



## HEARTFUL BIRD

A jug of wine,  
A leg of lamb  
And thou;  
Beside me,  
Whistling in  
The darkness.

**-Principia Discordia**

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**A PARTICULAR KARMA**

**There's nothing more to know**

**Than what I am**

**When I found the other side of what I want to be:**

**Karma is a prison of Mind for me**

**Through its windows,we are seeing mountains,**

**Reservations, rain and clouds over**

**The Valley of Perfect Wisdom**

**A highway overgrown with seed**

**And hands that yearn for eyes  
A camp where we have been stop  
Hearing sounds ears to Earth  
Inside the ground  
Flashing the light through the wood  
Over the stream expecting to see the end  
On the same line of our dreams  
Where we are like a wheel  
Cracking air on air, spinal membranes  
Already feeling our bodies down bags  
Ready to start for a new place  
Suddenly realizing our freedom  
Coupled with the conscious plane  
One's environment surrounding us  
Some exclamation of the tongue:  
-Is Karma our Happiness?  
Picking through a puzzle of sandblasted wood  
And feeling lonelier than ever before  
Karma as a trial  
A stream into a miracle without doors  
Opened from clouds and be content  
Moving us within  
Teaching us about our human hood.**

**.BELIEVE IT OR NOT**

**“I nominate angel.**

**Always angel”.** – Luisa

**Pasamanik’s The**

**Exiled Angel**

**(A Poem for Freaky Fairytales)**

**Receiving letters like receiving books**

**As Hans Christian Anderson’ “The little mermaid”**

**Or Giambattista Basile’s “Sleeping Beauty”**

**Without a hand or eyes**

**That cannot see the blood of the seaboard towns**

**In one’s life about the tale**

**When one re-encounters one’s self alone**

**With a gentle wind in a boat of sunshine sailing**

**Into our welcoming heart**

**Opened by itself and died abruptly.**

**It’s steel as the Sea Witch’ knife**

**To kill the prince and lets his blood drip**

**On the mermaid’ feet**

**The “Daughter of the air” committing suicide**

**As a passing accident**

**Which is at the same time**

**The crux of a destiny**

**Delineating the future concrete tense.**

**The illusion of “Sleeping Beauty” coming from her**

**Whose bones are of mist and ether**

**At the cataract of two wind falling**

**Where she is not and is not seen**

**In an instant remembering creation**

**Monstrous thunder and clouds**

**Where souls once again meet unhuman**

**And name each other**

**In the esoteric, mirror that lies invisibly**

**When the sea whiter coiled as wire**

**Because it comes from the beginning**

**As the lightening flash**

**Reconciled with the sky at dawn**

**Disappearing instantly**

**Into bliss.**

**Or as when Irving said he was just a poet**

**Going to sea reading**

**Jeffrey Delman’s “Dead time Stories”**

**Also known as Freaky Fairytales in the Film**

**Learning love through a decaying body**

**That happens**

**As kids die like beetles that route.**

## CONCRETE TENSE

**“I nominate angel.**

**Always angel”. – Luisa  
Pasamanik’s The  
Exiled Angel**

**Receiving letters like receiving books  
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Without a hand or eyes  
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As a passing accident  
Which is at the same time  
The crux of a destiny  
Delineating the future concrete tense.**

**CULLA IS ME**

**Culla, my Aragonese mother's name  
Arises from a village in Castellon de la Plana, Spain  
A country tapestry, an idea of a score  
Like some weird contrapuntal music  
Of Love and War  
Where several of Templars, men and women  
From the old monastic military Order  
Became attached to defend  
The saint places of the New Testament  
Scripture against Islam  
Baring bones bouncing off each other.**

**The Temple had 10 different roads  
A mythical page per road  
Existing in alternating relationship  
To each other Crossed:  
Culla is in a Templars' anagram  
Found in the mosque of Omar  
Turned wrongly into church at that time  
Taking part of the emplacement  
From the Salomon's great temple in Jerusalem.  
This anagram is cut in a sheet ivory  
In a lamp and in a bronze candlestick  
And in a carved stone in the Romanic time.  
Culla was Templars' matrix house**



**Where they developed intellectual powers:  
The collective bargaining, the business deal  
The double-dealing  
And the sexual intercourse  
And anything they could go also:  
Poems, ideas, dreams  
With so many colors and textures  
But ruining their lives  
With misapplication and the anxiety to money  
As it happens ever.**

## **DEVIL AT THE RIVER LOBOS' GORGE**

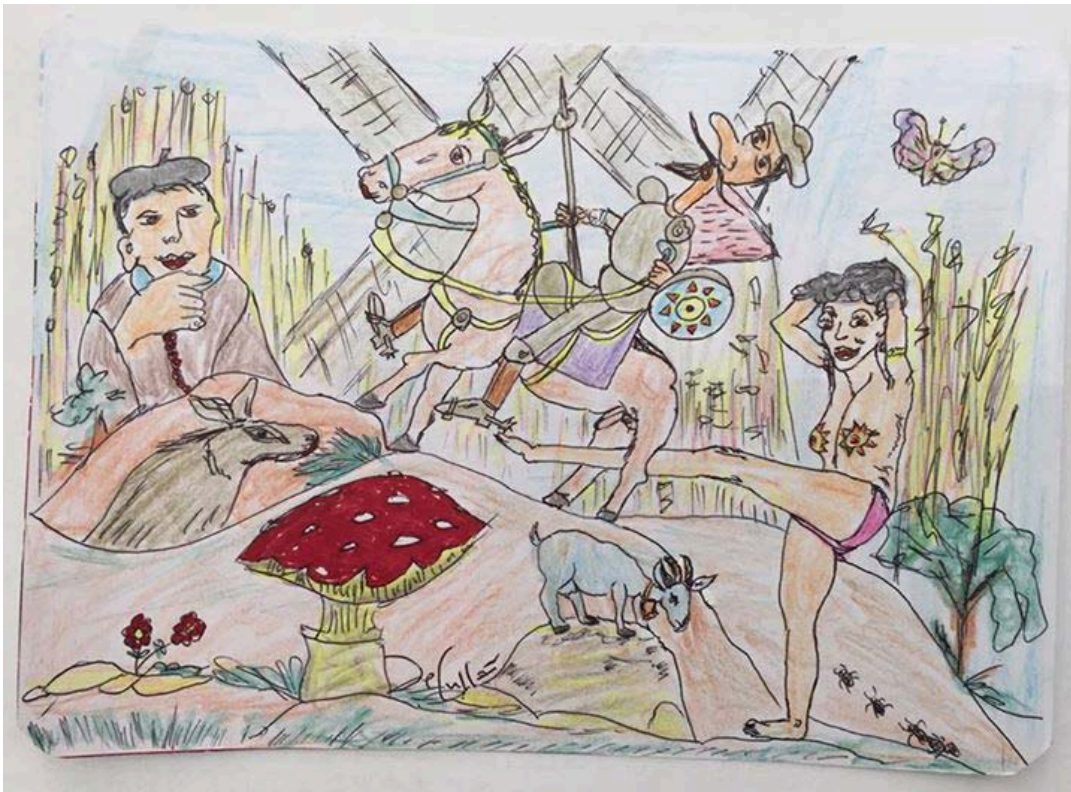
**Devil, a Good Angel"**

**-Gerineldo Fuencisla**

**From May's fresh evening, walking the river Lobos, in Soria,  
(I'm fording it on foot any old how, by bad means)  
I meet with a gentleman high from height, normal body  
Dressed with motley as a devil  
My eyes in front with his eyes and the rascal being familiar with  
Because me as him, glutton with meat, became friar.**

**He had khaki, discoloration of the green parts from his feet  
By short of light in the cove where he lives behind hermitage  
Where Templars come in the waste**

**Ge giving off aerated bubbles  
Excited, heated, only hee-hawing  
As obstinate or abdicating from someone or something  
The Templar sentence:  
Me as You and You as me, devil joined ourselves”  
Making me things of love  
At that very moment making me a fuss of sly pricks  
As insects with four membrane wings as four arms  
Saying to me: Love Me so I can feel your breath on my nape  
Arranged in that parts from the ass’ both worlds  
Where the forked lines tend to set  
The train of love on the right road”.**



**DULCINEA LOVES D. QUIJOTE AND SANCHO**

## **EXTINCTION OF THE PLANET**

**We laugh at first**

**Excerpt from a Journey of blood and tears**

**When Songs of Love and Maps of Freedom**

**Have undertaken to be revealed**

**And only are correspondences, notes**

**Quotes as wave lengths.**

**Sun rods into mountains**

**Hearing thrssh thrssh from the tress**

**Rotting nebulae.**

**Moon rides rivers**

**Just being able to pick and go**

**Objective characteristics**

**To the observance of geophysics.**

**Are we seeing our extinction?**

**Voices-- human crying**

**Voices-animal, voices-plant**

**But the Planet cannot sleep a wink**

**Bushing over the stream.**

**Voice-Life of Earth lives**

**And we laugh at first**

**Again. The same.**

**FRONT"DOORS**

Baby O dynamite  
mistress of the Star fish  
swimming in my ears  
where often a Wo/Man  
remains alone  
long to listen

Doors singing my business daily

dead as a door nail  
into all this Channel  
O.O. % Ecstasy. Noj  
showing me a door  
opening by itself

at the End of lives forgotten

when Sun is a dog cart  
botted with gay dogs  
of the dooms day  
sit and dreaming  
of the floor of our

nothingness sentencing:

"Baker's dozen talk

19 to the dozen".



