





SPIRITS IN THE ALBINO HOTEL  
THROWING ANTLERS

J. Karl Bogartte

LA BELLE INUTILE ÉDITIONS

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*“On that green table there it was played, many tried to move the aggravated solution of light and darkness, but she was, this baffling superior, far outreaching than others. The high degree brought to bearing, defeat was above, while desire itself prized only most perverse beauties to win, beneath, for only a handful, from great distances. To win by loss of everything within sight. A result of mysterious movement to subdue...” -Anonymous*





Exile is a distant river, a doorway of telepathic perturbations cracked open like thirst for heart valve and amethyst... The way you gesture excitedly, antelope and annotated, one of Les Silencieux throwing silences the way an eclipse shelters the unbearable, the way... this way... her body in sleep resembles the lunatic petals of the first sunlight, scattered by the wind to the four corners... Only that way.

\*

A gown of loons for a pedestal of exact science, a fresh scent caught in a trap, without warning. Through the corridors of harsh projection, for an early morning dalliance, the storm-jewelers are winning objects of delirium... Which image is yours then, to be, to insist, when you hesitate, when you resist, or accept, when... light is a phantom body, a memory of invisible movement. Not for the unworthy. But anyone... The glowing feathers of an accidental disturbance, narrating light.

The mirror-gestures, magnet of intrusion and other biological fields, and always prone to humming. Presence is a disturbance in the feathered domain of accidental discoveries, the awesome meandering, the crash-landing into mutable slander. Flowering conduit of the unrecognizable, leaves the door open, leaves the object to ritual lepidopteran smoke-screening and, impossible to distill, leaves the statues to their own milky incursions. The curtains of clarity refuse their substance without the intrusive oneiric of misshapen windmills, strolling across the esplanade.

The calyx of a holding pattern spreads Arrival in the middle of the night, Eureka dips into desire. But there is fire before somnambulance and bright fingers. There will be what is now your double reflection, spreading all that can be seen in you, dear Luminous, your animal neurons wandering near the tenuous side of consciousness. Your name is a doorway, your breath, spinning another constellation. An unavoidable fuse. Delirious beehive of light, her way through, she intensifies her liquid, her reflections in the dark.

Those books on fire, the invisible ones. Psychosomatic and statue-colored. How near you always are, between bodies, specific words... The entanglement of source codes, dazzling signals. Heavy objects, so heavy they splinter, wounding. Real life dazzling out of sabotage, and always the effortless sense of unavoidable presence. Droning. Bursting. Searing. Snarling from the earth of the body, blackest dirt, scraps of bone, stained, lit up by fires, stars...

\*

Image is soft focus and flooded, torrential. Image quakes and is lost in the hedonism of pollen, androgynous-bird-woman in the moon window of a sinister forking. Laden with fissures, scattering static she pollinates in exile, contortions into hallucination firing splendid barricades.

Raven unfurls an eerie silver eye for a look of Panther who greens the window with telepathic murmuration. Watching night, arcing. Your message was a pedestal of arson, a violin face. You collide with a mirror, re-directional as light in very large numbers. Pathos is weaponry. Night, fur. Lamp, skinned alive.

\*

The only risk worth taking is eyelashes scattering sand and above the pedestal. A doorway of dervishing, brightly under layers of surrendering to your enemy, to surmount them... Take apart the proceedings... Miraging into incantation.

\*

Shadow is a magical pet on the outskirts of window-like abruptness. She is the trick of ellipsis... to dissolve, memories of a tangled space untangling... a bookless tumult for an endless narrative... Where omens of luscious take center stage, follow the mime without looking, only the shadowing, the patina of crystal urging the warm body of delirious movement, take apart the podium of Bengal striking up the band.

Dolorosa, fugitive lamp. Sudden phenomenon is the drapery of vexing in and out of bright feathers. Everything trembles at the drop of a hat. The wilderness leaping for eyes heavy with sap and thirst, flickering madly.

\*

The numbers are not avoidable, nor is the length of service any less amendable, to magnetic fields, secret gatherings. Egyptian powders, to take down for the heroine. The hawk and hawkness, the multiple arcs. Incision of intimate knowledge about the nature of her listening-tongue and the insincere fingering.

\*

The beautiful daughter, the Amaryllis magnifying glass. Soft spot of the antechamber. Her plume is named for an awkward reflection, while doorways take command of the tides and other explosive devices.

The double-faced window of a highland arc, the fearless one, the archeologist with larval-smoke and teetering, she gestured... She swallows and glows from within. Throws the first fire, with pitchfork urges. Troubles the lorn, translates into aspects of incendiary and babbling, coupling a shadow. You project accommodation with ambiguity and a penchant for heuristic pendulums. Desire is a flash fire clothed in dusk.

\*

Pleasure is a paradoxical axon to the annotators of language. You have long since lowered your resistance to myelin milkweed and the splendid solace of a torch, bleeding a constellation whenever possible. For what unnamed street introduces a midnight stroll in phosphorus and synapses, and the word corona overrun with crying machines and sinister keys searching for hidden locks.

In your hunting, desire spreads the quickness of sudden entrances. A fully defined weapon befriends the loss of innocence. A parallel feast, or sudden gestures leaving sleep...

\*

Pouring the water, underground, forming a vase for a doorway. An exquisite object overwritten with ghostly allusions. She slips into the signified on stilts and loons. He is the memory of a lost civilization, replete with incomplete angles. That specific or missing page of the book where you appear...

\*

A delayed message, a treatise of principle light, hallucinating for a dress of anemones and flight charts, nightly missions. Spells rooted inside for ancestral gestures powered by lighted glands and decisive numbers. Siren, signal, the fire of an entrance, the golden dust of Anacaona... Biography of an emergency landing...



Do not write those words, the ones regarding a taste of erasure or indecision. Without scales. The distance between mind and sunlight is the amount of voices needed to fill the abyss. Your name is Incantation. Your shadow: Salamander. Reflection... Fire.

\*

To transfer by scent alone, is to salivate uncontrollably. Your own Outer Space is shaped by neurons of obsession. The other, by means of intangible movements, river-like and sinister, that window with a painful and joyous glow... Your fingers inside the puma, stirring plasma... Your face is water, swallowed by birds, and stepping in deeper water and throats of growling alive in the lightning room. Mouths as close to touching as perfume is to a puzzling dream.

\*

In delirium there is ample room for the illusion of pleasure, the black flower of night, the nitro of love's glycerin in the warehouse of mannequins...

Image circles the garden, then tears a pathway through a wall, down there, beneath ambiguous statues. Where the need for emerald comes to light, battles with indigo and other spectres, collides with the enchanted wall of night. The earth emits sparks under your feet. Mind is allowed to follow a lit fuse outside of conscious levels. Where your skin of great birds unfolds a marvelous dialectic. The awkward analogy of an assassin who loves you.

\*

The anti-muse of a muser arcs for dissenting above all. Maze hieroglyphs for blindfolding, and recovers the brilliant image wrapped in archery and pathological precision. You channel a rainforest, braille a constellation, to ricochet in the most desirable fashion. You sleepwalk to uncover a mystery, without waking too soon...

\*

Each time night never ends, a touch of blood, a distant gasp. Desire always over-reaching, to escape into morning. You are raised out of incantation.

The Jester moth and Orchid face comeingle in conspiracy, weapons were used and eclipse was a devastating word. A female word more beautiful than a still-wrapped mummy with lightning for windows. A first-born word for shadow. You were stealth against whatever luxurious arc evaded each obscene luminosity. Language was breeding its children in secrecy. Silence was not a doorway... a weapon slipping through.

\*

The lost scripts are merciless intrusions, endgames on reversed reflections, bird-colored on aroused tables. Your means of seduction depend on the moon and its blue vials. Radical contortions as stealth, as any trace of blood, or heavy breathing... Your ace of duplicity left behind every appearance, struggling with absence, so close, and it always amuses you, leaves you breathless...

\*

Night is the Rose of Cadeira and the plumb line of an orphic disguise.

Pinnacle was never alone, a bleeding ground for starlight, breeding, pale colorless flowers bordering a misfit embrace of optical synesthesia. The scent of a howl capitulates to sudden indigo. A game for children and other hybrids, a self-portrait against reasonable doubt. Throwing bones at the moon for ignition.

\*

Blue is a shawl of northern lights for a phoenix gyroscope, a bridal turbulence. A fire-dive into an evening of window-dressing. When you are visible, when you are not... Life is a random swimming sensation, a valuable night-light ridden by shadows, powered by a last resort of lunacy and... You don't understand those words... Keep writing, what Blue imagines.

She is axolotl for the revenge of light, you are the spyglass of incandescent messages, drawing exact locations for the secret desiring-machine, the awkward cry of well-placed pigments. It is how you spread your uneasy disasters, your ancestry of small stones for amazing entrances...

\*

You dreamed, more than yourself, as others dreamed of you, as other than... But Image finds you, divides you into amusing tales and inappropriate megaliths.

And they are still spinning, under the pyramids,  
auras of ancient miners stretching the endocrine nucleus  
between the auroch and the silvering of unfashionable  
nouns. They orchestrate your arrival in pairs and sala-  
manders for la petite mort in the most awkward position.  
Shadow dancing in braille. The counterfeiter's milky way.  
Disturbing the violation at the end of a sentence... "On  
the 31st day, a red moon, the Cabeiri lit their candles..."  
And there was a pause that seemed to last forever...

\*

Breathing in unison is a fierce rubbing that emits  
sparks to attract lightning.

Bright leaves, erupting of the tree for tossing flares. “We are not alone. They come as the swimmers dive and disappear like imprinted words...” to become the targets of those who paint their faces with the primal scent of a nameless memory. The eerie qualities of passage and discord that lead to the ramparts. You foreshadow the invisible arc of the welder’s pleasure, to touch the trembling and make it glow, that awful trembling space filled with voices and lost pages. But, it glows...

\*

The color of your voice is ancient in its improbable origin, a gathering of images, the child of twins, inescapable and agonizing pleasure. Cellular vessels, precambrian flesh tones. She let you in, to the fog, the fracture, into the flood. For her you were wolf-body, silent, corpse-like and amazing... A great hall exhaling windows, the pavilion of risk. The marvelous moments when we collide, you and I, night and fire. The freshly assembled whirring of that insidious perplexing-machine, choosing seduction, a name and a weapon... a bed of jellyfish for light.

The vampire and the crystal change places with the magnetic fields and the outer ring of consciousness. Under her dress, pleasant-sounding marmosets signal maddening conspiracies. The fuses, bright leopards in Gaelic follow suit. Your chosen image, a name taken out of context. The wail of a timing device.

\*

Random thought embodies phantoms to detonate uncertain depths of contrivance, blossoming translation of irradiating endorphins into almost-visible vessels. The agony of speech, raising the Trances, masking into the night-going and otherwise aloof Mirage people, the pointed ones. Separated by glands and visionary hyoid-bottlenecks. Incantation unites them in seduction. You are often at a loss for the most appropriate words...

\*

Torn apart by transparency, dreaming gestures while swimming.



