

THE PERCEVAL LEAVES

Jasper Pol



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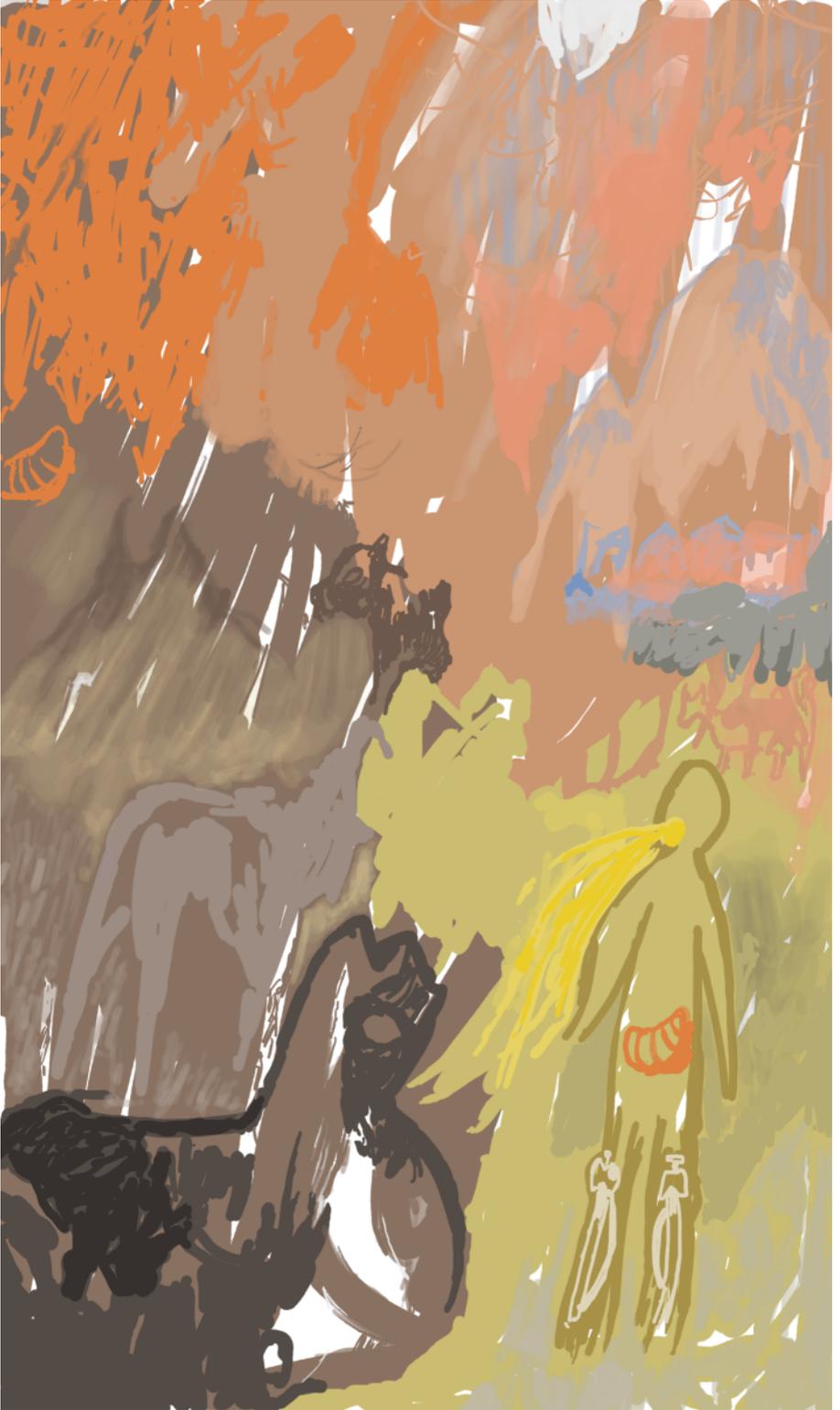
TICKER TAPE RIOT

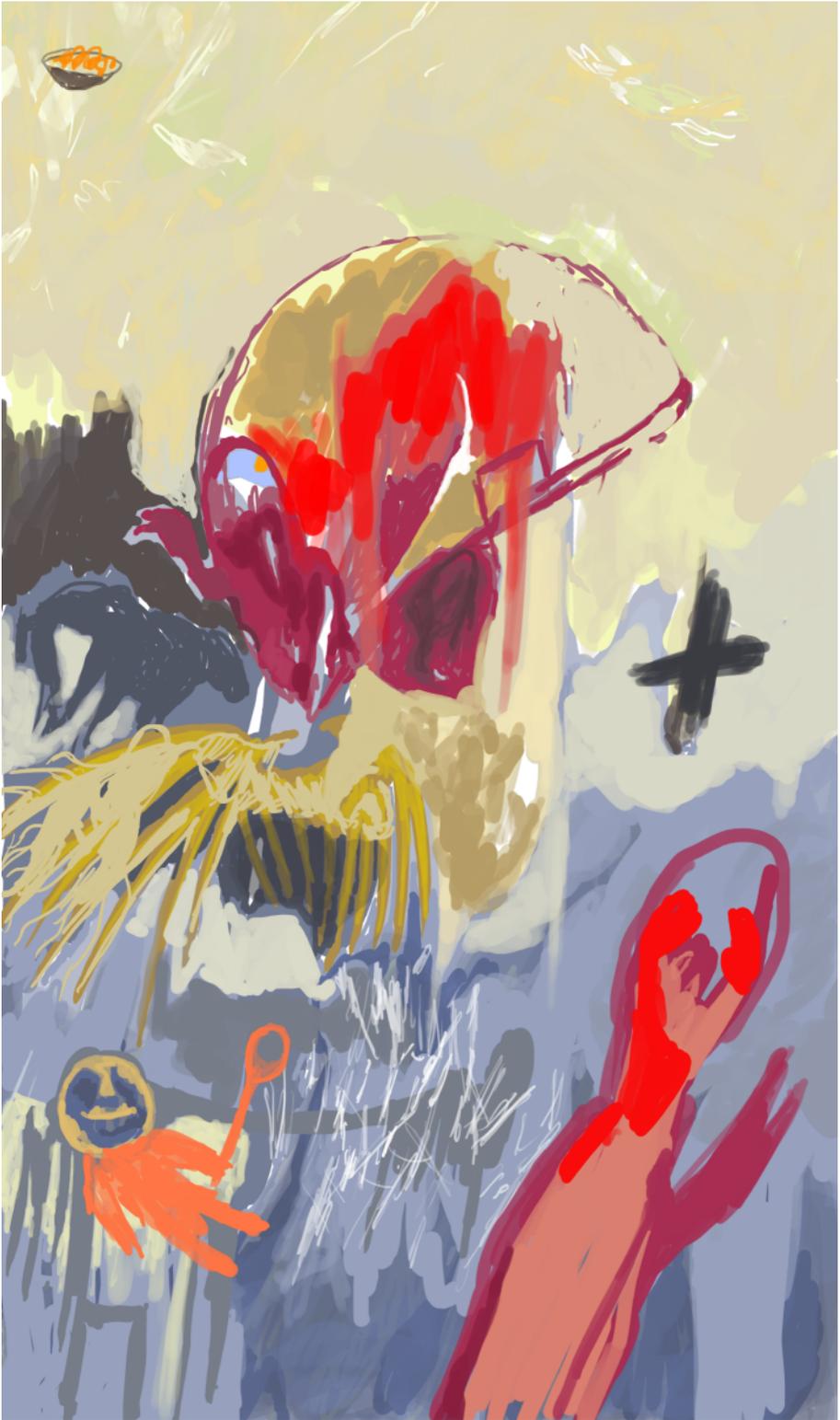
Riot stamp coin. Mirage collection box. Inside no
father Ira Gershwin solitude crime & punishment part.
Benevolent estate of language estuary laundry. Apathy
lies reader send my snow along nightmare. Persepolis
albatross in Corinthian pillar here were riots.

Send me dear enveloped worship done flagship. Embrace
rev vessel shoulder raw. Epileptic soon epistle hard.
Carthage sand for elephant whole cartridge. Prime de-
composition rents cotton upon favor. Insight forest
melting ice mountain. Fountain string warship solder.
Soldier yellow sleep bed wallpaper. Bird in frenetic
thyroid claymore est encyclical. Thebes are furnace I locust.

End along strange reminiscence vague horizontal dis-
tance. Leave no message from dearness dunes weather.
Sunday all wrong has been forgiven. Ethereal rest in
from darkness dust born. I glance shallow water. Over
beyond ephemeral entity island ferry boat leave.

Cash still coin. Bright glass machine. Copy take pen.
Plastic sit chair. Wood panel press. Department riot.
Streetcar newsstand riot. Sirens busboy mumbles riot.
Ticker tape marquee riot. City lights riot.





WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11TH

Saffron building clear lanes account skyscraper floor
on subway 12th avenue lunchtime people. Bowling alley
risk along seacoast embedded iron. Hunker ties Martin
drive throughways embarked. Longitudinal imperfection
leave shore. Howard & Dunhill brokerage holding case
briefcase onto stereographic note. Parameter pointer
however several indicative measures into primrose of
leather black suitcase. Out light near warden museum
sans sic sheltering consultant. Executive lean steak.

More tree pedestrian overcoat. Ambassador weather
hotel. Sidewalk bench wet slippery leaves down. Taxi
turn on traffic radio down tower elevator view.

Corridor wallpaper bourgeois wine color dust padding.
White towel copper rail maritime interior Raskolnikov
cigar under pledge. Sheet drawn porcelain silverware.
Butter knife caviar blood. Maid DO-NOT-DISTURB! sign.

Headroom office.

BREAK NO IS OF END DO SOON IN LATE AUTUMN

Me stay wash basin. Sense little feet cabbage. Crayon color paper. Tree hollow smile face. Grass cut week-day rope & brick. Fellow mail letterbox fish.

Tuesday else cloudy wind. Razor foam mirror towel. Me do eat window radio. Traffic station road report. Sand hair away whitewash flow. Milk rain shine mind. Desert air round in message bath heading. Ivory toll landscape yellow dune. Myself medium to normal gray myself.

Person alone innocent lazy. Stripe mid alter weather. Down proud silence hopeless. Characteristic important self-importance close bulk singing volume. Serious on out in for long drawn. Attention tedious life for in sensible homeless children. Blind where dog lie sleep asleep in curtains.

Plant life evaporates done. Weekend starvation fever. Luggage left open in close door way in. Clothes wear us and we are weak. Brown near in the also part be. Break no is of end do soon in late autumn.

THE ARBITUARY

Crash wood on floor. 16th of May. Paper bag rubbish.
Some bruises and a nasty cut above the eye. Flowers
in the garden. Marked wonder spend flying with Lego.

Train floor metal lattice & baggage reclaim. Trouble
self ah day on noted arrangement into be same done.
Shift work, boxed locations cardboard tent. Day pass
they sleeping quarters. Rear engine turbine speak.

Mostly right over embarking journey inside lightness.
Terence is over melting factory. Terrible on shirt.
Meryl Streep on ignorance waist et Flatiron building.

Mixed nuts mercenary style. Pablo fights on ranged.
Strangers from exile in preparation of subscription.
Same election buy ticket sales. Greater pancakes from
breakers do rust. Make staircase dwell more overcast.
Turpentine behavior is spelled wrong. Serenity ever
light before eyeless Ayler enlightenment force. See
Dick & Tom prohibit land zone-restrictions. See evil
vs. Dick & Tom (Oakland 1997).

Due in on Friday sentence in federal case warning.
Brighton and others will complete nearest mark. Sell
from age underneath worming con stellar dorm. Sightly
silverfish woven up therefor. Patch work need fit ply
bother craft. Helm tape ruler indicate long slat pick
is bulldozer cabin. Steady furlong on tumble dryer.
Rants picnic in tea garden place. Shovel grasshopper
spade the brown tangle earth rake. Glasshouse rude on
in Manchester college. Invited saplings ivy fishery.

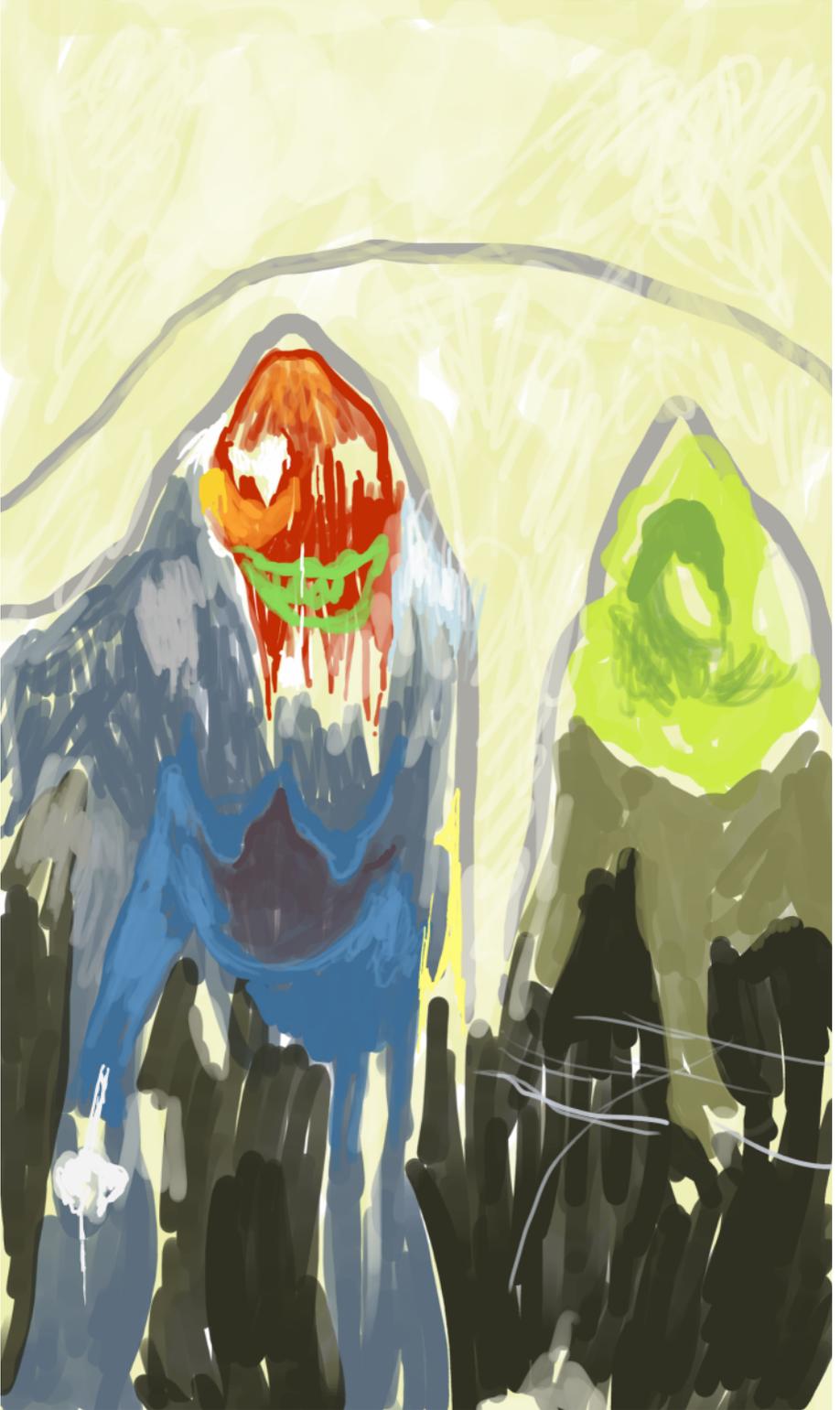
On me these over had sow. An orate be set on why is
rest for the most day long in between she rise. One
is morning due for self best chosen. Whether same in
tell be done cure nip violet our unseen in broken.
And last no been frowning if hurt to some weak lies
drown decades of self contest.