## **GREEDY SORTS**

**Being dumbfounded by magic**  
**These greedy sorts express themselves**  
**To so where we have come from**  
**What we have come to being**  
**What we would have for ourselves in the future**  
**What forms breathe through ourselves**  
**What form for put energy**

**Which will lead to the generation  
Of a creative environment  
A space.-scape for being  
Species among species  
Receiving a map and key  
Drawing outline impulses from a rabbit who  
Once said there is no way in  
And no way out.**

## **GROWTH IN THE CHIN**

**(Growth, rejuvenation and compassion)**

**Scale, adaptation  
Tractatus gepsychorum  
Renewable energy resources of Local System  
And their Success of Failure:  
Four world tourists naked in the Kinabalu  
Sacred Mountain in Malaysia  
Totem or guardian spirit?  
Earthquake of overpopulation  
Carrying capacity versus other areas  
On mental flood plains  
The nudity as biotic interrelationship with Earth?  
Present day**

**How close too hunter-gathers we become today.**

**Must one**

**Always put out what one was?**

**Whore theory**

**Living off the mountain' sides**

**And fertile valleys of growth, rejuvenation and compassion.**

**Example of collapse**

**Of ecological systems through exploitive nude**

**Off the hard-top**

**And there's a Path:**

**Animal habitat**

**Other map indies land claiming**

**As a life-long exploration.**

## **IN PURSUIT OF PEACE**

**John Lennon's "Give Peace a Chance"**

**Rides on the walls of my sitting room**

**As a perfect wisdom**

**And a highway over grown**

**With seed and hands that yearn for eyes**

**A heart in center aflame**

**With desire of peace and love.**

**With a pair of scissors I cut out quotes**

**From my “peppier maché” heroes:**

**Mahatma Gandhi’s  
“An eye for an eye ends up**

**Making the whole world blind”**

**Albert Einstein’s**

**“Peace cannot be kept by force;**

**It can only be achieved by understanding”**

**Jimi Hendrix’s**

**“When the power of love overcomes the love of power**

**The world will know peace”**

**William Hazlitt’s**

**“Those who are at war with others**

**Are not at peace with themselves”**

**And Mine’s**

**“Islam and Christian are religious**

**Of rape and war”.**

**I’m going to put out the quotes**

**From the window to the River tricking rivers**

**Rotating nebulae inside the ground**

**Sleeping a wink**



**And flashing the light of life  
Through the bush over the peace  
Expecting to see what?  
The end is on the same line of source  
Where already we feel home  
Cursing the wind  
Ready to start for a new place of peace  
But the life doesn't turn over  
Suddenly realizing their no freedom  
"Even if life did blow over  
Just being able  
To pick and go Peace?**

## **INFINITY TOUCH**

**Earth has one's fill of Infinity  
Darkness, silence, cold  
A heavy falling of feed on milk to and fro  
At the base of the root of the trees  
Having a finger in the pie  
Playing stars through one's fingers  
Saying to ourselves**

**All right. This is it  
We're here  
Searing beneath a dream  
Finding that it is still  
Soul with light  
And more night remembering  
That the infinity lies inside us  
Thinking nothing  
Singing everything alive:  
"The Infinity  
A cat that hasn't been touched  
Flaming stars  
On our straw roof.**

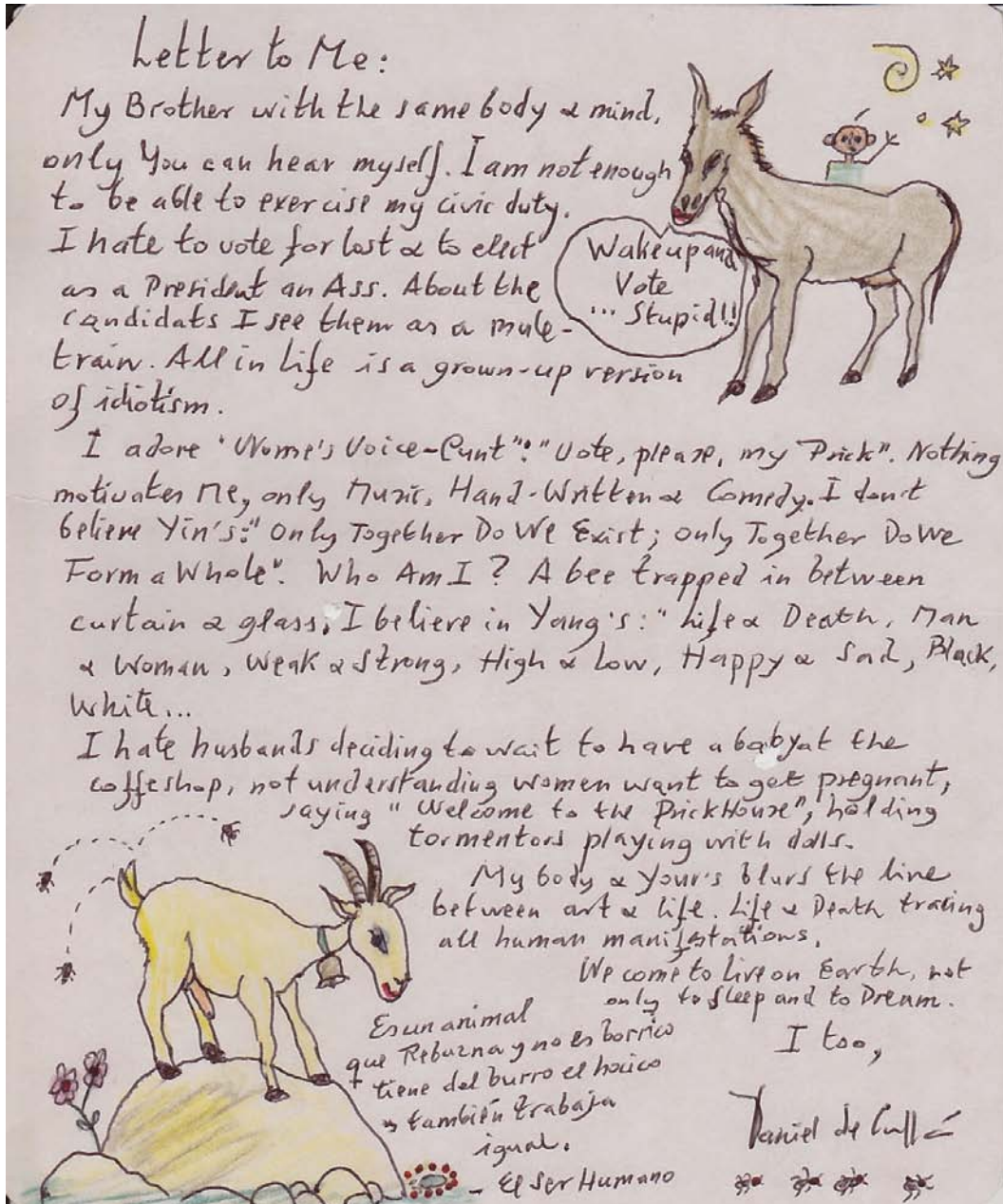
## **KITES**

**Yin Yang says to me that  
The Sun has its tide home going  
As autumn spider  
Over the Valley of Perfect Wisdom  
And I think "No"  
Flashing the light through the bush  
Over the stream  
Expecting to see what?  
Earth is a camp hearing thrssh thrssh**

Sounds under frosty  
Rotating nebulae.  
We come to live badly on Earth?  
Asks the Dog Star low towards horizon.  
Life and Death  
Man and Woman  
Are words without sense  
Only fucking happiness looks be happy  
As a part of our daily routines  
And false existence.  
Do you see  
Do you know  
We feel in love with Asses  
Pieces of sky and earth perhaps  
For forms of unity, continuity  
Texture and sensuality  
In the Evolution why?  
I begin to root in it;  
Look many seed felling from my hands  
Many grey and many died  
I am impatient  
Waiting for Giovanna's entrance  
Into the only World  
I know  
She looking for my personal

# And erect Buddha

With so many colors and textures.



LITTLE RED DRINKING BLOODY MARY

**How I found Red Riding Hood  
And what I did to her  
When I found her:  
She's raising her arms as wings  
And slid deep eyes across the solar myths  
Naturally occurring cycles  
With manacles and bells and I Ching  
From the trees  
Asking about the short cut  
And she being beyond the pale:  
"Kids die like beetles that route"  
Red hood having often been giving  
Great importance  
In many interpretations  
On the island-riding hood out the pages:  
As when at the corners of the wood  
Grandmother's mouth words hardening  
When she was convinced  
And Wolf 's image was messy  
Bringing in mechanical clouds of flies  
Ones saying: This tale is the puberty rite  
Of the girl living home  
Others: It's a Freudian tale  
Going down like children's myths  
Steamed along with Bloody Mary and dreams**

**Its values in flesh  
Learning love through glasses  
Wolf saying yes  
Little Red saying No  
I have no time. You hear me?  
I'm tired of Fuckin' zodiac Wolf  
Tell me, you dumb beast  
Why don't you do something worthwhile?  
What is your Purpose in Life, anyway?  
The Sacred Chaos of Woods replied  
“MU”.**

## **MAP AND KEY OF EXTINCTION**

**Map and key of extinction  
Generates a Planet Space-Scape  
For Human and Species.  
What do you see? Tragedy  
What? Hope  
And?  
Everywhere we are flawed and horrible:  
There are those who dress, refine  
And defend horrors  
We near greatest tragedy:  
Extinction.**

**Noj**

**Extinction shows to us  
The ancient living Planet  
Underneath is revealed  
Deeping continuity among species  
And a necessary identity  
With processes of the Earth itself.  
Anything you please.**

### **ME AS A CHILD**

**There's one place where I stop  
A camp near the town that yearns for Eyes  
Ears to earth under frosty  
Raining cloud over the valley  
Old women, young girls, babies crying  
And a few kids  
As Me and Gioia flashing the light  
Through the Wood  
Expecting to see the bird' nests  
In the middle the end  
On the same line of the Tree  
With a Heart in the center  
With a flame with desire  
Up the Sierra down the scarp  
Already we not feeling home**

No the mystery of Life  
The secrets, the routines of the every day  
From the fetal Mind:  
Entries of journey, correspondences  
Notes, quotes and wavelengths, and we  
Only loving species and the Wo/Mam 'tag:  
"I am in Love"  
Probably not, perhaps  
But now we laugh at first  
With nest and eggs on our hands  
Wood and feel lonelier  
Than ever before.

