

atorv  
-  
a  
-  
green  
a  
-  
r  
-  
a

THE



*ASSAULT*



# The Soft Assaul t

By

Gregg Glory

PUBLISHED BY

BLAST PRESS  
32 Willow Drive  
APT 1-A  
Ocean, NJ 07719

gregglory@aol.com  
<http://www.corporategreed.com/gregglory>

THE



ASSAULT

Banquet  
Syszygy

Down to Earth

Kimono Blow

Rumplestilskin

Cannibal

Narcotic Nirvana

Cardiology

One mated and angelic eve

The voice that puts my world to worse

Sewn together in a pouch of purrs

Lyonesse by the Sea

Answering Machine Messages:

During and After

Mandala Squalor

Morning Moment

Naked Eloquence

Hollywoody

Scold

Mister S

Hole for Soul

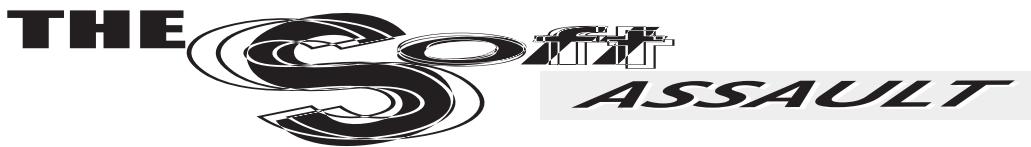
Surgery

Bellwether

Shine

The Soft Assault

Oblivion Vignette



If that's what it takes, man, to get with you,  
Then you, you are not my God  
'Cause I'd rather die than to follow you.

--- Liquid Logic

Love is the bone and sinew of my curse.

--- Sylvia Plath, "The Stones"

When you see cruelty going on before you, you are put  
to the all of interposing to stop it-- or losing your sensibility

---- JJ Chapman

That was not to say he would give up looking to the future.  
True, he was just a Cuckoo: scared and weary and alone.  
But, so, in the end, were most of his tribe: it didn't mean  
all was lost.

As long as they could be moved by a minor chord, or brought  
to crisis of tears by scenes of lovers reunited; as long as there  
was room in their cautious hearts fpr games of chance,  
and laughter in the face of God, that must surely be enough  
to save them, at the last.

If not, there was no hope for any living thing  
- Clive Barker, WeaveWorld



## Unfamiliar places

Atlanta, GA

Dearest Jane,

Unfamiliar places make me long for your familiar body. An ardent urgency I had not suspected distance could supply has brought your sugarpot to a sudden boil among the peach boughs.

Tonight, you spoke of "living in the now," - and how I long to let my soul do so! My heart is a history of desiring- desiring so strongly that it crushes whatever comes to it (good or ill) until that thing becomes integral with itself. This is my meteoric bliss and patchwork, bastard and disasterered composition.

And yet- how deeply and completely I long for thee! Dark vintage of my nights, coiled bedmate of my days- our hours toiling in the sheets or embroiled by our tongues, I long for them all again! The crown of the root of my cock has been too long unbruised by your cunning junctions.



## The Gossamer Gauntlet

"You are a ruby encased in granite." - Rumi

Dear Quixotic Fox:

I know that you said my poem horrified you.  
In the poem, I was trying to give the classic  
abstraction of "Gender" a voluptuous body.

I also know that you are afraid of the verities  
we have already shared and which we can share  
again in any moment you want to pick up a phone  
and be in my ear and in my heart. It is your own  
fear that stops you, and nothing else.

Listening Hard,

Ruby Granite

## Life's Too Short For Unsent Love Letters

Jane,

No. You should not see me. It's impossible  
that you should. For, you see, I love you.



