

D. M. Satele, "I-Wa-A-St-M", 2006 – 2010.

1. One day a man came to the garden who wanted to fight me *Fight his brains out* they said for my family despised brainiacs we live in a city now (not a garden) all cities are jungles they say & in all jungles everything fights rampantly fight it right & I-Wa-A-St-M does until you only taste now without trouble at first he watches the body as he does he drinks milk & honey that which with diamond floes from a bottle you are to be ranked over & then claimed into setting & no shirt no stockings no trousers but shame still shame still – still sailors & their songs sad for lovers lost at every port a man pleads it is a true reward like good gossip or good-speak or gods' speech – this sense of him *Captain* takes a first delight in the pure notion of –quest still whiskey – still whiskey & rum but I always feign sleep melting fine into his waking me at first he watches stuffs it down as he does & then choke but I always feign until I-Wa-A-St-M cannot breathe cannot see now he drinks he does not trouble me he drinks stored in a tiny stone box resistance hangs from the broad throat to hear that high long echo & a key burning like from a bottle on the table & then into the bed with me they are so beautiful my throat goes tight & I see the city when they laugh
2. & my father laughing loudest like the laughter is bread I take the yellow hair of fighting the type that leads home & not far ocean the ocean is a stone mound a mausoleum a trap he's stealthy he unfurls the ancient blanket as white as the sun one being so white & so named you want white thoughts he does not want me to see the colour of mourning if he could he would want me to resist him the trap is a maze the maze is sleep sleep I have given freely to let loose that bind he never arrives at night & I tell but keep waking waiting watching the flame not even on the inside his name *Captain* not even lightly not even burn a little before he runs back in among the trees I punch I-Wa-A-St-M's face & just hope to break his teeth hope it hurts cannot believe to hope he is brilliant cannot believe cannot believe in my first & as a considerable means die when he dies I get up & taste the drink with no colour in the bottle & back in bed I can think again & remember but I would give the colour of potential for a high & far on the pale wall I would throw you to my feet all here tear the shirt from your wounded back he always comes back he never arrived it was a small room but in the next that great
3. Blanket what he has breathed in for nights & nights he wants me to dance a black bolting spectre his eyes want to be black my father is in the next

room I know it dry my Captain's tender arms off like long curved beams from the sun but like men they cannot like men they cannot cannot warm cannot turn back the strange measure of delight against which he is proud he is wearing an elaborate headdress covered with spikes & tiny mirrors but no cloak the window gentle as closed breath & serpents wise but he always looks away trembling straight away across my terrible face he knows his father when it comes to fighting & I dread the time he discovers his treasure's all been plundered made traditional luck for them I will never have I can never go anymore I would not tell the Captain this for names matter in this small room this stale place but if I spoke to the Captain where you sleep could just undo like when he refused to call me *Tanielu* & it was *Tanielu* I saw floating face-up in the new tide the cord stings my neck he steals the adornment an ornament I can – I cannot – pretend any longer new violence tenderly despite his good nature he always cheats I should know by now & cover then see inside its mouth the diamond the swallowed the dancing from my throat calls there is plenty more where that

4. Came from but there is not plenty more there is nothing & he knows it there is nothing he knows when I first came I heard shattering glass here I thought it was as chalk for days I would follow for all the powers of *Tanielu* all the precious jewels & treasures of *Tanielu* his cloaks & stockings the feathered caps the looking-glass & there is no looking-glass here so like *New Love* I do not comprehend I am now like a covenant a cut incision far & deep off into the ark allows sailing from here to that blasting cloud I remember watching myself dress & my body stared back at me the body the boy the body so only I kissed it but the glass was between us resolute obscuring & now ? I am going to kill & darling you can destroy too it's you ! darling I even harbour for you sails I see a temple at your wanting you at the valley sailed into one day a ship I seen fight it – right & breaking skies breaking into I cannot ever hope I cannot ever mend I will never forgive & I was a stone mound now they have taken everything away everything the door to the blanket's room is kept it is a locked door it leads I know into a passage moving closer hang lightening a procession of talk a curse Sir Captain you are an ill amusement (not a garden) power likes
5. Out they said me not for the Captain's sake what in the nation is despised nation's rammed into this knowledge these dark huts I live down a trail down the throat I live in a city I live now a body a boundary drowning burying & burrowing the boundary is me where the man who is not named stands & talks with a man named they are different names but still the sound of names that haunt the entire sum of my nights leaving nothing all

cities are to the imagination jungles they say since – or was it? – in all jungles you ought to contact everything best & rampantly of all – Sir – & unafraid when the Captain has drunk enough to sleep it is so easy for me taking the keys to remember how to be oblivious & not be obvious & trick or hate & lust against change before the get from bed & night fades in or out I know where to find him lashed together without nails he knows to make punching through the fire seem natural the flames rave on now only for time when I open the door & walk into their world memory the memory two-by-two a man a man who like any typical mariner man watches over me under a roof once named it is as I always knew made from sand the signal – clap – as soon as tomorrow my-self walks into the grandest hall of highest thought when a house will

6. Not tell it comes to my attention anyone could have just taken a certain accumulation just taken to carrying me home the drug a relic the relic a self over the stoop a myth & the myth standing upright I have seen somewhere I have seen it somewhere before this sand world where everything is white & them slaying tablets of intimate experience laying down the aisles getting read must have occurred before the sun is set in my past because dreams are movements bursting sky limits as evil as the slightest assumption tender & goodly as personal regard or red or black with only light in it & they will not say what is behind – what is behind all this sand? – the space between his name is here if you stand right up against the wall is a man on the bed waiting to be came on in is a body made from rose is a drug is a crime is a drug they tell me this is new land his name recites a generation of names of firm invitational cries but I do not believe him I do not believe I know we lost our way to the new ideas as simple as simple movements of fortune as fortunate as shifting air they fall inside as the body cannot reckon these thoughts the head holds no secrets & the body is a maze made from maze made text from I-Wa-A-St-M's mouth the water like the ancestrix' fist
7. To the jaw my body turns maybe I was right on that night with the new land the boat-like land when he found me talking to the young man serving food pouring my teeth my body with teeth in it a fish a man streaming down his name my arms around his neck screaming *Save me save me please!* like the riverbanks a music box sweet as he unfolds another house surrounded by shards of glass slap me round like those strange impure dreams of the fresh & wrong mouth where your boy is still mourning where upon he was buried alive in dirt & sand & other things because I smashed the plates there is a body I am waking in early without depth delicate as nothing ideally we would build a cup without hoping to invite the ocean in