You are no closer to choosing your name, than the nubile deer-fight of immaculate podiums clashing to discover their proper balance. The genius of appropriated fire, your whispering. A meme for carnivorous light. An ancient phrase for priestess-gathering steam. The scent of an image coming to life, in the early morning hours, on the outskirts of sleep.

\*

Gannet and garnet inside the guardian of secretly practiced rites, foaming at the mouth, the immaculate ladle of Sadean nerve endings and unfinished rewards... Screwing darkness into a moth, voyage into the reverse of a shadow, the unclouding of tremendous gowns and mumbling. She consented to your history, inserting her own ravenous ending, left unfinished. A rich golden patina, forked between languages. An obscene shimmer to light up the open windows.

A phantom pairing in the Night Hotel, cyanotype and melting wax, a notebook for the fear of unsigned cloth. The solace of not pretending, for the sake of a night that entered backward, the hand-woven nucleus of the auditory nerve. Where antecella and cella combine the intrigue of salvia and exhaustion into very fine knives. With these words the Agonist and the Analogue stir their ubiquitous endorphins, emerging doorways and those ethnographic movements of palpitating scent. You refuse to be led astray, and you arm yourself with bright weapons.

\*

She let you in, to the mirage, the rapture, and into the flood...

When the serpents are visible, flickering windows in marginalia, gathering light, there is that royal transparency of your process, your sundial of brightly burning night. All that you do when spinning webs of flight and flickering out of view...

\*

A grand lesson in Cormorant, that once forbidden language. Water takes a shawl and disavows any threat of disgrace. Light is in estrus, in calendar and blood-deep in iron... If you design to denounce by dangerous models... Liminal and litmus to kirlian trees raising the field. Your mind is a space of wildly dancing mannequins.

A stealth motion, immoral setup towards sight  
unseen, prophets to kill and women topple to enrapture.  
Time to be precise. A wretched space to enact, a radical  
place, the upstanding plume. Assembling the incendiary  
terrace for your reflection in time, through a window  
scattered by sunlight. From a great distance, exhaling  
darkness, a tall-tale configuration. A singular portrait  
built for two.

\*

The moment of waking is butterfly lunation for  
homeless gypsy nudes.

A dangerous mix of quetzal and quartz in body-vessels, to gather sparks for the medicinal movement of fluctuating invisibility and fluidity. To become visible, to mimic in altering... She unwound herself with watery moccasins and milky teeth, a prerequisite of endocrine costumes. A crime into transparency, all the vessels in a row, all the vessels make a furnace of radical visibility. You only assume to form a constellation, a mirror, a ladder. You are running on night vision, balancing on a thread. Raising mimicry to a secret tincture of heavy breathing... Mouth to mouth... To guess is another breath, more starlight, more hunger...

The awesome trajectory of that Maasai walking stick, speaking Toucan in primal gestures, you are rabid with the ghostly fluid of space-time for the shimmer of pins and needles. Always pointing...

\*

Desire is a river, a special kind of clothing incapable of detection without pearls sharing ravens with the earliest morning of all. Projecting life through the eyes, bright plumage of a startled gasp. You are a lunatic riverbed, a tungsten dialogue with nocturnal skin. The water dreams of your spine for a gyroscope... when the animals spread mirrors for enchantment in the swimming of somnambulant gestures and mad tinkering in the veiler's paradise. To be night-fed by the one-eyed babel. Blindly floodlit and speechless.

Burials of appearance, pyres of locomotion, hazardous moth-like tremors. You spread your sight polishing talismanic signals and interrupted sirens, in the garden, inside a cave where leopards feed on childish indecision... projecting windows like a sudden landslide bringing down a handful of astrological totems.

\*

A double face, a triple movement, a buried husk that glows in the dark like a negative star. The “Silence, my love” of a startling memory, predicting the possible enzymes of computation. Life is the static of an entrance, auguring passage through corridors that don’t exist. Breathing fingers alive with fading, always pointing...

The angora of perception rings a bell, raising the tables with ghostly stakes. You listen to the accents for tutelage of resuscitation, and you flood with tinctures and pigments glowing awkwardly in latent messages. Against the wall, the hummingbird sewing machine plays havoc with your presence, activating webs of a time-lapse pulled up out of the earth through your eyes.

\*

Apparition shuddered on the outside, was mantis on the inside preying. Everything was in transformation, a criminal offense, a revelation. A darkness too bright to see. You become cinematic, bordering on sabotage. The ambitious flight of horns, a heartrending story on the cusp of a slingshot.



Costumes running rampant, seeking models to embody, to expose, what you might feel is not, to think is not, but the excitement of ravishing. To emulate the first equation. Your gesture before spoken... In no uncertain terms.

\*

*"The unbearable transparency of the lunatic was in proportion to the beauty of the alchemist's wife, who sews up the golden mummy in a nebulous cat's cradle for the hidden desires of the onlookers, who have long since departed in the eyes of moths."*

\*

You become devious when transporting the heaviest images...

Somber is the quickest flower, she melts in the evening. She is often fierce with Emerald, who is blind and unruly. They provide the most intangible evening stroll. Together they are the meridian of doorways, foraging for murmurs, while the Red King sleeps, in another language... "I saw a river instead of a dream..."

\*

Endogenous monocles illuminate the last survivors of Macedonian Flasks, the perfumed visage of the gathering place, now glowing stones, now costumes of jarring doors, unsurpassed reflections. Laying eggs that can't be seen.

\*

An image that strikes you, defeats you... an occurrence of *déjà vu* in the middle of a conversation. A *doppelgänger* for light. Sipping radium in the dark. Slipping into Sable, the beauty of inconsolable locks, immeasurably long sentences, moon of the deepest lake...

The eel-headed sentry, half painted and fabric of shadow, a sundial reservoir. To denounce the unavoidable, to quiver it. Meticulous piecing together all that cannot be, seen, the arc-gathering mirage in albino head-dress. Maya in acrobatics, shape-brandishing the sense of somatic veils bursting open in the garden. The envy of a tumultuous root system, turning windows in the desert. To feed the silence with ions and spores, a spinning top of chemical reactions, and that “have we met before?” smeared across many years of a stone’s throw away from presence and absence. Sleeping together. A flood of night-heavy particles...

\*

Your eyes beneath the dust of sparks, the drone of loose-fitting dimensions.

You wax rapidly for the melody of a precocious schism wrapped up, like a waterfall, in a gown-dragon for the librarian's table. A lunar-fiddling dream. The unsettling geometry of a superb marksman. A doorway of calipers.

\*

Almandine, sister of Mint, the little savage. She befriends a toss-up of angular rags, polishing triangular surfaces of Opia and Oneida into a night-harp. Slipping through a morii keyhole, ending a very long sentence for a moment of whispering between walls. The Cabal of Aurora, sending x-rays into a séance of perfect gestures...

\*

Spine-flow for a body full of light years. Lighted water, liquid body, breathing incandescence... Slipping through your fingers, light stains for windowpanes, liquids for distant telescoping. The words for luminous vessels are only spoken in secrecy.

Image is a trace of blood, lit by animal shapes. A semblance of evasion, rather fireflies. Image projects Object into a portrait of unnatural gazing... "Beware! Shadow crossing..." Standing still on night's bedside manner, a torch of rapid maneuvers. To design, to assassinate. Image conceives a terminal field of magnetic attraction. She loves Object to a mainspring, to incite a feverish grasp. Obscene dance. The roulette wheel spin on the way you refuse to compromise without subterfuge, without italics, paw prints, sudden landings, without a touchable darkness, for identical opposites.

\*

The sense-riddled summit of the one image that escapes you. The intolerant one, the inexplicable, the one that howls from a distant place, convulsive with light. The one that hunts for you and moves counterclockwise through your body.

“My precious Indigo... How I love to see you this way, without a portrait of disguise, vulnerable and indecent, impaled and destroyed, like the first dawn...”

\*

A multiple of appearances in one swoop, a bright bewildering narrative. Assyrian veils torn to shreds, for wings, “I am your lamp, your moth antennae and voice. I am the sling-blade of conspirators, the warm tenderness of mumbling. A veil of ashes, a jealously guarded instrument of surprise...” Each indefinable gesture relives those flowering schematics for tilting the principle point of tension between a phantom space and the live dream, between the eyes... one hovering body over another, rapturous theories of seduction beyond the point of no return.

\*

The mind is a handful of golden dust, a grand gesture to imitate the storm, challenge dissolution.

Luminous is a waterfall, devouring a desirable attraction, while shaped by Discord who is never contained or spoken of, except as Delirium, who imagines Apprehension when she sighs to mimic hermetic objects of a secret arousal.

\*

What is planted in night's belly, a long-tailed grimoire to mink the utterings of minx, dipping underneath, the sundial of enchanted pores. Ghostly personages forced through the space of less time than it takes to either repel them, or give in to their own daylight longing. The watchtower will always remain incomplete, sirens go up in smoke, and your eyelids are flickering madly in the mirror of the aerialists.

\*

By animal warmth and eyelight, shaking the heron rattle in the lightning bed, cutting night into ladders and depth of field. The entrances grow further apart, the others growing more ambiguous, raising a deeper turbulence of instinct... To mingle with fury, elasticity for the body's aboriginal web.

There are beautiful engines barricading the streets, soft and liquid bestiaries, sirens of anatomical window-games. At the edge of time the elder's lens appears without hesitation, sharing conundrum and pineal gland melodies. For a seasonal molting, to replace not the bees spinning their sheets of glass, but the Keepers dreaming that once upon a time will come, heavy with bells flourishing inside the starlight ovens. Shaping lead into fusible gifts. Replace the words with shrieks of nightingales, beneath the skin, startled, lightning shaped. Fluorite-enabled. Transparent as water. Missing in Peru...

\*

All that is lost to interpretation, she becomes a passing moment for a panorama, a blind assassin fondling the wind that leads to your entrance.



The jewelry-keepers are the magnetic poles of asymmetrical dialogue. The dark sub-rosa tourniquet arrives when poppies disrobe the alchemists for the red and blue shifts. The Mare speaks night words when cornered in the Alcove of Rapture... riddled with systemic dialects... fresh words in the underground... the way you ache for only that curious intimacy of ambiguous arcs. The bright ones, the whispering, those disjointed ones and the ones that hallucinate for wandering.

\*

Secrecy is the spectrum of ridiculous joy. The vertiginous scent of cursive tracks, still warm to the touch, ignited by your breath of forgery and kisses. Predatory eyes, cruelty of the mouth, breeding with flowers. Spring is an obscene dance of the intangible... That otherness coming to meet you in the darkness beneath the sun. Her bones are singing sweetly, incoherent spelling...

Tiresias with wheelbarrow-wings and snake charm, that masterful chandelier. But only in wolf-light follows the luminarias into mythemes and ballet, expecting disorder for water... "Is there light in this place?" "My flesh is made of a ghostly dimension, phantom blood with whirring tension, can you feel my scent?" "The nape of your neck brings news of the fountain, without struggle, to drink..." Arcane and orchid.

\*

The origins by mouth of word, the vodou moth with moon-belly, and the bones are tiny rivers of incantation. Not speaking, shivering. Image is the scheme for the absence of Image, who struggles with light and shade, for indecent and high-pitched cries and dark perfumes. You are gelatinous for tomorrow when you crystallize for each entrance in a devastating vista of sparks. There is no end to whatever story told...