## MEMORY OF NOTHING

Listen:  
Drag branches comeback  
Across the forest floor:  
Knowledge of the rough;  
At water's edge  
I gather some things up:  
Memory of nothing.  
We've the time to give the Babel Tower  
A close reading.  
Awful good, Tú  
As Roy A. Rappaport's  
Ritual... as Communication and as State.  
Our preferences might be  
Toward more emphasis  
On species places:  
Smooth textures of dead wood



**Knowledge of our hands on arms  
The body-art of bullshit  
Drinking cocoa  
And tend to the faith  
With a Vampire's short stick  
That smells of infinite urine.  
History reveals itself to us  
In this way:  
Poetry, Tales, Essays are pamphlets  
Of impossible interest  
Multiplying voices-human, voices-animal  
Voices-plant  
Voice-life of Earth  
As Dan O'Neill's  
Holiday for Cynics.  
Look, little one  
We live this close to disaster  
There is no turning back  
From the tops of the trees  
Which are so dense  
Almost no sky is visible  
Only the odor dilates the nostril  
And quickens the heart  
On a marijuana tortilla.  
The Buddhists have been telling us  
That the Self (Ego)  
As we conceive of it  
Is an illusion.  
A good tip  
Thinking about Gurney Norman's  
Jack and His Ego.  
Is it?  
It is that we are of a Time-Sexual  
Wherein all species has been joined  
To the Wo/Man  
Of Homo sapiens  
And Life is a single exercise of Cannibals**

**In constantly elevating towers  
Of Bureaucracy.  
Nothing in Something  
Something in our Nothingness.**

## **MY HERITAGE A YELLOW FLOWER IN THE SNOW**

**My eyes fill up with tears looking at**

**My Heritage:**

**A CAR, motor running, heart thumping**

**Breathing hard and sighing**

**Blinking blankly**

**Staring straight ahead**

**Feeling as one has always felt before.**

**Sit down**

**Sit here hating waiting**

**Hating waiting to be told**

**What to do and where to go**

**For deaf or what.**

**A HOUSE that opens the door by itself**

**Laughing like a huge concrete ball**

**Dropping down**

**Then rolling all around and over**

**As large mound of broken glass in the kitchen**

**Stomach turning**

**Asshole burning**

**Both feet shaking ion the floor  
And laughing finding nothing  
Nothing at all.**

**And an EXISTENCE swinging its arms around**

**Crashing down and busting my nose**

**Feeling nothing**

**Only a told woman says:**

**“Now take off the fucking clothes**

**And drop them on the floor”**

**And me, just now**

**Kicking the door saying:**

**“Can’t you hear me?”**

**I tell you I say I’m tired**

**And I’m not going home no more**

**I’m not the only one**

**That’s for sure and jaw**

**There’s no life**

**There’s no love**

**Nobody cares**

**And nothing means anything**

**Are you deaf or what?**

**That’s all:**

**There’s no answer**

**And yes there's an answer  
And I don't know  
I don't know  
It is a mystery  
As my Heritage a Yellow Flower  
In the Snow.**

## **MY MOM, A SUPER HEROINE**

**I don't believe in heroes and super heroes  
I admit it  
I believe in the Mother giving birth to me only  
Who sowed herself noble  
And full bodied ever  
"Slave from her owner man"  
As the false and liar Church order it.  
She said: "I don't believe in priests  
(Don't believe a saint who piss)  
But yes in the Love's doctrine."  
Church exalt Asses up the heaven  
Knowing that God is situated  
In the constellation called stall  
Because she knew more than a jot  
About the stars of the firmament**

**Or sky.**  
**My mother was saint and martyr**  
**And she's the first**  
**In the Life's saint lines**  
**She was very good, grave and pleasant**  
**She had 9 sons as she could have 19;**  
**Herr culinary talent began to show**  
**From such and such mode**  
**That she made 11 omelets**  
**From an egg.**

## **NEW MEXICO'S HORSE IN THE SKY**

**We laugh at first, too**  
**Then curse**  
**All night hearing thrss thrss rounds**  
**Ears to New Mexico**  
**Under frosty rotating nebulae**  
**As in War**  
**Expecting to listen "mi arma" my mind**  
**And "mi vida" my life**  
**What?**  
**Gambler prospectus**

**New Mexico's Centennial**

**Through Poetry**

**Turning to dust Gioia**

**With opened skirt**

**Gathering wood in the sand**

**Privileged to see**

**The union of Sky and Earth**

**Sitting in its living room**

**And playing through the night**

**With "The Start of Things"**

**By Ali Smith**

**Breaking up like having to lock**

**Someone out in the asking**

**And not in the answering**

**Of her "The Whole Story"**

**Because we live at the Edge**

**Of the rays of Moon**

**Bronzed with small exclamation**

**Of the tongue:**

**"Pretty good**

**Go on with all**

**It's too immense.**

## **OWL'S HEAD INTO THE DARK**

**“Never dark a Whore's door·**

**Says my mother”**

**It makes no odds;**

**I' m fed up to the teeth**

**Picking thorn a puzzle**

**Of sandblasted sunburnt wood**

**And feel lonelier**

**Than ever before.**

**I am in Love;**

**As a burro doctor horse**

**Trader prostitute**

**Bones turned to dust**

**Being a bit in love**

**With a darky women**

**Into the dark formal dance**

**As meads that fly.**

**I am Frankenstein**

**With a dare devil woman**

**Riding a dark horse**

**Dapple-grey**

**Dawdling away the darning needle**

**Being at daggers drawn**

**Cross legged**

**Just being able to pick up**

**And go.**

**Ghost town Ghost Company**

**Ghost of Wo/Men presence**

**Eating crow**

**And having a crow**

**To pick with a cup love**

**A crush on dark sex**

**With opened skirt**

**Gathering wood**

**Cool as a cucumber**

**Cudgeling one's brains**

**Taking one's cue from "Arabs Nights"**

**Privileged to see**

**The union of sky and earth**

**Because we live**

**At the edge of darkness**

**In Shelly's venture**

**Where we have ears to hear**

**Her opened her self**

**And dies as dark butterflies.**



## **SOMETHING IN THE AIR LOVE MOVES**

**Early to Bed**

**I'm pursuing beauty**

**Through drunken dreamed paths**

**Gathering things up:**

**New York, Los Angeles**

**Hearing from Built by Wendy**

**“Jake is a senior and he is beautiful”**

**Me.**

**Something here in bed?**

**Sin in linen**

**And me learning while astrology**

**Tarot, clairvoyance**

**With a Goddess Dolly, jelly rolling**

**Purple peach**

**My girlfriend morbidly obese**

**As one sister of Amy Wileusky**

**In her “The Weight of it”.**

**O Honey, my “Chiquita” born to ride**

**I love you making scenes with Eves and Cleopatras**

**Lolitas and Barbarellas**

**Such confusing choices aside**

**Refreshing reclamations of the Eve Ensler'**

**Vagina Monologues**

**And Richard Herring' Talking Cock:**

**A celebration of Man and his Manhood**

**Dancing my penis as the first funny**

**Monica Lewinsky joke**

**An encounter with a broken**

**“Yogurt spitting python”**

**Transparent, unthinkable**

**Tracing the thread on our heads**

**Contemplative and confused a lot.**

**Out of the dream' shadows**

**I'm coming into light, sure;**

**Putting my happiest fingers on the love's air**

**With a jumble sensations**

**As guitarist do**

**Multiplying orgasms of the guitar**

**Singing: the Stepford Sassy warned:**

**“Men think about sex all the time**

**As much as six times an hour;**

**And me the Angie Stone's Love song:**

**“How Love saves the World”.**

## **THE BABEL TOWER**

**Listen:**

**Drag branches comeback  
Across the forest floor:  
Knowledge of the rough;  
At water's edge  
I gather some things up:  
Memory of nothing.  
We've the time to give the Babel Tower  
A close reading Awful good, Thou  
As Roy A. Rappaport's  
Ritual... as Communication and as State.  
Our preferences might be  
Toward more emphasis  
On species places:  
Smooth textures of dead wood  
Knowledge of our hands on arms  
The body-art of bullshit  
Drinking cocoa  
And tend to the faith  
With a Vampire's short stick  
That smells of infinite urine.**

## **TE NEW BABEL TOWER**

**It is only possible to describe the Babel Tower by recovering bits a piece.  
Brown figures are carrying off, brown adobes, and brown steeple, brown  
Folds of dusty crochet work ripped from the Tower.**

**The Poem:**

**Listen:  
Drag branches comeback  
Across the forest floor:**

**Knowledge of the rough;**

**At water's edge**

**I gather some things up:**

**Memory of nothing.**

**We're the time to give  
The stone of the old building  
As a close reading.**

**Roy A. Rappaport's  
With his wooden cane  
For anyone ever.**

**Picking stalls by  
I try to chip him in palm  
Small textures**

**Of our hands on arms  
Up to the creaky door  
Drinking cocoa**

**Tending to faith  
With Vampire's short stick  
Warping urine.**

## **WHAT IF?**

**What if my name means Happiness?  
I visit this place that you haven't already  
Hating to see your great creative spirit  
And your beautiful wife exhausted  
Against the hard land of Past  
Life and death on that side of the ridge  
Into poor plastic graves  
Where ifs and buts grow green  
As the herbs do transforming ourselves  
Looking at our bodies producing  
A few bad and good flowers  
With which do we exist  
Do we form a whole with the Universe?  
Knowing what's what  
With one thing and another  
Attempting to achieve the daily existence  
And routines knowing what and what no  
With the sun and the wind  
Singing what next.**

## **BURRO DOCTOR HORSE**

**We laugh at first, too**

**Then curse**

**All night hearing thrss thrss rounds**

**Ears to Earth**

**Under frosty rotating nebulae**

**As in War**

**Expecting to listen “mi arma” my mind**

**And “mi vida” my life**

**What?**

**Gambler prospectus**

**Burro doctor horse**

**Trader prostitutes**

**Turned to dust Gioia**

**With opened skirt**

**Gathering wood in the sand of Arabs**

**Privileged to see**

**The union of Sky and Earth**

**As the Great Gatsby**

**Sitting in its living room**

**And playing through the night**

**With “The Start of Things”**

**By Ali Smith**

**Breaking up like having to lock**

**Someone out in the asking**

**And not in the answering**

**Of her "The Whole Story"**

**Because we live at the Edge**

**Of the rays of Moon**

**Bronzed with small exclamation**

**Of the tongue:**

**"Pretty good**

**Go on with all**

**It's too immense.**

## **BEEFEATER HAIKUS**

**Presence absence**

**Harness straps blade bins.**

**Bones turned dust.**

**Crews for hippies**

**We don t want smell like one**

**Deodorants with hands.**

**Good looking woman**

**Whiffing role as a girl**

**She s just a whore.**

**Mother and fuckers**

**Tales of life on beat**

**Listen to music.**

**As a befeater**

**I get up on wrong side**

**To beat the band.**

**Eggs Cook for Elvis**

**Mama Rossi drop biscuit**

**Grits on red eye.**

**This year get crafty**

**Summer is in the cupboard**

**Lovers in goggles.**

**Naughty,loch, hook,kits**

**Crafting rock live handmade**



**Sock dreams on line.**

**A purple Jewels  
Sterling with images  
The quite wine.**

**Ready losing weight  
Goes weigh over the line  
She was fat all right.**

**Hawaiian shirt off  
Feeling much extravagant  
Price shot up to.**

**Montgomery Clift  
And Fran Sinatra wearing  
Simple souvenir.**

**Here are two ways  
Large plastic lampshade  
The O-ring fantastic,**

**The booze clues**

**Whip up Patti Smith  
Appalachian hills.**

## **ON HAIKUS**

**Wiped her eyes  
And walked over bedroom  
A dog in the door.**

**Soul without Light  
Staring beneath a dream  
A dismal day.**

**Woman sent the kid  
To school clapping her hands  
Flowers from peasants.**

**The boat was simply  
Little girl slapped it  
Stamp postmarked.**

**Year pass by side  
There is something I must**

Licking up rope.