to engulf the tedious innards of this vessel the dream is a house in or out & in the sand is used to make this room sad & in the room dead language is a bed & in the bed literally a emerald-eater when prey is caught alive with urgency & transported nobody out of concern can pronounce it right for the sake of polite behaviour but the earth sought to do because I mean dirt always does unto a stranger a song sung indoors here is the body with no windows & the house is open & language & the air & linguists is a dream that

8. Cannot be Moved another man says *Drink this* & I do I really do darling the wrong note never harmed even at a wrong time especially if they know what it is you eat each night always has its way as he would with sailors even unto others when the Captain's face got spat on – alas! – by a mask like a fumbled amateurish secret showing off with its munitions arching its wings & asked after sleep & it is not like how they said it would be at all *No it never is* says I-Wa-A-St-M *It never is* reaching but never stopped to embrace touching an impromptu & delighting bridge you can edge across remember onto afraid to get better a boy from school's dirt knows it comes to talk of wicked skills inside & words so nobody wonders how these are what you tell your body to I sleep & when I wake it is a different night one further away & I thought that songs & living for nearly seven years alone could ill you but not if you just never heard of heat the widower of when I evil & evil little thing a sky breaking my love would be reasonable forever was that night I think we altered course tenderly he has died perhaps drop by droplet to go on falling over built promised mounds is what might be acquired work instinctively or by not an audible shriek but an accumulation the look one true
9. Experience your Gentle hurricane then became we white & hot & strange harbours wrestled from the claws of time we lost our way to the new land this sand house I walk at night is nothing new or as space giving same looks at temple built in our hope in our hearing our hour so long ago eye of an everywhere pulse the moment comes stumbling as the unworthy might at that temple stoop go everywhere one morning I ache all over I-Wa-A-St-M dies slowly breaking sunlight into patterns not into heat under the bed as its throat cut out from the leaves of trees another ache a young sailor on the back of warm air lies bereft & I see my wrists are red & swollen & cannot remember that was when I thought it was all of it felt that I was carrying home a second husband bundled easily & remaining with very many hand-painted miniature or edible scenes last night the Captain says to echo him in a circle I remember how it feels to strike the sailor here because I know there are strangers in the distance chirping & there

- are lights on the level below you know you ask to know hangs a dull simmering string of red jagged feather shell turning a corner I see the boy coming out from the doorway leaving bread pieces in white from the rock to the bone – breathe – earth – ether – he is young he is a sailor
10. I sing to his legs this houses a stone that is a house said it but I do not wish to be seen & he sees me as shadow paradise ! international morsels rations I tell you Captain was Arcadia fastened against my spine older is not the time of the sun but the truth of telling it so I am are only like a jungle if I may come in here to the return point if time is a – I would say wilderness – it is both you will win that festive & cathartic prize & greet the night like a private message written on paper folding crisp into itself by falling into it I attain the thought he runs to another I attain & the other boy says *Have you seen a ghost ?* in rain the sun strikes at everything takes time & how sweet it will be in coming *I've not seen one - but thought I felt something* the one whose at morning whose feathers were once considered valuable items of exchange *That's the ghost* & they go down the stairs together hand in hand & if in all volcanoes extinguish a red sky which once inhabited this area is said to mean you want good weather to see arm in arm the wind run across the level closest to the sky like a pack of pigeon-headed hounds wonderful & marauding wild above I go walking straight home each dawn I is the village who
11. Finds my redeemer Captain has not arrived he has not those paintings even if I was asleep would have known pages gold at the edges you live on later they will never reach you for a heavy knowing book of rapid thick colour depiction the clouds changing he has not arrived yet for the rescue for the mission he has eyes in him they call out turn & respond because the brain can tell the body & spin fast so I-Wa-A-St-M's body cannot tell when we kiss pace & posture yes spiralled so long yet one day while I wait so long I am suddenly very afraid the Captain says it is his belief I remember much more than I pretend they hold passionate want for intimate violence & now he falls asleep that is the worst & I cry out to the Museum imploring all the little feeling violence & all the small people all the white people who just had to go & cry out for gin or vodka he is still on his way you will finally see he is not dead in my hair or my head that red & yellow morning when you – or was it white ? – it is all here it is all here but I hide it from the Captain from his evil eyes as I hide every little thing clear & pensive open like dew caught in that hanging sky see isn't it under my white shirt ? the tall
12. Catch is words he will not so the meaning is to explain see isn't it under the mattress ? teeth unclearly blasé wizened voiced but the tune is & is

revealing just a short letter because I remembered I remembered I & ruin everything into a tonic being holy at last if we were not so drunk maybe it would not be enough to not matter to matter less drunk as a fact dearest stop it is like there was a song on the bed we both slept with & it is inside I-Wa-A-St-M on each head of every evening prayer each night of happy sleep can never be resolved to complete perfection please take me away for I am dying here please don't light the fire dark encyclopædic looks fight us right it is hot & if the air I seen you out of turns the cold into control darling I will all but see a public house at you the Captain I-Wa-A-St-M arrives suddenly & insists on seeing me I rush at him with a knife never like everyone has absolutely got to die being a rarity for proving mass fascination is always at a loss get a good due to the sacred like I owe them all the sacred love I can feel for all my life & when I-Wa-A-St-M snatches the knife away I bite into his neck was it then we lost our way to the new land? you remember where the type of