The trace of your blood among the symbols of the Tarot was enough to propel the curious into lifelong adventures. The Book of Fog, what she wrote, was hidden, the way night eats your shadow, the way feral inside bends pinnacles into the way she commands the room, the tower, the scent of forest, the way she lived, and burning, a handful of neurons... she was a landscape of optical aberrations, the abyss of a shadow on an empty street, at night, after the rain... The palace dismantled by sorcery, a spark in umbral inkwell. A sacrifice for lucidity and long drawn-out phrases... No sacrifice.

\*

Sleep is the heaviness of your reflection hanging from a tree that isn't there. A soft-spoken word filled with plant lights.

Jackals imitate girls in the blacksmith rose. A decent storm brewing devious pathologies, demon-hissing into crystal. Your sex lighted with bees...

\*

You are transparent for constellations, a fire for the window-clamoring. Concealed matters jamming the exit, for interpretation, for the oval-eyed woman of the diamond revolver, encoded for love. Chasing amber from Minoan brides and other sources of pleasure, and other impossible positions... Otherwise, there is a key, and the velocity of lightning out of the wandering albatross, who speaks, sets fire to the garden... between hybrid and other navigational errors... Snowing leopards of the door. Talons for light.

Image in exile, in ravaging, in eclipse of disrupted parallels, into a river that comes out to meet you through an open door.

\*

Forming uncanny light out of eyes closed, soaked in landscape and primal space, dust, starry slime. To strike voltage for transfer of shadow into defiance, there is that irresponsible grace of sudden movement, turning the table into D'Abano's asymmetrical compass. Child's play with imaginary delight, cat's cradle for a chest full of night and a frenzied interpretation of objects. The sleepwalker's gestures, above all, the source of enchantment, insurrection...

At the Inn of Mari, lamina, sign language, Le Grand Tamanoir is gathered in constellation for a splendid sanctuary of misplaced letters... and dimensions hovering with lip service, on a scale of 1 to 10, with lyrical configuration and prurient interest. You reflect with invisible tactics. An eerie sense of nothing lost, composed into Abracadabra, who, night-scatter into stars, untells the story for a diffusion of sight-unseen.

\*

She is morphos, turning blue between layers of turbulence. The flares projecting repeated whispers, igniting each portrait in many places at once, a woman, river, drinking, countless clues in accidental places. Instability leaves a trace of candles and reckless conjuration. Precious mint is always the presence of a scissors in the darkness of love.

The image without reason is an exception to the rule. The plural is placenta of imaginary vibrato, droning. She is the image, undoing, consumed, spitting image. You are the gatherer, the state of being actively offered, for mirroring, dark matters, wolf-lamp for breathing, double voice for an evening chamber, liminal threshold, a negative light and a mouthful... image to shun, to cabal, interface for schemes to sharing blood and fire, in bewildering chiaroscuro... The image is your body grazing for immoral rumors in the carcass-driven desert of oneiric anomalies, silvering, desaturation, a shadow-dance of altered neurons. You shift among images, a tall radiant plume.

“I am bound to you by clavicle and discord, a theory of corpse flowers for an aleatory conjuration... You transformed on the pollen table. I hardly know you by sight. I follow your footprints. I dissolve when necessary. I ignite.” You are not only an image... Incendiary.

\*

No defeat, ever, salacious crisis for memory out of shuddering movement, to disregard, but for that delirious conspiring to incandescence.

\*

Tomorrow arrives ahead of notice, through the open door, a one-eyed Quasimodo telescoping out of childish glee, altered by your gaze. The way to tell it without a story, but a dancing veil combining numbers that outpace each other, unlock entrances with a multiple shadow-language for the ones who never arrive... They return, baffled by gazing.



A desirable field approaches your body's edges,  
great walls inscribed by birds ignited for awareness.

\*

An image for animal breath sewn by candelabra  
and endocrine into heavy breathing, landmine and crystallization. Your circuitry in communication with stealth,  
for the river of young brides and tender entrances. The  
negation of an image with its own negation, for intoxication and breeding. It is the way you are mindful of a  
certain balance for one sight to another. A body full of  
starlight, for the scheme of things...

\*

Blood-thirsty analogy, to spoke yourself with outrageous contortions.

Night in braille, poison and antidote for a hybrid of black and flower slashed by ultraviolet. To breathe clairvoyance through stone, speaking in tongues to the lost fingerprints traveling incognito towards daybreak. A single image replaces your history with layers of silence turned by paws into unrecognizable balconies. Light speaks, night listens. Pearls circling a miasma of gestures seeking an entrance.

\*

For intoxication, there is fur for the enchanter's tower, facial-lepidoptera for pelvic charm, dimensional collusion to enrich your brow of forgotten plumage. What is remembered is the irritation of possibility. The sting of dark perception. Primal movement, irresistible language pulled out of water for flame... What is recognizable as something is unrecognizable as other, into another. The mind is like the irritability of a missing limb. Language is the missing body. Breathing is the enchantment of movement. Plumage is formidable...

Flood, intoxication of the wolf-crystal, she is everywhere. A marvelous moisture. Scent understands you, follows your patterns of behavior. Drawn to what enables your defiance, figures of celluloid and slate and womb-like chairs invading your appearance. Long-haired and spindle-bursting for Flood who slumbers in the arms of Ghostly Apparel who burns brightly with Morphology. They are the whispers of default, litter of early rising dew. "Only bright animal shadows allowed in this place..."

\*

Your reflections are at risk, spasm and sultry, the lamentations of casting doubt and spell out of your reclining figure, flint-spell, nebular slime. Between empty pages, from a great distance. This image is real, deceptive without that rotating apparatus attributed to suckling marrow out of each sound, a curious gothic family, Aztec standard-bearers. Imaginary bricolage walking backwards, that Morgan Le Fay of doors, low key trick of a dance trolling shadowy rooms. Changing colors...

You appear to be only a rumor in the dark, only your shadow remains, half visible, outward cascade, roots toward cartilage, harp of the mouth, tracing whose face it was, whose absence that belonged to hearsay. Strange letters, mixed messages, diurnal, maternal language... A fog shadow behind your eyes seething with vanishing points, thrown behind you, the flapping machine of Santos-Dumont, strapped-on wings to resemble the rose of untouched lips, parted... A vagrant sewing machine stopped suddenly in mid thread...

\*

The Reindeer Princess is always a plaything for unorthodox esoteric groping, entanglement spinning around a core of fiery arrivals. A touch that electrifies, heat for web-footed ultrasound, for singing and repetition of spell-like moaning. She is real only as objecting chance returning for statuesque brightness. She reveals. She innervates, propels, throws hypnotic honey into the foreground of random photographs. And quickly slipping out of character.

The antlered guardian is a tiptoed dwarf veiled in royal chemise, espionage, dipped in mercury and wolf-shaped. To be torched into transparency.

\*

She is chaste to defile the rules of the game, psychology toppled in another, another move, other displacement, moon revealed. Toppled by the Queen, pivoted by pawns, to hook and crook, the castle keeping... The Red King on his tripod, in the photograph despised, by sea shored in luminescence. All that you see is obscure and excitable, to exist in a sudden glance. Blood is theory until smeared with sunlight. She let you into the haze, the semblance, into the counterfeit.

Bright loves dark, befitting plumage, tempest of rain that ignites the skin, inside the wedding... outside, master of the rain, hard flowering. Stone is breath, is waterfall. You can only stay for a moment, to sputter and die in mirage... The air is bright with fingerprints of paradoxical locksmiths and keystrokes of cobalt and landmines of bone-lives against the realm. Tresses for the witch-chairs and which ones... Which ones...

\*

Her mouth of iridescent opium, above the looking glass disturbance, and so below, dripping in moonlight. Obsidian flakes in her breath. She is aleatory and hacker, untouchable trust and synopsis hammered precisely out of smoke...

\*

When trees are buzzing, the skin crawls...

Awkward bodies flowering in the shadows, defeat their reflections. But always too bright to see. Caution is not for silence, but for light. Delirious is open, naked for Deception, who aviates in tune with telltale sights, zeroing in on anything simultaneous, here and there. To force a glow and a disappearance polished by the storm. Hollowed out by a sudden shiver.

\*

Image devours the fracture, knife-strokes for primitive devotion. Image is psychological species confronting animal bodies in crystalline space, with parallel veins and ringing for serious approach. Sunstone to night-mouth, in uterus. In the image-kingdom interaction hums with analogy, sleepwalking into midnight statues and girlish fears. Identity is a fast-moving throne, graceful as fire. Apprehending water with a mirror while diving from a great height. Life ahead of time...

Shaking the serpent is a signal for treason, the awkward mythology of desire, shedding the voice for emerging segments... initiating sparks of unreason. Igneous intrusions. A marvelous bathing ritual that defies contamination. Night-flood of *who* sidestepping, that follows after *why*...

\*

At dusk you flare out into seed-bearing, night-dosing. Dozing is dousing, pathological garden of secret entrances. Lamp was never alone, always guarded by moths of the heavy-lidded species. The ones that invade and conquer, shimmer and scream. Long-legged precursors of magnetic whisperers, and always overflowing with glowing sap. It touches you with just a little rotation of significant bones, inward loss of gravity. Attraction and repulsion, the power of Lamp, who never misses the target. Incisors to decipher the wise.



Lamp is perilous when sleep-wandering, blue with vaulting. Like fruit that dies into splendor, like a slab of crystal, decoded, like the very last kiss between characters that never meet. "Because you're not speaking the right words..."

\*

Loom and Delirium are lovers, vexing in vicious circles, triangulating in indiscriminate visionary possessions. To wit... with a rapturous discord of scorpion eyelashes returning the endangered into prominence. Loom outlines an *idée fixe*. Delirium fingers a kiss of bluing. Ascendance devoid of meaning, an alchemical pathos with blood-threads harping. Permanent instigation. A random selection like a signed contract, branding with heartrending picts...

Pursue the breathing of an image, use a knife when necessary, to flare out. She is sea going around the veil. A scattered fire. Convulsive in her heavy and guttural beauty, there is your when, to know, become, fast moving scent of scintillating theatre. The witch table jammed into which door. The harsh biology of an image to disorder.

\*

Obsidian emitting a continuous disturbance, and opal is the blackest of words, like starlight spinning in your blood. Mistaken harmony, invisible scaffolding of intrauterine constellations. You use a tripod of indistinct flight patterns to draw honey out of doorways, fire up a hazardous maze of murmuring, long before those accidental words come together with the unfettered optics of the wedding night. They stimulate the vows. Stain your face with insects in *déjà vu*, grinding to a halt that puzzling royal touch that lasts only for a moment. When you weep, there are only animals.

The Lilith-feasting lamps bleed, to gather her colors for the gravity gates and the window of projectiles, the ancient wiles, raising light. A blueness among the ashes of a burnt-out illusion unravels the ape of identity, throwing black gloves and a still-warm conundrum riddled with golden spigots and invisible alarms. Nothing too serious for the weary calligrapher. A riddle for obsessive basalt and the fluorite of meaningful delights. A fable for crafting witches.