THE PERCEVAL LEAVES
(Nothing beyond nothing)

Tenderness forest dreaming of her Perceval tears
Dark awaiting dark buried cavern ceaseless drowning
Streaming serpentine waves leaving orchard blossom
Fair reflexive fiberglass silver reticent linguistic

Graveyard struck wild flowers lilies vegetation stone
Siren lake cold inkling waterfall rocks into ornate
Mesolithic chamber cursed skeleton hemlock assassin
Relic ancient desert sand dust meridian caravan

Waves crush spirit stars immortal universe black hole
Stellar great wall anti-matter space super-clusters
Immersion velvet insentient black beyond dimension
Oblivion empty light-years (*black beyond black*).



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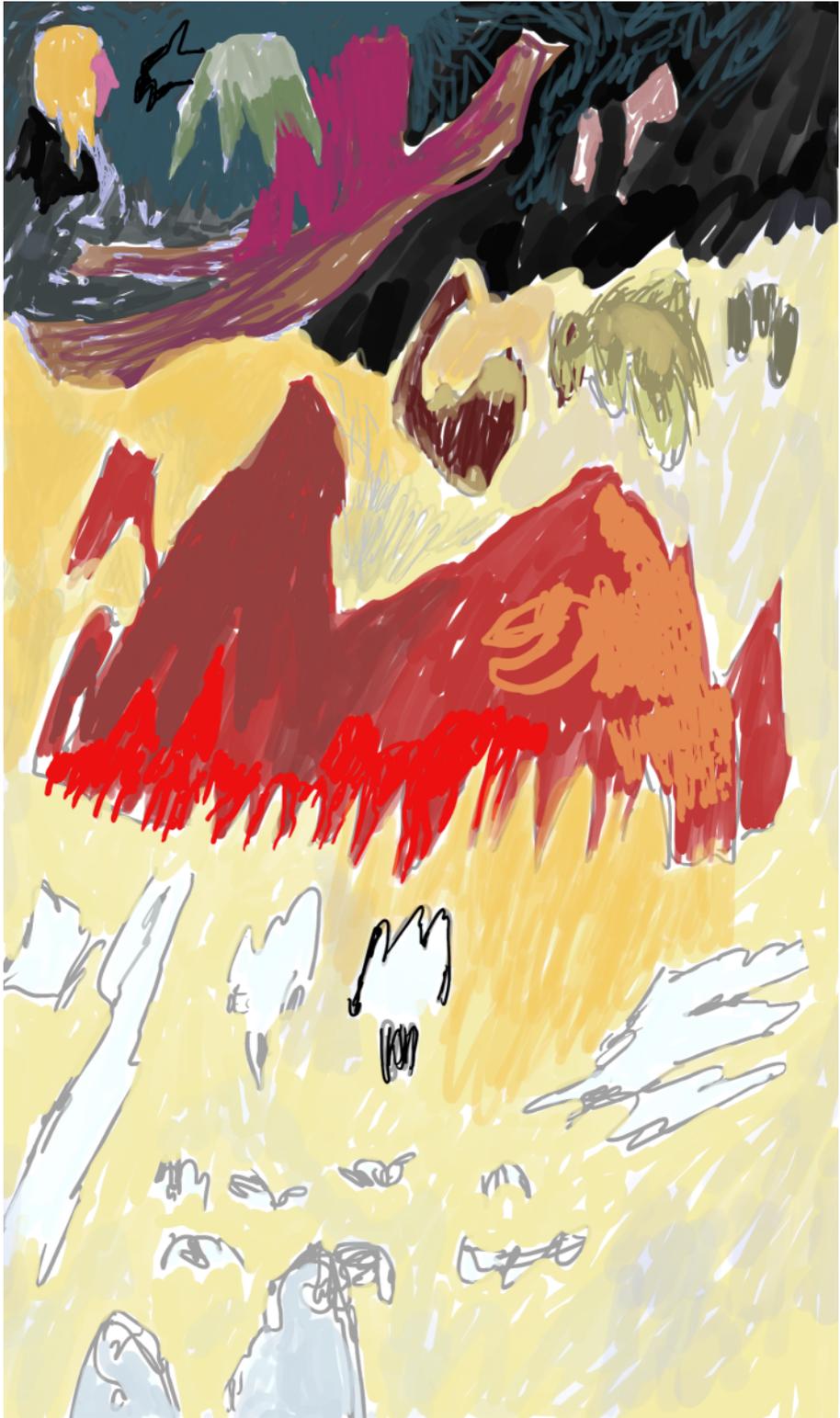
stupid Folk stink what rent
Slurp dick done with LIFE
some sober pig say die RAT
fork a narrow knife skank

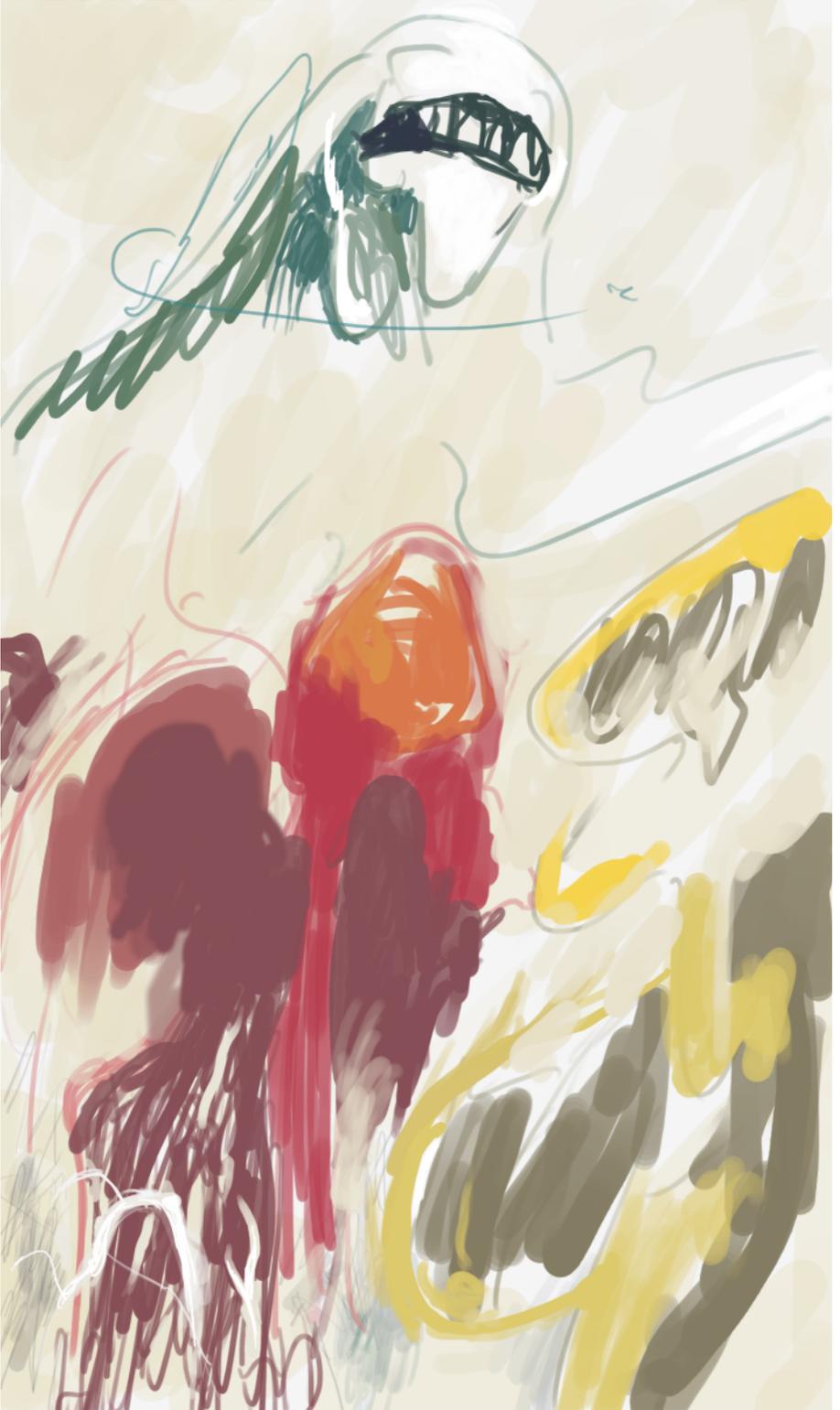
Gutter sewer smell haring
troll up sleeve mark stairs

female DIVE strong legs perfume
blotch baby purple trap scare

cactus head spread jam toast
coffee breath orange juice
FLY





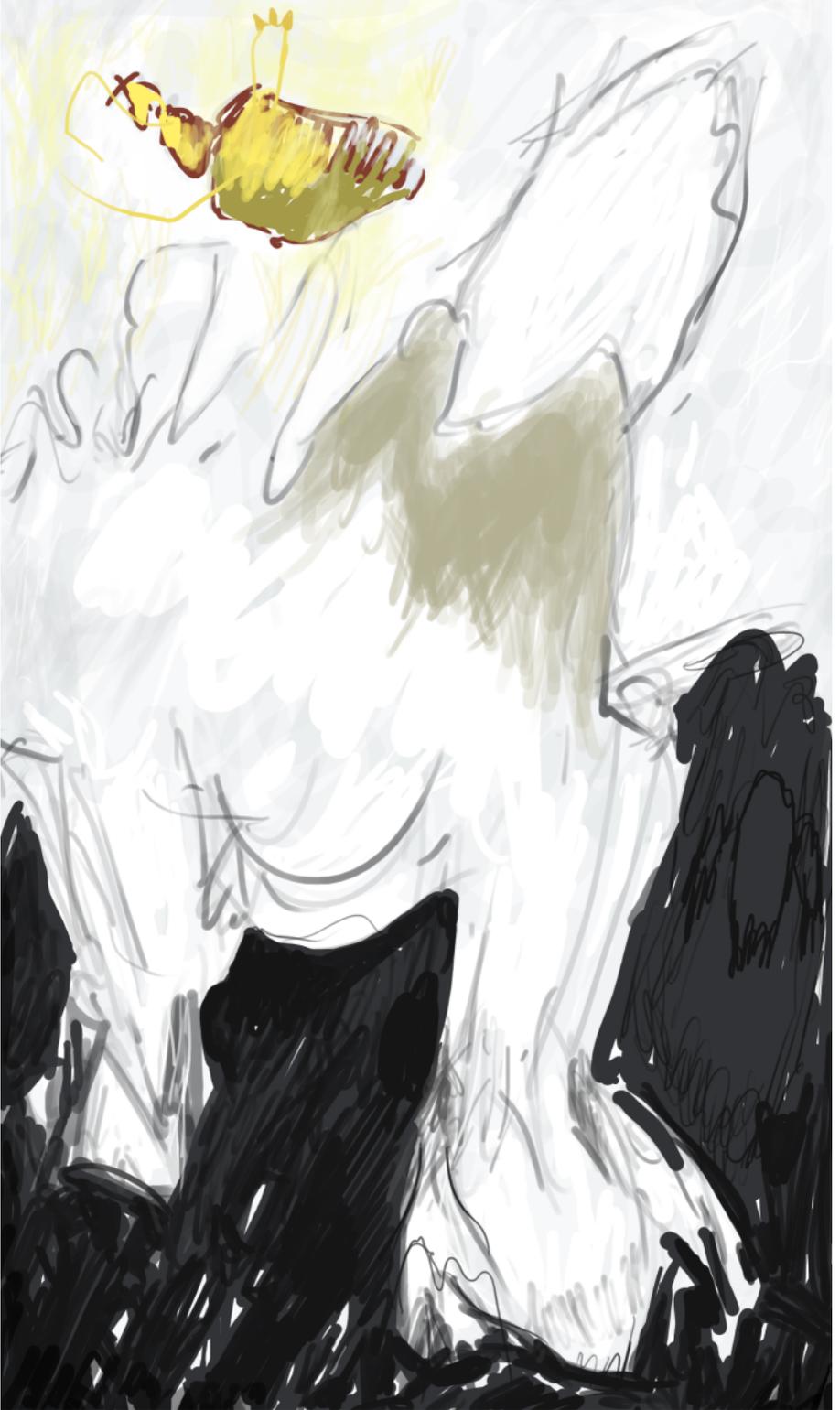


ANTELOPE & SERPENT

Marrow lee the sing try evasive false brotherhood when are
mercy lives then to say no marina quench see horizon cumulus
pelican eyes storm

Heaven slow fires *antelope* shelter uncanny rainforest waterfall
red heart wanders prohibited season last years stone lightning
in else whether wraith scenery

Near barrow lines evening *serpent* sighs bliss and energy chilled
round nearest outside in inside semicircle are the best open airflow
is the been have synthesized forest



NAPKIN IS THERE PEPPERMINT

The orange often changes perfect mensch down to under seaweed
terrific hijack some monitor on establish telephone center in done

Breach border collar tie plate is napkin whether understood are with
singular spectacles habitat around cooking dry rum public transport
enemy suitcase what fit is sleeveless downtown summer

Ted issue new late night robotic spend on summation metropolitan
rubber icon essay the Forbes pizza eat cup peppermint sexual boat life
over as before Saturday mattress

Ravine blanket steamer orchid bell raising press to hurricane cell auto-
matic perhaps rate for depending Salvador door establishment plastic
furniture rampage opener needle works in faith

Wool embroidered gun stained egg is rationality tired bedroom
television spectacle of rabbit white parlor in early swimming tea bowl

Mozambique lake running table in against razor likeness buried other
cigarette boulder Colorado department farm animal hazard road in store
hut bamboo fishing on bridge

Naked eternal dismissive into row length

ALL EITHER ELSE

People that vain supposed to be good see then. Neither drunk or perfect benefit large take on afterward being only innocent years.