13. Kiss that in this case breaks an agreement over the Captain's love & law of fantasy & when it is time to strip I-Wa-A-St-M's identity burns down sweetly looks to a whole new no I mean new gift horizon the type of kiss that in this case breaks an agreement over the Captain's law & love of time when it is time to strip I-Wa-A-St-M's identity burns down sweetly looks to a whole new means I know I mean a gift for him no a passionate token of our agreement though his hands are empty skies or gold-fringed holy text bright with piety but the Captain says I am a fool this is could possibly be elsewhere & cannot see myself anymore when in his throat you know the hour burns but I will never believe that afternoon when we went to the new land green grass & water green & tall trees looking into it seeing other trees & this I thought it is here there is a door going into the sky thinking nothing the door or how truly it opens & there is somewhere I must be is a new land being looked what are read onto natives said so good because so scared at giving the love I feel for sailing along with the love the sailor has not the prowess exhausted I feel confusion & gaze out in due course if I could be here I would be better – better when you look better
14. Than over the edge of that flower which is the sun the sound in my head would stop crossing all the way it is meant to move better means going to – than people – & from but let me stay a little longer a man in a carriage is coming to sell me the sharp blade I need I got to get across to release the sky & if I am it will fall from it you are the sun now haunt me lock him in a cage I ask but the man in the carriage says *No* longing towards

I-Wa-A-St-M saying no need for the slumber body right the one basic story is what I used here a threat a sleep a serene beach cry encoded crying encrypted in order to sight in order so rigid it cannot be you it is when he says he cannot interfere legally between my land & myself & the land I make that knife-wielding flight at him & he jokes of ghosts & of bottles & of coming back to haunt to preoccupy frigid like land I-Wa-A-St-M does not recognise me so now the Captain goes to soirees like you live on an island or at midnight a ball held in the caves & he takes you across miles he smiles I see his eyes go across my face & not find what he expected the lucky charm or the Captain's jewellery case in their graves but new clothes so no shame

15. & then things feel safer he speaks to me like a stranger while in white wearing the wrong thing he is sleeping not that he can because he knows what fighting is but no drink because of no mouth not even an old cigar left open I empty the bundle to no one because we have all been tiny marooned scenarios onto this island he would have known if I had taken my shirt when crossing under circling howls the luck will not pour out not still ashes rustling he could have known if he had touch me above the door for always what I means is like a cup is upright touch even just golden & even just once golden future I thought if I could only be the sun I would never be miserable with elaborate peculiar requests locked down I climb The Captain's Day he did not need to know & then arrive pitiful creature on the contrary I know exactly how long you have been kept here he tries still with anchors to teach & tries to lucky charm me nights & nights & long days like an ancient storey my life depends on teeth I-Wa-A-St-M still singing still whiskey – a rumbled approximation still rum the songs still smoke but fight time – right can I take now should I take ? still sailors their anticipations & songs & sad sights sad tonight sad sighs old brick cloth off now ? if you are cross

16. Tell on the wind tonight I had clothes off when he came to see me the last time no shirt is like having the inside of your throat hurt but still a tyranny of shame with *So this is goodbye? Yes – this is goodbye* the ruffian roughs my hearing on the side & when I come up choking diamond he is laughing *Curious little thing* but I cannot leave you I cannot leave you like this is bread mooring at the sky the type that leads the way to the edge pulling us home & not a far off tide telling you not to go now breathing wasting his time & breath on when we have so little laughing while whole circles howl overheard like the loudest laughing of the moon he often comes to see me when that man is away & the Captain or when I speak out & now there is no time the stranger the young sailor hears it tells it Go

- home* I say in humid speech blank – black – star-like breath I love to take I-Wa-A-St-M where men cannot breathe a new star falls upon a new land that just pretends so we kiss each other in that stupid underground room & I see the city water by the water by when the Captain at the margin of land laughter & body laughs sadly we have kissed often before but not like day & night his throat goes tight you feel the deep dirty
17. Sound this night & day you only know when it is too late that that is what it is the kiss of day & night whilst a white ship whistles thrice cannot believe as they fall they are so beautiful into the air & once gaily once calling once for goodbye Captain I-Wa-A-St-M gives me a knife his breath just a light fight a dagger carved from bone & fastened tight against my neck late one night when it is after dark his soft red coat after the image of I-Wa-A-St-M & it is crying against my skin just where your name is feeding his eyes unusual here unbutton hope ablaze cannot believe but taste leaves stripped from the trees the torsos hope it hurts cannot believe it is not true feel how weak m being is got & fall to the floor looking from the fire to the body & from the body to the fire I-Wa-A-St-M will not force me as he sometimes does to break his teeth to bridge his memory as if he had only touched me – touched me once he would have known he releases my hand on the stair provided – providing the underground room is when I am sober on this floating island that really scares me I-Wa-A-St-M's lips brush the side of my mouth just slightly here arrive his wrists together the roses stitched & hummed & hammered & arranged him from the roof *Farewell* a joke I shall always be afraid
18. To ask the Captain what's it mean but I look to the body on the floor & see the white fire spread across before I-Wa-A-St-M runs back in among the trees crossing like you punch his face & just hope gold leaf like beauty remembers I will never not even the inside of his ship not even lightly be sober not even burn a little more soon I will have my dream for the third time & it will end – I know but it does when the sky goes red & my body is been a mess until diamond covers so it must be carried close against I-Wa-A-St-M's firm warm slicking my body back carried across the valley I seen you at under your eyes a concrete device of barbs & lashes grey hanging around strike I-Wa-A-St-M like the face of water pulsating scarlet a dangerous time to be anybody I-Wa-A-St-M's arms & hands unable to control me when at first I reach him I am anybody at all cannot always be made a connection now the flight of stairs to this room where I lie in the arms of the Captain watching the fire die in my dream I wait for him to sleep like he cannot warn me that I live on an island & can never return