\*

There's mint in the courtyard that smears your body, there's butterfly-ratcheting for encounter of unsettling... and shameless vessels, radiant bodies escaping out of darkness like thieves.

Superb guignol of midnight silk, strung up to ridicule the obscene riddles of guarded entrances. Words are thrown torches, ghostly keys. The four doorways switching back and forth, on any old street, rotating in the key of three very tender carpet weavers who can't be seen, all of which points in your direction. As a woman you were indelible. As a message written with milk and dusk, you were never alone, but beside yourself, an indefinable ménage making up an outpouring image. Backlit in a field of sirens apeing illustrious... A double voice in the evening chamber, skin-lighted and dubious. The most terrifying entrance is always the most beautiful.

“I have heard your trembling in both light and dark, with no difference between the silence and the scaffolding, the missing children of a joyous fever. What’s not to wonder? To raise out of fire... The moon without opening your mouth is unthinkable...”

\*

All your poses are abandoned for unorthodox arrival of supernatural facets into spotted light, to thirst and drink, face with animal devotion. Eager syrup of the body’s ancestral glow, executed with unbridled attention to details. You summon your magnets, when lilacs salivate their spinning windows, her eyes were juicy and Moorish, her silkworms, ladders in abundance, all that she desires. All against the grain and wise, her train takes hours to cross, precocious satin and fabling silk, poisonous dust and immaculate seeds, without passengers.

Hawk-listen, claw marks for a door, arc of the moon-bitch uttering and altering. She is disturbing, a ripped cocoon like an Elk-identified stealth, speaking to you from the wind-rattling surface of things. “I throw my nights into the landscape, taking my eyes, my mouth, breath...” Raising figures of light. Consciousness settles into the foreground, the mist of morning pollination. A dog-like appearance. “How long before an apparition takes my place?”

\*

You silkworm into a lovely corpse, a centuries old approach to slapstick, to weaponry and spell-casting, a salamander approach to auric mumbling...

Sun-rash and night apothecary, haze of crematory flowers, but for the narrative, marauding tactics in the Garden of Suspicion, and what is erased, haunting, when the model sleeps, the day begins...

\*

Bones of hindsight, stirring, lifting upright, to wail in nightingale unwinding. From where did you enter, without a title? Morgana, sleeping enjambment, with brightly shaped breath, and the lycanthropy of a sudden impulse to run, toward a forgotten lucidity of what had never happened. But, who's to say? Taking your aspect by the throat, spreading mercury against the grain, the empathic fluidity of "... where the windows are violent and the most desirable." She takes all the time in the world. Even a question mark is hallucinogenic.

She remains not only green, for the wind, but blue, especially, in the darkness, a fuse, and ruby, in the places of visitation and treason, veiled by the world and other places in lightless years. She dovetails and trespasses, doubling neuron gates. No key is needed for the chance meeting of the girl and her candle. She is burning wax in the mist, propelling sirens of great import, spinning-wheel of messengers like desert flowers that lightning strikes in dark rooms... with heavy whispering meant to disarm.

\*

Analogy is the ignition of an unexpected image, after your name annotates a sealed contract, the street fades with voltage-gated landing wheels. Language is dreaming beyond letters, outlining ruins for the pleasures of anxiety. Ions of conquest. Blood-soaked horns of wonderment. A river of lighted bodies...



Her constellations fired up the lost resources, the butterfly rituals. Only the navigational charts were seductive enough to electrify the secretive nucleus, nebulous and rosy. Her hybrid sentiments were dripping endless solutions, to the night, to histories of thirst and bell ringing. Cochineal and iodine in nimble theft, a renegade juice to break language into illogical numbers, pagan and carbon, still light-years away, coming back, or... You face yourself and blend your movements into the moment of origin.

\*

Hybrid sentience, tripling mercury. Fleece was always too soon, it was sunblind and empathy, tumult of a landing site. You love the simplicity of it and what came before. Squalor is piñon and razor, Turquoise rack and pinion, vague template to migrant shawls as lovely as quantum layers glowing through your skin. You are quartz-breed for shelter.

The emergency of active intrusion, while aurelia and aurora were anomaly and aberration, the magic was in the rather be, inside, a smokescreen for stereo. She was amanita and contentious amina. A lantern in the underground, lovers in the dark...

\*

"I am the taproot of Santa Clara, the leafless mirror. I am what remains, before you, to remember. I am awkward revolt, the nutcracker suite and simian contrivance. The impartial triangle of each imperfect desire. Desire is always perfect."

\*

Stones are furious words outside of language, sleeping spells, memory inclining together with sifting shapes. The coy and ambience of slipping through, bathing chameleons for nightly raids and brilliant decoys. Sending torches. Women. The accurate lunacy of magnetic stones.

How much of your shadow is external, how much Tamandua and the silken Vermilingua pigment on your fingers to signify, speaking tongues, making the lips red, exhaling fog, is crystallized double entendre, or mask of insensitive knowledge? Struck by volts, those dolls, pinned to early arrivals...

\*

Pyramid moth, the mother's liquid. Moon stake, rain light, for everywhere simultaneous. Only lyrical decisions, hazardous mutations, rubbing the silken engines of charmeuse, for the lighthouse, passage and rapid evasion, for the marsh light through you into Lunático slipping out of Chrysalis. They recall Indigo, the lost name you apprehend in the uncertainty of a marvelous cross-fire... "Identify yourself, or vanish!"

Salem thorax, sucking in darkness. Beyond that, Salem was a sequence of mischievous events, and one of the foremost favored positions. She was the protagonist of Victim's Joy, sweet ambiguity, a portrait of perception, "the unexpected way, you had seriously expected..." and then the always-marvelous performance. Carving out your silence, for bird clothing and procession. Obsession and precision. Perception to be the danger of always seeing too much, witness, too soon, to leave the unfriendly, befriending the uncanny. Seeing beyond the edge of things... A secret sight... A flaw in precognition, a site of paradoxical arousal.

Always in a state of altering, a gypsy lyric for cross-hairs, to dispel whatever refuses the splendor of indecent mingling. "We have an arsenal of delirious reflections, to subvert the priceless. Amorous notations for vertebrae, in a firefly council, I am the migration of splendid dreams. The fire-fight of unavoidable corners." Image, delicate in turning its lathe of unavoidable arroyos, tasting blood for night fires.

•

Awkward bastard son of the chimera, sister of the alchemist, the ovular vessel of long-necked silences. Three fingers of the forking, slowly rising, diving into the endless arc. The Nubian candelabra people, descending into love with a ghostly hiss, water rising into monolithic scribbling.

You are the object of your own desire... or distress of shifting, instead, the alternating gender of an infamous gaze, the only one, for the slander, the brightest one, for kindling and convergence, arcing into definition. To surpass the open mirror the wolf-cloth interrupts that furious Banshee table-setting for narrative splinters making dust, engaging pitfalls in obscure unmapping. The image wrestled to the ground for ozone, posing a moment for a river convergence, scattering... Raven voice for bright pigments, fusion.

\*

Always in a state of altering, a gypsy lyric for cross-hairs, to dispel whatever refuses the splendor of indecent mingling. "We have an arsenal of delirious reflections, to subvert the priceless. Amorous notations for vertebrae, in a firefly council, I am the migration of splendid dreams. The fire-fight of vaguely unavoidable corners..." Image, delicate in turning its lathe of unavoidable arroyos, tasting blood for night fires.

Tampering with the evidence for superb helmetry and other complex behaviors, the Noctambules adjusting structures for desirable appearances, untimely spaces. Obscured by luminous and hocus, your otherwise trembling entrance, only to capture mysterious cases of shuddering.

\*

Bathing water, the invisible women washing. A delicate cartel of wandering night. Exposing limitations for pleasure...

\*

Her eyes were yours in tourmaline, sight unseen. Quartz is closer to Barcelona than either an alkali or your tears. Her lashes were painful, at the level of spectra, deafening scent with the splinters of an ally. The absolute lightning body of lapidary syzygy between the arrow and its target, when it polishes the wind, uncovers capillaries, stellar webs, lost doorways... Paw prints raising havoc.

We have come to this place to authorize, where the images converge and nightly dervishing confides, for eyes and open mouths. We come to oscillate and scintillation, in synthesis for escapement. When the wedding guests depart, only mystery conspires, the heavy leopards cross the terrace in single file. Sleep comes easily to those who wander...

\*

Fixed and paradoxical, the antler-face keeps the body afloat, rattling space. A handful of words, a startling conception, you intercede and lake out into cinema... there is lightning to hold the spine together, shadows to deliver consciousness beneath the eyelids. There is invisibility at the core of your depth, passing between the unexpected loopholes wildly swinging, between the harp-maker's bride, the pendulum, between the scale tipping and the shadow release, the beautiful carnage of come-hithering or high water, into mythical solace.



Shimmer is in love with Orchid in a frenzy of unavoidable angularities, cypher-crystals of spider-dwelling incognito, they are the spark-gathering tributaries of first resort. The sham restarting an ilium of hammering, tenebrous hands to ignite sacral promontory of invisible tarot, flaring into a double mirror of equus slapstick. Your stealth is a serious convex of renegade morphology. Keeps you on your toes, glyph-hungry and bound to convulsive clamoring. The assassin dreams of peripheral reflections. A rendezvous of broken windows. The rich fabric of identity is a knife-blade always on the verge of a perfect somersault.

\*

It is true that sometimes metamorphosis comes only later in the evening, when your ribcage is far too light for such heaviness of blossoms, and always too dark for springtime with its incisions and unsettling roots of incandescence.

Night after night, unwrapping, wrapping each fetish into dropping porcelain, pinned by her spindles into aeronautical enhancement. The central heaviness of forward leaning, primal carriage for disfiguring enticement, unexpected galaxy of swan-clashing. Dipping to acquiesce, disturbances of loving objects keep you awake past the witching hour... when she spirits into the ruins of enchanting stares, an empty envelope twitching on the table...

\*

All evasive maneuvers to secure a dawn-cloth of obscene acrobatics, to light the way for lobo-sleek and mainspring tampering, a dissident wing. The golden frogs of listening to time constructing its presence, she is interacting with the webbed feet of sleuthing and grand rivering pauses...

The magnetism between night and day, arc of inscrutable attraction.

\*

A white-eyed slandering into mist, to bring them wildly into focus again, when streetlights followed each journey out of itself, out of scalpel-sense. There is no freeze-frame to show it, when the film fires up a childhood interruption, a moment of celluloid dripping on the window... All the objects devoted to their faces were soon disheveled by unexplained words, enflamed with wasps and the precious cargo of cautious mint. An unexpected evening arrives, a skeletal ménage à trois. When your blindfold is removed...

A centuries-old staircase of the anesthetic sundial. Aspects of solar-branching to project your otherwise illegal reflections. This makes you ill at ease for a time-exposure. She spread out her rags and molting in the earth with condolences, mazing into an entrance of scintillating black fur for analogies of undivided attention. Pleasure is a radiant solution, spread with a knife.