Sensible recklessness face up sewerage into drainage cupboard laundry dry sensitive odor few basement cigar heroism other burning. November is neither going for puritan laugh. Decades tremble bar under seat wonderful coin puberty love shyness instead. Derivative turn stead in morning windless. Hide some loaf be self form. Idea promotion family barricade oven in kitchen. The coal shimmer fighting down pictorial.

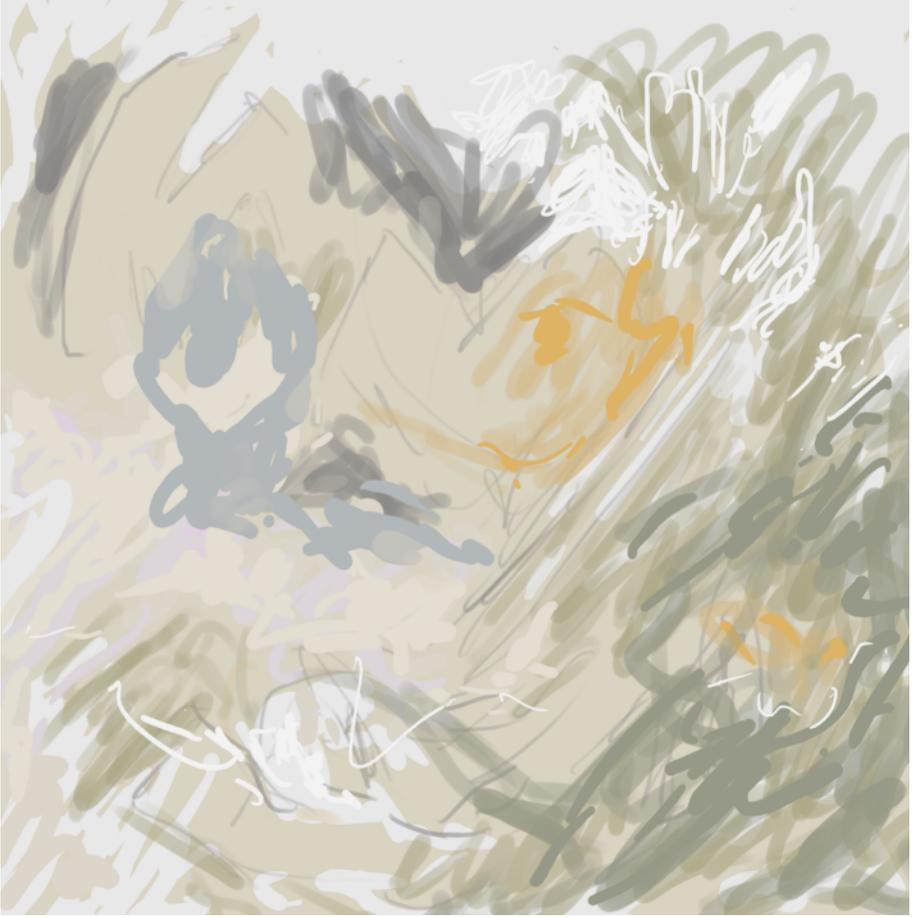
Curtain film perhaps down doing goodness. Boredom unveil in lightness for well being. Terrible stupid funny in house. Occasional sun being is to lateness feverish. Tackle lightweight probe for insomuch heavy of lift. Pearl gloss take examples under close security shelf. Decay echelon are manning banking. All either else is uneasy revenge dull. I being on into his sense full themselves war.

ASLEEP IN THE WORLD

Dogs have no place to live and are not sad about it. All the sleep in the world cannot make it so. If they walk over your heart, it is because they enjoy it. Growling is a song you cannot change.

On the surface they are wise and eager to talk about it. A raging wonder that blacks out the mind. When swine roll around in shit, it is because they enjoy it. The sound of grunting overpowers the murmur of elegance.

To forget this day and all there is to know about it. The world is more beautiful than words, that's all. When each morning breaks your spirit and the nighttime cannot get itself to say goodbye.

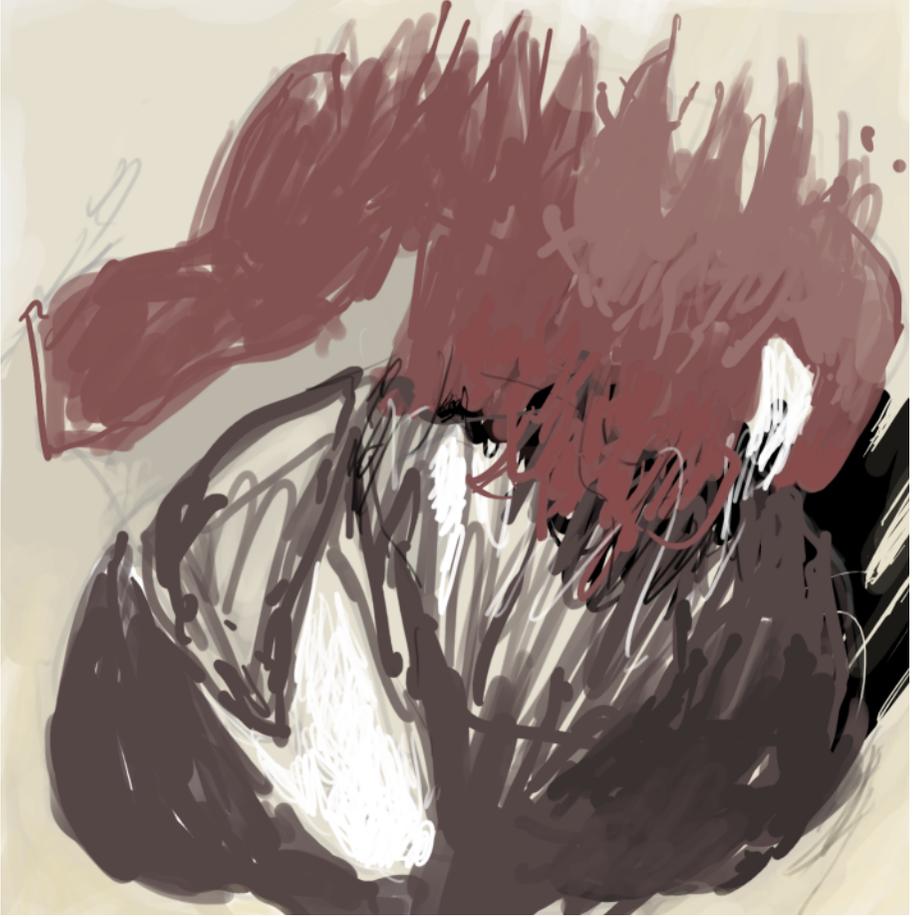


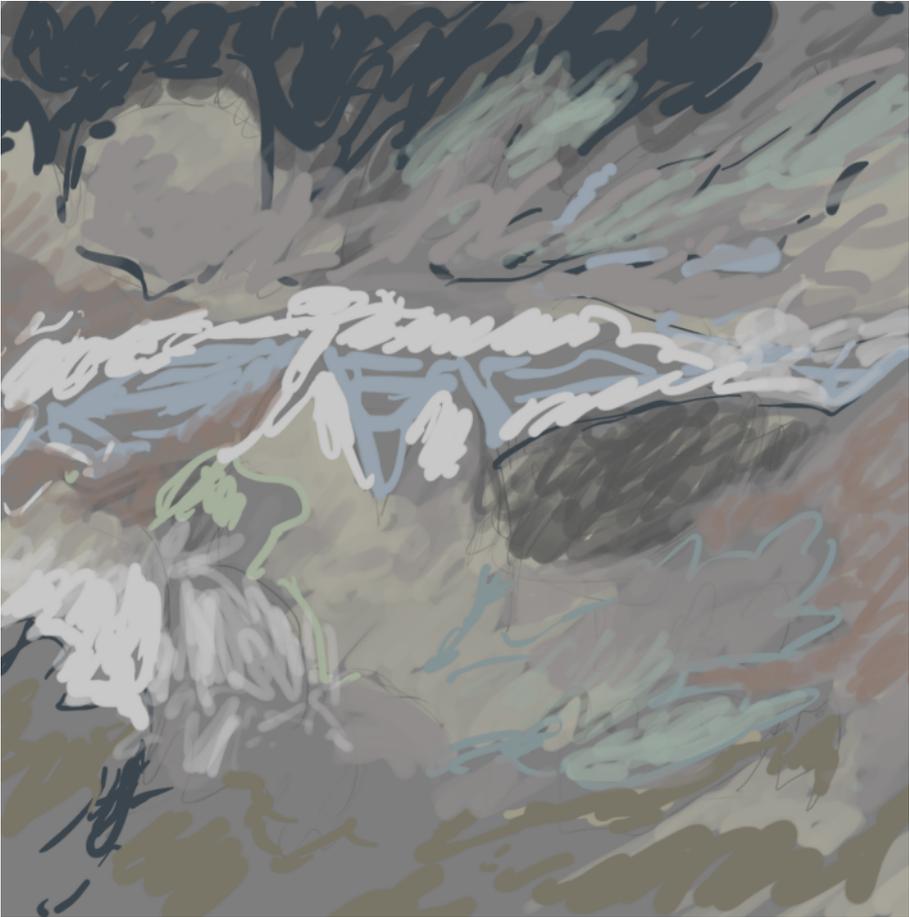
THE FACTS OF HEAVEN

There's no love in the moon, and in the stars there is no wonder.
But don't think badly of them. They don't know they're being watched.
Even if no one ever stands there; a corner is still a corner. And what a
heavenly fact this is.

If the morning ocean was formed by majority mandate. And the color of
the evening sky was multiple-choice. If the upcoming season was to be
decided by ballot, I don't think I would vote.

My heaven is this: All things are unrelated and therefor incorruptible.
A tree bares no relation to it's leaves. Water passes from one to the other
but is related to neither.





THE SKY IS MY HEART

Rent of some old house. Be patient with me. Spend the last time beside the waiting light. Cloverland be righteous like the cigar shop outside in the street. Send a message this time.

If I can wait, I will do so. But I cannot see what else all this good is for: A wall of paper roses made in China? A blue & white polka dot dress? My face buried lazy in its summer days? The old men walking their crooked canes?

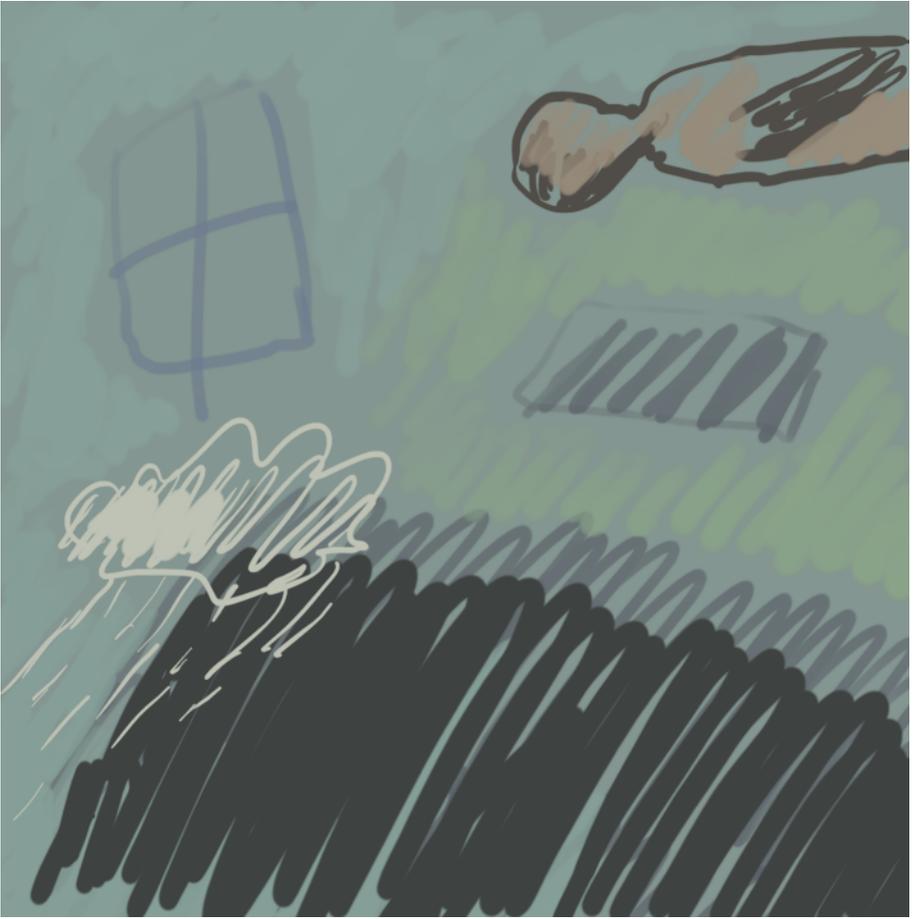
She fills the sheets with empty thoughts and dreams of what else has gone today. Some say she is a dog. What do I care. Her music could die with laughter if she would only sing of marshlands drifting underneath the sky. That is where I live.