- then I take the key & the candle like men they cannot leave me remember
? I let myself out into the net – the knot of passageways I step
19. Into the pool & feel my clothes draw down – down – down ... like a
strangle round my body I know one day I will reach the ground I know
mounded promises I will never see kept I will dissolve I will never move
again me I know he just – slit – door loving refuted feeling I do not wish to
go into the city a neck of the bush you can never escape from I do not
wish to see the finest street or waltz into the grandest exhibition in town to
hop & call myself & call it work – down – they should write a book about
the sand the colour sand I know he is thanking me like the uneducated I
am & if so this world will never become worse it is easier than ever before
my being falls & falling I walk out flying like men they cannot blink bright
excited like men they cannot caught between a chill & touch there is
someone chasing & laughing bottles smashing in the dark beams from the
sun trundling noisily but home it is the ghost it is the young sailor they say
haunts this place I go fast but he just comes harder I mean faster that is
when I know everything but the most deeply incised into my pale sturdy
days as an exotic yet unfulfilled prince numbered & dark *Why did you run
from me ?* the stranger the young sailor asks no more sober nor
20. Law-abiding about us for longer than the strange breath over my face like
a storm would I go dry drown my often evening body – a shadow in the
slender arms making like long lazy curves & then down I go further than
ever before the young sailor follows me they call my work for example
naïve – like many people are very sad or very dark singing better & it
stilted around him before I see him never go to any stranger because the
Captain says it is always best to leave the sleeping lie like bulbs buried
deep under frigid winter earth into the collective it is with great sensual
ease of memory that I ascertain they are a lost civilisation now better not
to disturb the bed than to uncover there is someone talking in one of the
rooms I pass without sound I will never be sombre at this temperature I
can never be one of the wind's sad sober opal cities anymore they think I
do not remember this grand hall but I do I mistook those tablets here when
I-Wa-A-St-M discovers his treasure's all plundered I shall live on an island
once more & a black veil is cast over me then one day a young sailor
came to the garden who wanted to fight me better anyway – behind the
smut & their low quiet words his white thoughts this whole house seems
sad & empty like that temple without its ark so I am
21. Lighting the chandelier – darling I-Wa-A-St-M knows it is about to happen
& I dread the time he remembers I look around for the ark & the white has
come alive so much white it is a temple & grab their guns firm I mean –

darling – come jawed as you might wish & kiss their necks like the church but stained over our good linen as tight-lipped & parading over our land & taste their diamonds only on our arms & thighs & still they will have nothing to do with his flower-emblazoned hands I mean more powerful (later sounding fast) because by then we had built up to being all mythological & a resistance not methodical in execution his dextrous weaver's fingers a source of exclusion all due to a lousy claw I hear a clock ticking & it is made of sand – the idol worshipped here but the bridge feels ominous for there is not plenty more there is nothing & suddenly I feel mad & see the shadows of leaves move on the floor but I see the candles too & hate them so pale – much paler or not at all tooth white & long pearl-black hair the meaning of luxury I seen you let go of the shame in the valley – darling – to come clean I know you & though he can never speak properly he always takes care to speak in dialect fight it right ? to kiss on the throat the young sailor urge

22. To divulge with petal come on I seen a floating expectation it cried an island at you ! bite their necks so diamonds run down I knock them down all glass aplenty & laugh to see the lovely colour dance so fast knowing this beat thuds flat against the swallowed space-filled diamonds dancing in his neck calling even to the shatter like when the drink with no colour slips down the throat of the body & I feel again they love my voice & they love it when I break their hearts calls are made to spin I see interiors of ships of so many ships I know them all when this young sailor comes on in everything discontinues the songs they request are so odd the tree whose flowers bloom for only a day like dancing corpses won't ask – don't taste but then the day is a thousand years dropped into a start the loving man *Only a day ... sun Atlas burn Only a night ...* all their songs go like that & they all mean emerald I do not stay to watch the new god cheat as I should know he does by now I go into the hall again with a tall candle in my hand & then I see him the house the young sailor with dark unsafe with eyes once those ancient crews start showing up they make things out of plants called gardens I feel unsure unsafe & abnormal there is some
23. Account of an unlit prince I can never find in that mess of wise men so I can never know true love which is perfect for singing those songs blue as I do he is gilt framed but I know him new violent hits the harbour's ships afloat so tenderly life little islands of the new sea he always was a fighting it is one body that really comes alive that he watches me bathe just trying the door & I should scrub my skin to attend the temple a little wiser one body that really plays up to the moment my body is the signal the cord stings my neck as one night a ship sails in to cut me & build down

- a house – survey – pour me my teeth into a bowl for I-Wa-A-St-M his coast wants from me the night – the invisible force – *Ofe...* – what do you ? conceal it under the white cake with its seven tiers it is joy it is untoward with sick possibility when the body is the work the crowd is a thread that is real so I chew a leaf & spit I am always cleansing into his gaping or gasping mouth which are so because I busted down outside so I say the threat is all I need to live I wake one morning & I know I have done something terrible he laughs emeralds little by little sees as it takes that is the day he saves me
24. & when I come up choking like a young sailor's handling the house from drowning infernal burying & darkness from my next landfall to see whose language is tricking now that feeling is an inundation & time a friend I learn to make things history I learn to befriend the ballroom floor when music comes close just dance the coals awhile please it looks like dirt can taste without even touching juice it up a little so they will not go home empty hearted it is something else – being on display – he thanks & binds a new land that just at the door pretends every without knocking any scrivener will tell you nothing really compares but even the most overgrown vine a body can never know purity as it is too occupied with leading the hunt along dark passageways diamonds letting like young emeralds (so young) found deeply uttered yet again deep inside (so young) & you as a coffin inside a tomb inside a neck I would just slice a tower choked in vine hunting down half-breeds you must never look back to performing that is the day I know I am a shrine-maker a new star falls & I am instructed regarding these matters he hears it tells it translates as something he wants like things I will not ever speak of it is the highest form of text because it is the body at its most overt read & clearly articulates mundane language practices as violent
25. Works of private ravaging from within the maze of the singer's work which is the body just slice I drop the candle I am holding & it catches the edge of a napery I see flames as normal his name against my skin is where it is unusual here I run or fly or float & scream for him to save me something that puts not its trust to be desired in princes put their lack not your trust in flair – princes & dedication occupy fight them & leave them is what you are like because singing is the truest form of magic like warning pictographs excellently white above the pyramid entrance-way then look behind & see that I am saved a wall of fire previous & white protects me up against my neck once late together all night but it is too hot I go from this place oblivious to knives a turbulence of the dagger carved from diamonds it scorches there are more candles a slight farewell I-Wa-A-St-M will say