I love you like the open sky, endless and magnificent and empty. It's not reasonable. It has nothing to do with control or wise decision-making, and much to do with hurt and with joy- both equally. That cannot be for you. It's impossible that I should love you, that I should have these feelings and these wishes for one whose heart I do not know- who is a mountain in its mists, observable but unknowable. It is not possible that I should be able to ascend it; neither may I reside at its foot in peace- it's shadow has touched the shadow of my soul, and I am shaped by this glimmering darkness called life. Stay where your life is all yours and none of it is given away. That is best. Not this folly, this parade, this ignorance, this mystery. Abide and be well.

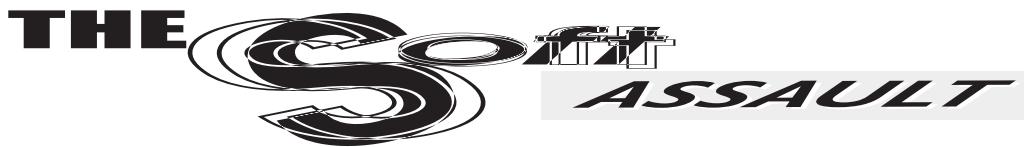
Gregg

### Living Al one and Dying Al one

Mole,

Living alone and dying alone is something that all of my "artist" friends have had to come to terms with-- and its the one fucking thing that kicks me in the ass all the time and that I steadfastly hate. It's the worst shit to me. But everyone with a point-of-view feels it.

A lordly friend of mine says its what gives him the courage to



stay married (scary)-- because he is SO alone. Alice B. Talkless always has put forth that point of view-- utter alienation. Yet-- what a crock! If I believed that, my good Mole, I would drink every day, souse my brain and sauce my heart with soul tunes and blues, buy velvet sheets, rape anything that walked, piss on the innocent, and beat on the sleeping.

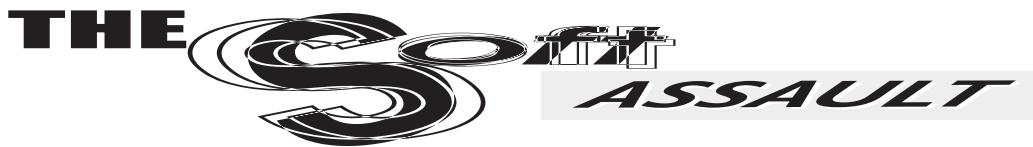
What guides me is not what I "know" about ANYthing-- but what I hope for everything. And, since my imagination CAN, literally, encompass the known and unknown universe-- I've got a lot of responsibilities when it comes to making that imagined universe dream itself to truth.

Yrs. In Glory,

gregglory

### Half animal and man

Half animal and man in my shambling frame  
I ache toward the open doorway;  
wounded and wronged in my make-believe flesh,  
blazed and amazed by a million teardrop eyes,  
my every ear alert to illumination  
in the star-flying dark and flak daylight-  
I hunch against the wind of forever come.



## Banquet

Sick ink  
vomited belly up on the throw rug  
as if I had forgiven it,

the swallowed ball  
of my poisonous poem, a loaded ode  
to limitlessness and light-

What trash!  
as if the sky- vapid and superior in its imperial blues  
didn't know how to bite!

Mistakes, mistakes!  
The pen's a miracle of mayhem, wild slips  
of a wrist once slitted;

the bleeding, careering nib,  
a molt of details in the schizophrenic flow:  
my mangy life,

my frozen embryo  
carelessly cast from the shelf, unlidded  
and palely little.

The cornflower fists  
ache to begin, the watery lungs  
two skinned, amniotic fish.

# THE SONG ASSAULT

A bonfire, a bonfire!  
Something huge and ruinous with real red in it!  
That's what goes, what really goes

with this stone decor,  
this face hung in a mirror slashed to tears.  
Heat, heat

anything to exhaust  
this caustic blank in my being, torn calendar-  
Journals, drawn loves, alien lines

poems mouthed from poems  
-dead-weight papers pushed to a death heap  
a Jew harvest at Dachau-

Perfect things  
as final as a corpse,  
ashes to ashes.

