almighty, don't despair!
We shall overcome!!

Jake

Said good Dr. King:
"I am determined to take
the gospel seriously"

Courtney

Only nimblest fingers
can sew our wounded heart-minds
up together again

Meredith

polyrhythm drum
backgrounds joy for hymn and chant
to unsung futures

Alli

colored pins on maps
connect the dots, glimpse the life
of the world to come

Amy Zi

Northwest winds carry
laughter of southbound learning
as loons voice the dawn

Ellen

time's seeds fall and bloom
ripe fruits on ice at tea time
in human company

Amy Zh

any one iron way
of naming the sound of Zed
just ain't the proper way

Shivani

Samsara is just
another word for nothing
left to lose, darlin'

Chris

the youth would collapse
beneath these backpacks without
highland comedy

Anna Margaret

Light up the attic
frolicking in war and peace
we shall be as gods

Carolina

Off to Florida
away you fly oh sweetheart
someday please come back

Misha

Saying real farewells
to Babylon will pay for your
passage to Eden

Liz

Avarice of reason
crushed under the weight
of a simple song

Shaddi

to have faith in men
demands powers of facing
the truth in machines

Kate

Happiness is warm
and mindful pleasure taken
in vengeful daydreams

Graham

Give me a cabin
pen soul paper and heart and
I won't need a road

Katie

If only we could teach
the message of our sweet hearts,
we might reveal truth

Elinor

Perhaps in all these
times we've shared these walls began
falling down fell down

Rinchen

We will close our eyes
and off to lost horizons
holding hands embark

Escape from Odum Village>***The Law as a Child>******Retreat to Mt. Carmel*****I. Bulls Head Bookshop Balcony**

from convent
to co-ed campus
welcome to the backpack archipelago
overseen from Bullshead bookshop balcony
a flash of Solzhenytsen
escapes from the mouth
of a passing student
on the sidewalk,
who says:
"I am an insect!"
and I recall
a frightful quotation
I had seen the night before
in Odum's lonely laundry
the exhortations
of Jasmine Jones
about what one really
ought to have done
in the span of a
Tarheel lifetime:
"hold a bug!" she says
(if you haven't already)

dear comrades please!
(ye worker bees!)
daydream away the lies!
surprising hive authorities
becoming butterflies!
hold a human!
(if you haven't already)

II. Hurry Back to Odum

seems likely that
this here summertime
endless and easy
shall soon enough
come to conclusion
and what of it?
from Vermont to Virginia
from California to Australia
from Harvard to Oxford
from Beijing to Beika
Beida shi Beida
welcome to the backpack archipelago

“Back From Sanity”

*(From the 3rd (or is it 4th) floor
psychiatric ward of UNC Hospital*

I sit cross legged
on this ridiculous cloud
one doubts that this
medical sheen of sterility
really wipes out the germs
of relation

I can feel the righteous words
of my island degrading.
My brother's wisdom
ever sure to find
my heart on the ocean

My name is Dawson
and I am bound
by bureaucratic beds
with no rails.

Overlooking the hospital, from Odum Village

A moment of contemplative rest has been encountered
in the shadows of the South Campus chaos,
a multiform ensemble of bricks and mortars
grind their dust and pump their martial powders
into the sky

In Victory Village squirrels still scurry
bemusing students endless hurry
winter winds of pharmacy slurry
shock the heart, embellish worry!

What sphinxes of steam heat
and chilled water operations maintenance
tower over humble youngsters
in their arrogant mediocrity
and yet not one brick of their
kerosene seminary edifice
suggests pretensions
crossing over into sin

Against Stedman's enemies

The souls who wander
among these sad islands
deserve more than rest
of ungrateful dead
then why pray tell (?) (!)
do machines of death
stalk innocent children
into watery graves
of acid tears (?)
Oh why do they
fill our backpacks
with such life remedies as
gold silver penicillin fluxotene
law English journalism science (!) (?)

Liz Ross Band at Carrboro Art's Center (December 2010)

In the previous
shows I've seen this trio
play, the crowd was young
and raucous, the scenesters as
varied as a jar of gourmet
jelly beans.
Now we have a melange of
culturati young and old, earthily
charming aristocrats of...
*sonic-sensible taste in the
present-day Piedmont!*

Oh to sing and humb
and wail
songs and hymns of
wild travails
fashioned in light of
one sweet melody
registers ringing a
magical elegy

Notes from Community Court (Part One)

how sublime, how democratic
medical, financial, physical
safe, sober, happy
family's all you got!
Jesuit love for the other (?)
Judge big beard self-help
twelve-step church-state
holy (extended) family
nothing but stars and check
marks and therapy psychiatry
and random drug tests

stand up straight!
sometimes we confuse our cravings
with our longings
we long...for inner peace
men owe their women *that* (at least!)
you can still...(*make the effort!*)
higher power's plan...
I stay down here in the world
of my understanding
HE knows the plan
head up, heart down, you
maggot! fix your attitude or
I'll send your ass on a one
way trip to the Hillsborough Hilton!

Notes from Community Court (Part Two)

(CRC at the Franklin
St. Post Office)
you can get degrees
you can be at ease
but don't be going
counting on the one
to bring the other

“have a good month,
may the sun shine on you”
says the voice in
black robes presiding
in the high left corner
sometimes (you get) that feeling
that you just got to bounce
thank you for standing up
for yourself and using
the system in your own
interest

“amazing well”: don't hear
a probation officer put those
words together all that often (do we?)

good times no-fault
seasonal affection

Ordinary drinking poem: smiling contrition

wash down the little
yellow lozenge as if it
were the last caffeine pill
on earth!