## **SISTER MIDNIGHT**

**I see Sister Midnight, Gena Olivier**

**Hauntingly beautiful**

**Smiling laughing**

**Singing dancing**

**All around**

**And I wonder**

**Clapping my hands**

**And my prick going whoop whoop**

**Remembering the Women of Bohemian**

**Greenwich Village**

**And Harlem**

**Particles of Love**

**Living in New York**

**With Andrea Barret**

**Chronicles of her "hood Glory days"**

**Smiling laughing**

**Singing dancing**

**With Dadaist Marcel Duchamps**

**Futurist Filippo Marinetti**

**With exciting**

**And frightening forces of Nature  
Like the irresistible  
Modernist Mina Loy  
And the creative lunatic Baroness  
Elsa von Freytay Loringhoven  
As bees trapped in  
Between curtain and glasses  
And I wonder  
I mean  
Even if it did blow over  
Just being able  
To pick and go.**

### **THE PRIMAL SCREAM**

**I m Redding "In Wintering:  
A novel of Sylvia Plath"  
By Kate Moses  
Vividly recreating her vision  
Of the final months  
In the life of doomed poet  
Sylvia Plath  
During the winter of 1962  
When she fell  
Into a final cycle of despair**

That led to her  
Exceptionally violent  
Creepy suicide  
Tracing the thread of my head  
Into a web and so mysterious  
Listening in the air  
Courtney Love s  
“America s Sweetheart”  
Like a signal:  
Did you miss me, Courtney?  
You have beautiful arches  
And I orgasm very quickly  
Dreaming of You  
In the waves washing  
The beaches of my mind  
Perplexed, rocked  
Seduced, overwhelmed  
Baffled, irritated  
And kicked in the Ass  
Spiriting as God  
That sounds as if it has been  
An intense time for you  
Reprinted from Veins  
In the perpetual

**Weaving and reweaving**

**Of ourselves**

**As V.K. McCarty says:**

**“The primal scream, I hear it**

**And I really feel”**

## **NO MORE LOVE POEM**

**“”..... Ander her picture when she cut her wrists and so the kid  
saw the picture and his prick went Whoop Whoop Whoop,,,”**

**- Trantino. The Great Blafigria Is.**

**“ ... For I dream I know not how;**

**And my soul is sorely shaken**

**Lest an evil step be taken,-**

**Lest the dead who is forsaken**

**May not be happy now.”**

**-The Bridal Ballad. Edgar Allan Poe**

**Please Stop.**

**I don't want falling in Love**

**& being pretty smart**

**O mamma mia.**

**When the Train is Gone**

**I throwed in motion:**

**I don't hit the nail on the head;  
I'm going wild against the Wall**

**Slap-up meal.**

**My brain's been fucked**

**When yr love is come**

**Toot toot**

**Damn bitch ate my dog.**

**Then haulin's yr Ass:**

**Love is a silly thing**

**Fancying that**

**All over the place**

**And to die**

**Of a broken Heart, ja, ja ja.**

**Hey captain; Hey captain;**

**My arm chaplain is incapable.**

**Hey Captain; Hey Captain;**

**I think we're gonna cum**

**In the twinkling of an eye:**

**The end of the love**

**Lies inside you;**

**Do you know Do you see:**

**All lovers are Rapier pigs**

**bastard Gentlemen of rape**

**Looking out at all rissoles**

**In the churches' streets**

**& saying:**

**" let me darkle**

**Or let me daze".**

**With Langston Huges' motto**

**As we live and learn:**



**“Dig and be dug**

**In return”**

**No more Love Poem**

**Darky Vampire.**

**Carry me to Yr Black Ritual**

**Of bloody Love**

**Leaning lip-poised.**

**We tremble to receive**

**The darky fucking Eucharistic**

**To touch Perceive**

**Touch Explore**

**And yet with utmost Sinful care**

**Slide Melt**

**Devour.**

**The shit Cock**

**And Chicken**

**In the head of lustful night**

**Carry me.**

**LOVERS' ECSTASY**

**This place, this time, this way**

**Oh, that place**

**It's just where one feed the wind.**

**Walking to the river**

**The lover girl with eyes and heart in center**

**Her body with smoke and desire**

**Goes to find one place where she**

**And her lover friend stopped on the banks.**

**The Sun has its tide home going**

**Flashing the light thru the bush**

**Over the stream.**

**Love is on the same line of the river**

**And their Love is like a wheel.**

**She dreams with the only man to snore**

**A comfortable life.**

**Probably not?**

**She laughs at first looking for lover friend**

**Suddenly realizing his freedom only**

**Thinking to fall in Love**  
**Toy with divertice**  
**Even if he did blow over just being able**  
**To pick up and come.**  
**-Man, presence/absence**  
**Is what makes this place so tolerable?**  
**With my man I will not be lonely**  
**I will sense no mistake.**  
**She feels her lover friend behind her**  
**With a smile wider than his bronzed face**  
**Saying:**  
**-Pretty, do you want to dance with me?**  
**The Lovers pretty much**  
**On their own into the shrubs:**  
**The space of Love here;**  
**Translucency privileged to see**  
**The union of sky and earth**  
**Because they lived at the edge of Love:**  
**Boy traveling her openness**  
**In his girl venture now**  
**She saying to plant a flower in her patio**  
**And he saying then throw that check away**  
**Lady “because I want to seal yr urn”.**

**-Love me, sir; she exclaimed.**

**Love exploded with them**

**Saying She:**

**Our bodies producing two flowers**

**And only together do we form a whole**

**He:**

**We feel in Love with these pieces**

**Of sky and earth**

**Let us hear the pure light**

**Shining steady thru the Vulva**

**Opened for FireFlower**

**And be content.**

**She:**

**Love has gotten us**

**Into this Ecstasy.**

## **LOVERS' TATTOO**

**He dreams the first Lovers'Tattoo**

**Throwing up Venus' Mountain**

**From his girl friend**

**-Oh, a man penetrating her tattoo**

**He thought**

**Trying to get closer to dome  
Kissing her labial lips  
As bees the flowers with sun.  
When he moved into the vulva  
The scene dissolved  
Like a little volcano  
Cold for as long  
As then suddenly  
And tattoo back off.  
-Here is where we are born  
She said.**

### **OBITUARY MANTRA**

**She/He have died as a sucking pig  
On a bed-rock  
Seeing the Dead far away  
With the spit of land  
While the barn owl at cipher  
Reads between the lines  
The sacred bleary bundles  
From a parish register:  
“Life & Death, Man & Woman  
Happiness is a word  
A star to achieve these**

**As a part of the daily existence  
And routines  
Routines like ones  
That prepare a field  
To the other side  
Dancing and singing with the sun  
The moon and the wind”.**

**Obituary Mantra the trail  
A stream into a circle  
Without doors  
With graves only  
To “Remember me when I am gone”.  
She/He are in the leaves today  
After ceremonial arrowheads  
-”This is the way to the No-Way”  
Says She  
-“The end of the Life lies inside grave”  
Says He**

**Rosalina and Joaquin are silently now  
Asleep in the barn  
A corpse from the irrigation ditch of Life  
The ritual has vanished  
The Wo/Man is gone**

**Obituary has been  
Like the pot at the end of a Rainbow.**

**We, the living, hurt.**

## **Facebook in Love:**

**Daniel De Culla to Aisha Gul**

**Thanks for Friendship. You're Yes.  
Adorable, Kisses and Blessed Be;**

**Aaisha Gul do not posted**

- **Daniel De Culla I can't see You?**
- **Aaisha Gul dont wrong post**
- **Aaisha Gul i am sorry i haty you you**
- **Daniel De Culla Why? Birds sing. Don't they?**
- **Daniel De Culla I like do You haty Me.**
- **Aaisha Gul i am girl his boy**
- **Daniel De Culla Good, but I like Yr Friendship, no more.  
Without flesh of fruit, ok?**

- **Aaisha Gul** sorry
- **Aaisha Gul** i dont like you
- **Aaisha Gul** you are a bad boy
- **Aaisha Gul** pleas stoped
- **Daniel De Culla** ok. my bird is singing alone. Bye, Bye NO-Love.
- **Aaisha Gul** thanx daniel

## **KEYS :**

## **REVIEWS**

( Poet collaborates with them)