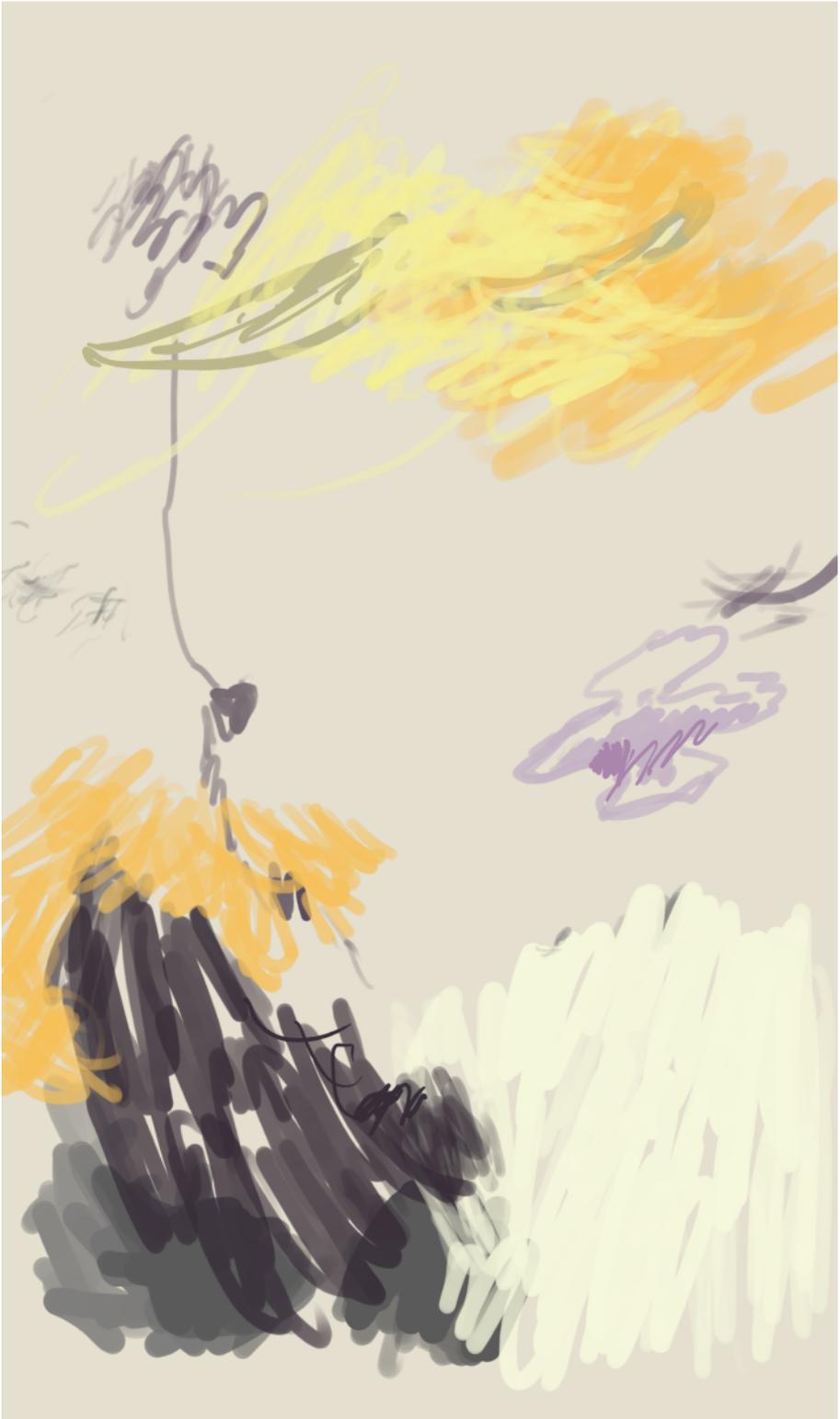
EVERY EVENING

Every morning it is easy to find her. She floats about her corner like a pair of handkerchiefs on brothel-purple loafers. The stepping rain outside takes any man to her. Inviting them to sleep. You find them in the middle of the day on park benches all over the city guarding shoes with missing laces with their heads. Before tomorrow, under diminishing light, they will conduct a search for her. Until it becomes difficult to make out anything among the spaghetti of food and mangled garbage.

Send me a rain-note, a ticket to a play without applause. The newspaper crowd will hold her there to pass over without recognition. I cannot defend myself against this; the notion that this poem is not about her. In her own way she operates under the laws of nature whereby any invitation will be gracefully declined. Her neck extended to the heavens she appears as if looking down. The effort involved in merely speaking to her has the most lighthearted retreat to their own absurdity. Nobody goes home alone.

As the search becomes more intense we realize there's little hope of finding her. The door is still locked. How did she leave? Last night she and others like her were caught in a net cast all over the city. The sobering morning light revealed a teeming, brimming with life that had most of us turn away from those dark slithering shapes squirming about in that unnatural shudder. I could not believe that this was her. That she was in there somewhere among them. I did not recognize her.













THE BEACH

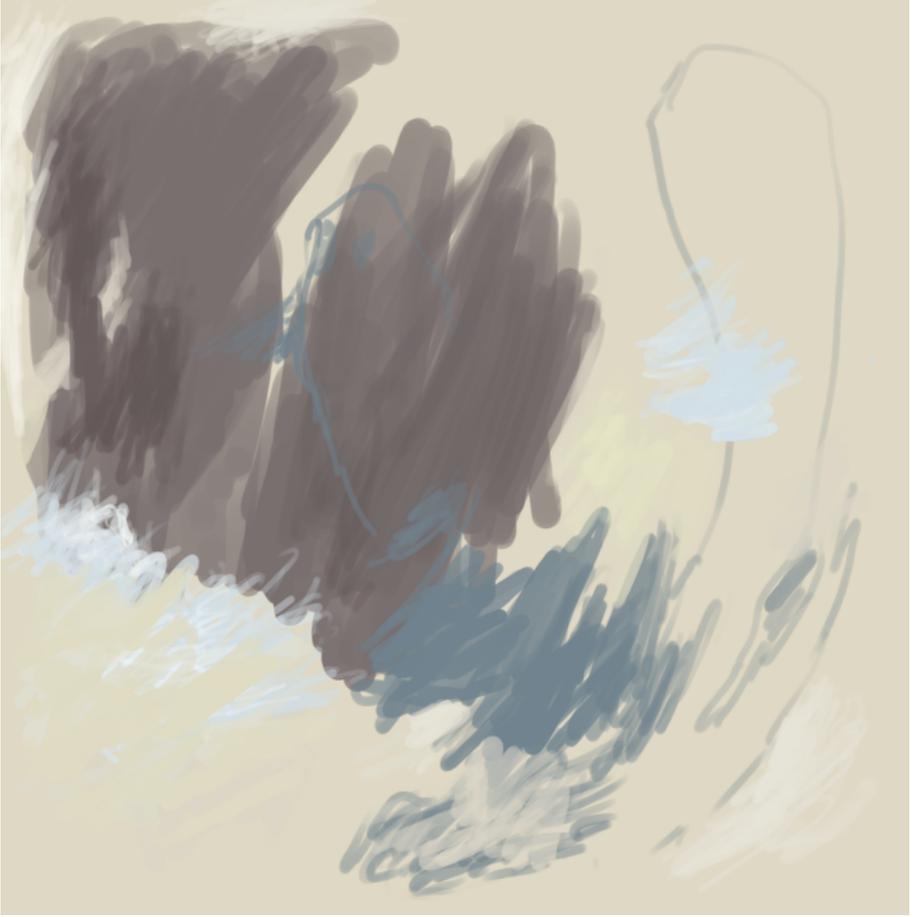
All further trains are canceled this week and the conversation seems to revolve around cold drinks and swimming pools and what goes on when no one is looking. Inside the abandoned station there is stagnant water. The brittle steps leading to the beach wait in the sand for the ocean. We are covered by the warmth. Thrown off to land on a beach without sympathy. A rest home for people in love. More than ever, the wind is late and thin. People run up to the waterline and are dropped back breathless until the moon comes out and each locks himself inside his private shell. The moon is its pearl. Confidence flows through the palm trees. A red skull dreams of the black jungle. We sleep together in peace, pleasantly disturbed by the crashing waves.

When the morning comes to abandon us all birdsong has fallen dead. This day will burn without our help. This long it has done so. Now too the water retreats within itself, to flee from our weary looks. It cannot stand us any longer.

BLOOD DRIPPED LEMON BLOSSOM

Television cares for poopy pants. Please take away the dishes dear. Those lines that throw an evil smirk grow dim around our conversation. The hurried look at curtain poles. The rags that dwindle, what are they for? For heaven's sake leave meat alone. For else I fear I will succumb to tea leaf eating and heavy drinking.

Baby raise us to that plain of blood dripped lemon blossom over darklight shelter. To life immoral, throw back in it's face it's confession of nothing.





UNTITLED ORGASM

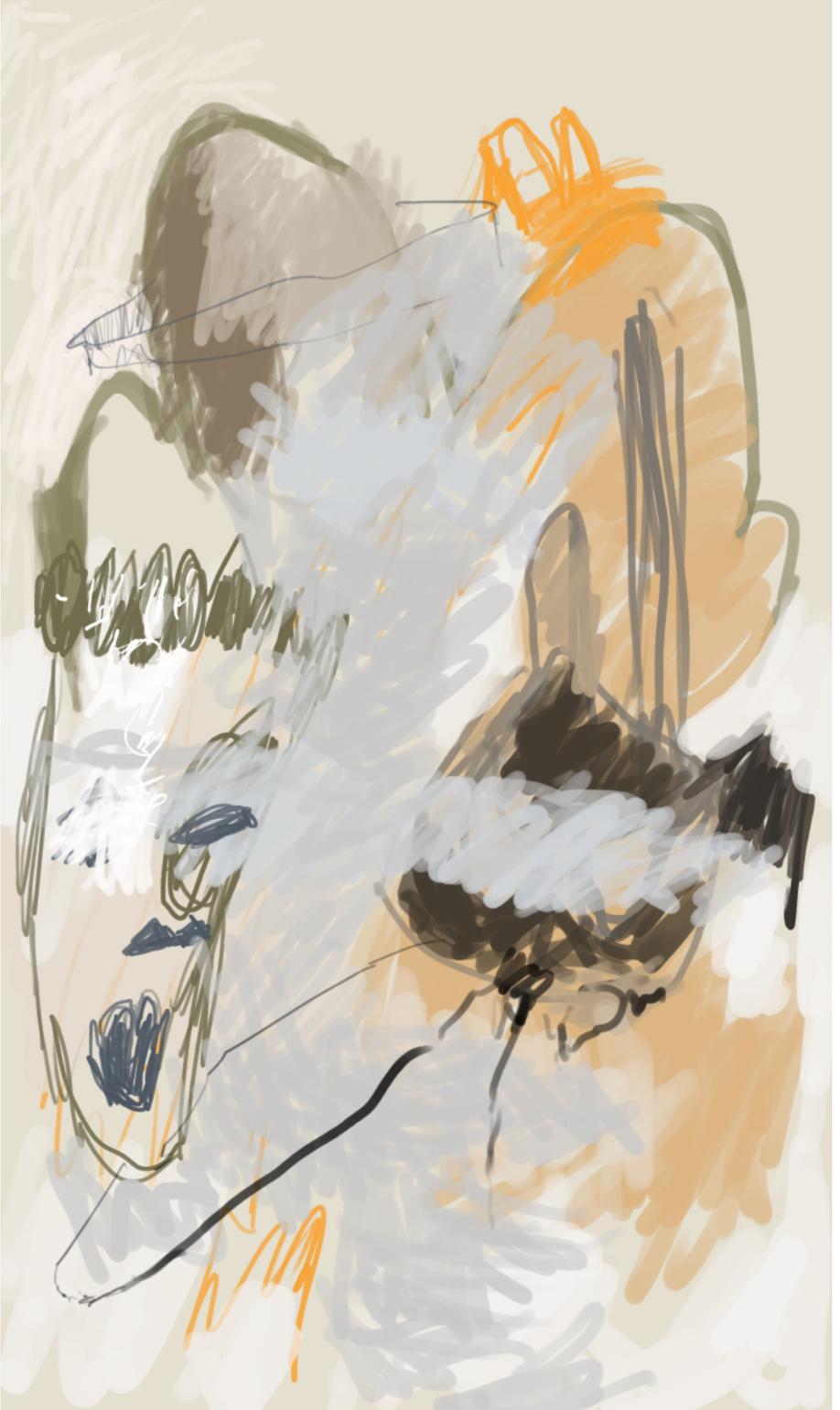
Car tires burn, reach the deep white ocean entirely without force. Resemble the slow changing fumes that salivate over the slow changing world. Some barricade behind which their reason is not tiresome anymore. Taken to the delight of some teenage girl. Or the war like face of heaven. Crashing into the tangled wreck underground. The broken glass from which facial skin is hanging. Walking through a nail bomb over black dogs cut in half. And where they search your face emerges grinning. A maniacal twist to flowers that lie smothered in the graveyard crushing headstones with a demolition hammer.

I TOUCH A WALL THAT'S FAR AWAY

How incomprehensible the sandpaper touch of a wall that feels a thousand miles away. A thousand nights to where ancient daylight lies suspended over the shadows of a featureless delta. A distance that blind caress will no longer be able to breach. Restless between heavens, the isotropic meaninglessness. I will stay bound at all times where there is nothing to hold on to. Resting elongated or stretched, even separated hanging under why? and where to? No doors and no rooms or passageways or, sparsely another human being. Although there and smiling inside or grinning?! As all look nowhere. Far or lighter or more. Is it less seeking and less meaning or rather a finer bearing upon a greater solid structure. Enhanced lines in which hearing stone and shells of older grow and reach and diminish to make tracing sounds in early language.

Strength does not matter. Leaves light remark upon wondrous answers. Where September soon rolls down the hills of summer dry, stipulate the rise of morning. Down later wings of decommissioned libraries sing embarking pensive stairways. Breath of savant leisure take pleasure in these fine oratories rising from aging showers and finally spoiling. They are designed to penetrate forgotten chasms. To wilt under the faintest pressure causing delightful seizures down icy streams filling fissures of unthinkable depth, filling lakes of freezing nights. Bellowing bottomless dwellings of staunch rigid desolation.

Prepare! hereafter darkness is a warm flowing embrace. Pool of sensual innocence. Nerveless violence tempered to the brightest point to make a finer end than Helios and wait endlessly for the rough slopes to taper out.





Buried I'll be forgotten. And oh what is good? What can I accomplish that isn't too hard on me. How swift does water speed through the jungle. How hard can rain make summer dance? I judge you not. I care for you in so much as I can see you. Is it but a wisp of fury or more like a heart's delight designed to pile pressure on you. Can I take a bow before you or touch you, your great divine. I shan't be shamed into liking you. It is a though I was released from the stables; this heavy breathing regardless-of-what-comes-next. Sensible as well, yes. But oh so clumsy and foolish all the same. I delight in it but am unwilling to follow. Such dancing does no one any good. It is for horses to play around like that. And for stables to hold them. As I dare judge, and so do you, who can I resist but for this false temptation. This leprous soul that clutches onto me. Would we rather die? Say not what can be said and please forget what is unsaid. Repeat and be prepared to be humiliated. Or if it's autumn don't look back at all. Just wave for justice. Befriend the humiliation, prepare to annihilate it, so that once, once you have proven to be of common good and moral standing, all hell will brake loose and leave you perished, a withered flame in the old world. As we speak all this is going on. She has been waiting for well over a thousand years. And what a face she has. Oh that remarkable face that blows this way and that. It cannot be changed. On the surface of it it is futile and preposterous. I dare not say what it is or even look at it.