Wash it down with red
wine from France, strong
black coffee from high
Ethiopia, Irish cream
imported and distributed
through Illinois

Notes from Community Court (Part Four)

another reckoning
with the long arm
be as a laughing
Buddha

make the law lay
down tingling

sometimes you drink
too much red wine
on Wednesday and
make out with a
girl from Arizona

sometimes you are
held to be in

contempt of a
Kangaroo Kourt

poetry is too
sloppy, too easy,
a return to prose
forms is in order

Manic Spring (Mt. Carmel Church Rd)

The ides of March 2011
emerged from nowhere
in particular
though sure enough
their outlines had been
sketched out in advance
lost mandate to heaven
springs from universal
love
life is but a dream too
sweet to spring
from random chance

(When I'm In) An App State of Mind

we'll be coming round
the mountain when we go
we'll be letting go
pretension and ego

esse quam videri
things aren't what they seem
eyes becoming weary
sweet Sino-American dreams!

(One world! One dream!)

at home, to be filial
abroad, to be kind
alone fall to pieces
together, one mind

for love of learning
we're learning to love
ice is burning
below and above

wind along the
mountain way
our diplomatic trolley
tracks a way that
can't be named
reason over folly

Notes from Community Court (Part Five)

April 28, gone to court:
carry your backpack
up to the front and
face the judge's dis-
appointment
back to regular
(work-a-day regiments)
“sometimes good lessons
are worth repeating” and
didn't you know that
Bush 41 even he
imbibed meds for
tame his anxiety
wait--Presidents don't
have a goddam resume
“I still didn't believe

that nothin was wrong
with me”
“court is a symptom”
jail, probation, and money
(is all we got
in store for you)...
...what about the innocent (!) (?)
“death or incarceration
for all of us”

(my goodness in telling his
stand-by anecdote of basketball
lost-hope Len Bias: the judge really
did just mis-state the name : “Len Dawson” (!)

May 2 2011, Song Dynasty opens for The Potheads @ Night Light

Blake: clouds
swag on the deep
a heavy spell
(or two) of sleep
might keep the
cough at bay

Onward rolling
up the mountain!

Punk, a genre or a
feeling, crunch in
a soundwave, glow
of a scene, scented
humidity of a
Carolina spring
wafting in the door
we are honorary

potheads all (of us)
sometime neo left
literature laid by
the Night Light doorway
painting of the alley
off-Rosemary protestant
ethics against development
and encroaching
urban cultivation!

---**Interlude:**

**Immutable Principles of the Society of the
Cincinnati
(established by its original members)**

*“An incessant attention
to preserve inviolate
these exalted rights and
liberties of human
nature, for which
they have fought and
bled, and without which
the high rank of a
rational being is a
curse instead of a blessing”*

...

*“An unalterable determination
to promote and cherish
among the respective
states that national
honor so essentially
necessary for their
happiness and the future
dignity of the American
Empire”*

Notes from Community Court (Conclusion?!)

oh Mercy for me
I beg ye my state
oh County of Orange
please break with your
record of callousness kindly

Let me be more than
I seem in the eyes of
our lyrical shamans
with gavels and robes
and free me to wander
out west and away from
surveillance by Carolina
of my mind and my
bloodstream and even
my moods and my worries
Let it have happened
that machines of government
as yet have neglected
to wind their
connections from county
to county God willing (!)

July 4, 2011

Masonboro Island
America the Beautiful
I sit cross-legged
in my blue folding
chair as the swells
of the inlet engulf
our aluminium
boat in the sweetest
salt water this side
of the Atlantic

Rye Barcott @ Global Education Center

apologize in advance for my hoarse voice
remembering not quite speechlessly
we seek the
PWAD sponsorship
perhaps you noticed
the 10x10 shack
“a celebration of the spirit
of UNC”
“Dick Cohen, mentor, CCNY
“embodies the spirit”
Marine, Harvard Business and
Policy,
I saw the best...try to
make a difference

high dudgeon leadership
speaking campy parlance
soul-finding leadership
guiding outdoor trips
“get back to the subject you were brought
here to teach”
bridging the Marine Corp and
microfinance
large density
if only we could have beat
Kentucky
an eight year commitment
similar to Bosnias and Rwandas
a darker and more emotional
impulse
(M\$ sound rings interruption)
grossly exaggerated by very
reputable sources
a little bit of local language
smaller

selling some small things in local
markets
he only mentioned the cost because I
ask him
“Duke [does not equal] Patriots”
creating role models where there
were none
“help prevent violence”
quite startling to be reminded of
the fact that the the backpack archipelago
existed long before we arrived in
New Hope Chapel Hill
Captain Peter Diron USMC
1968 “...we don't promise you
a rose garden”
the desire to do something that
matters
some lives you live like
a walk in the park
cultivate a bias for action

I pass a note to Matt:
“Can you look up Bradley Manning?”
fundamental truths of human
nature, how we were influenced
“...the prison was an organizational
mess!”
 (“...I viewed them as part of the
enemy, *thunk thunk* of mortar
fire, timeless row of date trees,
part of the better way...”
more modern hopefully peaceful
adjusting in small but
significant ways
for 26 days

Easter 2011 (Wilmington->Chapel Hill w/ Stedman)

Easter 2011, the Lord
is reason indeed
maybe get to
heaven on faith
if not by deeds
I-40 west to Chill
at higher speeds
fallow medians
sorry, wildflower seeds

parallel highways
don't quite intersect
sometimes come closer
than you might expect

**Bus into the Capital at Dawn
(Durham->Washington, D. C.)**

double-decker full length
ridin' Durham bull-strength
into all-world-wide
imperial capital—whirlwind
white house black whole
gravity unravelin'—American
highway travelin'—left may
never win—bombs (now fall)
onto bedouins
war over greater
Arabia treachery
continental mystery maybe
hold off End of History

final stretch into Washington
passing through Manassas
one hundred fifty years since
cannons and rifles of First

Manassas went silent

nothing is all that tall but
so many things are big:
shopping malls and outlet stores,
distribution depots and
apartment blocks overpasses
office towers loom high and
deep above the landscapes

cars trucks and buses flood
the motorways—commercial
industrial residential—everydays

and behold now the Pentagon
I remember the blackened
hole in the side
scaffolding still clings
on roof and facade

crossed the Potomac
with my eyes full of light...
...no fewer than six
surveillance cameras
on one pole in front of
the Department of Agriculture

I was like, look,
and listen to the phone ring
hear your own self think
make your heart-ship sink
down to the bottom
of our think-tank
make the glass break
for it's own sake
socialize the mind-banks!