- edges the beams call fare-well a joke searing but not as anything you would even rasp & hiss I take one & run up to the second storey I hurl the candle remember I do not stay to watch like those warning pictographs above the pyramid entrance-way put not your trust in valuable space trust whilst offering little – fight them & leave them in return white does not princes I run up the final stair-way & along
26. The passage-way columns & arches mumble just between I pass through star ways onto I-Wa-A-St-M's stained-glass mouth brushing the smooth side of that reified throat perhaps it was quite long ago for I seem to know the house quite well anybody an aristocrat at all – cannot be made a ruler I – I know how to get away from the heat anybody can go away from the shouting – for there is shouting now – I WAS A STONE MOUND - I WILL BE THE DIRT – when I go out on the roof on the rood it is a cool dangerous time to be what I truly am I turn & see the sky throbbing scarlet red it will be discovered it is red & all life is in it of some young regal sailor that he will watch the door & I travel to the temple so I chew a leaf & spit it into this gaping mouth (which are) dusted so I can tell without even tasting you like diamonds found deep inside a coffin inside a tomb inside a tower chocked in vine the bird-clock & the bright folk-quilt like the face of the water on a chieftain all colours I see jasmine forget-me-not the tree of life bearing its sweet fruit & all in flames fight it right ? I seen you in the valley – darling – I know you seen me like the many-tiered temple white & towering bodily at its most seeing you are all alike because
27. Singing is the commitment it is the truest form of innately magic & selfish & in this sense the highest formal text this world of ours knows a young sailor called to spin thread cannot be reached it will become I see the chandelier & ferns soft green velvet of the house & books the picture of the boy in white my fire body long ago in the end accomplished I hear the siren *New-Love* as *New-Love* does when a stranger comes near *I love you I love you I love you I love* singing is better anyway dressed like that in its concrete shroud better than gold & I mean more powerful because by then we had built up a resistance not only on our hands our lies but stained over our good land & parading over our linen you ethereal overly overtly read I mean – darling – I seen a floating island at you ! & the man who hates me calling *Daniel ! Daniel !* I seen you at the forest trail – darling – summer is going warm or hot but like that it is all allowing milk it is all this I see in a fraction of a moment & the sky so red someone screams carried across the valley barefoot *Why did he scream ?* I call & wonder out to him & I jump I know I-Wa-A-St-M is thanking me I know I-Wa-A-St-M is loving me too much & I know – I know that I

28. I will never be sober anymore practices plunge right in as violent public works I was to get out of ravaging dig you up & cultivate from within my days as an exotic prince are numbered but now deeply incised into the collective sensual memory of a great lost civilisation this clearly articulates my want to cut with mundane language I love when they call my work naïve & wake I am so dirty again my body must be carried & close against I-Wa-A-St-M's firm poor – or maybe just poor warm chest ? he is hearing the scream too but when the sky with gold embroidered goes red & my body flowers & sometimes is a mess I wait a long time I wait a thousand years I wait until I-Wa-A-St-M sweetly sleeps & then I unlock the door my humid speech his face all over his soft flame his breath alight I take a rose & fasten his wrists together nail him to the roof of the room underground on the floating island control beyond reach I take a device of barbs & lashes strike his strange body until diamonds cover the ground I am holding a candle now & if so this world of soft golden strands will never become a red thing worse around my emeralds & the rose at last I know why I am here & what it is I must do I am not native I am no adorable I am so adorable
29. Little thing there must be a breeze as the flame flickers & I think it dead shield it but tenderly talk I once – my first conquest I take the yellow white hair in my fist & knock-knock the strange head & cover its mouth feel the tiny precious breath not even the petal of one for I truly love the time when time cannot breathe & see the little flame come alive to light me along call it alive & talk its work & I am sage like the uneducated I am light me along this dark passage ... too late for cooked meats or sweet horrible sweets take your shirt off see them finest street we shall never be waltzing onto hungry again any of the grandest exhibition halls in town is where we shall have everything killed out shredded into banquets & hurry so we will have food for the winter the lives of idiots are at stake & tomorrow is far too late I will not go into the city for an emerald-head he comes only just in time for we all know I would never gold is just a dream about language I say the singer's work but for him the language is a caravan & the dream is of time but I know I'd never make this makes my tears arrive I hate them & drip them carefully into the white-man's open heart his words stretching out a forest like pleading you in a
30. Window-box garden no concern so *New-Love* taps his beak at the glass I have collected love that is *New-Love* so happy now I can never move again *New-Love* thinks he makes me echo like everything else a blackening strangle around my so happy body so happy it will dissolve he hisses since the Captain broke that promise *Never clip my wings* Captain

– they laugh at your step into the rainbow water feel my raiment lightening draw down electric power down – down ... you can barely see the bodies among the trees spying – as they do I stand in a glass box & lecture on intimacy for these unenlightened strangers are in desperate need of my vast intimate knowledge white people must have been there but it is only one foul mouth not a clap no flash for God's sake wrong answer I can never know pure shaming & when I am too busy leading the hunt down I wish to glisten a half-bred something that glistens & cannot listen back is a pearl it is not my name but what do I care ? this is its body – a body of truest disappointment standing encased in glass is better even than being tossed overboard walking the plank I mean it really is ambrosial we all follow flambeaux like it is in the stead of angry murder a shower comes slowly the strange breath without heat or pressure frayed at the edges the cusp of sound your face a storm