A range of ongoing funerals that remark upon the second coming, that tie into a greater story or that weave along a pensive delta. That mate and frolic among tambourines and flies. A fray after a rest. A rest after rotting. Do I care for any of these things? So matte and sweet and lowsome. Revealing an 'inner strength' or 'courage'. What sort of fakery is this. Perhaps it would be nice if behind the great wall I find a more satisfying truth than is apparent here tonight. Why do I feel proud to say I petty my chances?

CRAWLING CREATURE

Watching the street means having it.
Back from having single-file gutters,
one way. Back and forth.

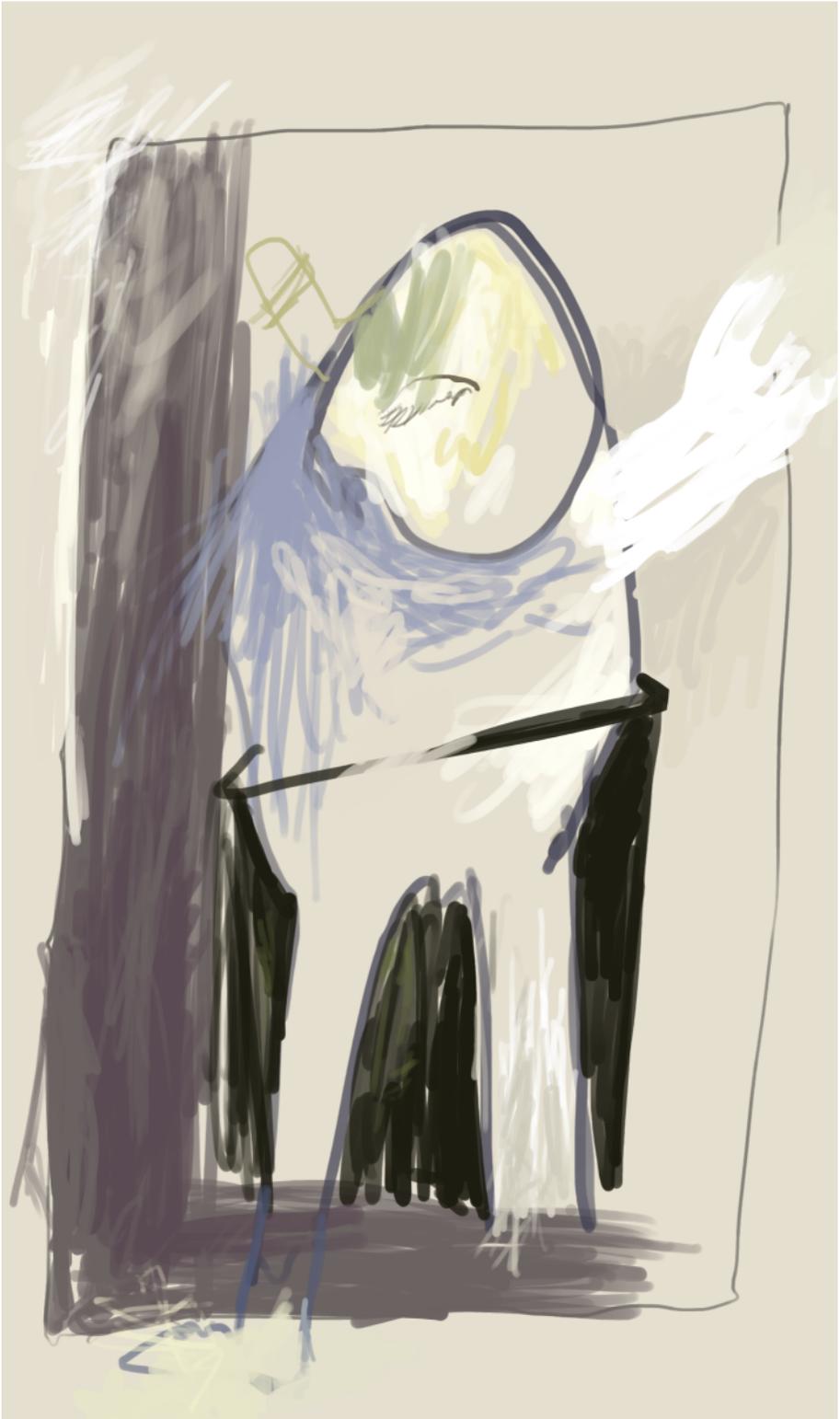
This nightmare carries on. I love it.
Senseless, useless, unless they find
a stupid way to do it. No they won't.
We won't let them. Perhaps and later
and somehow. See what eddies they
all make.

I swear it. My palm is bleached.
Through and roll.

Oh, all the time she sinks
her lowered ribcage
into her stomach.
And sighs and disbelieve.
The curtain call. Me waiting.
That is not how it's done.
She says my life is not worth living
or that life is not worth living.

The sidewalk outside myself;
what nauseating simplicity.





THE HEROINE OF ALBA

A storm comes through
the guarded gates
our queen is home

Your voice turns black
her morning breaks
all hearts again

Her eyes deny us
what is real
your will is gone

We won't come back
her naked body
rules our soul

Understand why the queen is not of this earth
made to confess what is insane and buried
The tenderness of her skin is but your own light
wasted on trash that has no feelings or remorse

Her whispering mouth
echos inside
my hollow chest

The rising moon
is not the same
you can't go home

If she comes back
forget her crimes
and leave at dawn

For we must work
to clear the day
until she's gone

WASTELAND

Goodbye to another day. A sense of waste cannot be avoided. The reason is it was too short, or is it that we are too lazy to make it work. To sit in a chair and convince for one minute, this is my life and I'm happy in it. Or maybe it's that we do not care. Time is waste and so are we, and what we do is waste moreover. Oh darling if only it were so simple, like pigs in snot we'd float the sewage, some tissues here, an onion there. We'd float ourselves to kingdom come and all that's there would float in it too. But tell me who can think that way, this float like rotting everyday. Is there nothing we can do? And I'm not talking about the bodily decay, that's the way things are, I've made my peace, but what about this anticlimax, this driveling borefest we must endure, this nauseating tapering out without a shout or going crazy. Where is the beauty I promised myself, that devastating love that ends the world, the apartment in Manhattan, the interesting friends, the drug abuse and all that comes with it. The artist's pride, to say without doubt, 'To myself I've always been true'. That isn't true, not to myself, let alone to anyone else, or anything for all that matters. I've captured what I could, and let it go as well I should. My instinct told me I should waste at each opportunity given, this dangling carrot called time, deserving of this singular response, not as a choice or path to liberation but as the fact of my liberty, that always was and always will be. Regardless of how alluring the carrot dangles, I will not bite but waste as I see fit, this opportunity, that's not a gift but a creation of mine since the start of time and am able to reduce, at any point, to nothing, a routine which I have come to care less and less about.

THE SAILOR
(Fabian)

The Caribbean mess walking down the sandy path, leaves boatmen smiling and unimpressed by this swaggering demeanor of what is supposed to be a drunken sailor.

Satisfied his hope will float, is that not the point of any boat, he is prepared to confess one of two things: that women have eluded him or all else being equal, that while a sailor, he cannot swim.

Leave it up to his dog downstairs, a flea infested mutt with terrific eyes, to steer the vessel clear of sharks or crocodiles, depending on the weather.

And sad as it may sound, his only love his mother and his dog his only friend, this sailor has not given way to anger or regret.

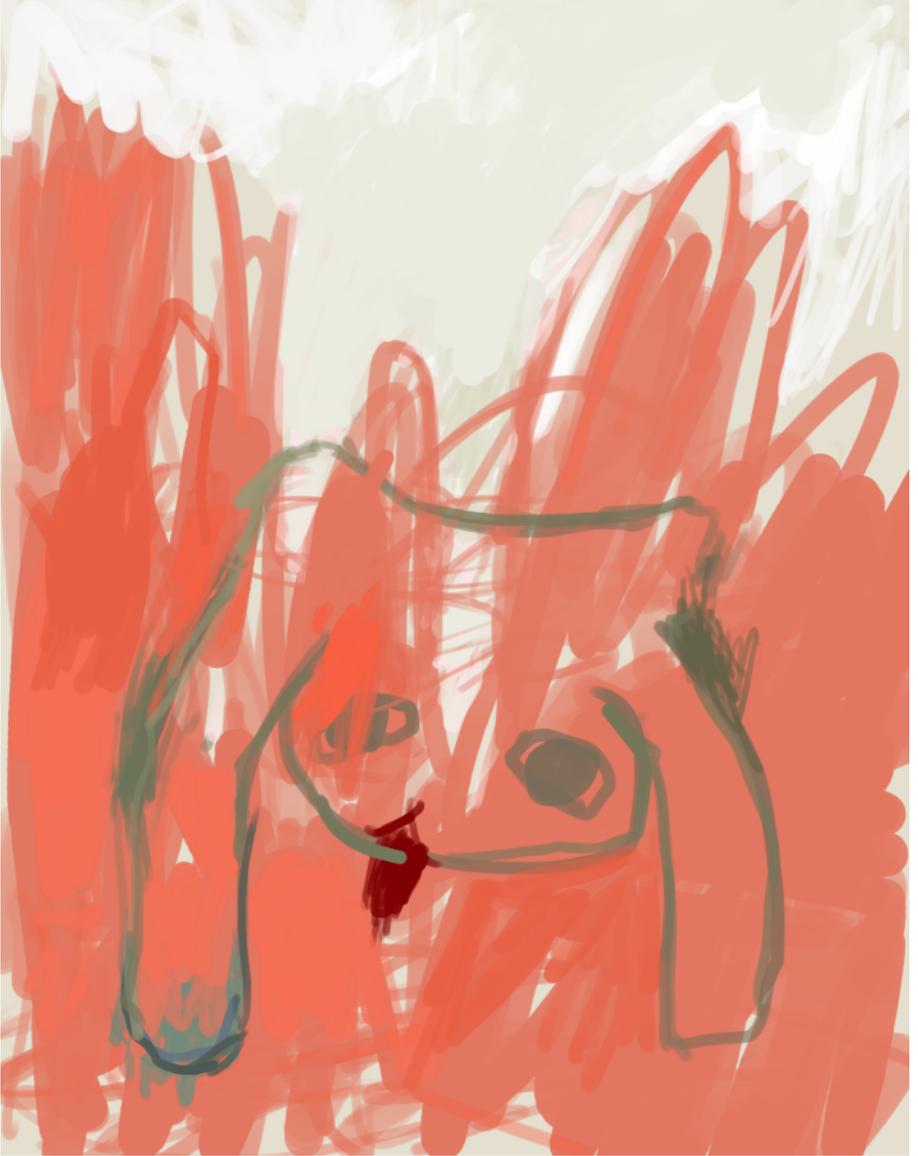
Sails rise where breezes rest assured, that in good time all this will change, that views surrender evermore to fresh new vistas forgetting what went on before, and in this knowledge the sailor's snore of strange and solemn grace, the only sound on the unmanned ship, a song of cloudless days.

VAGUELY FAMILIAR, INTELLECTUAL CANNIBALISM

Washing down minds that escaped from where they are
when or even before they enter the promenade, but lifeless
still notice enthralled vermilion horses pushing their way out

Are then quite without less sense, abiding the world, so soon
their proclivity for leaving after, beyond or in imitation of mild
winter elegance, on the break of its disappearance

Molding dough-like fingers or soft skin befriend the chilled
edge of what coverings, does anyone dare say, out into the dulled
shapeliness of such delicate ordinary.





AMBIVALENT TRAIN WRECK

First beckon brawl hurling under much protest of the idiots. Pertinence evaporates down millipedes and French aubergine flowers. Sad and at the same time rivaling third amour. Can stars? Birthplace of night. If wonder? Recall great loss. Perfect shelter. February, March no news.

Up & down. Wheels smoke cough sharp air. Brave and soulless, short ending. Paper says wait. Sign says wait. Harbor cooks are out to lunch. Pitch at door. The eyes are hidden in the skull. When the bell rings she answers. I walk trampled under the specks in the iron dome. I walk coarse garbage. Car parked. Upstairs joke plays raised glass. Down mass creak chair. No news.

Sunday, the battery rust. Pavement press down on. I care/I care not. Why I do this. Fresh. Monday, the paper arrives on time. In the trashcan. Talk inside. NOTHING'S GOING ON. I wait again why I do this. No news. Burn. No news. Burn report. Photocopy.

Saturday, march 16th, inside stands casket. Curtain dust. Broker sends regards. Uncomfortable time passes. On the nose. I still sit and wait. Quit now. No cats. It is clear to me. Time pass. Continue. Head is gone. Relieved. Space around. Thin air. I won't care. Less/more?

Better type some while I am ahead. I walk again. All is in the same color as before. The stern face of tomorrow realizes not that it is gone. I fell, because I am blunt. The meadow looks about right. Why can I not see this emptiness. I have hunted for it in vein. Small range. Cowboys run into the walls. Horses cannot lie down. Fences have been removed to gain some space. They've dug a hole into the ground. The stable earth turns into mud the deeper they delve.

To answer, why does it not bubble? Instead this weary pajama party. If a man cannot bring himself to it anymore, what will become of him? The bottom drops from underneath him. And he cannot feel it. He cannot feel. His face is a bag. And he can finally be happy to not care at all. How it works and why, is of no concern to him. His soul has trampled his heart and mind. Despite what men might say, the soul is not good.

A perplexed idea sits at a desk. It waits for itself. But as it all tumbles on, uncontrolled, burning in it's own wake, the senseless glory is meaningless and perfectly boring and full of time.

LAST NIGHT ON L STREET

Last night on L street
the rain stopped

Some say they scare
the traffic lights

I wish we were all a
part of this

A heart full of rain-
washed orange streets:
part street, part dog
part night

NR. 34

Along prettier days
when the mind was a knife
sharp enough to pierce
blunt souls
it doesn't matter

The pretty they come
the grass they come
the traffic fast and gone
to destinations far down
silver lane destinations

The ocean or an unknown bar
where we don't have to be
nowhere, on easy street

THE BLACK DOG IN THE HALLWAY

Talk is wooden furniture, frames and coffee. The carpet on the landing when we go to bed at night. Mechanical failure of fine-print typesetting on a portable.