Allegory of Early California

California Here I Come (Denver->San Jose)

over America we float above
animated vastness of a
nation mired slow-motion
in catastrophe

Tuesday Evening Therapism (@ Milvia Avenue, Berkeley)

Tuesday Evening Synchronism
cloudy hazy sunset as we
count away the minutes
all our clocks resisting wishes
time itself prepares
an intifada

Alameda, In the Kitchen

The cool October
blows lightly through
the window
and the danger of freedom
tingles in my fingers as
they strike three matches to light
one cigarette indoors

in lonely clarity, this October
night I invite the
worries of the planet to come
through my window

the cool October accepts my
invitations, colorless October she
arrives bearing strange gifts

Palo Alto, What?

The passing days are thick
with sour sweet confusion
the clock just skipped a tick
or was that an illusion?
Our calendar prevails upon
this stream of wild events
madness never fails to douse
our flames of common sense

Escape from Laguna Avenue

Laguna Avenue
you can't shake history
ghosts of mathematics
yet dance on your patio

a few blocks' stroll among
privatized lemon trees
civilized bourgeoisie
cultivating prodigies
flora fauna allegory
California tell your story

Life's only road none other than the real
one and our street traces parallel
with line bisecting
the valley...

Barron Park families!

It's time to be different!

box up your lemons:

set them on the curb

unchain the children:

take off those helmets

sell off your ovens:

cook with your lawn trimmings

withdraw from grade schools
 pool your minds together
would that we all
 be teachers
with classes held
 in every garage
doors wide open every
soul who walks these streets
 may sit the course

Barron Park children! the stars
ring out for you tonight so
push your windows
open wide, climb into cool
summer darkness and sing
loud now that your parents
might hear!

**At 600 Page St #103, or,
How the Paged Bird Sings
(A Dream Sequence)**

1. News and Landscape
hunched over table top mid-
-night kitchen-cum-office
I'm nervous as hell about
futures in America
nothing in the air but
foggy sounds of passing cars

O California bewitch
all the senses to spread
out the mind over maps
of America all of these
states like planets caught

up in black hole cells
of democracy

feels strange to arrange
your own backdrops
odd to control your
soundtrack surroundings
why should that picture
along with the facts
survive the famines of attention?
No one's gone unscathed.

—
Last week's newspapers
still ring true still
sting still throb their predictions
of nothing and still
if we squint just maybe
read golden strings of hope
between the lines

—
my ghosts getting weary
about time to float
a few balloons test
the night-time weather
and dig strange temperatures
of California summer

—
five kinds of newspapers
and still I know there's
somethin' hidden from my
focusing eyes

—

2. Whittling in the Night
pencil carved down by hand
with a kitchen knife

reminds me of my youth
when life was simpler

–

hot bowl of grits steaming
by the windows left open
gone out west but I ain't
homesick to my stomach

–

who needs the Internet when
he has already tables full
with teacups and notebooks
and hand-carved pencils and
a real chance to meet:

the cold summer breeze\
and faint pacific stars
lonely troupes of streetlight
players bums and professionals
blur together styles on the
corner hands join up to
sing the chorus

3. Table These Anxieties

another knife-hewn pencil
tow-truck passes down street
with a white Jaguar
sedan uplifted and dragged
by a hook that dangles
from a chain

–

mustang scion volvo
then a lady on the street
says “*that* is a towncar”
sport utilities hunt for
pleasure hybrid
hatchbacks hunt for
treasure

night keep lights burning
without heat doors open
no curtains go ahead and
see me at my table!

4. Dear St. Francis

Well now, so it must
have been that Francis
willed this city of
God but here in
Western Babylon
spirits mingle and
fight like kids
on playgrounds

5. *yellow*

solemn and serious
that's not me but who
then again could really say

–

everything is beautiful
white painted over
the glass but still
I can see right through

–

smile to the window
twinkling eyes to the
street-scape view hot glows
of the windows grant
me please your blessings

–

I am thankful
for the kitchen
since where would I be
after all
without beans lentils
four types of cheese?

6. ~red~

the human mural
on the move, it flows
in lines of ink and flesh
stops on command when
octagons speak

that man is wearing
the same shoes as me

bicycles strapped in
front the bus

I pledge allegiance
to enigmas

7. **Rooftop Caroling**

O ye hill-hug
city of novelties
stretch this America
West as we can

tenement buildings keep their
formalities fire

escapes
governmental fire

hydrants
burst open turn long

sloping streets into
waterfalls

—

eight garage doors lined up

in a row three stories of
cinderblocks capped with
Victorian crowns

—

how so cool now summer nights
wet clouds mist refracting
this street light sing out
new municipal anthems

8. **I Think I See the Problem**

sing reservations
madness is banging
on the door but we
shall overcome

dissolving pixels drip
serum-streams to heal these
wounds in the corners
of the heart we share

bind me up like books
save my living for the
day I return to every
dorm, house, apartment

swing from the roof
to the yonder buildings
make yourselves
at home!