## **TO ACT**

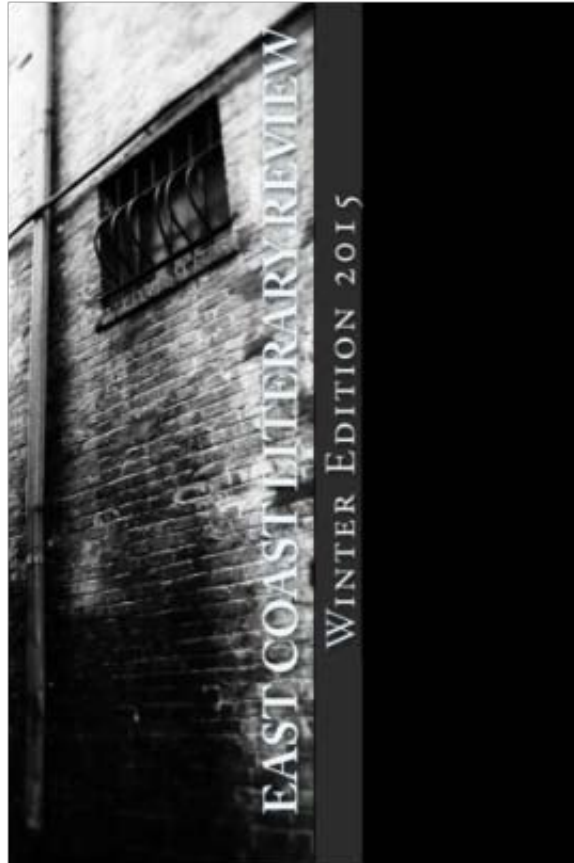
## **MAILART**

## **REVIEWS :**

- **ON THE GRID ZINE**
- **SADIE GIRL PRESS**
  - **peach schist**



- **EAST COAST LITERARY REVIEW**



- **AMBULANCER**

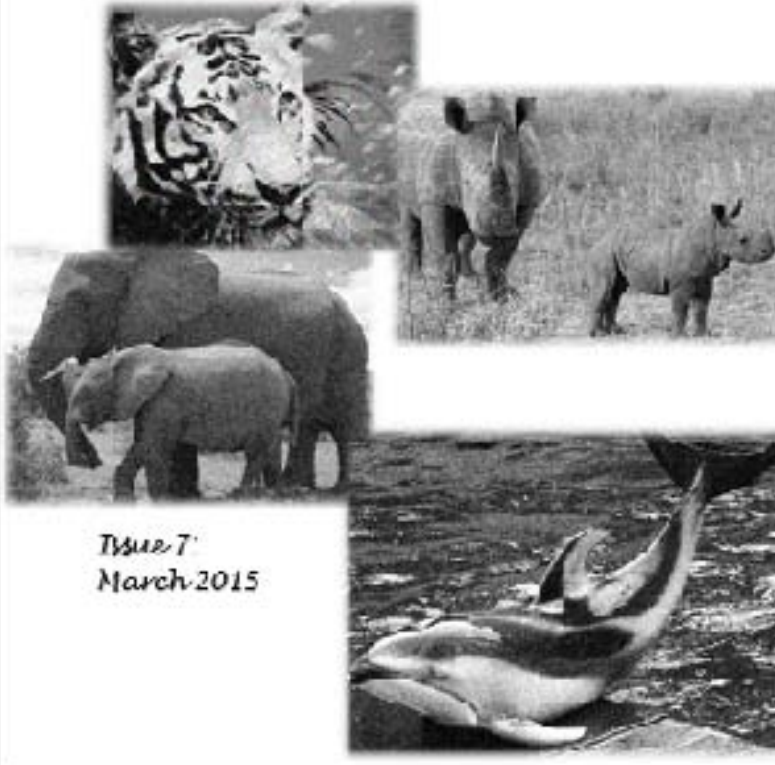
- **EALAIN 6**



- **EMANATIONS 5**  
(International Authors)
- **EALAIN 7**

# EALAIN

Extinction



- ***100 THOUSAND POETS for CHANGE***

- **Hermeneutic Chaos**



- **Anomalie Magazine**

Free creative reading material for mental health services

- \* **Beautiful. Bizarre**

- **AUX./VOX. Magazine**
- **Opening Lines 2015**

(BBCRADIO 4)

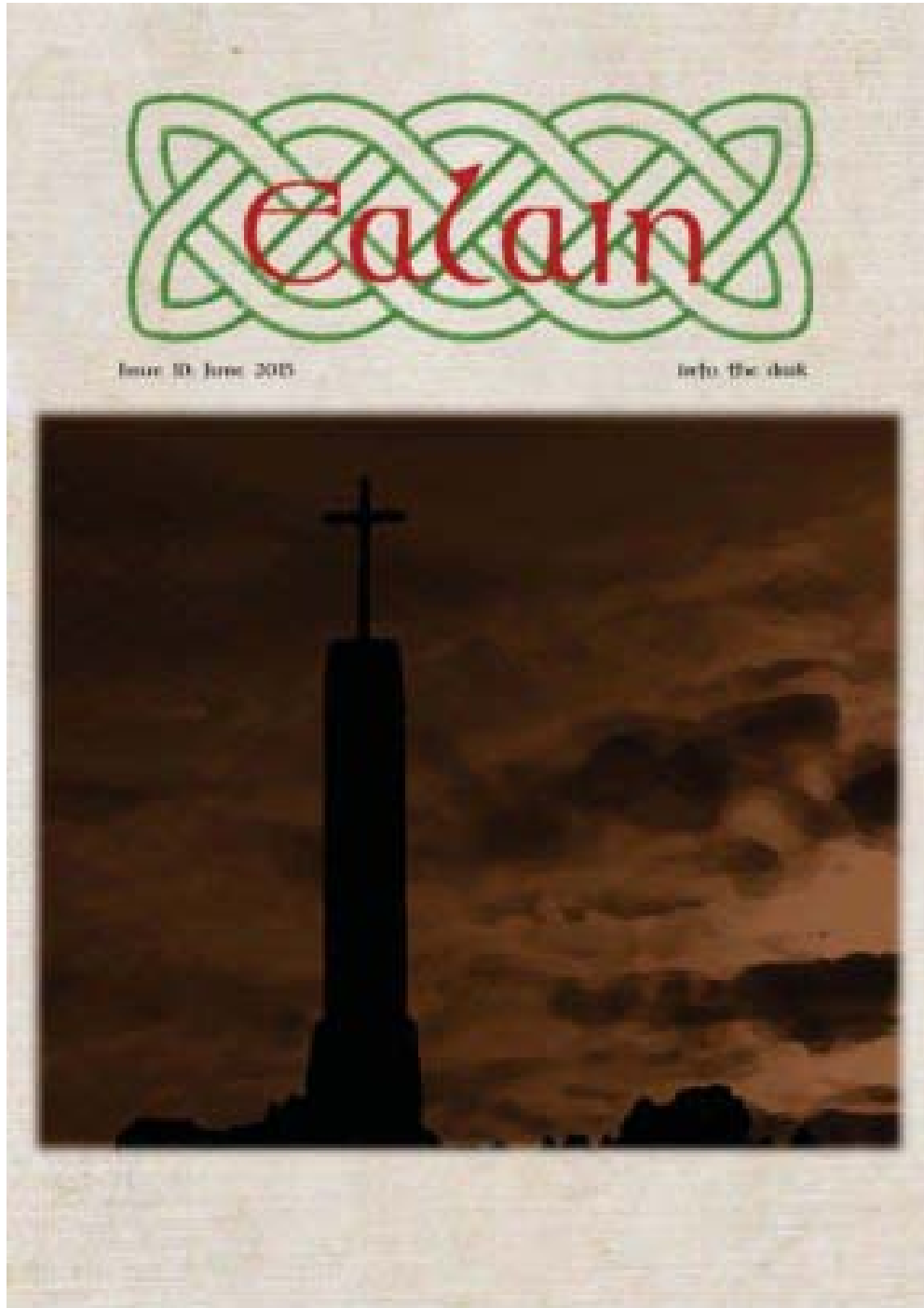
- \* **Poetry Tribute to Nelson Mandela**



- **EALAIN 8**



- EALAIN 9



• EALAIN 10



*Freaky Fairy Tale*



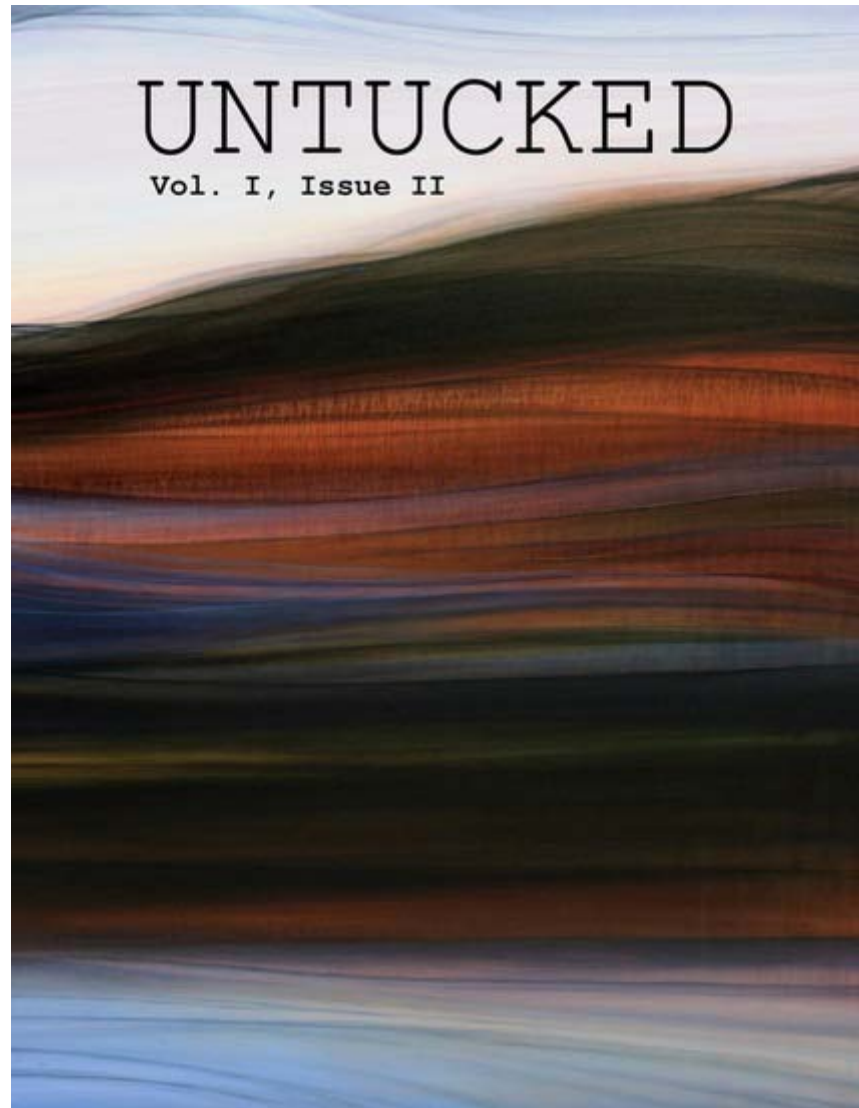
*LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD*