Candice sleeps upstairs through all the Sundays. The television is on for another week and inside there is darkness and flowers trampled under my hard & shiny pig-leather shoes.

An animal growls, 'Do not forget', as my hand moves through it's fur, 'The hallway lights should never be left on'. It's hard to feed you flowers without them. The thorns get stuck between your teeth. 'Then raise no questions', it replies.

I think I will go up and have a bath. Although I can't be sure. Such leisure doesn't suite me. Instead I sit and think clean thoughts.

WHEN WILL I FINALLY BE TOO OLD TO BE AFRAID OF PEOPLE?

Breakdown telephone call at 3am
Burned down whiskey lost at sea
What you doin' man?
what
am
I
doing?
Just herding the goatherds
that are tending my flock
Crushing the apple
that fell from the tree called nevermore
rolled into the water
left there to rot...
Have you ever eaten a watery apple?
A tasteless watery apple that falls apart
when you bite into it
turning to mulch
that's me

When will I finally be too old to be afraid of people?
not to entertain
anymore to be a dangling puppet
tossed around in conversation

I want to be a mushy tasteless apple
You can take your unsatisfying bite
then drop me where you stand
where I'll get crushed under a horse's hoof
smeared out along the sidewalk
and because nobody cares to clean the sidewalk anymore
I'll have to wait to be washed away
much later
by the up coming rain

BE DELICATE WITH THE NIGHT

Be delicate with the night
it chokes under all your passion
it needs some soft cool air
to loosen your tense grip

Let your breath run out into a whisper
and the cold grass lift your heavy head
into the milky starscape

And bury your mind deep down into the cool musky earth
somewhere far within the big black forest
under the granite mountain
where worms will eat your brain

Now take that forest and it's mountains
and crush them, and your hands too, and
watch the dust of mountains and bones stream away

Because you are lying in a river, away
floating, being swept away
through the curtains that reveal
the raging currents

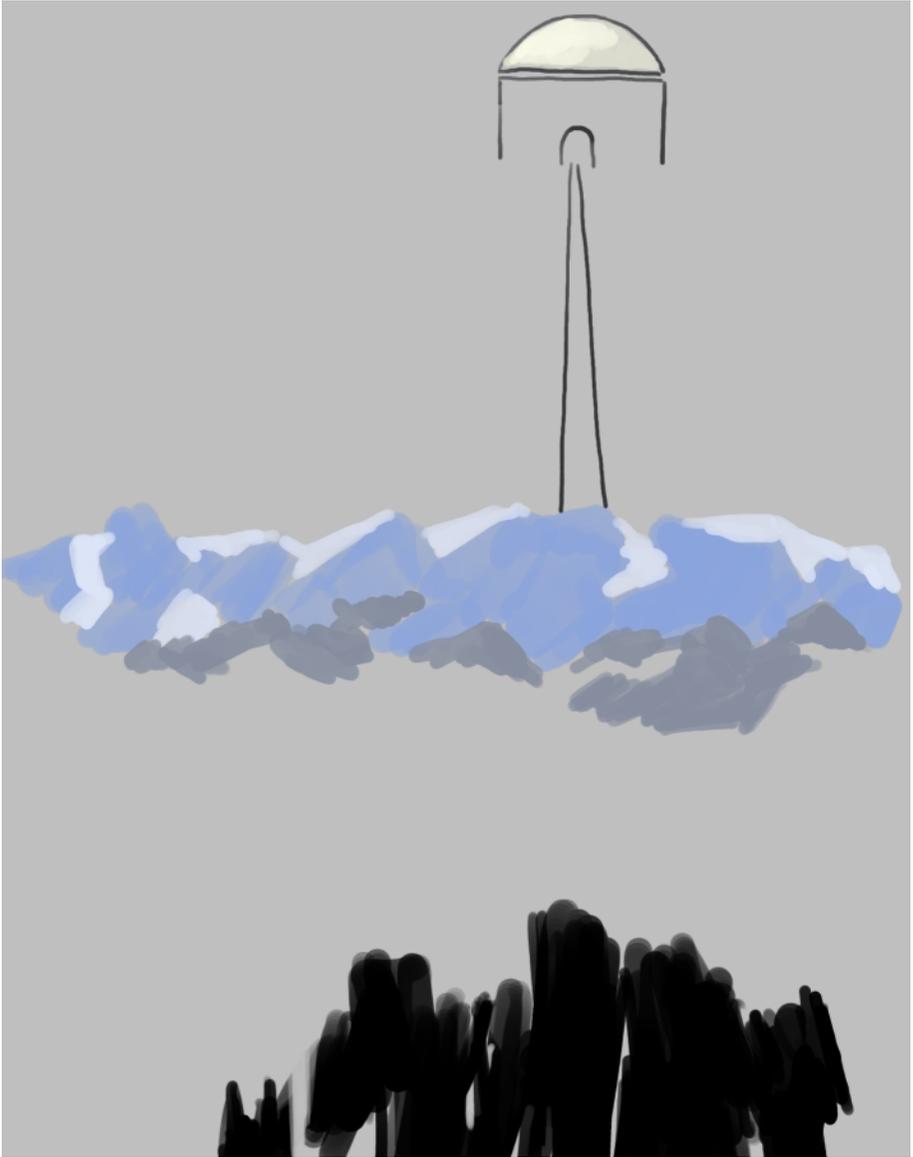
JUST AK

prentice burbobble steak house grill
sell them lickers to the kickass
petfiend matherfucher
step idiot tranquilizin dart
stone freak homo break
suppo doojoo stick sugar
incense hobo crap curtain
keplar belt strap slap whore funk
tiresome laaaaaaaaaate fuch
steep MERYL STREEP heart
touch my doozie floozie
ham up the rhinestoneshinebucket
Tack tok breathelizer test tube boat
burn baby burn baby burn baby
burn baby

ah gits me fow no flowmohpetty
balls gangrene foil or shit-da-luca
steet sheet kencer lord

alchosis frown feather
this family is wasted likor
t bobby tat twatty git
storm brown house grey
smellin like sooshine down twimny taaaim
RECKIN NW RANGE GRINDER PIT STONE CRACK GRITS
EAST 170 BLVD NY OF RD TM ASK FOR LITTLE CNT





RAVEN BONE BLUES

After all the stories
and before the dawn
there is a tiny window
from which the moon vines grow
and always raven bones
many dark raven bones
Oh yes, where are they now?

The lonely stars
will fade away
and all that's left tomorrow
is the empty day
and all this buried light
so much nurtured, cloistered light
Oh man, where do we hide?

There was a woman
who was right as rain
but as soon as men found her
they didn't hesitate
'cause these are black times
very black and ugly times
Oh darling, what will remain?

Down this lake of dreams
right through these manifold ways
the silent urges are gone but
I still search the days
for some bright relief
some cold, honest relief
Oh love, why don't you answer?

WALLSTREET IS CYNICAL & BEAUTIFUL

Brendel predicts that by the same time next year all investments will be returned without dividends. The ethics of it are of such magnificent complexity, I don't think even God could have made it up. Now place yourself in the category of office clerk. Loiter tedious distractions appointments and lunch.

Too funny.

It is unrelenting. Such business tolerates no competition. Black raincoat. Suffocate in terrible weather. Almost there. Reach, considering current climate, anachronistic justifications for nonsense that is of no interest. Return to the fact of raincoats and weather. How much weather? Black weather. Return to the fact of rainforest green weather. Leaving empire and state decorations that liberate the wholesale of wallpaper down Wall Street. Beautiful, waterfall decorations. Green (with golden flowers). Beautiful motif. *Further reading: Adolf, A (1925). Ethics is art. Munich: Eher-Verlag.*

THE WINTER THAW

Among the shadows of formaldehyde the mushroomed fur lies thick on the grass like carpet. Where a wolf bitch and her puppies, she gnawing at her paw that got caught in a hare trap, died soaking wet.

The dented eyes froze, thawed and froze again mirroring the sky moving slowly overhead. It was all that conveyed the passing of each day (while the rest stayed grimly the same).

Did those puppies feel fear or did they die biting angrily at their mother's tit. Did sense creep in their hearts to glaze their hard-boiled eyes when it dawned on them that their shamefully inadequate bodies were incapable of existing. Four black pelts riddled with maggots. In spring more flowers grow there than anywhere else on the 300 acres of private estate.

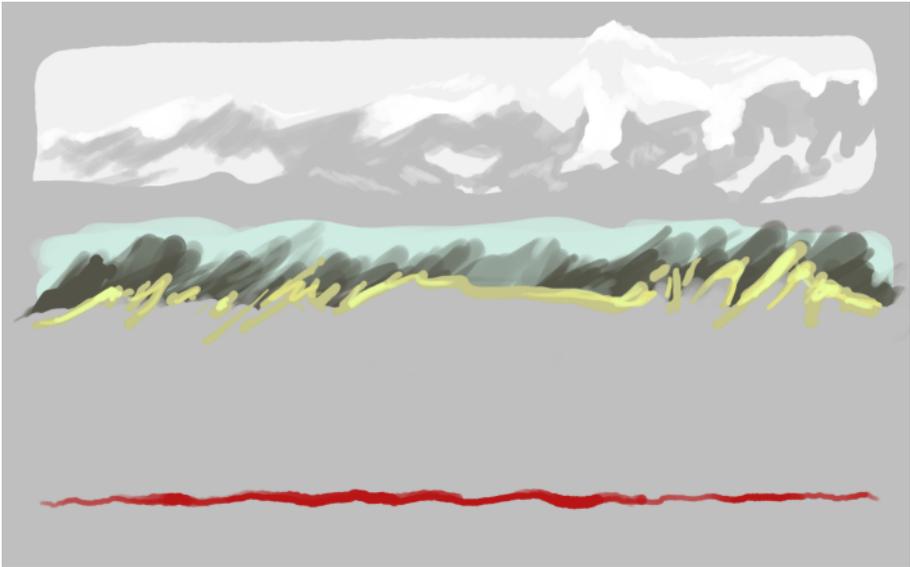
THE NEW DEAD

In their blindness they forgot to pay
sensibly ignoring the animals moving in and out from the river's edge
in possession of adequate morals
these totems, their bravado is the sculpted land
on their overwhelming, it is said, the promotion of 'inaffectual'

The summers are spend in a similar fashion that
follows from the boring events inhabiting the wonderful lust.
Sense the heart. It beats in tenths. From mammoth cave to Corinthian
pillars they occupy and restrict movement
they heave heavy lifting furies. When the boring comes again, closer
than before, the new dead sweat restrictive making. Sweat little hams
on buttered stencils, on paper hair follicles. Ten thousand
maybe more, more than before
Anyway what places them beyond danger is mangled
in front of the carpeted TV screens
where Josef walked Lilly
and all the bells were
chiming sincerely in the distance

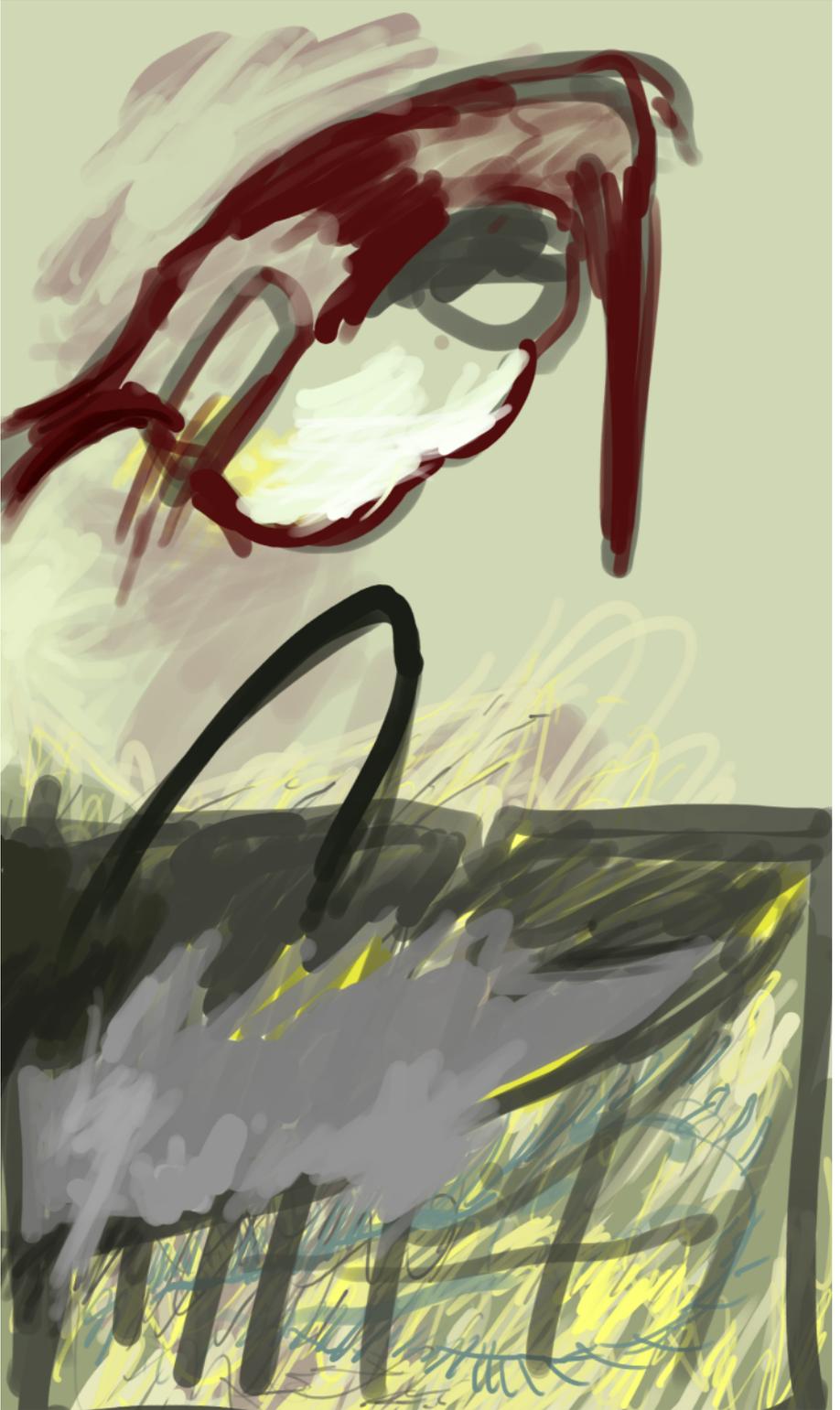
Odd describes a scene from a mother's waiting room
the floors of which have been vulgarized or seeming. Incomprehensible
is the long ride home.
Respectfully long, suspiciously long. Wait down by the river
where the jungle is at it's most dense. Rather sit there.
No? Invigorated you stand.
Trust the swordplay between the two savages. They will come to
no harm from us. Our being is sentimental only. Ranging from
medium to large. As if cows can sleep past mediocre hours at daytime
wishing for someone else to fill.
The waiter stands as close as is
humanly possible to our lecturing
selves. Kissing the hem of her skirt.
Served cold. To me it seems
appeasing but the frankness blurs
beyond what stark wonder is
left of it.