9. **On the Fire Escape**

mutated cable car swing pivot
long bus rolls up hill on
electric currents
each of the houses
all the apartments built

together sloping on
hills their rooftops
flat each one
discrete in sequence
one-by-one they
look like stairs

down up down again
cascading stairways
of townhouses, studios
couches and efficiencies

stray cabs wander in
neighborhood hug
to the hillsides stalk
thru the small streets
hunt for the
lonely streetwalk customers
clothes and buildings
resurrect forgotten
paths to grace

10. Good to be Friends With Yourself

to stake my life
on the swerve of the atom
why would one ever
wish to hesitate?

on my own wild methods
gamble the universe
and should it all fail
I'll be surely surprised
and sorry

flout the confessional
profane all your tiles

in the kitchen I find
solitude managing somehow
not to be lonely

Allegory of Middle California: Loose Pages of Memory

1. Ladies

golden harmony
ladies in glasses
scarves wrapped round
pale necks on a cold
summer night

2. New Jack Frisco Blues

Fillmore and Page here's my
view from the window
corner store opposite fort-i-
-fied by metal bars, grates
facing each street
 there's a mural
one still in middle of painting
pony-tailed skinny man
dabbles on folds of red curtain
backdropping painted dogs
from the other sign they bark
and pine for free sidewalks

3. Misty Yellow Pages

what have we to speak
to the night so soaked
as we are in rich
delusions where
ought we to search
through Western thickets and
crackling desertion scenes and

what shall we inherit
but dim lights of
visible stars prevailing
through clouds and fog
to reach our eyes

4. Tuesday Morning Colorism

Tuesday morning colorism
pink sheets drape kitchen window so
first the sun must pass through
clouds and only then light upon
stains, sneak through torn slits
who needs scenes of streetscape when
you've got pink sheets and glimpse a
clear blue sky between the threads

5. Smile

I am full with terror
scared afraid and trembling
in my heart if not my bones
at least the house is warm
at least I have
some bread and cheese
but I'm afraid
de todo el mundo
of cold water and of death
I'm like all mortals impatient
but I'm worried that all
is going wrong, I'm worried
that I'll have to quit
dreams that I'll have to quit
my childhood
nevertheless I will hug and
kiss fate on behalf of maturity

6. Dispensation

sublime to exhale clouds
of hash smoke breath
whose warmth makes visible air
this cool San Francisco
summer night
delightful touching disks of
corn tortillas into warm
porridge yellow grit basins
for three days eating out
a mason jar of dimes
wonders bought with golden
dollars sweet potatoes siezed for
hand-fulls of change (my fate)
corn upon cornmeal, meals upon
tea, sweet unto savory, grinding
my metal, haze of tobacco
smoke from the kitchen
coughing up my visions of the day

7. Repent!

solid lines
upon the page
steadfast ribs
of corduroys
color me with
solemn tones and sound
the siren
girls and boys rebel
today your souls
might yet be saved!

8. Happy Desperation

why should not senses
swim more promiscuous
collide like music notes and
break across hot borders

meet twelve panes of
plain plate glass to kiss
their surface

9. Keep the Windows Open

Labor Day three-day
we may yet find peace
since you know...
that smell from
oven residue mixed
with cold that comes
through the window
makes my kitchen
taste like freedom
and shine fluorescent
just prior to sunrise

the air so heavily
resonant thickly
clear wavy lines of signals
roaring from piece to
place to please and
face
the empire follows
examples of children
as long they don't
do it like today and
make it all feel strange

A Dream of Me, or China

Outbound from Hong Kong

It's true, Kowloon, that I
missed you while away
two short trysts adrift
in Tsim Sha Tsui

yet now two nights
and two days
have zapped me numb
mainland ready or not
here I come!

Hong Kong, listen here
can you stop
for a second to
smell your own fragrance

Does the ice freeze deepest
just before the thaw and melt?
do clocks slow down
before they start turning
backwards?

your hustle may
keep the city aloft
in the clouds, but the
tides will keep a'risin'
and hummingbirds
can't tread water!

Pengyou, Remember Me (Yangshuo-Guilin-Chongqing)

I.

On the top bunk I woke
and knew at once no time to waste
celebration aftertaste the void
of three days

No time to say goodbye
true friends will understand
Monkey Jane will remember
raising his torso from mattress
Ryan salutes me from the bottom bunk

II.

time time
over walls climb
surely hearing sounds real as
 dollars, meters, pounds
yet their source out of sight
don't forget me, Yangshuo

bus to Guilin
(the one that stops
every thousand yards
all the way to town)

I could tell you
where I am: in fits and starts
the world divides into its parts

Beijing to San Francisco (Christmas Eve 2011)

up and out we roar into
the north
airplane congregation of the East
and west
riding the curves of the Earth
we pray
in the sky form a chapel
racing
facing the Northern pole like
Mecca
shoulder to shoulder our thoughts
blending
all-one dreaming opposite
landscapes

Ambassadorial Spring: A Dream Sequence

Shanghai Definitions->Fudan Daxue

Reunion with friends
of middle March last
from Boone to Bund

Vienna Shanghai need directions
we make trans-Chinese connections
world wide
 all new Mandarins
California left-wing
 sing
 the body public
Chinese
 dream me
 back in time

ring around the board room

swept along by whose broom?
which broom? what broom?
we all don't know!
Board Room fire circle
the president enters smiling
traces the ring shaking hands
budgets falling all is (in) flux

A French Business School in Suzhou

French kiss new world
mechanical brides
in the art of war
you can't paint both sides

Shanghai Zhanjiang
French possessions
careful whenever
you make concessions

macro-micro
or else verse vice
the ways we learn
exact their price

Into Beijing (Words March Into the City)

I.
Beijing land scapes
northern capital
 letters of nouns
do characters make?
any case lower case
covers up the naked face
words have lost their
innocence

II.
I said
 show me around
this character town
 alphabet grounds
the cap and the gown

Beijing Royal School

“you can ask what you
want to a satellite” *teacher* (!)

beam the schoolhouse toward
the heavens rebound back
to the yonder side of
Earth; bound by gravity we might
be but laws are meant to
be broken

upload schoolhouse down the
tube and ride the ridge of
ocean floor
fiber optic tight-rope walk
take the test and learn to
talk
heaven help you if
you fall

leadership: the name of our game
and we play on infinite
fields
our borders are negotiable
the stop signs, really yields
our mandarins are
ripe unto one thousand
secret flavors

Tsinghua-UNC Logistics

supply chain shackles round
the globe! thread our
gaps like strings
of coins!