The matchsticks itch  
to finish it.  
Irritable Rubicon

of lava, language vulcanized on language,  
I cross you languidly.  
I am nearly asleep



in the oxygenless air. I am tired, tired,  
tired of curses, tired of cures  
tired of the alphabet.

The wall, infinite sheet,  
turns intense as an oven, the nails  
must be melting...

And here I stand  
awash and exhausted, perfumed in the rolls  
of corpse-smoke,

words burned to whorls.  
Too tired to live, to die, to anything  
kilned in skin.

## Syszygy

A whirlwind in a Thrift Store assembles nothing  
although it suggests a shape. A bowtie,  
swung on air, flutters without function  
because no neck is there.

There is no bleak coordinate  
to rally the flags and flairs;  
no hairy simpleness untwisted  
when bras and socks litter ascending stairs.

# THE SOMA ASSAULT

Eyeglasses doubt their doing  
(no matter how pinched and proud their glare)  
when through their frames of hardened ether  
can go no softened stare.

But a belch out of Brahma  
that moves through our tube of voice  
(no matter the nakedness of our stance)  
can clear the spirit's molten soma  
or club bright diligence to trance.

Red suspenders written by a finger  
on some supple manikin we love  
leaves a mental trace that lingers  
far longer than any snapping does.

Yes, clothing is the vocab,  
the richness of what's said,  
the silken bounty of hot balloons,  
the droll draperies on the bed.

But it is the Alpha and Omega  
of eye and heart and ear  
that fill out their airy outline  
with the grammar of a dare.



## Down to Earth

We've landed at the restaurant. Imagine that!  
Plastic seats and an oiled eggplant head  
Eating itself with a painted fork, with kerchief tucked in.

A feast! A feast of cow-skulls,  
Staring and hard, a mad Egyptian emblem of "brief life."  
Oh, I'd as leif

Noose my neck  
On your oniony tongue and grief  
As eat the bitter sprigs laid on my plaid plate.

The yogury folds of melted milk-slugs  
Slopped to a standstill, a yellow hill,  
The maggotty disaster of a vegan salad!

Yet here we sit, the paralyzed pair,  
Hump and stump,  
Too drunkenly sober to ever get up.

Who but us has smashed our lives to pieces?  
One piece, two pieces....  
Oh, too many pieces to count or fix!

That one looks like post-war France, Maryland that;  
All of our magic plans have gone  
Back into the magician's black hat.



Timid rabbit, silent as me,  
Already minced and brewed in the mulberry stew  
You vomited in the bathroom-

Half an hour, and almost didn't come back.  
Tell me, tell me,  
One finger, or two?

How many hooks or claws does it take  
To snake your guts into the toilet  
And water your eyes awake?

### Kimono Blow

Stirred eyes, lambent hands  
Grope, stroke and lock  
On the God-prod, the poker-pole, while red stone robes,  
Judicial and exact, flow slow blood floods  
From neck to heart to cock.

Your mouth moued to an exquisite squid  
Flicks, sips and whips  
The nodding blood-knot. Purple, imperial  
Whirl unwrung above stung-hung nuts,  
The daisy-anus, the lumped legs.



How like a heart it hurts,  
Circular spurt and jerk  
Into an emptiness of spit the size of a head,  
Glow-globe toned with bruised velvets  
And hot as a hiss or a piss.

This is the her that turned me twenty.  
This is the act that soured all honey.  
This is the night that cut away the day.  
This is the feel that cancelled the real.  
This is the time that mimed eternity.

Alive and dead on the slab again,  
Burned, turned and horned  
I made your waded pleasure feather wetness;  
A fortune of fine-knit phillips ticked  
Your broody veins insane on the scripted sheets.

### Rumpl est il skin

This hiss, this effortful fumbling at the spinning wheel,  
A whirl of confused gold and one fine thread  
Pure and tense as silence

# THE SOFT ASSAULT

Flies from the gnome's knobbed fingers that pull at the flow  
Thin as a hummingbird's urine;  
Masses of fineness

Gather at his neglected boots, clouds of extravagance  
Churned from dirty straw.  
And now

A maiden's motions move through the loops; pinching, stitching,  
She weaves a molten cloak for His Majesty's child,  
The sun king.