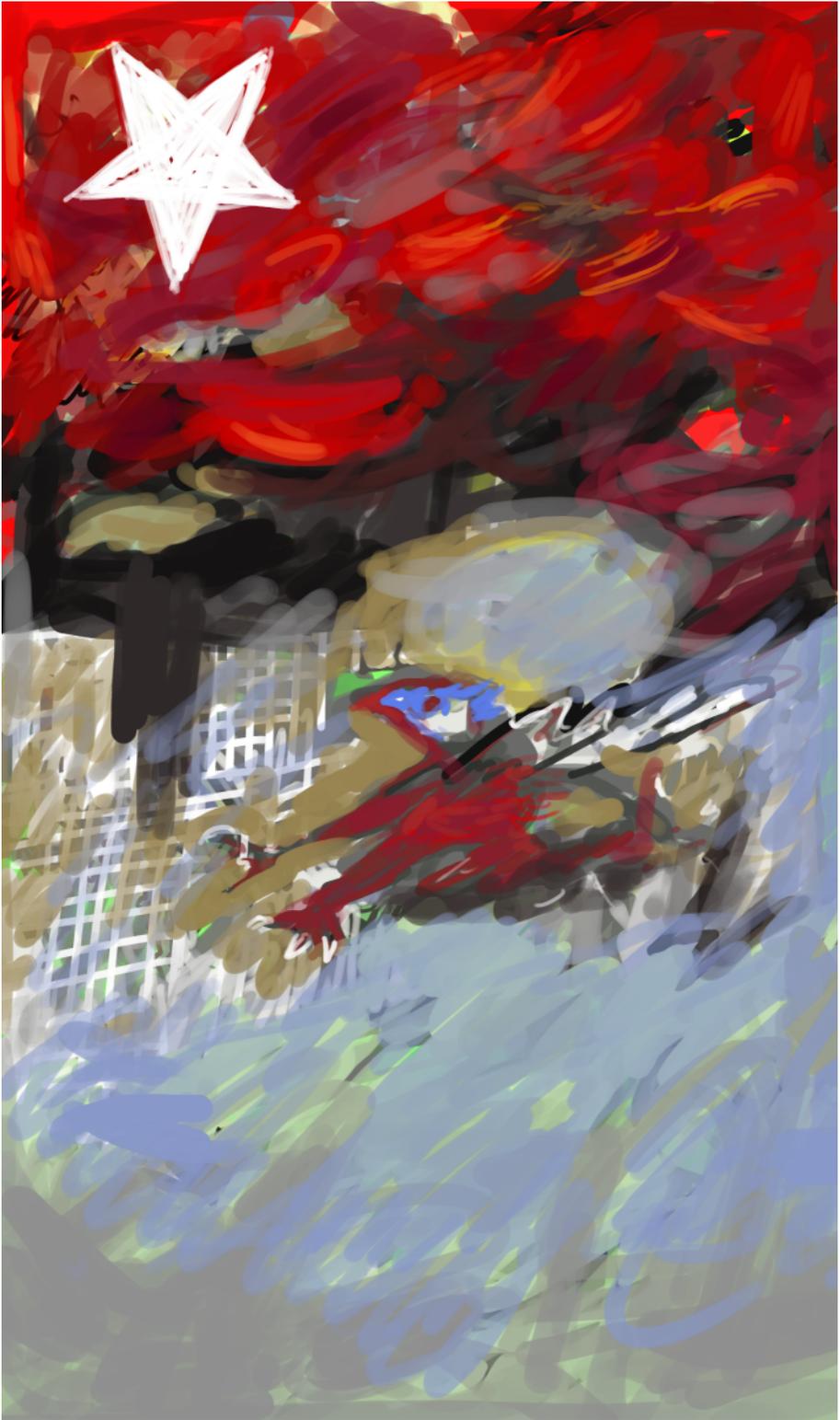


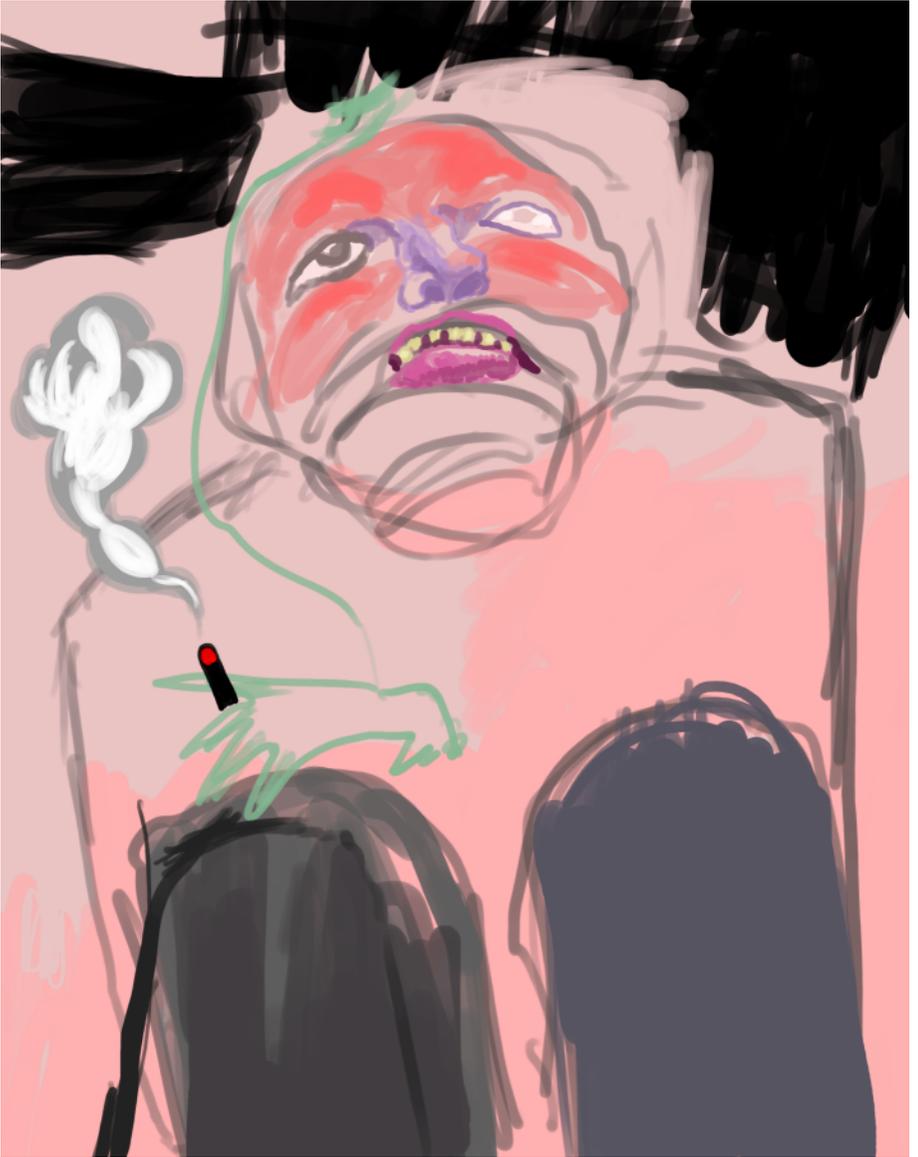


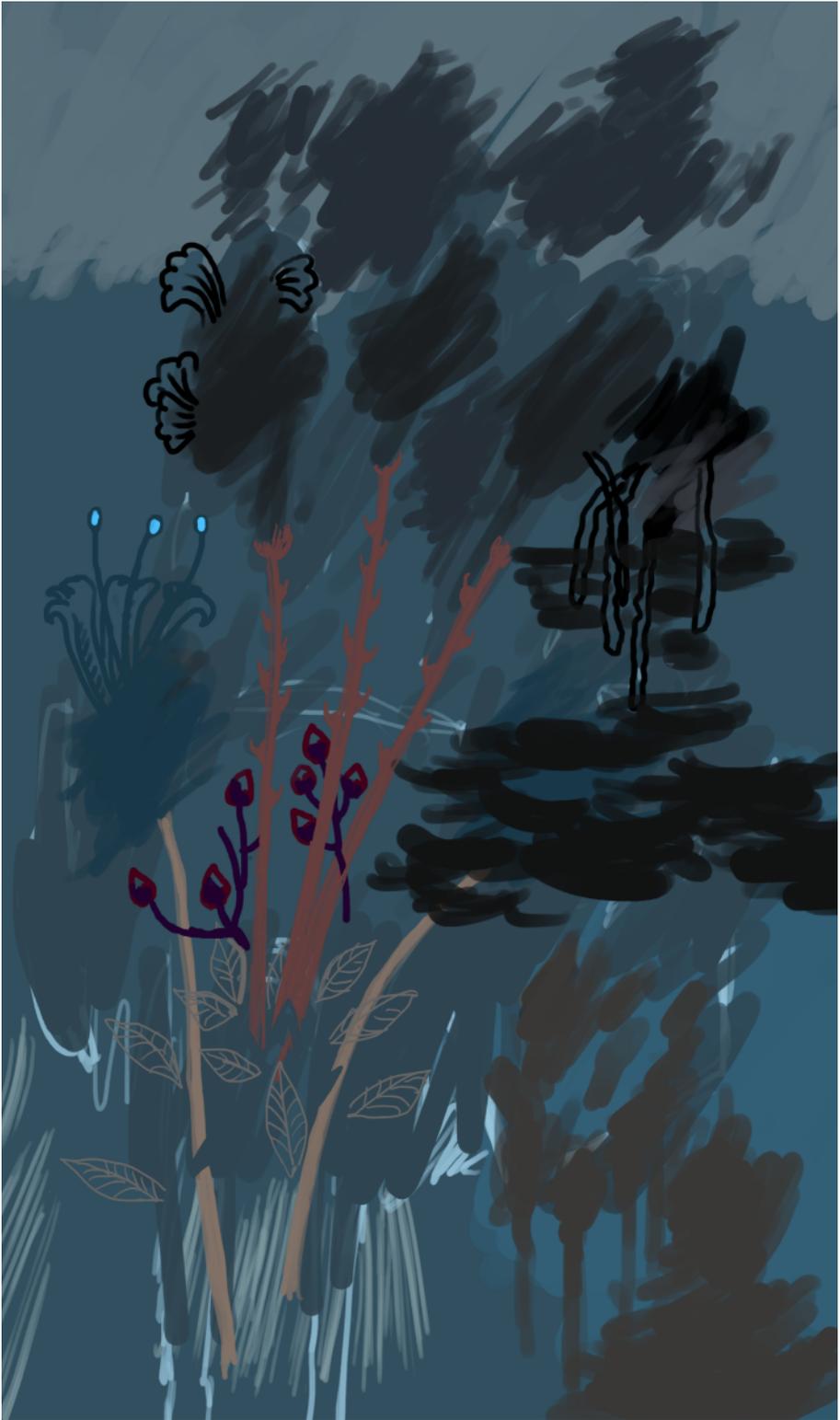
ON THE MOUNTAIN

The mountain wind carries
the hunter in his sleep
Although aware, he cannot
wake to extinguish the opal eyes
of deer surrounding him
The attention of
their communal minds
scattered among the stars
gives testimony:
It are not the deer that observe
the hunter in his sleep
but the stars:
Prey observing prey













OF ALL THE IMAGES AND IDEAS

Of all the images and ideas
that pretend to nurture me
that I take to be food for feeling
the banks that store them also contain
real riches, but these are made inaccessible by obscurity
The release into an open view
where is it at? Do I need to wade through these armies
of the dead? What if I pass the children there
two or three rows ahead; too delicate for me to notice
although I often smell them in the rain
and sometimes
when the armies take hold of me

To carry me away
from life and what it means to be alive
The more I see them, the less they surprise me
they lose their ability to startle
into recognition
The banks that keep them behind lock and key
for me to see, everyday, but
less and less magnificent
and more and more
ordinary

One day I will break through
and shake them out of their sleep
if I have to kill every motherfucker in there
will the difference still be: that I am not them?

SUMMER DRESS IN AUTUMN

Calm down! she said, this dress
is the one I wore last summer,
the one
 you said you liked.

I liked it then, I liked it
when I thought it lost.
But now I see it here,

washed out moving listless in
the wind, it is this ocean
on Sunday

 and all the books
 I make myself read that don't
mean anything.

THE CIGAR SHOP

The cigar shop down the road,
the man that owns it has a
mustache; this
is enough for me to visit there
every Friday before I come
home from work,
and when I do, he tries to sell
me lottery tickets and I resent
him for it.

If it wasn't for the mustache,
he'd never see me again; it
goes well with soap & cigars.

LEMME) TALK T YA

I wonder how those weathered skies keep harassing me.
I tell them, Go away!

you flimsy bodiless stretched-out whiffs of toilet
paper cotton wool. *I don't want to write about you anymore.*

Monday at the desk: Here they **areagain**.

If you had any structure, I'd batter it 'til the morsels of your wooden
skeleton came crumbling from my hands.

Not out of anger ('cause I really love you, you bright and
fluffy puffs) but it would be a fine workout.
Something which I am in most desperate need of.

The strain of lifting nothing at all has almost worn me out.

So I beg of you: Come down here
 just for one minute so

I can put my *handsaround* your heavenly neck.