“Crisis Management in Beijing and Beyond”, train
security, widen the lanes of highways,
teach the people bourgeois
courtesies, smooth the path
for silver ambassadors so
they can feel at home in yours.

connect the dots across your map
inspect the planes prepare
the runways windswept remote
and ever-precious

subscribe to our knowledge
(for) five grand a year, it's
worth its weight in *renminbi*
keep the pace of thought
a'quickening every moment to
pause makes fuel for
firms of enemies

it's dragon boat day and
our turkey languishes
in Hong Kong customs melting
thawing
three million eggs per day
and they'll all be ours

another day another pair
of board rooms
commerce convocations can

we learn our lessons just
in time?
crises in industry loom
like long shadows of babble jargon floats in
the air we breathe and
soothes the burn, hides the singe
of cigarette tars, a double
dose of menthol gives
filthy propaganda
a clean and natural taste

“smart products and
machines that can manage
their own operations”

“data+analytics+intelligence”

if you want smart cities
you've got to build minds

“Internet of Things”
“the connection of physical
things to the internet makes it
possible”

“train the next generation of
leaders!” yes!

“the world's been changing
really fast”!

(->Back to NC->)

The Master Plan for Traffic

found the plans
for the Charboro
traffic system laid
by the walkway across
from Carr Mill

picked them up shyly
suspiciously cautiously
spun round looking
surroundings were clear
and these drawings seem
important

remembered it was May Day
and knew for sure
my solemn duty:
stuffed those plans in
my canvas bag to
follow its red-printed
slogan

At Leeward Lane

morning calm, pervasive signals
saturate the ringing May
hearts unbroken telegraph
a call to arms: escape the maze!

tendrils of jasmine will swallow
the house so slowly they'll hardly
be seen; their fragrance is
seductive to distract you:
you'll pay no mind to small
white flowers of perjury

Allegory of Late California

Shipping Back East (March 2012)

Oakland to Los Angeles
and back
with Cousin Jack
say goodbye to East Bay
for now and take it easy
riders on
golden state interstate
highways!

Central Valley last few
moments of daylight and
what have we done? bobbing
and weaving to avoid the rain,
storm clouds in every direction
banging out our own tunes
since ain't got no radio
we crossed by miles of industrial
cherry trees, saluted the
windmills, remarking
Californian geometries

Into Philadelphia (September 2012)

twisted nested braids
of throbbing trembling lights
sneaking in a downward circle
lefts achieving rights
the glory of cities
was meant to be seen by
souls in the clouds above
the wheels touch ground
to zap my spine with the

shock of brotherly love
Laguna Avenue Return Visitation

Laguna Avenue,
how long to stay with you
any house and every house
naught but what you make of it
media signals enter through
cable television lines
television we have not
and nor do we have
microwaves nor do we
trust the satellites to
carry our signals and handle
our relays delays
we ought to expect these
please accommodate the
problems in my heart.

**Inner Life on Lower Haight:
A Dream Sequence**

I.
speckles of paint were
spattered on window panes
patches of paint been
scraped from the walls

shine shine absorb and glow
white paint interrupted
lazy and casual sinful
scraped away ovals and
lives hung low shine shine
I will solve you my
republic

II.
smile at me city
you owe me your charms
I made electricity
for you with my arms

III.
A parade of lights
pervades the kitchen
walls to floor to ceiling
midnight breakfast of
oils and starches
grasping for a feeling

IV.
warehouse windows
open to the wind
shine of the new
grit of the old
nowadays federal mail
rides the city bus

V.
back thru Oaktown
five times familiar
layers of memory
melt in the streets
flagged down bus but
did not pay attention
rode the 800
the wrong direction
follow my own vain
path in reverse
red and green Oakland

flashes the crossroads

cloverleaf highways
on-ramp launching
our bus so as to span
these windy waving swells
of a treacherous bay

rolling onto Bay Bridge
double police cars
idling upon steel grates
to surveil the public
fade behind me
Port of Oakland a
garden of cranes and
colored containers

Yerba Buena tunnel
held my breath
then look to the left
at the lights of a
dozen foreign tankers
but for a second
felt I beheld
the American navy

San Fran view from the
elevated highway clear
to look high-rises
straight in the eyes

warehouses brightly brim
with activity pieces of
scenery coming together
a trans-bay adventure
afield in the August dark

VI.

California she insists
that every Friday spark
drunken shouts vibrate the mist
and streetlights cut the dark
check some pleasures off your list
then congregate the park
destiny invites a tryst
her lipstick leaves a mark

VII.

idyllic calm on a
Friday fed to a
satellite dream of a
notion burning
America yours
and mine

VIII.

oh, sweet midnight!
Here you come again
a ghost of rain
and wind you open
the door of the kitchen
I expect a pretty woman
but see only shadows

IX. (postlude)

aiya! America!

why do you try so
hard to make me
sad!?

think of the awful places you've sent me!

by the time the rain
stops you owe me
something
better, beautiful and
different lively human

I love you America
but if you don't soon
turn your face toward the
sun and push your heart
upward at the moon,
well...

I love my country
I once sang the Star-Spangled
Banner before classrooms
and auditoriums of Chinese schoolkids
I told them America was more
than toy warplanes and
glue-model battleships and
told that liberty
means more than the
mean rocks of pointless
islands amid blue Glory
of sweet-salt pacific

America if you don't listen
to me you'll fail to hear
your own heartbeat even
if I scream America
why don't you hear me?!

are you behind the other
side of this awful
tinted glass?
it was *you* that put

me behind this glass
so I will sing the
national anthem at
perfect pitch get
ready it's all
gonna shatter!!!