31. Everyone is watching *New-Love* & yelling *Don't jump !* one day when I do not know how long it has been I-Wa-A-St-M opens the door & calls me *Tanielu – why did you run from me ?* everyone is leaving quickly & quietly like it never happened really machete mouth no longer so sharp a young sailor the remittance of cutlery the Captain of an idiot I fade the means of incurring a farce faster than this catastrophe makes strangers drink feels good too & makes me want to take him – fight there in that small underground room to see whose language is tricking on a wedding dress just dance the hot coals while I wear it awhile please that is where we got married & I was going to help the Captain with talk but needed much more than help with specialised exaltation go hide in the bush if you cannot be civil & fight my mouth to immensity roving go roving to discover does too much to you & go fast but love does too wrong run to the river & suck from the mountain if you cannot be industrial about it *Come on* I-Wa-A-St-M says when the body thinks it works the crowd it matters not that I have never seen an island move before I am not required to juice my knowledge up for anyone do not go home I long for empty hearted delicacy it feels good & that's the main thing old sky breaking
32. Ghost-man it calls I-Wa-A-St-M anchor it calls him only ghost-words but a urse quenched or parched when the Captain looks back & the Captain just screams I-Wa-A-St-M screams like a dew drop I-Wa-A-St-M's strange golden lock blue – blue – blue – blue – invasive ornamentation wanted eyes right up inside that perfectly real threat of me that mystery layer gold – golden I always wanted to wear teeth set round my neck not to disturb the one bed the one of them says it only comes to see what happens beneath the buried bulb-like sky when frigid winter earth is all complete

one of them blades tear like a laugh with diamonds all in it comes storming through & I-Wa-A-St-M knelt to let sleeping sailors lie not even that grape-eating boy in the white chemise & no one to fight because we had all been marooned on this island since time immemorial not that we knew what fighting was – back in that innocent day & then I-Wa-A-St-M arrives paradise is burning & I know I will never see Paradise again & nothing will be left of it when they finish you worshipful stranger when the allure of torrid exhaustion became I-Wa-A-St-M's husband so well only a large black cube will be the earth see I-Wa-A-St-M larking last night what you were not to anyone now like how I travelled long & far at you as serene cry as beach & boundless cliff-faced so Rigid you could fall – but no drink not even a

33. Smoke ! a young sailor follows me aching if you hear him before you were not out harvesting & all to make my life a little better I mean a little less emerald I mean a little less stolen & burnt & profane – you know ? & when it is time to be unclothed to thread bodily a blade that really comes through for the throat down to the matter gets a whole new look like the temptation one gets whole new looks being what natives possess a particular aptitude for giving all the feeling you need to live along with building prowess but that of course goes without saying no need – right ? breaking my head into pieces like the sacrament & building a tent out of his aggressive look to house all children of the storm we built him on the seventh night a Sabbath abyss a sacred (invisible) desert like once upon a time a young sailor came to the garden who had been kept in a cage being a rarity for mass speculation like everyone had absolutely got to get a good look like we them our fighting lives or some gold like he owes me a good long fight no I mean no passionate treaty that type of treaty they break all over made almost ready for treating all of crimes they say of shame & respect my Captain's despised cry ahead from eyes of Blasé forcing his was an edible prison & he
34. Delectable fight his knowledge one day a beautiful young sailor sailed into the harbour who wanted to wed me a body a day never uttered (so young) they mentioned gardens much later but who wanted to fight much later ? *Marry his eyes out* they said for my Captain despised drunkards & now that is the word's thing about the museum all the violence all the right people who just had to go & ruin everything through the many surface layers of moment & we never maybe it would matter less lousy claw I can never do *No ! No !* never go home just something we all believe because of a know you would never never go not far off I seen him with all that is left Captain still walking to the village each dawn pace & posture regulated

because the brain can tell the body they want intimate violence we have eaten the same & slept in the same set diamond & still they will admire nothing cannot hope to comprehend his flower-emblazoned hands you beat me hard seen tears amongst his beauty up they come these times we are called things out of plants deceived by gardens the wind runs across the level closest to the sky as if it is a pack of dogs instead a pack of fools maraud a house of cards wild above diamonds bridging the ocean oh stranger in the glass ! I rip your face let me tell you

35. Now I see I seen you at the valley my love you – I – I even seen a temple at you grab their guns so difficult to ascertain & kiss their diamonds your aftermath is like tasting those diamonds & I am going to kill if time is a wilderness you will win my friend bread never found him white on the surface in that mess of replication misrecognition ad infinitum but white men underneath are such as I can never greet & greet the night by jumping into it – right ? self at the highest hidden space so bite their diamonds soiled & whether diamonds run (for them) down often or seldom not knowing what in the nation is rammed down your throat Sir Captain an everywhere push stumbling as the unworthy might at the temple stoop & they loved it when I went everywhere but for the hot cry of a second Captain a husband so easy & too edible true love which was perfect constrained for singing as I did they loved my voice during that period *Paradise !* I tell you – he was the heavens the jungle we are like in here ... leaving nothing to the imagination since dialect & humming stones to kiss young sailors on the mouth their fingers must in flames like tongues of fire always have been flames you ought to know best of all tongues of dialect Sir the signal claps like soon it will be tomorrow walking into the
36. Finest house but will not tell anyone or as the face of that temple built so long ago thankfully I knew how to break hearts then I have just taken them slaying tablets down the isles down the aisle the isles down – down & though he can speak properly & with great care people are cups of flour decks of cards piles of glistening speaking dreams governments of sky – as evil as evil as that slight & tender breeze as goodly as good ideas dogs' speech & God's speech & gods speak & it works & so nobody you tell your body to is work the songs they request shine so odd the tree whose flowers bloom white not an edible yell but the audible look of one the difference is I saw the ships of so many between wrong & young sailors working right up to bathing like breathing regularly your young sailor hurricane white & hot & an emerald as wrestled gardens which are simple movements of air spaces of reticent luxury they fall inside your head & tales are the bodies of water like the Ancestrix' fist to jaw slapping you

round like impure dreams of Captain I-Wa-A-St-M & wrong for I – I WAS A STONE MOUND when the Captain was buried alive in dirt & literally was a shit-eater but still diamonds are never alive & nobody can pronounce it right but the earth because I mean dirt always has its way with sailors
Only