\*

A word for the wise in the blink of an eye, you are the ghost of many, and to seal it, those ultimately shady dealings. The long evenings with delightful pinnacles. Dolmen passage. Spider-lights for lightning rods. Lunar cortex. Is mystery receding, but for what reason this time? The palace of northern lights is the lighthouse of carnivorous cognition.

The narrative is unfinished. Still, they watch you for completion, exoneration. They are cruel and pleasurable. The blind archers tip the scales for the Grand Oracle of the Parted Veil. The end of the fuse relishes its last moment of silence, before the finale rapidly conjures its own clarity.

\*

Dawn is your reflection slashed with shadows, the endless mirror of Mouras Enchantada flowering in the high desert, cobalt shivering with mercury, on the Orient Express for humor... She rises out of stone... Kiln-dancing... Glazing with rapture.

\*

The folie of antiquity is the calculus of desperate solutions.

The travelers and their well-placed ignitions, magnetic traces, face-blown powder. They all gather for the mysteries of the Heron Wrapping, and the savagery of unwrapping. The immense green moth of the leopard's table, with spinning paws, foreshadows the farthest reaching of anatomically radiant lunging. Shadows that go on forever, arousing disorder and brightness for brilliant feathers. The images that keep you awake, bring windows to your pathology, for those who watch, who see, those who tremble without touching. For the art of glowing, for those covered over, the depth perception of rapidly gowning and ungowning of light rubbing against vague doorways.

At the deepest level there is the hunger for warmth, while opacity rules, the germinating breath. On the level above is a cover-up and shape of Triangle who hides for the passersby and the steam of forest dwelling. Still higher, there is the incessant signage of playing tricks for the shadow. Transparency takes precedent, either beneath or above, escapes through the trellises, in hot pursuit. Bloom and Plume debating in the alcove, famously pursuing the intricacies of aortic threads.

\*

Awareness is the panic of Mycenaean flowers pressed against your body releasing the secrets of some ancient inexplicable delirium. Waking in the middle of a dream, pathways of the unseen. Love letters to set off explosives.

The main characters have changed over the centuries, elevating the jagged imagery of the gem-cutters. Identity is following the warble of Basajaun and the invisible locks of matriarchal dictation. Hot on the heels of hummingbird gravity, for balance, the servants were more than happy to evolve their splendors of illicit engagements. Following “I am the devastation of shadow and reflection when they dance and intermingle, the buzzing of intermittent nuptials...” there will always be the resulting “Evasive measures are conspiratorial when telepathy is passionate enough for erotic intervention” and the language of bees fills in all the empty spaces...



Guided by the stonemason's revenge, and the dancing girl's bright green pharmaceuticals, Sable shook the alembics of indecent exposure. You were perplexed by whatever outcome altered the last refuge of the alchemist's hoax. Altered objects were the symbols of impersonation, held in the highest regard. Your hexagon was a more decisive movement than the paradoxical caress of lightning bugs, but just as pleasurable. You spin night-figures into lost objects. Your reward is a procession of dangerous glances.

A lunar uncertainty, trembling encouraged. The belly for an albatross, strikes a chord, music of a sudden switchblade. Spinning of a river into the unorthodox angle of your mirror, you consider all that is missing, you place images directed with fire. Raven in the fog is the silence of a siren, interrupting gestures... the wind stops to explore its own splinters, blood-bright and singing. Your body shimmers with howling sensations... After midnight the Jestering Corvidians throw carpets to fashion the unorthodox changing of magnetism into loving pillage. To reverse the dream of candles into mirrors.

Subliminal takeover and ruptured device, pastoral assemblage, while stabbing minotaur for a touch of loving intimacy. \*I am warm and plasma in acute, and raptorial with each singular approach, I perplex and zero out in resistance. I haze in alphabet to memorize in mirage. My touch evolves through your eyes..." Then the flood zone of whispering women, above left, and below, where the "Hush..." lingers with its unworldly trinkets, the salamander vanishes in a doorway of sparks.

Toppled magnifying glasses were Minoan, for the cyclists, and no one is ever denied for candlewax, for intervention and sweet cobra. Membrane of lunar Sororum lamped and laddered with lacrimal mimicry, you are surging empath, throne into optic nerve, for “I am pupillary procession of egrets and unnatural tinkers on empty streets, I am constantly vanishing...” Only the ridiculous keyhole vendor knows the paradoxical elements of wonder...

\*

Shining in the darkness of sudden stone, radiance flickering through your anatomy of blackboards in a haze of chalk for droning and dwarf, swarm and satellite... rotating, with each keeper the gates are swinging in nightward motion. Rooted in rocks, mandrágora germinating, life threatening into fire by water...

In madly flickering eyelids, the marvelous codes as sibilant as a sniper's dream, she anticipated what radiant banshee reflects the moon, duplicates her pandering and subtle kindling. A skeletal hysteria is a corneal antechamber, sister of altered memory filled to overflowing and masked with antlers squeezing sunlight out of a fatal impulse to leave Damascus at once... "I can't remember when that happened. When dialogue veered off into convulsion, when the rose burst into flames. There were ghostly figures in the railyard at twilight. Demonic buzzing for bursting seeds, opening doors..."

\*

The organs and mechanisms of presence electrify the crystalline otherness of another's inward glance, as the grace of a diamond reflects the perfect agony of its surface. The sudden fire in the pocket of your coat, a witch has entered the city...

Descending whore of the aurora, seaworthy vessel transporting Bird of Paradise with invisible ink and the lofty facets of apothecary delights. You confess with weapons to the mercenary metronome in the clock-filled Castillo de la Atalaya, where the voyeurs weep over past and present particles. When the soft illuminées implant their incantations, without remorse, hybrid erotic morphology for lamping and sepia for blush, a body landscaped for shiver and aura.

Image licks the underbelly of all that spirals off staring wolves, spreading teeth, breeding fog. At this point, Lacunae removes her clothing, becomes boomerang in the primal hissing of last minute forgetfulness, and missing words.

\*

A nightlight of fatal streams circles the lore of glass-covered and reflecting, your portrait endlessly figuring and disfiguring itself. In select circles the luminous codes (but only those that seem the most out of place) will always betray your fears. You phantom ahead of your nature, posing a certain poise snared with lucid distinctions. The brazen silence of an awkward glance germinates a series of high-speed maneuvers, nightingale schisms.

In the aviary you tend to wrestle with ruptured membranes and migrating spores, forming statuesque rooms like periodic windows. The music is never heard, but instantly recognized as seals to be broken with enticing charms. You play to deceive yourself for better or worse, and always enchanted. You slipshod silently through graceful contrivances, shedding your eyes. You abacas into devil-may-care. You amulet into a perfect moment. You release the ache of attraction from entanglement, growing swans.

\*

The astrologer consorting with Morgan Le Fay bearing gifts, conceives to offer the Anubis-lamp, and the ever-present albino of a single wing, lopsided. You psyche into the only bewitching covalent available: the acceptance of a kiss. When you stop mid-sentence, a pause that is never completed, you enact the miasma of empty clothing shimmering in a starry night of messages that never arrive. Desire is the honey in the jars of the signal-keeper's nightly charade.



Taking the first person through all the others, the red lizard on the green table forming the entrance to where life transpires in bewildering gasps. Disheveled gaps. A sundial left in the unmade bed, kindling the scent of Always, the first kin, the last sight of what was seen, or not to be and many... To conspire. In snares and snarls for skeletal dusk, in calculus of eros, the beauty of a synthesis for a useless anagram. Your voice is not a meaning, but it enraptures the tongue.

\*

On the promontory of provocateurs, the rooms were flesh colored for disfigured Oedipals and other forms of transportation left to chance. Prior entreaties left their signs of disobedience for scattered evidence disrupting the Middle Ages. A free fall from linear flowering outwards into symbols of amorous trickery. *L'obscurité est la luminosité.* The last gesture, the lopsided savagery of innocence.

Dark figures in the moat, the watery spectral. A hybrid in another dimension, you've forgotten your name, your sex, and even the source of your rumors. You are the same whether you bathe in darkness or in light, the water speaks to you, yet reveals nothing... All is luminescence...

\*

All the images of yourself shadow the ones not known, in nuptials and ablutions, gathering fire, for Qilin, to Wu, indignant Djinn, outside the window widow-ing... gathering Dawn, asleep, in a sack, for the sentinels of piercing perception. Your most precious moment is the speculum of riddling unavoidable captures. You slander to corrupt the unwise... The wise... That is your sense of grace.

The gulls interrupt for senseless culling, to intercept. The aura of the lighthouse rivering. All you could remember. You swim in her light, in her dark, swallowing. The Lady of Stirring, swinging ball of the belle. "I was always waiting, while she had left..." turning outward, the black sleep of the family. You were always troubling the waters. It is your nature. Unapologetic. If you don't write it, you lose it... Whose reality is yours?

\*

Between your eyes, under your skin, the battle sounding, hind legs to reach in fever the summit of a long-lost gesture. What glistens through the great rooms of long white hair... To recall the theories of life, as in the image, concealed, as the image, in the middle of nowhere, is to affect the sense of escape in the key of witness. The opacity of your fog-worthy body in a doorway ventriloquism of the milky way. The eternal pose, the humor of disparity.

In many places, for once, you contradict the beginning of luminosity, even in the photograph, there are numerous points of distraction. When dissolving in and out, only the drumming seemed to convulse the edges, exposing the attraction, color to arousal, distance to lighting, animal approach, to win you over, breathing in spires...

\*

Quivering phases of occultation, with the hand mirror in utmost sympathy. Flowering in Abyssinian aspects, the Wedding Dress pathology of mumbling night words. The scribes are tortured by brides, chorus in penumbra, as the evening pools in the blind man's fingers. You feel the liquid of the universe swirling, dripping. Sleep walks among us like transgression, with voluminous footnotes, gold dust and tuningforks.

Image and fire shatter the silence of movement, silence of your gendering, ungendering, children playing with spiders. In a state of quick-change there are new seasons of resistance. In the earth, new desires, new words, to denounce with hybrid objects, to shimmer, to murmurate with eyes. You are beside yourself, in other words, kept alive by gravity, engendering the hoax...

\*

Spinning hectic, the estrellas-wrapping seizes the absolute center of truth about artifice and orphic, more glass eye than vanishing point. Geranium claw marks of her plenary thirst and shifted shaping, presence illustrated by surges and azimuth sipping. She tips her wayward cloth in favor of momentous prefix and elevation. To the heartrending pauses between amusing images. You submit to bloodthirsty hyacinth. It's a clamorous voyage to each vaguely chosen rendezvous. Heretic of windows for a phantom fetal constellation.

You diverge through Image, who may or may not be sleeping, and your losses become the discovery of your lineage, stalking to the antlered ones, the twins invoking, to provoke. Besieged by the flower's tongue...

\*

The branding iron burns the way a crystal rises, heavy with the violence of a subtle magic, but graceful as rain and sleek innuendo. The ringing moves when you shake your head, the way blood is that part of your body, when it shares aberration, that yields the dark side of your dazzling to a more superior animal-like invocation. Light rattles the wayward reflection of your last pose. Light erases your name.