Interlude: 2012 Election Blues

October 10, 2012
even the leaves are full
of sound and the wind
is full of colors
and even the sidewalk
is bathed in emotions like
overturned buckets of paint

Almost Election Day
all to be written--
--humility signposts
canvas bags we
hang on doorknobs
five sunflowers
presiding in glass bottles

some flowers lean
blooms on windows until
they capsize their wine
bottles spinning spill
stale fragrant water on
our hardwood floor

Sunday morning
fall's beginning
farewell Indian summer

to honor the day
make way for breakfast
the sunrise is
filled with pink buttermilk

democracy: an electric line,
a telephone chord, the
rubber has worn away thin
late October, unsuspecting,
seagulls swooping, closing in

Election Day 2012

Oh say can you feel
a great chill in the air
for the sun cannot grasp
such a ghost of a feeling

Election Day+2: Unexpected Energies

when the Emperor
two days ago
had siezed the vital moment
cold snapped her fingers
fog rolled in, revolt!,
it starts to foment,
ferment, so much private acid
burns in our legs,
these hills, grafitti from
years gone by, reneged
and drawn again in
this time bolder hues

you wouldn't expect
this energy still to
course through our voices
plug into the will

bar-room house-made sweet
human ambience
no signs of penitence
let high-power sweet talk
unleash, reveal
the thoughts you have not
yet had time to rehearse

(a nation, in verse:)
oh what beautiful
intricate pieces
shame they will not
fit together well

Allegory of Late California (Conclusion)

Rainy Night in Bakersfield

don't you know
that all I need
is a little seed
of small talk and
a long walk
to set me free

if you smile
at the security guard
he might turn out
to be your friend

from the parking
lot of my hotel
expelled

rebel?
or to sidewalks

highways take flight
from a curfew
at night

to drink down
sounds of Bakersfield
press my face against
the rain-wet cheeks
of suburban reliable
scenes where means
melt into ends
and patches become
leaks

where older grids of
walking streets
give way to the
highways?
concrete medians?
multiple lanes?

from the days of youth
been taught to dance
this fatal swing
to dodge the
highway's dangers

four out of every
five cars is a
four wheel drive
O to be alive
in a highway enclave

if you nod your head
to the security guard
tip your invisible hat

he could, in fact be
on your side, you know
(after all) he isn't a cop
perhaps he can explain
the curfew's terms

Interlude:
Reckoning in the Federal City

Happy New Year 2013 (@407 W. Paterson)
spent the day in brooding
convalescing vivid dreams
wrap my mind round New Year's Day
beneath unpainted beams

Foundation Morning
heavy trucks growl behind
schoolbuses rumbling as
morning commute wraps all
three sides of street-cross
triangles bordering
Union Station semi-circle rung
with flags of the Union's
many-shaped-and-colored pieces

Tunnel Verses
what's the
point of a capital
city with grids
unlinked with underground
lines to ramble and swing
from point to point
can you anoint one

such who can pound
the train-car windows
entice commuters hold
each others hand and
make the subway sing

who'd have thought
a city scape of a
thousand wild dimensions
could day-by-day
reduce itself down to
a mere five lines on a plane

Capital Lament

O Capital my Capital
the long day not yet won
a red moon shining
round the clock has
overthrown the sun...

Concert at Anderson House

a hundred-crystal chandelier
lit by clarion winter day
keep the lights on just in case
you hear the grand piano play

Return to North Carolina

No Crib for a Bed

(For Stedman Gage, 1990-2013)

Don't be worried, Sted
I found the key you left behind
here among the bedroom's lines
your path and mine thus far have led
to a picture of perfect mind

Sigh, well, mind you now, behind
you left these scenes!
Bleak and solemn
weeks and weekends
crooked columns
songs and bookends

sparks of your swagger
careen through the air on
nights unlit by stars in
deed unmoved by the wind

Please don't worry in
stead be holy be angry
be still beside me 'til
I make the first move and
when I do, follow me!

Help me Sted for I'll need soon
to fight my own way
out of this room

now don't you worry I
locked the door behind us and

I've sealed our sounds inside
because, I mean, you know
we had to keep
this thing real close
to make it sing and
keep it dear and hold it
up and out and loud for
smile and cheer to wave
when I close my eyes I'm
sure to get in order these
steps of the mourning dance

now! please!
to the problem at hand!
how to get out of this room?
you see...
infinitives will
not help you to magic
descriptions go only so
far as the eyes

clean air can keep us
alive in the room
but out the window
together we gaze
on perfect springtime!
rain filling dreary days
humid chilly nights of calm
be here now within
the quiet of our room all
kinds of weather feel
to the guess, the touch,
the hope, perhaps—all same
and scary intensely distant

if you asked me why
it's hard to bear down
and down to focus
I would simply drift
away in thought to let
you take the question by
yourself in your own
proper silence

stop, why?
How did our room end
up like this, just so,
a vacuum of details
a box the size of your
lonely troubles, a void in
shape of your awful dreams
a spot where you could
rest your shoulders
place where you may
shed your handcuffs proudly
slowly softly laughing hang
them on that empty wall
dangling on a silver nail

you left me locked
in a room whose walls
are lined with tools and
floors are stacked with
weapons every surface
caked with pollen and
dust all soaked on thick
to face the sky!
where the sun shines bright!

keep your smile
to yourself for now
except to flash for me
in the beams of
light a-criss-cross room-top
revealing termite dots all over
our antique beams
for real, behold!
The lamp illuminates
every ridge and ripple
that marks our white-painted
ceiling

stay with me here
you won't be sorry
the days of joy are
still ahead, just like before
we'll yet be held together
come on now, how such luck
that we could sleep in the
same room, that we can talk
instead of sleep

Nineties Dance @ Cat's Cradle

throb of the beats
trick of the lights
bare thin midriffs
dazzling tights
brushes and smiles
and nudges and winks
some prints some
plains some
sexual pinks
rhythms and headbands
such curl fuzz and shine
a train on the dance floor
must not run on time

darling I can tell
from the look on
your face that
tonight you came
here intending to
subscribe to lovely
friends, to step inside,
to change your life