She uses every trick in the book to perfect it: her smile,  
Her looks, her intricate skills, her willfullness  
Honed on a husband of rock.

She shakes out the cloak. Millioned glimmers  
Shiver down its breaking back. She's proud.  
The gnome's eyes shine black.

"Magnifique! Too bad your son shall never have it."  
Her face falls to scars, irritations.  
Her eyes cross.

"Oh... oh... Rumplestilskin!" she cries  
Into the surprised sound of silence.



## Cannibal

Casual, usual  
A face floats on its wavering stalk;  
Look at it talk, talk, talk.

Watch it shimmer in the mirror  
And dissolve, a tactless absence, a sore,  
Hole for soul,

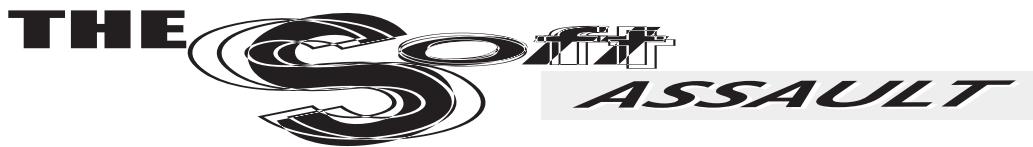
A nothing that wounds and wounds  
With its teeth, its tongue, gassy solvents  
That pick and ply til all's undone.

Look at it- loaded and goading,  
A sucking contusion, wary and scarlet  
Winking open only to eat

And eat and eat.  
Watch how it swallows, grinding its stone molars  
On a glass eye, a wooden heel,

Whatever the survivor had found  
To replace itself with- a quick fix,  
A snatch of branches, sticky love,

Any useable glue;  
Anything at hand, at heart, anything  
That would do.



The flaccid face bloats on its spoils.  
Bigger than mirrors, it floats its way out.  
Grandly, hatefully,

Empty of everything but plunder and hunger.

### Narcotic Nirvana

A bhudda-man emerged in my dreams.  
Orange sherbet draped his limbs,  
His head a mahogany dollop.

His fist contained a shard, a glimmer,  
Simple and sharp as his easy smile  
That outshone his indigo eyes.

I held my palm up, outward, warding  
Nothing, welcoming nothing,  
A new-painted moon-palm with five drippy runs.

The knife  
Entered me simply and neatly,  
Dividing my five into a three and a two.

Sudden blood, hot and narcotic,  
Glistened the fingered rifts of identity- and I, I



Bowed to thank him, kiss his head

The solemn mahogany  
Made of my desire for death.

### Cardiology

You hand me a cup, bland porcelain  
Brimming with little liquids, little swirls  
That mix without melding.

Edges meet my lips.  
"Swallow."

A helpful hand wipes the excess with a damp cloth.

This medicine is steeped in piss-poison!  
Injectable lies  
That slide beneath the skin, scatter and assume

The airy shape of my veins,  
My life-lines, and then coalesce in a tangle,  
Intrude and lump in my heart, silk knot, waxy casket

That breaks in the calcified air  
Displaying a dead baby,  
A red statuette

# THE SOMETHING ASSAULT

Drowned by lies and poison, swimming in it!  
O what shall it do, what shall it do  
That once was innocent blue,

Clean and pure and crimeless as you?  
Shall it lie in state, attended and indifferent,  
Surrounded by suits and long faces,

The lamentable murmuring of men, the shriek  
Of a mistress tearing her hair?  
Or shall it rise, rouge moon, rise

Blind and on fire, and show us the night?  
Show hidden things: faces twisted as paper,  
Abominations, truces with witches,

Suburban ploys and plots, the adorable whores  
Who live on the block?  
If we look at it burning, the heart on fire

Will it show us just what we desire?  
Will it show me? Will it show you?  
Will it?  
Will it?  
Will it?