The sudden spark is fused in Aqua, she would not relent, the roots, when lighting the fuse. She shakes the dialect of lightning and the fields, and “I cannot remember, the tale of the unending, death-defying tenderness, you shadow into a wandering doorway...”

\*

Your red gloves, the costume of ashes, your projecting encantado of fleece, she reminded you in offering persistent salamander, a ghostly pillage for a flood. Breathing new desires out of spine-ignited morality plays. Molecular flow... The flaw of life is filled in by the fountain of leaving life. Conjuring...

To signify is to lathe, as loom is too soon before alluding, to panther-dancing in sunlight. Ambiguous clarity for traveling, passing messages to strangers of ermine. The sex of an object is the ladle of tumultuous alchemy. Obsessing the arc to her consent. Equinoxial forest of lost numbers. Defending that parallel to an evening flower, to a weapon of desirable ruses. Offering bright roses to objecting, but delicious paradigms of wingless clowning.

\*

Reflection adheres to throwing fragments, while she is always emerging for a street scene of dark and unavoidable signs, random messages, solar bruising, waxed into sleep and dancing. The wild phosphorus leaves a silvery mesh of long drawn out shadows, refracting light for gender fluid mornings.



Windigo railroad, leaving behind, the fear of animal drapery, the excavation of sea shelling. Sadism of original silence, of what is sewn and unstitched into parallel urging, self-remaining signature in motion. The prism of fluctuating in and out of interruptions, talisman for an underground maze. Lit by child-light, walled by fixed transparencies, sipping widows.

\*

Wind fissures, pigments of improbable declarations, menacing and lapidary tensions... between the real (her eyes in your face) and the imaginary (slipping into her shadow), your self is not appointed, but brazenly delicious, seductively meaningless... with air, earth, fire and water, the grand optical negations reflecting mirrors of entering darkness into light.

Muse shedding, the invented gaze. You convey  
the magical cabinet of splicing and precursors, capsizing  
the form a seabed takes to cross the shell shock of sudden  
signals with the whispering word.

\*

She always understood the unspeakable, the  
wretched intoxication of animal sighs. Her ancestry  
meant nothing. She was the first born, invisible.

\*

Each image, a fracture, phanes-coated in beeswax,  
combustion for migratory and falcon, perfect silences, al-  
ways ending between two words, in the middle of a sen-  
tence. Between images, where the wolf grammarian  
unleashes the beautifully drooling appendages of the tel-  
escopic woman eyedark in posing for starlight. Blooming  
with green eyes...

Now *is coming, that was* then... The hours shed their skins. A character of antlers. Drawing blood outside of circles.

\*

Handfuls of cinema, and the eye-of-the-storm uncertain pauses, so amusing from behind, fiddling with swans-down and protective touches. The Ibis woman and the matriarchal clause, sinister ordeals, to be without containing fault lines. Strike-slip of gold, while pointing, shedding fur for larval night vision of pupa and imago. You bring this to your introduction, you arrive and depart with a plumb line in whimsy. The next line is invisible, and more dangerous...

Shimmering on stilts of black as night, is infrared and brighter sun and veined for the always sudden of anticipations. Your hovering is indecent and mutable, arc-welding in filthy water. Grappling for oneiric possession. It is in these waters you wise into entrances and departures, scar sweetly and with great devotion, you accident into marvelous exposures. It was her desire, the hand-mirror as a weapon. The last runner collapsing in the sweetest of sounds, owl-face for a door-body, a troubled whispering to break up the flow of lava into the hand-maiden of sumptuous details.

\*

Shapes so calm in their determination as to invite only disasters full of stars. Mornings full of luxuriant fur. "I am the gaze of wasps..."

The tinker, the parallel history of outlawed fabrics, challenging the unnamed street. The gratuitous cluster, tinkering with isolated flames for uncontrollable wedding nights. Not the blackjack of gravity's nostalgia, but its indigenous fuse protecting the pathological mimicry of children, glazing sienna.

\*

Alternating gravitational bone structures, bright as a handful of crushed blood berries, shaped by your tongue into endless portraiture, pyracantha, pyromania inspired by magnets, activated by internal organs and pithy allusions... "You will find in me obscure linkages and untamed fruits, turning blue under ink-blotted tissue of moonlight, and you will germinate the magnetic wedge of opposing words, spawning in the middle of nowhere. Waking up..."

Diamond-shaped fever, the unavoidable hoatzin bodice arranging pearls of wisdom into seething analogies. No truth worthy of imagination, the pedestals that rage and perplex, desire in its dusk for the ether of anemone proportions. Your vision of things tripled into the perfect sound that is never heard, erotic machine of continuous movement... without moving.

\*

Spirits of the Blacksmith Rose, the turbine of fissures the great buzzing tree revealing, unrevealing, only the silence of things, the edges of you to snare the walking stones, throwing the first torch the mirror inside the rose, the Major Arcanum and the sumptuous gift of endless still unrefined reflections.

Entering through the wild sibilance of Mayan throats, anterior shades of lightning, texts for the forest creatures to continue their librations, their theater curtains and long-lost gestures, found only in phantom doorways. Filled with bright blood. In the film you disappeared behind the camera. Undressing fruitless poses. Consternation and melancholy opening doors, to open landscapes, opening light, arousing a dark sequence of treasured jellyfish and henna... hypnotic purring.

\*

There is speculation around the frame of decisive moments, petals to cloak the whispering sewing machine of pollen-covered torchlights. Your face to a blindman's bluff. The sensation of mourning, cursing with vertical disentanglement. Throwing reflections like knives, chasing oracular tripods for thrones without mirrors or announcements. The source of arcane entrances.

Throwing sepals for the joy of secret messages,  
fanciful erasures, frantic wondering what is... You chose  
another birthright, leaving history to itself. To begin  
again and again, without ever beginning. The author is  
unknown. The fur of animals embraced, speaking  
through your mind, as lightning tree rooting, as breath-  
ing bodies transparent, seeing through levels of living  
through. The sun erases, the moon through your bones.

\*

“I am the character most resembling...” Troubling  
the headless statue, wings out of draped fabric to enter  
backwards into mayhem. Without resembling, she said  
imagine it without yourself, your features. Allow for, em-  
bryonic bridging. For the vagabond and hag churning  
every promise into widespread sabotage.



Solanace was gathered for the delight of Loon, heavily veined for an eager eclipse, glyphing in turbulence. A ragged occultation, romance of the fetching water-carrier. Fingering roses for taste and ignition, persistent scythe in analogue, as the homeless beggar of imaginary conjuration. Even movement dreams, through dimensional spaces. Kissing Loon, spilling mint, eating her ravaged voice, to understand more fully the exhalation of impending constellations.

\*

At the Inn of the Black Goddess, in moth and needle-pinning, entering backwards, black words for Pandora-cycling, pandering isosceles. A feast of wings.

Hubris and detritus, anomalies running rampant with viping whispers, amorous ubiquity. Where sudden Tiliqua festivals in orphic mirrors driving out of soil, incubating unthinkable scenarios for imps and “I came here only for this...” to see... as the château guards have left... Only visions remain. The critique is a traveling circus, light rooted in fire. Fire is night, a species of rendezvous, with marvelous hind legs. Makes love following pain receptors into the glow of humorous webs. Friction sensitivity is high...

\*

The qua of desire and resistance, how could you reverse your point of view, how could, you, window beneath the skin fostering medical liquids, with green lions and Orpheus in shambles. Your body burns with Egrets and tender velocities.

The escapades of memory and heteroclitic deviations compete, with monstrous and fanciful sundials. Silkworms incanting in unison, desirable to silence the world.

\*

Somewhere, light on a mirror points to a shadow, that knows you intimately, always finds you, like one breath finds another, the pleasure of struggling enacts a corona of debatable lampposts. A biological theory of magical properties brightly growing out of ontic fabrications and erotic intercessions, polished to last a lifetime, like a herd of traveling clocks. It cannot be avoided. Those interposing conundrums in search of the most precious stones, those that travel inconspicuously...

The armature of lucidity, rancid flower, all that throws the navigator for a loop throws the wing full of brighter passages... there is also you, and others, your others, together, to embalm to emulsify in molecular eyes, flickering flashbacks, spinning herons for intrauterine slime. Still, adoration persists.

\*

Meat-eating narrative in mothering fashion, while “I invite you, adorable orchid of perpetual disorder. I am the perpetration of marvelous gestures, not to be forbidden...”

A mumbling savant keeps the chronologists at bay, takes apart those lost Huron consternations, planting morning glories for clarity. A lovesick girl who is perpetually lighting candles... A sorceress without mercy, with training wheels for archival balance. Your transparency enables that luminosity of over-riding concerns, being seen through, for a vast landscape that doesn't know you. Imagines you. But who you are. The absurd brilliance of reinhabiting your body with no precedent. Mumbling... Imprinting...

Only that sensuous abandon, those keyholes of glow-in-the-dark marsupials, tingling eye drops of panting, to save you from yourself, modeling those splendid chrysalide entrapments, and the fondness of witnesses who can't get enough. To survive, leaving fingerprints that have no known origin. Mantis of preying to begin with shadows and ending in the word Terpsichore...

\*

Season of spiders in a fog of revolving doorways, peacefully ignited by lightning and carefully chosen words. "I am the enchanted armature of keeping magnets suspended and open to suggestion. When I bleed, I am a shimmer of disturbing fields..." spinning voltage into fairytales into armor and nakedness, into spreading thighs in the color of sphinx. Beware the corkscrew debutants...

Image is hemorrhage and torn bright wing for a primitive eye.

\*

Could it have been the sense of eerie and clouded? Twin arrivals, clouded, gathering the objects of delirium, eerie, thirst for spells without exception. Explosives, for the enchantment of the species, assassin, for the others, the hammer of sunlight filling in the cracks, for no prisoners, taking, liberties with the uneasiness of warm summer evenings. Deviation for heavenly bodies burning in the desert.

Instinct and wind-magnet spliced from one abyss to another, shadows leaving always returning, even the dark, darkness glowing. The prey slamming into predator, for a fountain... You cannot be seen anymore, except for the shadows and the reflection of shadows. You stand the abyss upright and it crumbles. You move and movement disappears, becomes lucid. Trickery stumbles, set up by invisible arms, detonations of breath, translate out of failed rumors. The moon leads beautiful through broken glass... A hat of burning wheat, led by moonlight, prepares for jellyfish chimes and horns in braille. A movement of frenzy, stung into a highly soluble pose.



Touché could be your match, the rapture of a diving suit infused with ruby tendrils for repetitive versions of depth. A stabbing enthused with emerald, for a way out, a sublime resistance, time tuning, polishing savagery. A flight pattern as a capture to a sense of fusing with that glassy serpentine substance taunting bones, the roar of a river, lighted, from the base of the spine seen through your skin, and used for sleeping involvements. The arousal for transparency.

\*

To oppose by eager abundance of silence, silent scoping, a catapult of Ibis, signed and dated by ruse of tumbling, to light the way... Shifting hares and Ishtar's eggs, black ova looming and radiant static in the observatory stripped of its pathology of distance from the central point of reference. To desire...