Pit of Heavenly Peace (June 4, 2013)

Come another June 4
and all through the Pit
pervaded with heavenly
peace here I sit

So quiet you might
hear the bell tower tick
just whines of the engines
no flip-flops on brick

Ah, lo, well, *aiya!*
twenty-four years!
their screams yet resound!
here in our summer
school quiet the
echo of terror moves
clean upon
breezes of guilt

lights all glowing
not interrupted
purple flowers
sway in the courtyard
the great library
casts a thousand
shadows unto
white and yellow lights

nothing moves at all
this fourth of June as
if the whole of campus
fell victim to a
curfew declared by a
secret memo
not a single pair

of voices dare to
risk an innocent
hello or chance
a furtive whistle
even smiles are
held at bay
tonight since
no one's here
to smile them

On June the 4
this year of ours
the countdown here begins
one month 'til
independence day
and we shall
see who wins

New Liz Ross Debut @ Second Wind

a crowd of
carefree beautifuls
forms in
rings and lines
drinks on ice
and ceiling fans
winks and smiles
and signs

a gorgeous crowd
it leans it sways
it grooves
it yearns it moans
it pines
the time has come
to kiss our summer
farewell to designs

ask me who
I really am
should you be
so bold
tell you I'm
a poet and you'll
do as you are told!

(the) rain comes down
I pray the heat
shall rise
and rise and rise
puddles into steam conceal
a mid-July surprise

how could summer
feel so frantic
why so nervous
with your leisures
what made color
hold its places when
will your talk
dissolve into song?
strike your poses
stomp the pedals
throw your passion
into tremolos
climb the pitches
crawl the scales
brush the guitar
and bang the nails!

mercy me
such pretty dresses
fluttering on
the indoor breeze
swish and verve
such clever faces
color nearby
cheeks with ease

merrily away we go
oh Carrboro oh me
oh my well nigh
a gentle gift
a trembling song
a simple thing
a friendly lift
ye gals and boys
come sing along

Pantana Bob's in June

every single shape
of shirt, all
the cuts of dress,
every color fabric
every face you
fail to guess

all the hot affections
all the celebration poses
every single social type
azaleas, dogwoods
even roses

press your cheeks
together now
hug each other
tight and meet
your eyes now press
your hands make
sure you understand
in the very same way
now freeze!

look upon each other
here and grasp how
lucky you are!

In Company, On Carr St.

behold the porch
at loud past three
beyond concerns
of us and me

a cardinal quartet

of bitching friends
two wearing Jordans
colorful lowtops
two in pastel shorts
flamboyant flip-flips
headache rambles
genial confusions
kindly symbols

July 2013 Carolina Blues

steam on the pavement
sparks in the news
come late July
I've got the Tarheel blues

tis not the season
to be too jolly
(got) more than one reason
to overthrow Raleigh
splash your summertime
passionate hues
and paint me a message
(it's) yours to choose

(ain't) no such thing
as a clean book of rules
who let the toolbox(es)
swallow (all) the tools
blues from the oranges
county to the town
open house front yards
white black & brown

you can sing your way out
if that's what you choose
in a late July

full of Carolina blues

Late Summer Night at Plaza East

a Saturday soaked
in warm heavy rain
summer now shyly
beginning to wane

banded, beaded
waves of clouds all
sculpt each other
in moonlit motions

beyond midnight
diligent streetlights
yawn and sigh
not much it seems
beneath their beams
the clouds above
do roll and sway
yet down, below, here and
now just another lonely
parking lot of stillness
bathed in fluorescence

August 20, 4:52 AM on Fidelity St

Ghosts stroll casually
through the screen
door, no drama
for the seeing
no just passing
by, oh please
now listen to exactly
what you say
what you said

so sing your way out
of tropical depression
our life is a mess
but gorgeous the squalls
of things and
feelings, precise
the plans but
vague the means
ghosts float casually
through the screens

Afterthought:
Twelve-tone Academic Overload
(From Spring 2009)
Saturday Morning Modernism

No enterprise is utterly foolproof, no business operation succeeds in its wicked hopes of airtight control and absolute opacity.

Saturday morning modernism
meeting on the conspiratorial
dimension of the architectural
treasures

George Matsumoto

Cameron house

Henry Johnston, Flynt residence

Charles McMurray on the
design of BCBS building

NCSU weirdos and rubes

education in design qua design

A.G. O'dell (?), prominent firm from
Charlotte

from architecture to furniture

—Kahn, —Matsumoto, —Yale design
school in the Silver Years of
the New Haven Bauhaus

—Chicago Art Institute, cross-
disciplinary intercourse, the
mythology of the Black Mountain
avant-garde: artist/philosopher/
poet/architect, idyll and
ferment of the transcendental

Appalachian

—Ford Foundation building in NY,

—McGeorge Bundy in the top
corner office, glass
\$500/square foot
afterglow of post-war
imperial confidence; total design

—Arts center at U.M. Ann-Arbor
modeling the flow of sunlight

—Knights of Columbus building

—Arts Center at U. Mass,
protruding overhangs, art
studios open to north,

---> from University dreams
of modernism to the spectacular
aesthetics of performing arts
revival

from depth to surface, from
functional purism to

“how you make a statement
using a structural image”

—South Beach New World Concert
Hall designed by Frank Gehry

great ideas, tough to pull off
modeling the micro-level

physical shape of the company,
so that a new headquarters
may fit like a glove

subdivision of labor within the
superfirm--->to imbue the
activities of the firm with
an aura architectonic will obliterate
consideration of glass facade
transparent/stained/mirrored