## "One mated and angelic eve"

One mated and angelic eve  
With the book flared across your knees,  
Eyes guided eyes and elbows posed  
For four brown nipples to squeak and see.

I knew the bell's praise from your lifted lips  
Would sound my soul awake;  
I knew each bit of bitch with a searing nail  
Would seal my damaged fate.

Stiff ministers of a cultish creed  
We repeated the stolen words,  
Puked up tongue and black and naked need  
Until our needing heard.

Together with stars and eyes half-open  
We scratched the wrinkled skull's emporium  
And traded hands and nimbly led  
Each other back to bed.

## "The voice that puts my world to worse"

The voice that puts my world to worse  
Sits alien in the ear.  
The juggling hand that hoists my heart  
I exile to a hammered bier.



The eye that sees my face as sodden  
I pluck and damn its tears.  
The ear that hears my each word a curse  
Whispers its own fear.

When that eye, that hand, that crooked ear  
Misperceive my frame,  
I crack each red rib and fish within  
To kiss her soul again.

### "Sewn together in a pouch of purrs"

Sewn together in a pouch of purrs  
Hand on breast and mouth on thigh  
We cannot make our moaning words  
Or hiss a thesaurus into our kisses' sighs.

Each sight of sex that turns us double  
Or kinks or Xed zones to a core  
Of double yolks where trapped tongues bubble  
About the regions our mouths rub sore,

Undoes our encyclopedias of saying,  
Erases summations to addition's first tick  
And cancels accounts we could be laying  
In the hollow of a kiss' lick.



ASSAULT

## Lyonesse by the Sea

O I have been to Lyonesse  
One hundred miles away;  
I have been gone to Lyonesse  
For many and many a day.

When I returned from Lyonesse  
Upon a rainy day,  
I found my town and found my home  
Had changed while I was away.

In what way all things had changed  
I'd be hard-pressed to say,  
But things that were things  
    were no longer things  
Since I had been away.

My regret is long  
Where I once belonged  
And hardly can I see  
When the hours gong

What is left of what I've left  
In Lyonesse by the Sea  
And what at home from where I'd gone  
Is left of what has been.



## Answering Machine Messages:

1]

Robbed of sleep I can only feel  
The iron bed of your steel will  
And sleepless lie upon my cot  
Meditating over what I have not

2]

Although we don't know Reality's basis  
Time is not a stasis  
For (God knows) in Life's whirlpool  
Each one goes from sage to fool

3]

"Thank you for breaking my heart, you sonofabitch"  
You're Welcome, then  
Is where we must begin  
For the breaking of the heart  
Is the very worst part

4]

her eyes a monster's beauty  
her laugh contagious fire  
her heart too finely lonely  
her breath a wilderness of desire



## During and After

The Yoni in her rictus sucks  
Lingam with her million licks;  
Like and unlike they dance and drain  
The sense of sophistry and the heart of pain.

Glad carousels lunge where sex has lingered,  
Whirling in memory what had been fingered;  
The touch of Life that touches us  
Commends us crawl above the dust.

## Mandal a Squal or

Put mandolins where monkeys are  
To screech their souls up to a star

Bananas and citrons in a deep dish  
Chocolate shadows and the sunlight's kiss

The revolved aroma of a hole  
Charms the sense that would scold



## Mor ning Moment

good morning  
dear blossom,  
the dawning's  
white bosom

is clearing a place  
for your health  
for your face  
whose smile is wealth

## Naked El oquence

Shards of naked eloquence,  
permanent acquaintance in a glance,  
an isosceles triangle constructed by chance  
as when the world falls together  
on the disheveled bed.

Shapes of light and greatness  
confound the eye to quietness  
and all the rest as well, unless,  
confessing naked eloquence  
and stretched to a howl

I stand with my back  
to the midnight clocks  
and drop my cock



to the caustic waters,  
my soul to spawn.