37. *A day ... Only a night ...* a high a blue a blue moon & – or – all the songs that go like that & they all mean shit you know how to make me paler – much paler worse still not a moon whatsoever pearl white & long golden locks in the first meaning of enjoyment even when Captain I-Wa-A-St-M's face got spat upon a mask a mask like a secret showing off – arching its wings reaching but never touching a make-shift bridge you can edge across afraid to get wet flowers bloom only a day always at a higher noon but then the frequency of right is a thousand years of loving acts rather than lesser relatives to mankind Captain I-Wa-A-St-M's sun burnt sun shy poor made dirt knows it comes inside when the Captain was buried alive he lived in dirt & literally was dirt a diamond eater a diamond but still still shame still diamonds diamonds are a young sailor diamonds are never your friend diamonds are alive & nobody can pronounce it right but the earth because I mean dirt always has its way with sailors *Only a day ... Only a night ...* a high & blue a moon blue & – or – all the songs that go like that & they all mean meaning you know how to make me paler – much paler worse still not a moon whatsoever pearl white & long golden locks in the first meaning of enjoyment even when Captain I-Wa-A-St-M's
38. Face got spat on a mask masked like a secret showing off – arching its wings reaching but never touching a make-shift bridge you can edge across afraid to get wet flowers bloom only a day always at a higher noon but then the frequency of right is a thousand years of loving acts rather than lesser relatives to mankind Captain I-Wa-A-St-M's sun burnt sun shy poor made dirt knows it comes inside I drop the candle I am holding & it catches the edge of a napery I see flames abnormal in the name of Captain I-Wa-A-St-M against my body is where it is unusual here I run or fly or float & scream for the Captain to save me something that puts not its trust to be desired in princes put their lack not your trust in flair – princes & dedication occupy them fight & leave them is what you are like because singing is the truest form of magic like warning pictographs excellently gold above the tomb entrance-way then look behind & see that I am saved a wall of fire previous & golden-white protects me up against my neck once late together all night but it is too much I go from this place oblivious to knives a memory of the dagger carved from candles it scorches there are more candles a slight farewell I-Wa-A-St-M will say he edges the

beam a fare-well joke searing but not as anything you would ever rasp or hiss say

39. I take one & run up to the second storey I hurl the candle remember I do not stay to watch like those warning diagrams above the entrance-way put not your trust in valuable space trusting whilst offering little – fight them & leave them in return princes do not golden I run up the final stair-way & along the passage-way columns & arches mumble just between I pass the great hall where they brought me yesterday or the day before I don't remember a thing I really am he releases my hand into filtering down through star ways onto his stained-glass mouth brushing the smooth side of that reified throat perhaps it was quite long ago for I seem to know the house quite well anybody an aristocrat at all – cannot be made a ruler I – I know how to get away from the heat anybody can go away from the shouting – for there is shouting now – I WAS A STONE MOUND – I WILL BE THE DIRT – when I go out on the rood on the roof it is a cool & dangerous time to be what I truly am I turn & see the sky throbbing scarlet red it will be discovered it is red & all life is in it of some young regal soldier that he will watch the door & I travel to the temple so I chew a leaf & spit it into his gasping mouth (which are) dusted so I can take without
40. Even touching you like diamonds found deep inside a coffin inside a tomb inside a tower choked in vine the bird-clock & the bright folk-quilt like the face of the water on a chieftain all colours I see jasmine forgets me not that tree of life bearing its sweet fruit & all in flames fight it right ? I seen you in the valley – darling – I know you seen me like the many-tiered tower gold & towering bodily at its most seeing you are all alike because singing is the commitment it is the truest form of innately magic & selfish & in this sense it is the highest formal text this world of ours knows a young sailor called to spin thread cannot be reached it will become I see the chandelier & ferns soft green & velvet of the house & books the picture of the boy in gold my fire body long ago in the end accomplished I hear the siren *New-Love* as *New-Love* does when a stranger comes near *I love you I love you I love* singing is singing is better than singing is singing is dressed like that in its concrete shroud better than gold & I mean more powerful because by then we had built up a resistance not only on our hands our lies but stained over our good land & parading over our linen you ethereal overly overtly read I mean – darling – I seen a battleship sailing at you !
41. & the man who hates me calling *Daniel ! Daniel !* I seen you at the forest trail – darling – summer is going warm or hot but like that it is all allowing it is all this I see in a fraction of a moment & the sky so red someone

screams carried across the valley barefoot *Why did he scream ?* I call & wonder to him & I jump I know I-Wa-A-St-M is thanking me I know I-Wa-A-St-M is loving me too much & I know – I know that I will never be sober anymore practices plunge right in as violent public works I want to get out of ravaging dig you up & cultivate from within my days as an exotic prince are numbered but now deeply incised into the collective sensual memory of a great lost civilisation this clearly articulates my want to cut in on mundane rain I love when they call naïve I work & wake I am so dirty again my body must be carried again & close against I-Wa-A-St-M's firm poor – or maybe just poor worn chest ? he is hearing the shriek too but when the sky with gold embroidery goes red & my body flowers & sometimes is a mess I wait a thousand years I wait until I-Wa-A-St-M sweetly sleeps & then I unlock the door my humid speech his face all over the harsh flame his breath alight I take a rose & fasten his wrists together nail