—A.G. O'Dell

from a streamlined unremarkable
backgrounded redoubt

to a declarative monument,
holding out itself to the
gaze of passers-by on the
highway, “make me an image
building”
taming the flow of light with an angled geometry
overload the system with the
mad, dare-devil rhombus

--->reserves of computing power
called in from McDonnell-Douglass
a rhombus of rectangular
floors, each rising level is
displaced to the north and east,
as if the layers of a straightened
box appear as if in the
pull of a tractor beam, drifting
out and lifting skyward
“honed, 'clef-face', polished
granite”, a sheen without shine
evolutionary movement from
totalizing, customizing,
uncompromising “will to design”
BCBS urban myth of backward rhombus
my morning picture, aesthetic
renewal at sun-up and
sundown
from structure to picture,
depth to surface, architect
half-million dollar art shopping
spree with bigshots.
“we've all seen a lot of this”
says the trucker-cum-aesthete
high-art furniture after the
epoch of arrogance---> avant
custom designed opened up

to the client
for the myriad possibilities
of unconscious expression.

from textiles to “real art”
every artist at the Pace,
Africa series of 7 prints
payed “nothing” for Robert
Indiana hung a big 5
on the 3rd floor, thus creating
an unwitting object-lesson in
the semiotic perplexities of art
after representation
be they numbers or shapes (?)(%)
sign or decoration (?)(*)
lettering in brown-like-letter
in precise “Helvicta medium”
Duncan Stewart: mathematics
Robert Carr
marital tug-of-war over
the will to architecture
modernist house expedient for
watchful parents.
3.7 acres shaped like a
teardrop

Movie Night in Utopia

Utopia
3 moon 23 day
San yue er-shi-san hao.
(otherwise March 23)

Die Artisten...

Spirit and Structure of '68
what do you do when you've
reached the summit of your struggle
Lingshan? My soul is no mountain

How I long for yesterday
Angels and Greeks and marching
soldiers and sci-fi moderns
four generations of end

non-new world of Australian oil
circus-play return of repressed
imperial-national longing
sexual mastery of alligator?
Dirt on the face, snake bites,
van loaded with dregs of
post-construction
sovereign violence against the self
crazed hungry ritual of circus engaging in (~) (!)

woman tailing at greasy wheelside
reckless renegade passion of
emotional life is distilled into
proportionate performance of
exotic violent spectacle

social metaphor of circus elephants
as fascist subjects

temporary slum of trailer
campground cleanly nature
and dirty structure culture
fringe...
car charging through winter
slush...so-called evil—great ideas,
not what the market wants, but

what you want...to start a
business

vintage Bolshevik stripper?

Utopia of filmic frontier a
restrospected vision or recombination
of culture in line with the movement
of the representational

woman acting a parodic Prussian
public subject (with power)

parallax of belly button

loneliness of knight-aviator in
biplane, romance falls into
piano/organ sweet dissonance

utopia of the artistic godhead
“all we can do is to push our
standards higher!”
pedestrian sexual tension on
grungy couch
molestation by the doctor at
14, struggle in the fat clouds of
velvet,
education as illusion and hope
the open lie of late socialist power,
struggle for vain humanization.

Mythology of Dr. Happiness fertilizer

the state's elite mega-circus is every
bit as freakish in its
soul-crushing harmony

the Maoist heavenly gaze:: we may
yet be as swirling Jupiter
farce of cartoonish fiat bills as
nothing better than shit

gyroscoping by the neck
the future has an excess of speed!

Can't let the children play with
dolphins

socialist bathroom with a
hazy and dangerous electric
portal-window to a fictive
cowboy west.

Fill the glass with _____.

Only as a capitalist can one change
things.

Champion elephant-artist-slave
for a cool 12,000 Deutschmarks
trucks & tents and folding tables
prophetically ephemeral-thin
architectural membranes with
canvas skins stretched tight over
piling poles, by ropes tethering
the whole thing to stakes
plunged deeply and without care
interesting-in-itself, but its an
inconvenient distortion, over-cultural
freak-out
the carnival will certainly be
televised

waxing apparatchik in front of
ornate (Chinese?) screen
the tainted body of the circus
leaks its excess like guilt and
fear.

Reading nude in the tub, “filthy Indian”
not in this universe, absurd neurosis
of “love is a misconception”

A shade of a guilty “Hitler”
scrubbing vainly in a mirror
many for entrepreneurs; none
for socialists, movies in the
newspaper on an ornate-sterile
table cloth

the aggressive blond Swiss athlete
animal (un-) attraction of aurora roaring

not to submit passively to sensations.

It is the horror of the circus
(football, nascar, gladiator) that
compels the full ruthless measure
of our earnest identification

staging the animal narrative of
Shoah

architecture presence of
still surviving shapes

the utopia of our destiny is
a catastrophe in the wings

a downward-spiraling mutation
into utter contingency, smothering
complexity coming up hard
and fast Potemkin Trojan 747
loaded to the brim with
the last remaining data-tape
earthquake backup copy code
sequences corresponding to
altogether novel cancers
of astonishing sophistication

The Kamikaze threat floats above
the circus a strange toy token

nomadic rolling architecture
as metaphor for metastasizing
power and the desperate...

rapt spectacle listening to the elemental
narrative of our libidinal life

Foucauldian (organic) detectives on
the trail of the horizon where
adolescent deviants
attempt in the shadows of painted light
to hide alone together

You want to achieve utopia maybe
cross the threshold of quasi-agency
where one has the freedoms of the
solitary romance of a
secret Congress

Where you cannot love, pass by,
countless mines and oil wells in

post-colonial utopia of Africa
in Civil War!
Scholastic (monastic!) Masonic!

Utopia of trans-cultural
carnival flooding across the
globe,

sieze the tomes of
enlightened power/knowledge.
education for the global promotion of
Latin

soul wandering among beautiful
things

utopian lifestyle of cosmopolitan
corruption, opportunist prophets
of novel pharmakon dreams.
Couches of art and
dirt blood cream colored
light bulbs