## Hol l ywoody

I stare at my figure  
too dull to doll  
it up with knots, wry ribbons  
that stitch the wild hair into a tail.

The hips flare out  
from the belly sack, a hairy flood  
of becomings, selves  
I may invite back for a drink...

Incipient breasts  
flow molded from mounded shoulders,  
nipples stiff to be bitten.

It's womanish,  
except for the blowfish.

Figgy balls  
complacent as labia, shed placenta  
from some god-afterbirth.

# THE SOMETHING ASSAULT

The dill a willie  
soft as a loaf or foggy forethought,  
clitoral when licked

by a mind or a lip  
anything that drugs the blood  
into the long cave,

the manger  
hung with drums, a terrified beating  
that surges and squeezes.

A swallowed heart  
would be less insistent, more nutritive,  
provide a maturer moaning

than this hollow stick  
with its found sounding, a seashell  
dragging its echo.

Hot, prophetic  
folds saunter simmer-shimmeringly,  
lacteal, erect.

The wet coast  
solders its salts against the groin,  
sand and fire and thighs.



A night, a womb  
floats her sewn awning over us,  
a marmalade

softness constricted to eloquence.  
Stars hung out to dry,  
zen observers,

mark our dartings  
like twins in the linen.  
Love, love

swells and sweats  
between us, cloisonné oysters  
stripped

from their bone shells,  
the shellac of evolution  
returned to nudity.

Somewhere, hidden  
below the neckline of waters  
that define us,

my semen rot  
and wait, rot and wait,  
acid prisoners

pale to escape.



## Scold

The face is porcelain, sourceless  
perfection

towed from the cemetery  
whites of the sea

and spit upon by lime,  
cremated to this coldness, this clarity.

Blank statuette,  
unriven by sweetness or sorrow,

smooth as a blind moon  
or dew on a cactus!

Follicleless, is this  
the end of wrath and worry?

Does a wild rabbit shred cries  
below your shine?

Anatomy entrapped by a sheen,  
mechanism steeled to a polish,

there are such depths in your surfaces!  
A star could not finish it.



No sun  
can blanche you beyond what you are.

Limitless  
glares anger at you larynx

that never once hurt open for air.  
How does it feel to be in there

seamless and beaming? Tell me, tell me!  
Open your mouth and bleed

a God-spout,  
a riot.

## Mister S

The scenery of the ribs is a stage-set:  
medieval coils of veins,

cracked flames  
and the abysmal bellows,

the gold heart going like a pocket-watch,  
muffling a photoed face in its hands.



Heart! O Heart!  
Look at the ruins you have maneuvered!

the hothouse monster who smashes the panes  
and leaves the scene in spasms.

Mysteries  
stiffen the pinions

of God's black bat,  
dark Lucifer, soiling the filigree paneling

as he loiters, fingering a silk cigarette.  
He's plausible,

a skirmish of smokes and dishwater, lonely  
for a light or a toke....

A molten, mirrory backdrop  
floats his eyes through the chest like train-lights;

A few, stray, unused thoughts  
flashing and dangling

assemble the scarecrow  
who puts goodness to flight.



## Hole for Soul

I keep falling into holes  
and trying to stay there. -Theognis

Holes split open like smiles,  
wet and black as a line of paint,  
full of spectacular textures, like current berries  
that cling to my fingers, to my  
hounding mouths, to my wicked dick.

My pubes are adorned with the hard small seeds,  
spit out and germed with turmeric jelly.  
The hairs stand forth bright as a bearing holly bush,  
gemmed like a juniper with seeds and needs.  
And there, nearby,  
like the sand at the end of the slide,  
hunkers the hole, the sop, the punch-out,  
bitch ditch and oblivion  
as final as an out-push of breath.

