

opening the painted door
opening the painted gate of the hingeless gateway
i walk out
celestial animal
skull slapping against memory
shouting
and shouting...
well
here i am
i am here
the walking monkey
down from the tree.

the walking monkey down from the tree.
into the cradles of agitated witches.
into unanchored existence.
with dream tellers in the second sight madhouses.
with dream tellers and dream injuries.
with dream tellers and the deeply sacred bowls of transmigration.
with dream tellers and the veins that go straight through the heart.
the gift giving of massless emotions
and the hereafter visions
and the hereafter voices
with directions
in geometric forms and petroglyphic maps.
gatherers
gathering in the communication regions of death singers
ritualizing the unknowable.

the psyche
guarded by earthbound landform outpost border guards
guarding against the unsure
and wandering edges and depths of the uncaused
with its approved beliefs and legal codes
speaking the organized authority language
of spiritual badlands.

abomination boundaries.
lost boundaries.
lost chances.
lost cities.
lost peoples.
lost cultures.
lost civilizations.
lost paradises and lost blessings.

i live living loosely with loose things.
starting out in the morning
i see what is waiting
i see what is in the mood...

amber eyed goat gods staring at me
through the elsewhere rain in strange eye exchanges.
angels blacking out after drinking in the light.
animals hunched over tissue games in cult temples.
head takers looking for core samples
in disorganized scenes of body parts.
dominant muscles searching for nutrients
to take back to the nest.
rummagers rummaging through the leftovers
in pigeon splashed reincarnation dumpsters.
early martyrs eating the sacred heart uncooked.
dark suits selling worry strategies
for the world to come in the always tomorrow.
banknote relic ministers with the untraceable
provenances of security systems.
demons wearing the human remains
of imaginary spent alibis with unworkable timing.
spiritual beings relieved of their duties.
spiritual beings seeking corpse marriages with their shadows.
heavy using spiritual street thugs in the next steps of make believe.
disembodied depraved heart killers
letting themselves into the hatcheries and nursery rooms.
ascetics with tantrums in their world where angels do not visit.

bone worshipers notching sentimental kills
in the ancient lights that are still lingering
in symbolic premeditation.
overdosing dancers wearing bull hides
in transgressive nightmares.
the rules of pretending not to look at anyone else
in the assembly halls of original appetites.
the miracles in excited rituals working at the breeding farm.
the wilderness of careless associations
visualizing certitudes in the living quarters
of scarecrow priests and scrawny augury birds.
the universe of improper sleeping arrangements.
worshippers still persecuting each other in the layers of sediment.

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skull slapping against memory shouting
and shouting...
well
here i am
i am here
the walking monkey
down from the tree.
whose problem is it now...

that kind of day.
wf.h.
2024