

i smell a vortex...  
connoisseurs of the wild alleys  
repressed thoughts thawing out  
temples of the urbanites  
the workboxes of fools  
cheap appliances  
roman curse tablets  
classical geometry and the angles of penetration  
psychotic pigeons closing in on monuments  
exceptions to the rule  
shrunk heads with stitched lips  
minotaurs notching crude clubs with broken teeth  
things licking open wounds in caves  
butchers staying up all night with their meats  
moist demons crawling in matted hair shirts  
erotic concussions delivered by trained hands  
spirits that cannot stay in one place  
blinking lights  
unblinking shame  
silent angels at the places of injury  
unclean temple herds  
terrestrial crimes  
the death of princesses  
the rain of dead frogs  
lynchings in the tree of life  
dutch porcelains of unchaperoned farm girls  
scientists discarding dirty latex gloves in the lab  
hunched up blessings with hands on their hips  
slaughterhouse candelabras  
the embarrassing phases of the moon  
spiritualists with feathered headdresses crossing the border  
steamboat slaves  
improper tattoos with muscle movement  
prophets with torn tickets at the racetrack

gradual decisions  
gambling commissioners with debts  
washed out marriages in dry creek beds  
feelings that have not survived  
internal organs removed during surgery  
exceptions that come before the rules  
garrison drawings on the barrack walls  
spoiled matter in the bottom of the offering bowl  
land surveyors looking down at spiritual killings  
harpists playing in foul theater pits  
the shallow end of mystic pools  
underfunded humanitarians  
gypsy mediums behind the beaded curtains  
tax collectors with dead sardine faces  
population centers in lurid vegetation  
salt traders entering the city  
the eroded hips of failing cultures  
bald magistrates overindulging on the beach  
secretaries keeping the secrets  
observers on the edge of jealousy  
street fair oily bodybuilders shaped by steroids  
monochromatic deceptions  
old men with ancient medallions  
second thoughts in the sacred chorus line  
sensualists taking the helm  
crudeness finding its sounds  
registration records of sweaty colonial officials  
cut anchors  
improper gestures  
the skinned knees of submission  
old world music and dancing boots  
red high heels not made for walking  
foreign objects generating strange feelings  
two headed animals

split log drums reaffirming tribal time  
the process of emulsification  
night visitors  
night travelers  
nightcrawlers in a jar  
tourist towns without accurate maps  
spiritual looters with ill disposed children  
belief makeup on the faces of religious leaders  
tribal herbalists in a drought  
misleading ancestral beacons  
the irritation ceremonies of ego  
leather tanners at the animal shelter  
cosmic visions that cannot even leave town

approaching the event horizon  
i do smell the vortex  
and it is closing up shop.

i smell a vortex.  
wf.h.  
2020