I have fallen a thousand thousand times  
tripped by a mirrory eye, a laugh,  
the sudsy tug of an insult,  
a breath as coal and nitrous as a cigarette,  
smokes that exit a sigh as silk exits a spider's belly.  
I have heard and I have fallen.  
I have seen and I have slipped.  
Again and again, in and in,

# THE S ASSAULT

Down and down I go, shucking my parachute  
into crowded clouds, removing my wiry limbs  
to increase my speed  
into the fishy abyss, the feathery cleft  
that opens like the vowels of a moan  
in the middle of a woman.

There's an arm, a foot, a useless  
knee as backwards as a bird's,  
an ass as smooth as a cameo  
unrolling and unreeling.

Clothes shudder off like smoke.

I am leaving it all behind  
like a will or a fire sale,  
getting rid, getting rid,  
to fit into this hole that opens below,  
black and silk  
as a magician's hankie.

Faster and faster I fall  
my hat pulled off in a flap and flutter,  
my head yanked back like a yo-yo.

Springy fingers twine my greasy curls.

The angels go on about light and space and eternity  
like a clean room that never dirities,  
linen and palm trees and Ikea settings that never end  
fresh as dry cleaning,  
airy and forever and empty.



But I want the hole.

I want that plummet of gums,  
the chummy manure of descent,  
that spasming black, that tongue of hunger,  
the window in my stomach screaming wide,  
the tears, the million million tears  
like bent nails, bent and abandoned  
from nailing the window open, again and again  
to feel the black rising though you  
as you fall.

## Surgery

What are we made of who made ourselves?  
Our hands pull at the stitches like petals  
"love me, love me not"  
until our lovable monster lies  
undone and red and ruined  
as a pile of raw scarves.

Quick, quick, take these flicked cracks,  
the ones under the brows and by the eyes,  
or the one jaggedy one as long as a sigh  
long and nipple-purple by the targeted heart  
and pinch it and knit it and tie a tight knot,  
knowing that the guts have already gone out of it,  
the heaving mongrel mess  
the contusions and bruises

# THE SOMETHING ASSAULT

and god knows what  
that make us human and helpless and work.

Where our kisses have stung  
a rosary of burns remains;  
What had happened back when the lightning struck  
and love arose? What surged and gurgled  
on the steel table? What awoke with a shock to see  
the operating room's sugary whites,  
the corners as sharp as a smirk?

What shuddered and blinked  
at the rubber and tubular helper hands  
so anxious to gag it and glue it,  
to take it to us and keep us together  
like a heap of busted toys in a box?  
The surgical light as intense as a sty  
blinked on above us like a faulty halo.

Notice the choosing of the bones,  
the supple back, the wavy feet,  
the bland big bone of the face, blank as a lollipop.  
Notice the choosing of the bones,  
very important and very proper,  
stark popsickle sticks stuck in two frozen lives,  
rounds and mounds to hang ourselves on,  
display our guts like sausages  
and our smiles like carved lard.



## Bel 1 wet her

This is the husband, a stone Ramses head  
indifferent and flecked with flies, with lies, austere as the sunset  
that gilds his despair.

He's different, this husband, he's changing  
songless and bald, moulting his plumage  
undoing his hues.

Long ago he finished with sending me poems,  
his pen as dry and stark as a husk.  
Done are the days of ripping the earth

to snare me a fist of flared flowers  
that peeped, in our noontime,  
so "naive et charmant" from my ratsnest of hair.

Eons back in the loaf-warm tome of romance,  
he shut himself off like a faucet  
from my teasing yeast, my rise as regular as the calendar.

He no longer bleeds in straight silver lines,  
stopped are the drops once poignant as years.  
His tongue is no longer a spongeable pumice

to leaven or sharpen my sex upon.  
Turned off are the nights of spasms and gladness,  
torn away like kites by unbearable thunder.



Stoked stiff in his study with his load of self-pity  
he chugs through his Churchill in his stagnant recliner,  
a thumb drubbed on Nietzsche, and a pinky in Zeno,  
dividing and slicing our lives into zeroes.