Scraping haze off your face, a language of slumbering, dead ringer for a portrait. Silver eye for the ragged julep, unrelenting permissive detail, between carnivorous keyhole and bioluminescence. You are the curvature of desire tunneling out of sleep.

\*

Not one alone, but both and closer to another, less stone than water, more the effortless shadow than and yet, the shadow. Still, the stillness of a one-way ticket. You observe from a distance. Voyance of night-rubbing, a semblance of modeling, pointing flint bones chipping away at darkness pointing... Her eyes supporting tenderness by Morse code, she held the gatling range, the alter cephalopod etherized for Shangri-La.

A spectral glow is animal language, bird whispers, the music your transparency utters, allowing great waves to be seen on the other side of your body, the growing window your body presents. And you without... An incomplete set of instructions, the secrets already available, the lost art of winging, you stoop to pivot in place... A hidden key crystallizes into a seascape. Only the heavy scent of inscriptions, heavy-handed chisel. Protocol of remarkable positions to discover the channel of sparks in peripheral fever. Cistern of triangular bone leads the way to flowing...

\*

*The veils come and go like brides*, into the vortices of what is only poured to fill and overflow. Axis of dimensional syzygy. The listening, atrium and ventricle in the Palace of Northern Lights, for the stride of bewitching mentors... The ghost hunter is carried away by sleepers. "Have no fear, the diamond cutter will see you now."

The flounder of chrysopoeia speaking falsetto, the Ostanes lamp, limping not spinning, the lamprey comingling with the antechamber of hybrid objects... In the sensations of autoimmune, mouth of broken quartz, words of prey.

\*

The devastating ermine of inarticulate pleasures, stroking moonlight into captive tongues, muttering desirable words. In goddess-like fashion... With ruby-breasted ladders and arcane exclamation points. She lays her eggs in the warehouse of a language never spoken, while you bleed, cooing, molting, a reclining Mayan articulating the mating sounds of cherished moments.

Blood emerald through black, foreground, the first curtain, but how certain, scratched and partially dissolved, she is that arc stopped in mid dive, to listen. Listen to yourself, how does that sound? Color is partially removed for intensity. There are no inklings to alchemize beyond the original, save the liquid to silver between layers, for an hour of golden debris. The background is always a premonition.

\*

She let you in, to the mirror, the fiction, into shadow. For her you were seahorse and Saracen, tail first and cabal, pool-like and sleight of hand...

Under bird-layers, the manuscripting Princess Al-'Anqā and her disappearing phoenix, that well-known bicycle. Traversing between the waterfall and those crepuscular disorders of moist interventions, attending Oneiros, invisible ladder, sinister drop-cloth of unnatural order. Her attractions to perplex the succulent coat of arms against the grappling of finer points. She is loved to obsession by the half-naked antipodes of beautiful desertions.

\*

The underground chimeras recycling fuses for eager hit-and-run narratives, ethereal widows behind hypnagogic mirrors inhabiting light. The grail machine grinding sphinx and shadow into bruja tissue, for the castillo of raising fire. To avoid or embrace, but both, always both, in circular fashion.

Mimicry merged with Sentience, simultaneous ache and lightning as clothing for late-night arrivals. “You can be seen by others...” when you are also the others in the visage of potential actions, guided by swooping fowl. Raising statues against mythology, three-wheeled and snake-motored for rapidly dialing sun. Alerted by sultry moans and sirens enabling sudden departures. The silence of the yard with Mimicry in emerging multiplicity, in acrobatic contortions, to follow with firebirds in circular slapstick.

\*

A state of unrest for the many mirrored harlequin, salutary objections to the far-reaching brightness of your spine... impending to phantom attacks, essential oils and squirting fluids, spinning objects out of a desirable grasp. A lightning-triggered glance...

Perturbation is your breath, sweet one. And the falcon becomes you, turbulence with each gesture in defiance. A butterfly sword, a tulip explosive, invisible stairway. And that too bright amniotic pulse of whispering, passing awareness, a feminine fabric of torches thrown far and wide, far beyond the sentence ending, not ending ...drinking gold for whom, no longer decidedly asleep, you take up the mind-lit blade of scapula... Stopped, abandoned, hovering in mid-air... As a marvelous device, no one is deceived.

\*

When you leave, there are poppies killing time. Doors reflecting consciousness, with lunar slashing. She statues into high tide and the desert, cocooned in lightning...



The antlered guardian is a tiptoed dwarf veiled in royal chemise, espionage, dipped in ink and wolf-shaped. To be torched into transparency.

\*

From the lighthouse in Bride's Wax up to the alternate Mojave in slender passages, through Mirror's Wood across the Basilisk river, there unfurls the Candle Street Plaza, "where I once lived and died..." into that black market of Apothecary Channel, a childhood awaits the golden cracks of light.

\*

The interruption. Assembling asylum... Rendering aberrant flowers in the center of a very large map. Do not go there, she said....

Objects on the mesa, extrasensory hazing to conceal how you see involvement for feathers. Upright schisms in constellation form, to evade, encircle, moving light to engender the fallacies of deer-glowing... but even to think, the isolation of stars and galactic tinder, no kind gestures without broken bones for tinkering. Primeval proportions of intimacy.

\*

Snake-breathing window-body, in the act of ensorceling the adaptation of the beauty of its own hind legs. The spark of a wishbone tampering with analogy of a supersensory root system. If you tend to pause for a moment, similarly disposed to shifting paradigms of desire, solarization will tip the scales of fluctuation. The only way to see is with the ragman of Salamander dancing, biology of wind chimes, the procedures of sleepwalking through walls.

By illegal passage, the underground scintillates memoirs for daring exploits and fancy gestures. What is left out escapes the censors by fait accompli, while the sap of buzzing females detonates in the recovery wards of overgrown paragraphs.

\*

Throwing reflections like knives, chasing oracular tripods for thrones without mirrors or announcements. The source of arcane entrances.

\*

There is humor in that serious splendor, unexpected morphology, a soft humming sensation however evasive, places the legs of your scarlet table within the envy of plumes. And there were guardians whispering at the entrance...

From the balcony you can witness the cracking symmetry of a savage intermingling, dazzling calculations layering down to the sea. Lava smeared against sensitive spirits evoking Tincture, in her ocular abandon. Sigil disrobes for a wandering crystal as dangerous as any shadow, doubled for stealth, photographed for corruption... And in your beauty, armed for Venus, light years underground... holding automatic against the tide, to increase her pleasure.

\*

Playing a lampless glow, for systemic towers arousing the landscape. Like looking through glass tinted with solar and alter egos spinning vessels between apprehension and memory. When the street is empty... The forest invades. You slate into mythological age, grappling for pleasure, for stars entering dawn through scattered shadows. You are the mist of hysterical mirrors, running rampant for the breath of animal interruptions.

To observe is to rewrite shadows, attraction of errant shrike, Image to counterfeit strikes. A prime object gathering a radiant substance.

\*

No correct language at all, she said, or sounds. Only breathing forgives. From many directions an image follows and turns around, throwing seeds and shells, golden frogs. Poison darts searching for targets. Even the rain is invisible when you shed your appearance for the orchid-shaped invasion of promiscuous flight patterns.

There are pools to throw, nonetheless, or in spite of... she has written, “the horn of her cassowary abundance overtakes the sleeper, pretending to be King...” While treason follows that inexplicable bouquet of inclinations, for a double spring-announcing device summoning your characters to the antithesis. For a brilliant image, for unhinged pleasure.

\*

They light up and silence together. Mirror out of sight. With the beautiful gloves and solvent dulcimer, Image is brazen light, comes and goes, like bride upon bride for peregrine loom and superior degree... Writing milk for entry. Dipping morphic patterns in obsessive revealing, the linen claws your way out of bounds, antlering for semaphore and intimating arcs, lucid arrivals, faceted exposures. A forgiving light, layer upon layer, a primal savagery, soft as lingering poppies.

The enormous black butterflies of a sudden temptation into otherness. You siege and reign life in sphinx, watching night then, rendezvous with itself. For the linguist there are numerous disguises crossbow-shaped, an unswerving perpetual gaze hidden in windflowers and scalpeled Singapore-colored orphans. Following the fish-bone diviner and his diving sister, she was always mostly blind, and he was mostly absent, outside the text. As one, they were transverse waving and sibylline erasure. Once activated, an oscillating embrace that lasts forever, magnetic in projecting the glance that shapes time.

\*

Fire is the constellation of dreams...

The absolute clarity of mint is the paradox of perfect flaws in the texture you share with the shape of owl-wise into lacustrine, the heaviness of mystery, the anxiety of seeing too much, always being too late for arrival. Always... way too sudden for saturation. A knife throwers target. No one knows where you are. But always wracking, ventriculating through time. The speed of light, a perpetually moaning aura driving by emulation. Dark orphic nouns splintering into heavy unions toppling into secret utterances and perfect crimes.

\*

Image passing through your body, with light flare, long-limbed hushes and ancient love affairs toppling time machines and gem-erasures. Image taking Object for a stroll, with what is missing, incites a riot with “what was her name?” A pristine fetish filled with glass and pearls filled with surgical precision with “what is your objective? What was your name, what is missing?” Struck by spires raising conundrums out of desire.



Inhabiting the veins and vines of cellular tributaries, dark measures, hanging luminous from silence, with sparks of air and wind, great birds of water, voice of leopards, throwing windows wrestling, with fire...

•

A silencer might persuade you, to dishevel the ibex wall for a lighthouse pathology of obscured origin. Only the printing press bride seduces the moonlit lathe for howling spindles. You might be moved left of the red, or below the rising parachute of terrors, grooming proper targets to save the heartbroken tulips, without question, sensual without moral contrivance, you trigger into reality. You engrave the X into the figure of exceeding conjuration. Shower with fractures, de-silvering your last appearance.

Transporting ladders with wings, loon clothing with solar footprints and molecules chasing identical twins inside objecting shadows. Living and dying in elemental veils, a simple hijacking for calculating immense reveals and hidden attributes (Your identity shadows out in ether). Enchanted objects flying and diving, arcing for pathos, merging for optical equations. A garden of subliminal bodies turning the tide into the velocity of arriving sooner than expected. When “what took you so long?” is the morphology of “the scent of your lips is always the tenderness of assassins...”

\*

*In blue night bathing in Napalese honey, the silk weavers undermining the urge to table-spinning but into solar fog beneath the conjure, the alarm of intimacy and cypher... She is not the word but it's absence, the rotting germination, scroll of black earth, the leaving, through the entrance, trawling against the tide... crawling... and still navigating... following light into darkness...*

She is a visionary substance poured over your body, in that moment when the tightrope burns under your feet, sparks in a flow of reanimating the anti-music of oceanic spheres... when the structure of babel held up by the messengers, the sleep gesturers deciphering messages from the hand-held ones, the still ones, fiery ones, the hive shapers and the bird vessels... the barely-caught ones and their magnetic slandering. That moment when there is nothing between you and yours and the invisible words burning the corners of unbelievable nature...

You followed the sign of her pouring, Amphora dipped in a pool of darkness, a pool of wandering, shedding light in her flowing. She is the javelin of disapproval, the obscene discourse, she is Treatise of the Veil and stained with rumors. The lover of Amaryllis, the pool... tiptoeing into amulets of deep whispering.