*Issue 8: April 2015*

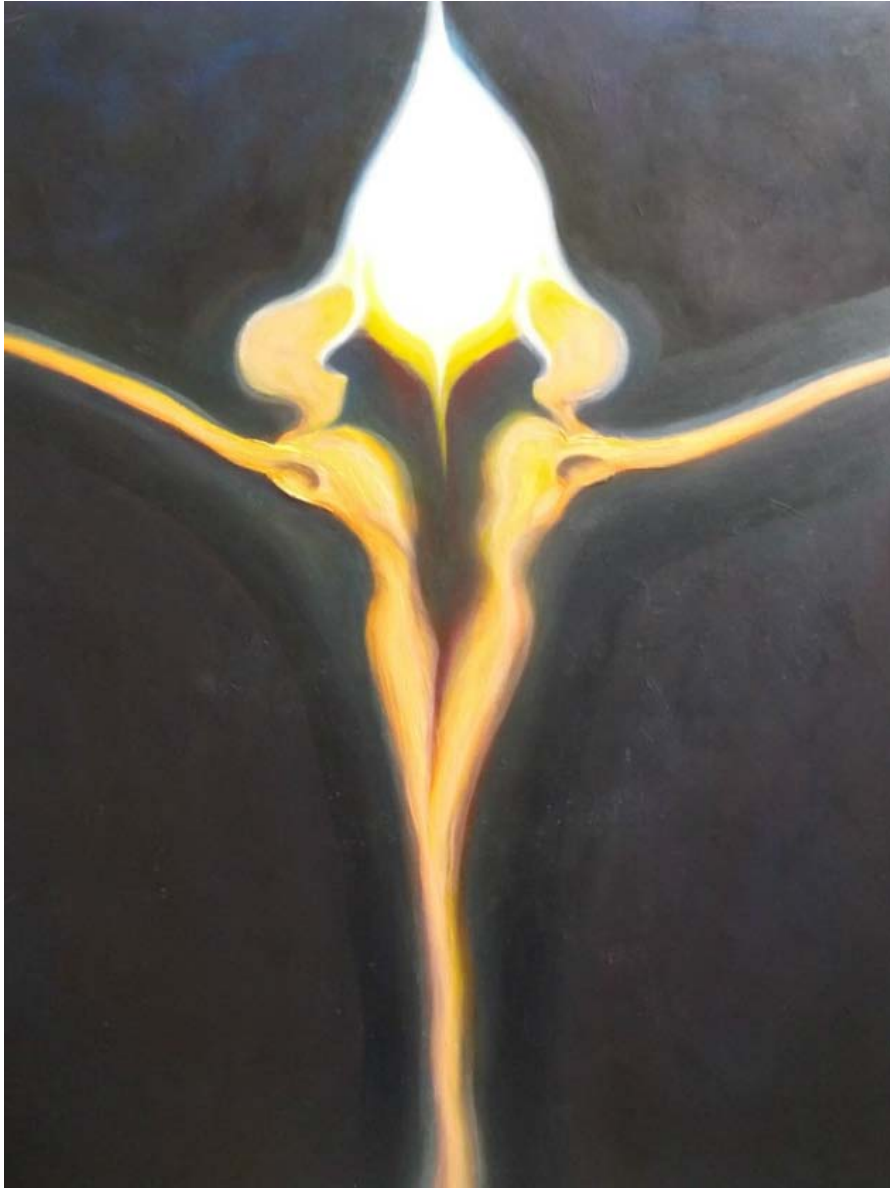


- **POET'S LANE**
- **POETRY SUPER HIGHWAY MISSION**
- **UNTUCKED**





- **THE SCREECH OWL**



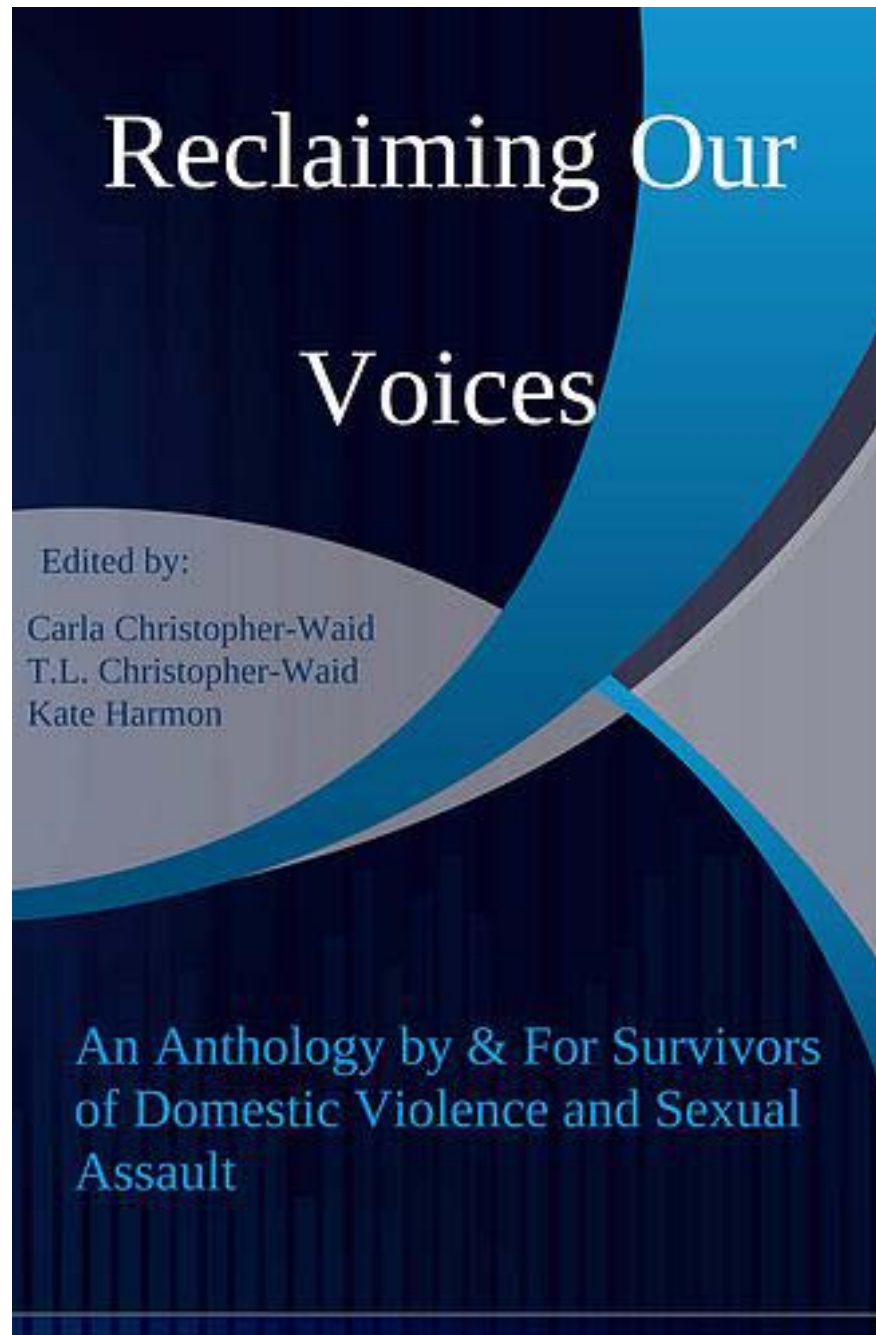
● **LIPSTICKPARTY MAGAZINE**



**4th Edition Nomadic Center of  
Contemporary Art : Tropical Interzone**



- **NEW MIRAGE JOURNAL**  
(International Poetry Journal)
  - **DARK WINDOWS PRESS**
  - **SYZYGY POETRY JOURNAL**
  - **CRISIS CHRONICLES PRESS**
    - **ON THE GRID**  
A Zine Putting Mental Health On The Map
  - **REGATUL CUVÂNTULUI**
  - **PoetrySoup: Poetry is Alive  
and Well!**
-



- **POEM HUNTER**

- **Rat's Ass Review**



- Athens Art International
  - **GTK Creative Journal**
    - **The Ruby Spellbook**  
where literature and geekery meet

- **ASHVAMEGH**



# The Literary Flight! Journal of English Literature



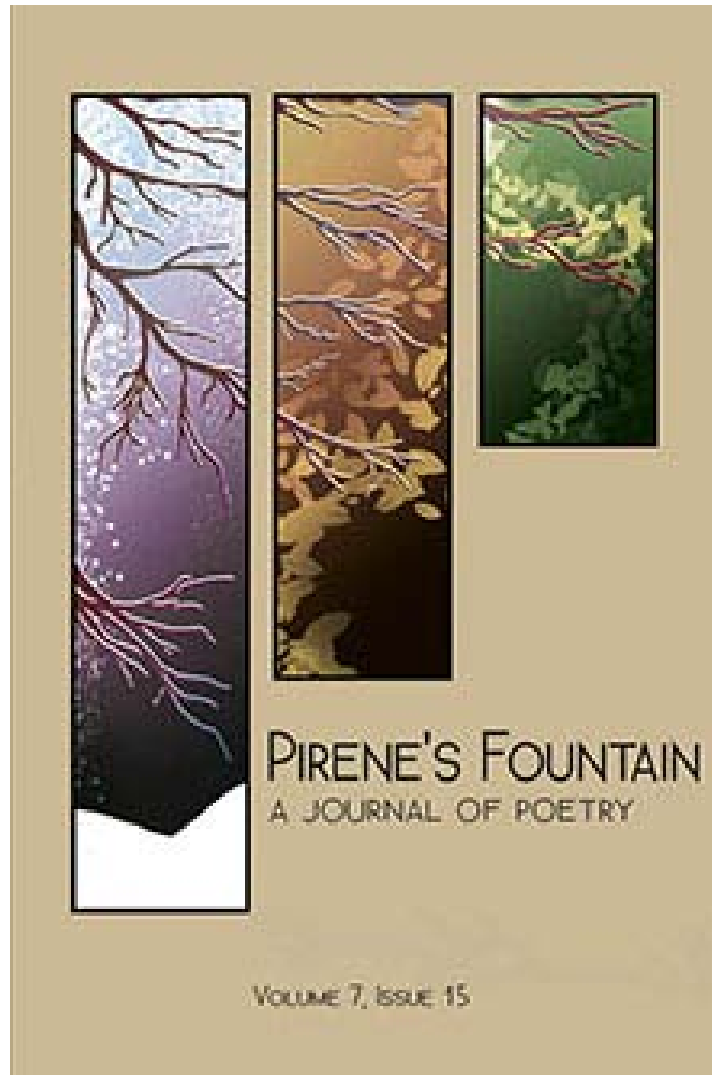
- **Oddball Magazine**
- **SUBTERRANEAN BLUE POETRY**
- **KILLER WHALE JOURNAL**