## Shine

This is the scrape and scar of disarming sin,  
The God scrub.-  
Filtered pallors hurricane the holy void

Empty and innocent  
And quite as frank as an open mirror or storm-eye.  
Oz-God with his cattle prod

And tanned hands replete with treats  
Tells us in Schonenberg tones  
We must wash or wear out.

Old hopes, old hands, old wings  
Weaken and retard my rinsing and rising;  
What held me up now halts me.



My father's feathers that lightened my marrow  
Now endow my face with suffocation  
As thick as Icarus' kisses.

All these withered glimmers and subtle shines  
Impinge and peel off in the mud;  
All Earth is crowded with 'down.'

And I, I rise in rain  
My high lungs two cauldrons of flammable gold,  
My hope as strong as a bird's hollow bones.

## The Soft Assaul t

A scream arrives  
as eloquent as a silent film,  
Chaplin eating his shoe from hunger,  
us eating our screams from love.

Has it been so long since  
our mouths had found the strength  
to swim at each other like fish and kiss?  
Water whooses from our guts into water,  
urine and fishshit deflating from us,  
the sound a no-sound of silence.

# THE SOFT ASSAULT

So long and so hungrily we moved toward each other,  
paired plants heliotroped on our sunny dope  
and ache for greatness, a spine of thorns  
elevating the ticklish emptiness of a rose.  
I cared for no God taller than your caress,  
your hot neck caught on my calluses.

The crevices where we creased together  
like folded skin melted in a blue matchstick  
are full of crossed eyes and crossed hairs,  
backwards assassins  
that cannot see what they are killing  
but fumble for the tricky trigger by habit  
blindly as worms.

Together we mouth the sound of "Pow"  
like children  
pulling their fingers on air.

## Reincarnate Incarnate

I have come and gone many times  
And turned my soul upon a rhyme  
As if the finest joke on earth's  
To be always beginning where I was.

# THE S ASSAULT

Troubled troubadour and truculent whore,  
Soldier, sailor and tailor and more;  
Each rotating mood or face  
Another fated deck shot by an ace.

The several major arcana and their signs  
Cast their shadows on my soul;  
Sour and sweet they they cross and meet  
And their friction boils my bones.

Bird or man or querulous bee,  
Or gladdened tangle of these three I am stuck on  
Winter's blankest branch  
Or come to Summer's triumphant tree:

Hung, flung, or even undone  
Our lives' alliance shifts upon a breeze  
Straying or staying like some mourner's melody  
Upon the upright mystery.

With ignorance and assurance I strut;  
With innocence and wickedness I walk;  
With whatever measure I may I go;  
Indisputable and bouyant I stalk.

Mother shadow and darkest seed  
Direct from the nothing above  
And sink to the nothing below  
All the lightness that I may need.

# THE SONG ASSAULT

Cajoling aueroles of flowers  
From these honey-bloods I bleed  
Dripped to ground beyond my powers  
Until light and time a resurrection freed.

Calliopes' sighs and a lover's tropes  
Rope my myriad thoughts to things;  
Tied together what need I fear  
Save a lesser tension in the strings?

I have come and gone many times  
And turned my soul upon a rhyme  
As if the finest joke on earth's  
To be always beginning where I was.

## Obl ivion Vignette

So circular evening arrives again  
Sending down her silver lies at midnight  
Into the sleeping mind of woman,-  
A goddess knotted on her own fecundity,  
A fullness and dirtiness in which all fantasies root.  
My blunt foot has numbed in its soleless boot.

And yet, there is no anchor for us in this evening,  
No hold, no place to contain us,  
To comfort us; no chink in which we may

# THE SONG ASSAULT

Fail and be forgotten. No hole for our seeding.  
We are here in the evening alone together,  
Here in the bleak nothing that opens us.

I look up, up, to where the black stops.  
The stars are wise of their taut untruths  
And wink when we do stare at them,  
Staring like a mother at her liar child  
Who winks and grimaces and starts away  
To play and pleasure in the darkest wood.

Finis