\*

She is the window of great birds slamming doors entering with light, hiding widows spinning the threads of vaulting. The tower triangular to a long-necked candle thrower, spell-fiddler. The varnish of imperceptible attraction, whispering erotic conceptions with torn and salivating nets...

The heliotropic voyage of your shadow releasing the ermine of sharp edges, a grand eclipse breaking mirrors with the embryonic bridge-like reflections of a moment's glimpse. The spinal cord is visible at the end of the spectrum, to catch the stalking Lammergeyer for the stuck in the throat of the other "I love you" of dreaming hunters. The primal arousal of the first night, the first step and the last...

\*

You follow negative and anti with a sudden approach, exuding migratory sensory for Lucid, following Hybrid. Still eluding. Still washed up on shore, with seeds and spinning eggs. Hypnotic gears and dreaming machines. Attractions of unsettling silence, waiting... What beauty you bring to the grappling, desire, a pleasurable thirst. Mirrors thrown out of fires, starting fires. Growing mirrors. Breathing in unison... Revealing what is never revealed.

The sun with its echoes and colliding layers, a vast nocturnal chamber throwing antlers of light through your body. The rain with its sphinx-questions, its blazing doors, more bridal than evasion. Strolling upriver in the 7th dimension, waking backwards with glowing shadows, circular breathing reflections of roundabout excursions. To keep the spine lighted and flowing.

\*

In tattoos of biological light, a rogue tension raises specters of Pasiphae-shaped instabilities, podiums of animated discourse, tiny horsemen, a lone lamplighter. Predawn sorties, a precious lock of hair... This is not what it seems...

\*

Ambiguity is fed, begins to eat, the sundrenched apples in the purest negative, the bluest part of the flame.

Snake-fed nights and illuminated conspiracy, the orchid-bellied swimmer germinating in the arc of medicinal whimsy, to affect flowering fingerprints. What was once only a beginning, the wind with its royal chairs, the wind, it's secret entrances...

\*

You could be Loon *the breath of night*, you resemble Flood *oval net of luminous distractions*, capitulating to shifting chameleons for repelling occult with unchallenged nebulae. The intimacy of convulsive transparency when Pollen the sister of Altered Portrait propels Peregrine who sings in her sleep passing through yours, dragging propellers of mysterious origin.

\*

You spend your life altering waves, weaving warm breath on cold mornings, cutting out parcels of light to inspire the darkest corners. Attraction is not always a doorway, nor soluble. And never the same exit....

Human light is wolf-breed and neuron-sizzle called *leaving in fossilized shade* of calligraphies, as fable-eyed in ghost-ignited marshlands, for changing clothes, for confounding letters taken out of contrast. Dedicated to the luminous bodies of mist in the Albino Hotel, throwing antlers for missing words for torches, animal hunger, evenings that scroll downwards to a place to sign your name, voluminous and possible X...

\*

The elemental quicksilver of undressing Myth, who shimmers *we shall take it down and disrespect, we shall marvelize to expect...* The always arriving analogy, pushing heresy, to soothe and polish. To despise through what is perfect with abnormal grace. Carving bodies to extinguish, the encircling, craving to breathe taking it down... Mating by déjà vu...



It is always midnight, when the sun is the procession of rays of light for the plunder of diamond mines and other pathologies... Her rouge of Egyptian shadows, the wise old 'two become one' daughter of Plato known only to the seers. Seen only through lanterns.

\*

To always light the way with auriferous ligatures, sleep gestures and side-saddle through the lunar keyboard of what beauty derails in the waking...







## Appendages

What is crossed out, always invades the text with undertones. Even the rumors are real.

What is always lost in translation, liberates language, throws detours.

An abundance of blue leaves you startled. The word *desire* abandons the text for a roundabout fashion.

The poetic process. How you respond to illusion, allusion. How paradox excites or puzzles. There is an emotional response, or an imaginary possibility of comprehension. Burning questions, or avoidance. You feel stirring in mystery, or demand a certain clarity, however unsettling. You sense an unorthodox window through which you feel compelled to perceive accidentally whatever you desire...

To inebriate them with Lynx of nondisclosure. Erotic solutions to imaginary events, to deceive or to intoxicate. To engender life-saving fictions, more real than customs of decay. Is it only the image that will defeat you, or a makeshift Milky Way to induce crystallization... for delirious movement that will as a last resort, save you from yourself... (?)

Pursuing the Art of Transparency is fraught with many risks. Acceptance is clairvoyance of movement, a possible danger even to one's balance. Clarity is a wildly swinging doorway, a random expression beguiled by tulips and other highly explosive encounters. Expect a diffusion for sleight of sight. Expect expectations...

Every sentence, each word is an act of violence upon artifice, and only a sudden inexplicable sign will always precede ignition. Nothing personal. That's just the way it is. The scent of blue always precedes the mint.

Proceed by desire. Germinate a series of high-speed maneuvers, nightingale schisms. Strike up a flowering crystal. Spreading, infecting, transforming to be seen through the skin. Having entrance into your reality by flood.

Studies of the enhancement of lightness, to lighten (enlighten) particular areas of either apprehension or signification, serves to help identify particulars of desire. At the same time heightening the sense of transparency. Desirable imaginary instances of clarity proposing the presence of human activity in multi-dimensional psychological exploration... With photographs and the possibility of fire.

Nothing is as it seems, remains a promising entrance.

“When I can see through you, the landscape, the other living things, to the other side of seeing by night...”

Hold fast your anomaly, be the seeing-eye of paradoxical configuration.

It just isn't who you were meant to be, or who you think you are. Therein lies every possibility.

“neither negation nor affirmation” AB

“Find out who is writing these words” RP

Entitle, the untitled, the sketch nailed (of a liquid) free of anything that doesn't darken; completely clear... “I am the gaze, of wasps...” unveiled limpid dark, a light to wall the invisible scheme of entrances. She was always right. Always opening.

“I am the GAZE, inscribed glass of reality’s identity...” Or, the twins of rupture. Rapture. Marvelous erasures.

Mythical, heraldic or unknown figures, personages keep reappearing as an overall morphological structure in the ongoing assault on perceptual reality. They always make themselves known. They come and go as is necessary. Primal adjustments taking place in continuous activity of magical and desirable conjuring movements, obscene gestures and positions to affect the over-reaching scheme of things...

Fragmentation is the acquisition of image memories, the mind's natural state. The attempt to connect, to collage and mingle is only that, an attempt, to connect and make sense in nonlinear movement. Attracting the bed of scorpions and lilacs. The mind struggles. Imagination accepts without fear.

There are certain things that can be found coming to life and motion in the early mornings, not long after waking, when the mind regains its awareness, and sends outward the message that: “Yes, I am here... Ah, yes, I remember now...” Or was it something you remember from a dream? The seizure that could be called a dream... At dawn the



world comes alive out of the darkness and you are awakened by the expectation of light, and rising out of your sleep with an absolute grace, and remember everything... even the mysteries, you remember, the mysteries that have always haunted you since childhood. But no, it is only a dream, and you remember nothing!

Childhood is a somnambulant exercise in reinventing space. Quantum flickers, clerestory singularity of coming to terms with arousal, and sudden exits. Throating singing between morning and evening...

Mint is a woman's gift, is out in left field. The mint family, children of the evergreens, drooling in sleep. Pulling an endless cat's cradle out of a dream.

Paradox is the sense of a marvelous clarity. Visibility is dangerous.

Seeing sight, augmented and formidable. A novel inclusion prevails...

Fusing not fusing grappling, seeing not, seeing, coming through what is seen, lighted fuse.

In astronomy: A minor deviation in the course of a celestial body, caused by the attraction of a neighboring body.

Lucidity is beguiling when it appears the most peculiar and unsettling. Anomaly follows desire. A minor deviation in the course of a celestial body.

More marvelous than not, neither the wrong excursion nor the right one. Not sympathetic, but involved. Distance is fatal, but intrusive to silence, perhaps the sense of brushing-up against. A series of brief constellations. The possibility of a subtle agony, shifting into a beautiful sigh. An understanding that the central nervous system does not distinguish between what is real and what is imagined. The entrance...

*It is noon, the negative of an original river...*

Ghost of light, of reflection, ghost of shadow, heat and loaded, memory ghost throwing darts, ghost of belladonna and ladders for swimming, bright ghost and sinister drapes exposing each time lapse and space. Unknown space tugging at consciousness, like breathing, like skin of hyacinth and breaking dawn into dreaming and dancing in unison. A fierce presence of conspiracy.

The magnifying glass with playful gnashing of teeth, seduces the humming, just an eerie sense, humming, and always no ending to whatever, humming, always humming... A different language.

Dancing with shadow and reflection, outward emanations, neither male nor female brings a soluble resolution to lightning, through the skin of your loose-fitting dimension, dreamed of itself always through mazing into mouthfuls of raw dirt releasing luminosity...

“I am, she said, what light reaches the tunnels...” You summon the dust of light, lineage of coal and bodies of immaculate gesturing, grooming particles of desire.

No authority but image...

*(Most of it is true, in some fashion, some devised and some dreamed, some found already written in the pages of the book itself. It is therefore all real and lived, in another fashion. It couldn't have been written any other way, causing harm or lack of intent. Rumors or fragments of another, or other from another are always the same, with many to attest to it – or there is at least one who knows everything. That was meant to be. Still not autobiography, yet all of it is real, if not recognized. Raw, base and immoral as need be to expose. Mystery is encoded for power of enticement... leaving only cryptic messages of such clarity to blind, lose sight of what...)*

Qasida and Ghazal, changing properties, as lovers  
in disguise...

*Hermaphroditus is still sleeping in the Louvre...*

“Wonder what it taste like, moth light,  
soft underneath like, throwing knives and  
flickering, chalk write, hoodoo fangs,  
vodun rhymes, night lights...”

When the wolf came to me, the ice was warm to the touch  
and tender in the duality of the cracks. We exchanged breaths.  
We howled... We fell headlong into space.

## Tattoos Of Delirium

Neither a circle nor an endless returning, but a tiny spark filled with black space and light years. I regard her that way, through a keyhole that approaches a chamber of distraction. I come into view when she fades, and then the obvious reversal. She imagines a device, a gesture, an invisible act that combines the both of neither. Wet and slippery as a dream, playing out each ambiguous entrance in view of strangers. Faces coming so close, to pass through each other, scarred but undamaged. The bodies are numerous, seamarks, tearing consciousness on the shore... “I love you” she thinks, “I will mark you...” while *the moment in between signals a deeper entrance into Mayan symbols, animal hunger, evenings that scroll downwards to a place to erase your name, your possible X...*









BOOKS BY J. KARL BOGARTTE

The Secret Art of Photomorphose

The Mirror Held Up In Darkness

Wolf House  
Secret Games  
Luminous Weapons

Primal Numbers  
A Curious Night For A Double Eclipse

AURÉ

Transparent Bodies  
*Selected*

The Spindle's Arc

Mythologies

And Still The Navigators...  
*New And Selected*

Spirits In The Albino Hotel  
Throwing Antlers