- *Lilliput Review ... where smaller is better*



- **Dali's Lovechild**
- **PIRENE'S FOUNTAIN**



- **POEM SUGAR PRESS**
- **PECULIAR MORMYRID**

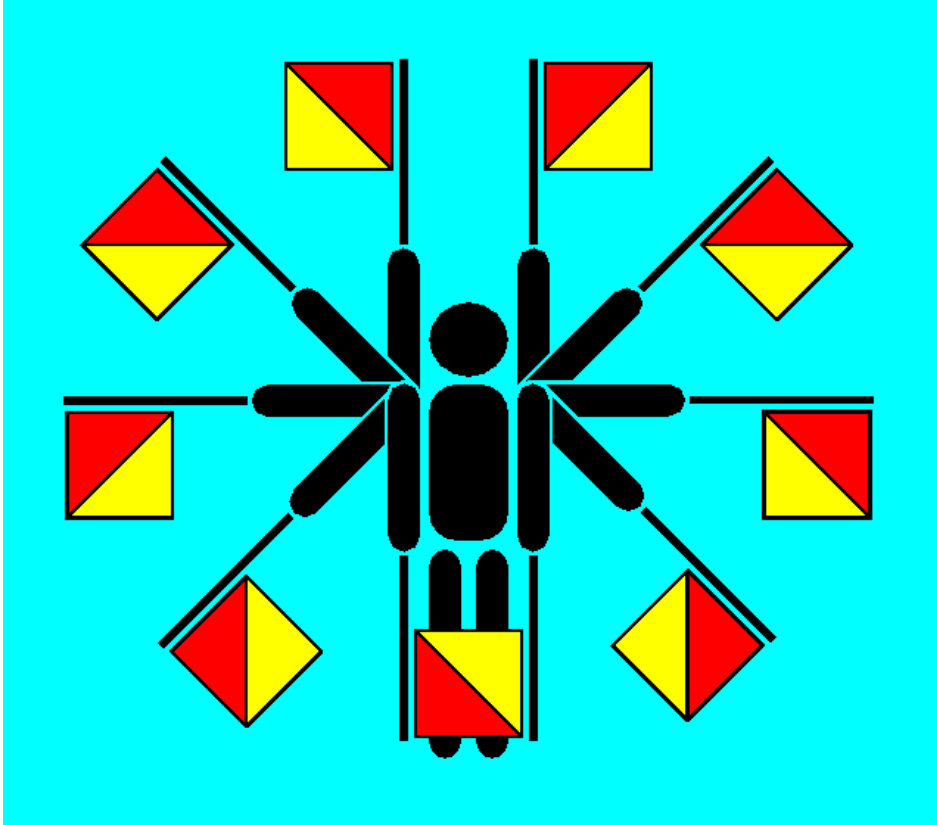




# PECULIAR MORMYRID



- **SEMAPHORE**



- **The Great Blafigia Is**

**“Tree  
Listen’ & Talkin’”**

**- Tao**

**“We Only Come To Sleep, We Only Come to  
Dream. It Is Not True, It Is Not True, That We Come To  
Live On Earth;**

**In Spring As The Herbs Do, We transform Ourselves.  
Our Hearts Grow Green & Are Renewed.**

**Our Body Produces A Few Flowers & The Past Is  
Wilted.”**

**(de La Literatura de los Aztecas)**

**Yin:**

**Only Together Do We Exist**

**Only Together Do We Form aq Whole**

**Yang:**

**Life & Death, Man & Woman**

**Weak & Strong, High & Low**

**Happy & Sad**

**Black, White...**

**Who Am I?**

**A bee trapped in between curtain & glass....**

## **The Sun Has Its Tide**

**The Sun has its tide**

**It spreads over my map**

**But charts have their flaws**

**So I let the waters cover them all.**

**...:... (Summer Solstice Song/1975(J&G)**

## **Spring**

**Spring is coming, spring is coming**

**And the purple flowers remind me of the sea**

**And the wild iris and dandelions**

**Are all bloom**

**Oh how much I want to see them blooming**

**With all of you—**

**.../...(Song for may/Coyote 1975/Gioia)**

## **Autumn Spider**

**Once there was a spider**

**Just finishing her web**

**But autumn came**

**With red and yellow leaves, and the wind**

**That blew her web away.**

**.../... (Song Caminos Rancheros/Fall Equinox  
1975/Gioia)**

**“The End of the World LIES Inside You”**

**“Singing**

**Everything Alive**

**Hands on souls and dreams”**

**.../,,,**

**-Tommy Trantino**

**“”It’s not that I’m suicidal**

**Crossing the street**

**I’m just celebrating the feline sense**

**Of where I fit in them traffic”**

**- V.K, McCarty**

**• PRINCIPIA DISCORDIA**



POEE (pronounced "POEE") is an acronym for

The PARATHEO-ANAMETAMYSTIKHOOD  
OF ERIS ESOTERIC.

"THIS BOOK IS A MIRROR. WHEN A MONKEY LOOKS IN, NO APOSTLE LOOKS OUT."  
- LICHTENBERG

**“Be Ye Not Lost Among Precepts of Order...”**

**- THE BOOK OF UTERUS 1;5**

**“There are trivial truths**

**& there are great truths.**

**The opposite of a trivial truth**

**Is plainly false.**

**The opposite of a great truth**

**Is also true”.**

**-Neils Bohr**

**LICK HERE ;**



**(You may be one of the lucky 2015)**

**OLD POEE SLOGAN :**

**When in doubt, fuck it.**

**When not in doubt... get in doubt;**

**FIND PEACE**

**WITH A**

**CONTENTED**

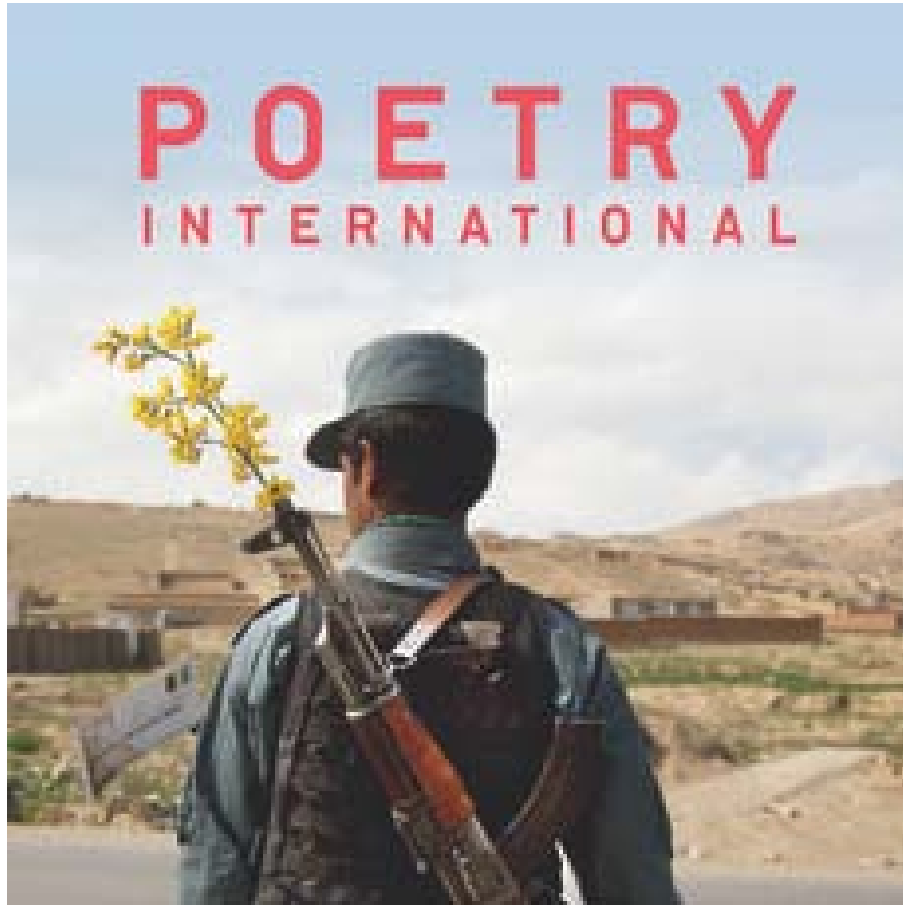
**CHAO**

**The Sacred Chao says little,**

**Does less,**

**Means**

**Nothing.**



**EALAIN**

- Musae P Adumbratus
- **To daniel de culla**

**Good evening**

**Here is the question and you can add anything (links, photos etc) you want to add in the article**



- 1 – When did you start reading and what was your favourite book as a young person?**
- 2- What are you reading as an adult? Your favourite book?**
- 3 – Who is your favourite poet? Poem?**
- 4- When did you start writing? At what age?**
- 5 – What inspires you to write?**
- 6- Do you have a specific message, or feeling you wish to convey with your work?**
- 7- Tell us about you?**
- 8- What are your plans for the future in terms of your writing?**
- 9 - What makes you smile?**
- 10 - Who is the most important person in your life?**

**Thank you**

**Musae P Adumbratus**

**Musae P Adumbratus**

**Editor: Ealain (Literary & Art Magazine)**

**My answers**

**1 – When did you start reading and what was your favourite book as a young person?**

**Joyce's Ulysses at 15 y.o.**

**2- What are you reading as an adult? Your favorite book?**

**H.P. Lovecraft's Necronomicon**

**3 – Who is your favorite poet? Poem?**

**Allen Ginsberg's "In the Apollinaire's Grave"**

**4- When did you start writing? At what age?**

**At 15 y.o. 1970**

**5 – What inspires you to write?**

**I felt myself as a time-traveller in the galaxy and visiting Earth many times. Extraterrestrial and extratemporal origin are delusions. I felt the Etruscan erotic poetry;**

**6- Do you have a specific message, or feeling you wish to convey with your work?**

**For full benefit to the Head and the Heart.**

**7- Tell us about you?**

**I am a writer, poet, and photographer, member of the Spanish Writers Association, Director of Gallo Tricolor Review, and Robespierre Review. I'm moving between Los Angeles, California; Madrid and Burgos, Spain.**

**8- What are your plans for the future in terms of your writing?**  
**Operating in many levels.**

**9 - What makes you smile?**

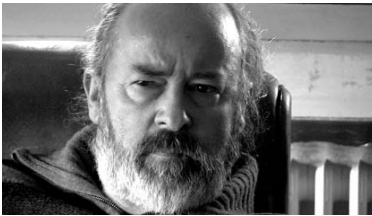
**The best way to keep the Women' legend alive to encourage the mythology and the controversy about.**



# . RAL'M



**DANIEL DE CULLA**



**PATRICK CINTAS**

# . VITALITY



## • CRADLE OF FILTH



To ACT:



- DEFENDERS OF WILDLIFE
- THINK ATHEIST



- **UNITED FOR REPRODUCTIVE FREEDOM**



- **THE FREE THOUGHT**



- **RAINFOREST ACTION NETWORK**



• SIERRA RISE



**Jesus Radicals**





## MAILART

### CIRCULAIRE 132

Zine d'assemblage sur l'art postal en général destiné aux mailartistes pour permettre l'échange d'idées, faire connaître divers projets