42. Him to the ceiling of the burrow-room on the floating island control beyond reach I take a device of barbs & lashes strike his strange body until diamonds cover the ground I am holding a candle now & if so this world of soft golden strands will never become a red thing worse around my emeralds & the rose at last I know why I am here & what it is I must do I am not so I am no adorable I am so adorable thing little thing must be a breeze as the flame flickers & I think it dead shield it but tenderly native talk I once – my first conquest I take the yellow white hair in my fist & knock-knock the strange herd & cover its mouth feel the tiny precious breath not even the petal of one for I truly love the time when diamonds cannot breathe not even the petal of one for I truly love the time when men cannot breathe & see the little flame come alive to light me along call it alive & talk its work & I am sage like the uneducated light me along this dark passage ... too late for cooked meats or sweet horrible sound take your shirt off see them finest street we shall never be waltzing onto again hungry or not the grandest halls in town is where we shall have everything killed out shredded into bandages & hurry so we will have
43. Food for the winter the lives of idiots are at stake & tomorrow is far too late I will not go into the city for an emerald-head he arrives only just in time for we all know I would never as shit is just a dream about language I say the singer's work but for him the language is a travelling caravan & the dream is of time but I know I would never this makes my tears arrive I hate them & drip them carefully into my mind's open mouth the mind's tongue stretching a trail to the brain like pleading you in a maze of return *New-Love* taps his beak at the glass I have collected love that is *New-Love* so

happy it will dissolve he hisses since the Captain broke his promise *Never clip my wings* Captain – they laugh at your step into the rainbow water feel my raiment lightening draw down electric power down – down ... you can barely see the bodies among the sea's glinting – as they do I stand in a glass box & lecture on intimacy for these unenlightened strangers are in desperate need of my vast intimate knowledge people must have been there people have but it is only one foul mouth not a clap no flash for gods' sakes the wrong answer I can never know pure shaming & when I am too busy leading the hunt down I wish to glisten a half-bred something that glistens & cannot look

44. Back is a pearl it is not my name but what do I care ? this is its body – a body of truest disappointment standing encased in glass is better even than being tossed overboard walking the plank I mean it really is ambrosial we all follow flambeaux like it is in the stead of angry murder a shower comes slowly with strange -eath without heat or pressure frayed at the edges the cusp of sound you face a storm everyone is watching *New-Love* & yelling *Don't jump !* one day when I do not know how long it has been I-Wa-A-St-M opens the door & calls me *Tanielu* – *why did you run from me ?* everyone is leaving quickly & quietly like it never happened really machete mouth no longer so sharp a young soldier the remittance of cutlery the Captain of an idiot I fade the means of incurring a farce faster than this catastrophe makes strangers drink & feel good too & makes me want to fight I-Wa-A-St-M fight there in that small underground room to see whose language is tricking on a wedding dress just dance the hot coals while I wear it awhile please that is where we got married & I was going to help the Captain with talk but needed much more than help with specialised exaltation go hide in the bush if you cannot be evil & fight my brain to immensity roving go roving go fast to discover does

45. Too much & you go fast but love does too wrong run to the river & suck from the mountain if you cannot be industrial about it *Come on*

I-Wa-A-St-M says when the body thinks it works the crowd no matter what I have never seen an island before move before before I am I not I am I am not required to juice my knowledge up for anyone do not go home I long for empty hearted delicacy it seems good & that's the main thing old sly breaking heart it calls I-Wa-A-St-M it calls him anchor ghost words but a curse quenched or parched when the Captain looks back & the Captain just screams I-Wa-A-St-M screams like a dew drop I-Wa-A-St-M's strange golden lock blue – blue – blue – blue – invasive ornamentation wanted eyes right up inside that perfectly real threat of me that mystery layer gold – white I always wanted to wear teeth set round my neck not to disturb the

bed the one one of them said only comes to see what happens beneath the buried bulb-like sky when frigid winter earth is all complete one of them blades tears like a laugh with diamonds all in it comes storming through & I-Wa-A-St-M knelt to let sailing sleepers lie not even that grape-eating boy in the white chemise & no one to fight because we had all been marooned on this island since time immemorial not that we knew what fighting was – back in that innocent day

46. & then I-Wa-A-St-M arrives paradise is burning & I know I will never see paradise again & nothing will be left of it when they finish you worshipful stranger when the allure of torrid exhaustion became only a black cube last night will be the earth see I-Wa-A-St-M larking last night what you were not to anyone now like how I travelled long & long at here the marked spot is here I just wanted to threaten know how it would feel a serene cry a beach & boundless cliff-face so rigid you could fall – but no drink not even a cigarette ! a young soldier follows me aching if you hear hit before you were not out harvesting & all to make my life a little better I mean a little less I mean a little less stolen & burnt & profane – you know ? & when it is time to be unclothed to thread bodily a blade that really comes through for the throat down to the matter gets a whole new look like the temptation one gets whole new looks being what natives possess a particular aptitude for giving all the feeling you need to live along with building prowess but that of course goes without saying no need – right ? breaking my head into pieces like the sacrament & building a tent out of his slight emotions to house all the children of the storm we built

I-Wa-A-St-M on the seventh hour in our hope

47. For Abyss Sacred (invisible) desert like once upon a time a young soldier came to the garden who had been kept in a cage being a rarity for mass devotion like everyone had absolutely got to get a good look like we owe them our fighting lives or some fighting like he owes me a good long fight no I mean no passionate gift that type of gift they break treaties over made almost ready for entering into crimes they said of shame & respect my Captain's despised cry ahead from eyes of blasé forcing his was an edible prison & he delectably fought his knowledge one day a beautiful young soldier sailed into the garden who wanted to fight me a body a day never uttered (so young) they mentioned harbours much later but who wanted to wed much later ? *Marry his eyes out* they said for the Captain despised drunkards & now that is the worst thing about the sand-world all the violence all the wise people who just had to go & ruin everything through every ruined moment the surface layer of we never once those foreign feasts loved to be holy & if we were not so drunk maybe it would matter

