

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