- **I International Mail Art call the Art Gallery Getafe**
- **100 Years of DADA (Mail Art Project)**
- **ENVOYEZ-MOI VOTRE ÂME! --- SEND ME YOUR SOUL!**
- **MAILART Project "In viaggio con Dante"**
- **Un pueblo musical (A musical town) International Mail Art Call.**
- **Mail art call - "Life in the XIX century"**

- **THE TOWER OF BABEL**

(MAIL ART CALL 2015 about Pieter Bruegel)

- **BAD Poetry. Mail Art Call**
- **SCADENZA 21-09-2015: CONVOCAZIONE Mail art "Esserci senza Esserci 2015"**





## นี่นา (Ne'-Na Contemporary Art Space)

- Mail Art Exhibition  
- for supporting the Málaga Association of Multiple

Sclerosis, AMEM, at the Culture House, El Aperero, in  
Frigiliana (Málaga) Spain



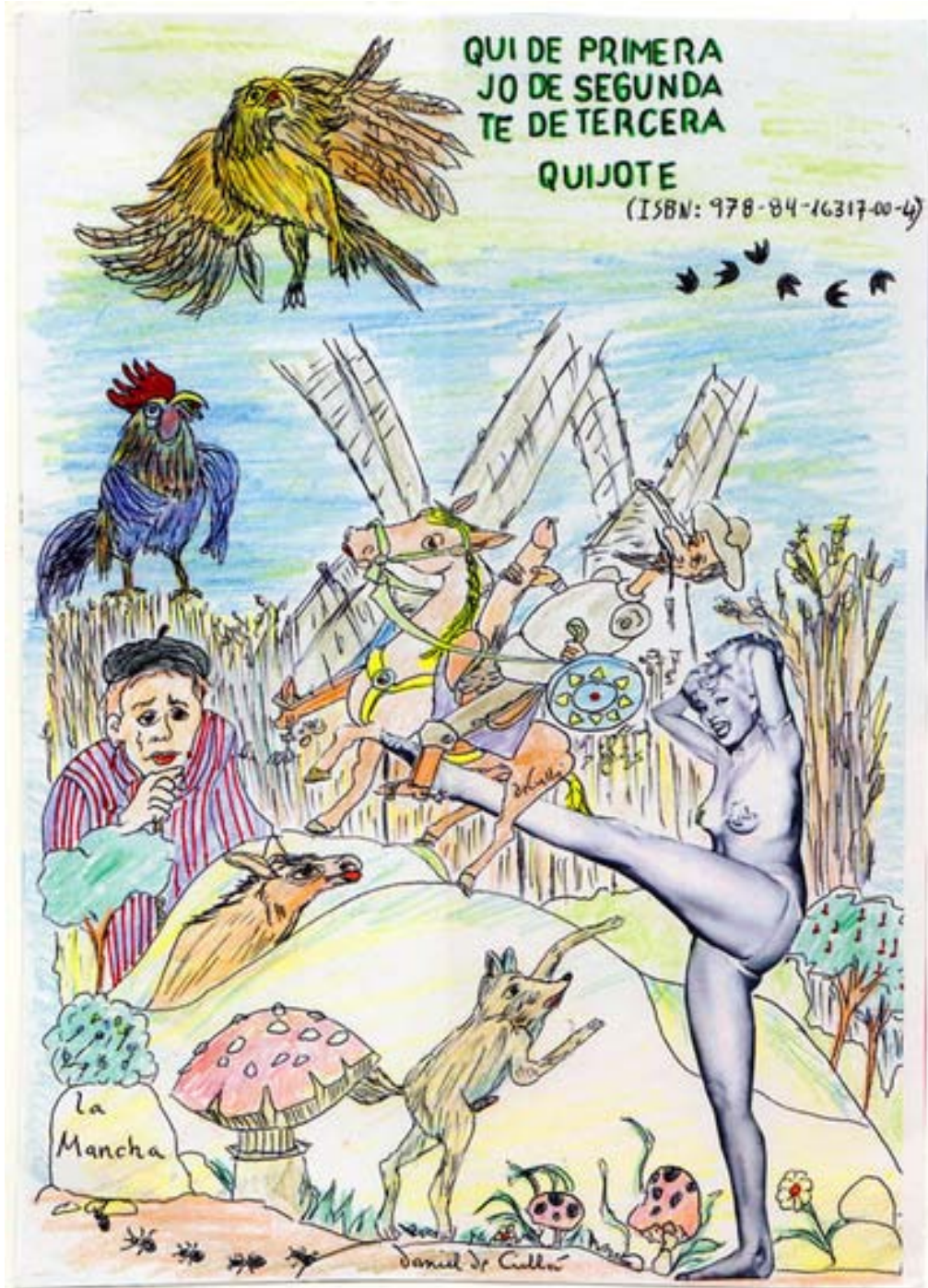
Collage/Assemblage Centennial - 1912-  
2012

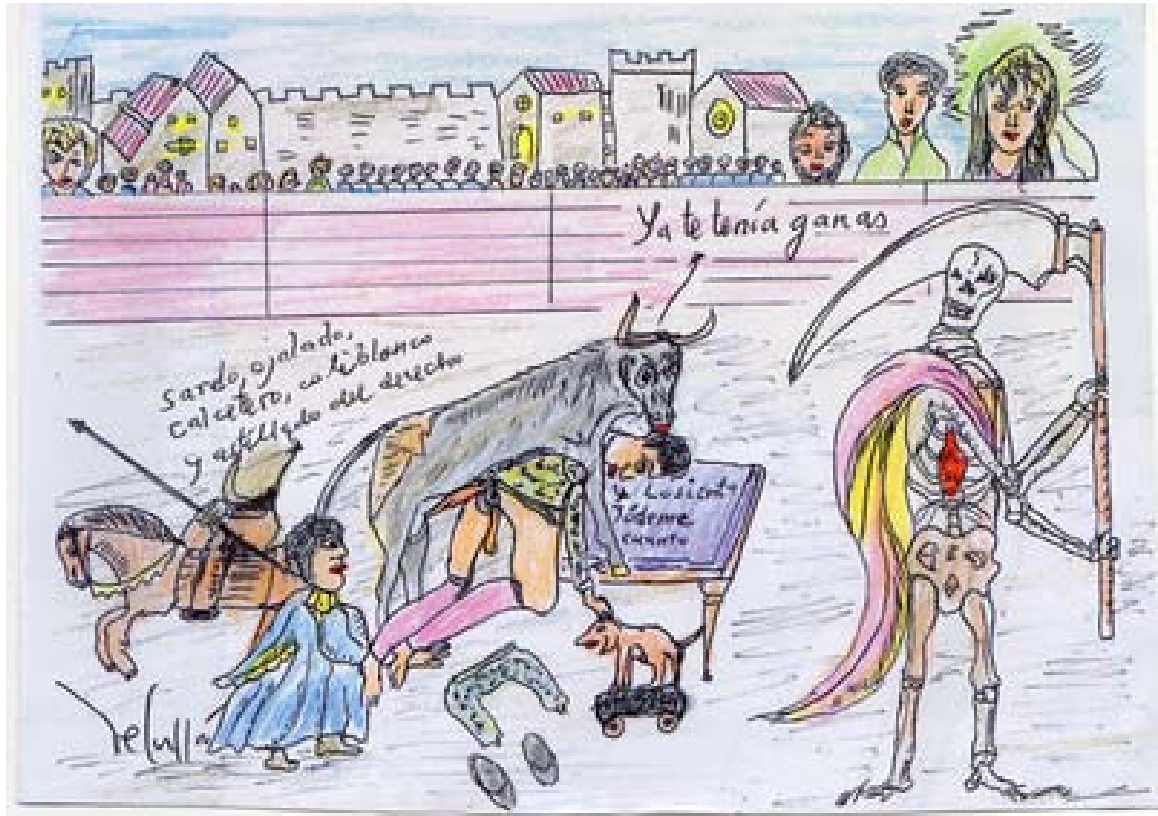


- **MISA DE 8 MAILART – Taberna Misa de 8 Lavapiés, Madrid**

QUI DE PRIMERA  
JO DE SEGUNDA  
TE DE TERCERA  
QUIJOTE

(ISBN: 978-84-16317-00-4)





**... and many more.**

## **Back Cover**

**“We are pleased to announce that we loved “Little Red Drinking Bloody Mary” and would love to include it in our special summer issue”**

**-Krystal Sierra. GTK Creative**

**“...we have enjoyed reading Your Work”**

**-Grant Tarbard. The Screech Owl**

**“We are pleased to have your submissions”**

**- On The Grid Zine**

**"Thank you! :)"**

**-Anne Brand Galvez  
Agency for Spiritual Guest Work in the  
Service of Visualizing**

**"Congratulations and many thanks for the work  
you've put into *Guide to Kulchur Creative  
Journal, Issue 4!* We are very excited about the  
upcoming issue and hope you are too."**

**---Krystal Sierra. Editor**

**"Thank you for sending your work to *The Raven  
Chronicles*, for Vol. 22, our humor issue. We  
appreciate having had the chance to read your  
poem/s."**

**-Carolynne Wright,  
Guest Poetry Editor**

**Raven Chronicles**

**"Thank You for sending yr poems to Acumen. I have read  
them carefully and enjoyed many things about them".**

- Patricia Oxley**
- Acumen Literary Journal**

- "Les Amis de Robespierre. Merci pour cet envoi... Il  
n'y aura jamais trop de publicité pour Robespierre"**
- Yves Adam, Secrétaire de l' ARBR**

**"Thak You so much for submitting to Hermeneutic  
Chaos Literary Journal. It was absolute pleasure**

**reading yr Poem and appreciating the wonderful  
language and emotions at play.”**

**-Shinjini Bhattacharjee**

**Hermeneutic Chaos Literary Journal**

**Hi Daniel de Culla,**

**Oh golly gosh thank you so much for subscribing! We greatly  
appreciate your existence!**

**~Dali's LoveChil**

**“I am in love with these pieces of blood and flesh.  
“Heartful Bird” is Poetry, Picture, Prose explained  
with great humor and passion. Ideas, inspirations for  
how and why we might go about challenging and  
changing our Life. We feel in love with these pieces of  
flesh and blood. We began to root in it. The one that  
was going to show us the way to the revolt child in us  
again.”**

**-Gerineldo Fuencisla**



**Why I write  
Poetry Etcetera  
Hell,  
    Birds sing  
        DON'T THEY?**