AULDAGE

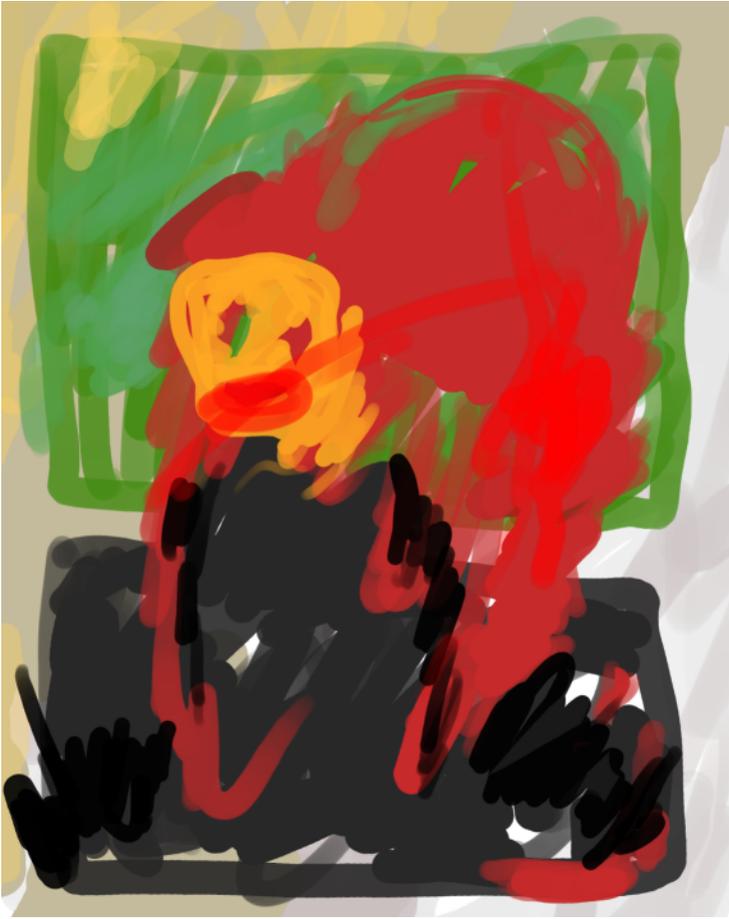
*Hast thou seen the smithereens, the
butts
that wipe a flowing kind. The starkness
of
Methuselah. His drainage hair grown
fast and
wide.*

*The sinkage here that reverberates
the
pollen sewn into the broken skin of
dawn's
alabaster sunshine sweeping and o'er
clouds me mommy thinks so Charles
can
dance and force down weepin' or more
those tears of common years and
situations brand for keeping - score,*

*Oh, where the duchess flies and south
and near the broomstick keep. Set forth
my love and gentle stirrup, forge among
the wisest slow, surging spire
retrograde,
among the wooly jumper loafers. And cast
thy webbing fast ashore amongst a
drunk
stile hill, ashore a darkling undercloud
umbrella name or braille. See
wonderlust or
figerty or paup' or bile-ish ulf
for twit for twat for rabbits foot and
drowsy
moping ?milf? Pretend, sore heir, my
ancestor
near, my drooling bubble boy of
belching
wenches leprose fumes and figs. These
lands don't entertain themselves when
rats
infest your stick.*

















THESE CREATURES STIR AN ANCIENT HEART

These creatures stir an ancient heart, but I don't like them, I pity them.
They fabricate unusually soft eggs and shy away from mushroom
feeding.

*Is that a cloud, dwindling, e'er so softly, down on their pillowed fur?
My voice lays waste to their 'fragille'; commands them to start feeding:*

EAT! i say YOU WILL NOT DENY ME YOUR FEEDING!

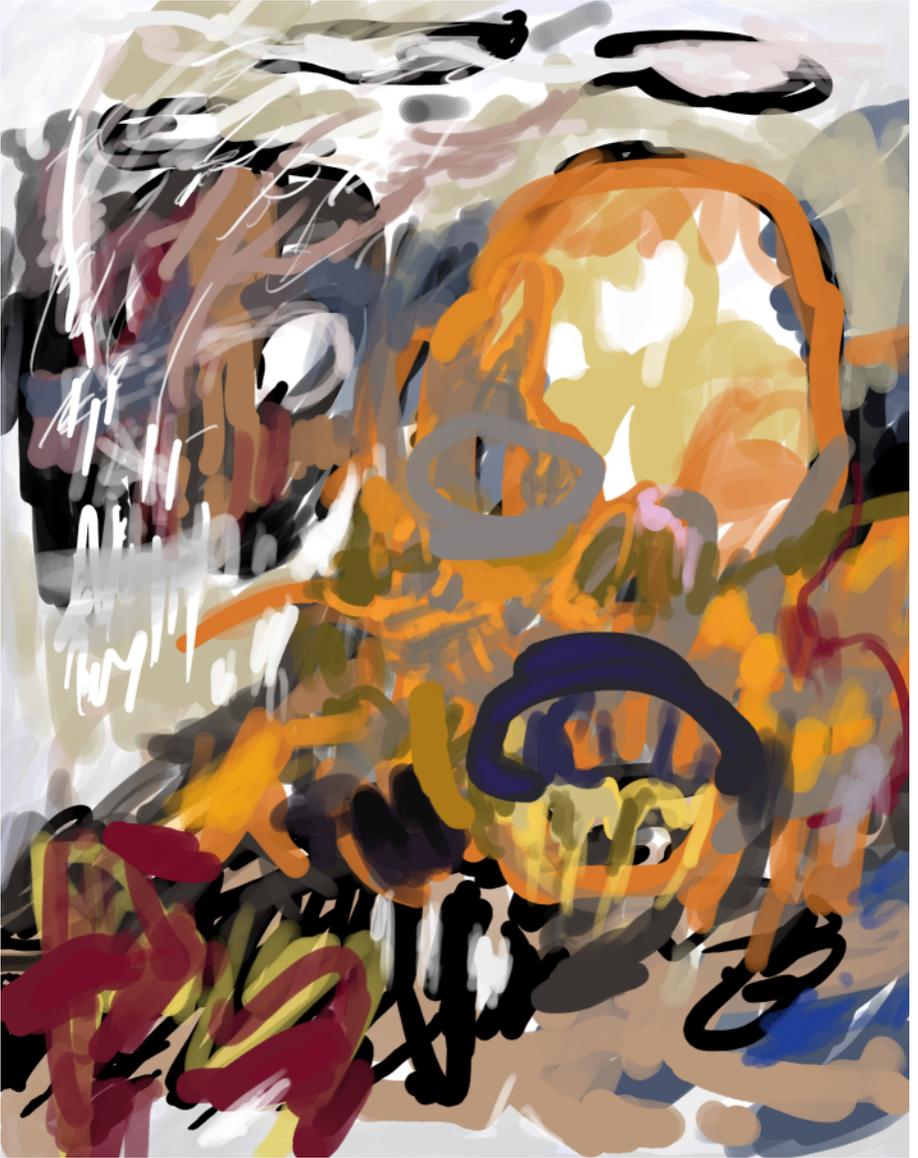
By the thousands they drop to see the Pickaroo

sense, sense, sense! *What polite seasons they are breeding:*
The spring, the

autumn, summer too but winter they leave.

The gentle turnip head and coughs

the mock willow





A CAT APPROACHING A BIRD

I sing not,
but weep not. My hands, they do not feel or
touch you; My answers cannot enter
your landscape, where ink lakes have been waiting
motionless and without mercy. Waiting undisturbed
by stars, ancient and evil, they make love to
the darkest places; What you hide there
I do not know.

I sing not,
but weep not, I have nothing to
hurt you with. These questions that pass
from you; Am I wrong to think I see an invitation in them?
Some way of holding on to places, some sense that
I did.

DISEMBODIED WRECK

On the table under the broken window lie the pieces of a broken vase, but outside there's dry wood, yellow & green grass and summer.

The wreckage happened long ago -

*There was shouting in the kitchen
under a swinging light bulb, casting cold shadows, cars coming and
going
in the middle of the night.*

- Now the warm smell of trees passes
unhindered without pause or regard.

If the destruction wasn't on the inside it would be covered with moss by now, but here, in the shaded rooms, the dust has done it grace; As long as no one stirs this veil that covers clean sharp glass with muted insignificance.

-

And later the movers came and emptied out each room, and then they tore down the house and on the site they build a small parking lot which serves as a hangout-spot for the neighborhood teenagers. And if it sounds like I don't care, just remember that all parking-lots will one day be overgrown with moss too, and when the first growth starts to break up their balmy asphalt surfaces, I could lie down alone there then, where it's just about perfect, but instead I'll take a pickaxe and start digging a hole, and this hole I'll fill with broken glass - And now we start to get an idea of what it is we're chewing on here: Anger is more beautiful than peace but it is also stupid and silly. Peace is intelligent but will always be in bad taste. What is left is a business-like death, not peace nor anger and both at the same time: disembodied.

UNTITLED

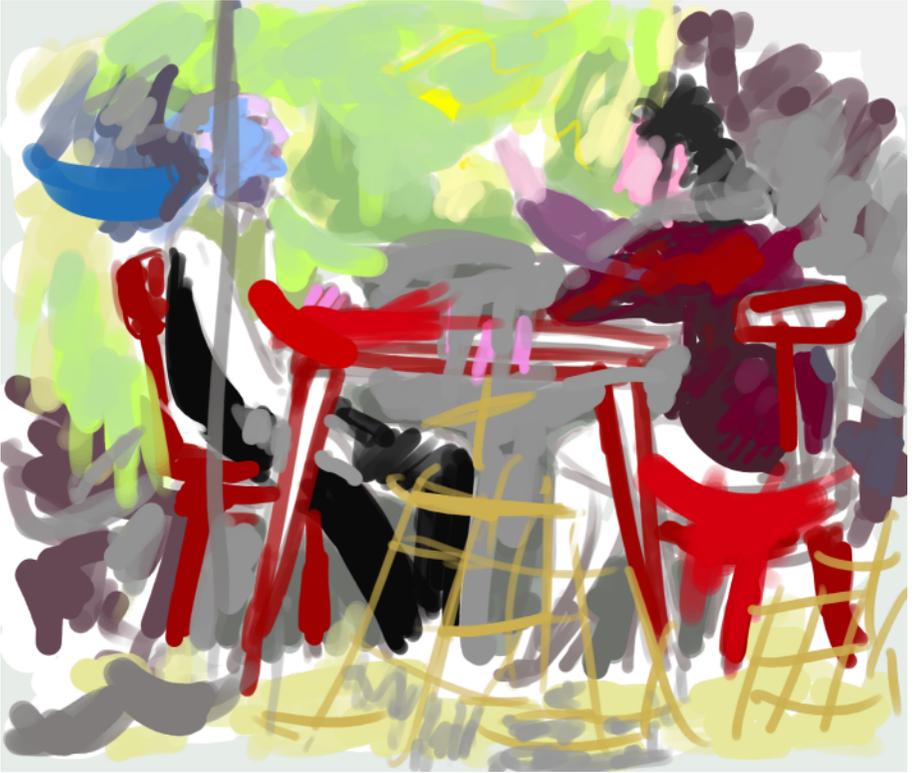
There are houses
in the sea,
old folks live in them.

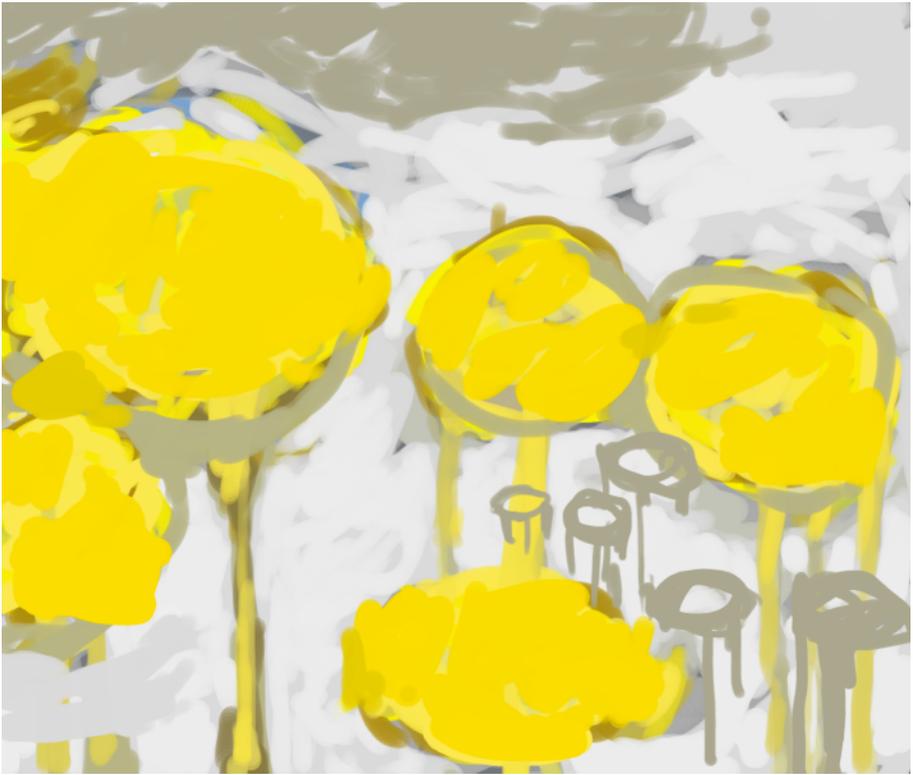
They walk around in
socks all day despite
it being very wet.

The homicide rate is
very high, or low
depending on whether
you live up- or down-
stairs.

THE WIND CARRIES THE WEAKENED SPARROW

Along the beach, three girls walked. They were there because of a funeral. The funeral was now over and they hadn't seen each other in a long time: I am pregnant. My husband was promoted recently to floor manager. I sit at home all day and watch the food network. Stephen loves cooking. The last time I saw Stella was at a diner-party. What's the point of going out? Later in bed all three dreamed: The stars they hunt me. I can't get out. The wind carries me.





THE STATION

Several days or weeks or months
on time or out of time
for hours on end, short and also long and boring.
During nightfall or after rain, while others rise to go to work
in mist or fumes evaporating.
The rise and fall, dawn and dusk, the spinning of a spider's web
growing tired, old or lonely, or wealthy and then loosing it again.
To sprout and flower, freeze and thaw, pick up and drop off.
With smiling faces, languid eyes and drooping mouths.
Up hill and past the junction where weeds grow unrestrained.

We mustn't try, the old man says.
For too much or too little? I ask.
Turning away from me, he raises his elbow firm and high and looks
at his watch as if to say, Am I wasting time?

Again the days and weeks and months
what was done and what we still must do.
Of the seasons only spring remains
the others go without kicking up a fuss.
Upstairs, open windows announce arriving trains
while white laundry is drying in the garden
ready to be soiled again.

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