

Ship of Fools 2

*for Eftichia,
in loving memory*

“The soul has moments
of Escape— / When bursting
all the doors— / She dances
like a Bomb, abroad, /
And swings upon the hours.”
Emily Dickinson, 512.

*Being no more,
I see what is.*

*All of us on board
see what is,
and what is not.*

“And it came to pass after
we had all gone down
into the ship, and had taken
with us our provisions and
things which had been
commanded us, we did put
forth into the sea and were
driven forth before the wind
towards the promised land.”
The Book of Mormon,
1 Nephi 18.

*We are now identified
with that Being, the Being
that has never ceased to exist.*

*And that Being
has revealed all.*

*I knew it,
but I could not say it;
and if I can start
to say it, and to speak
for all the crew,
that is because, as Navigator,
I have left reality behind.*

“Life is like getting
in a boat that is about
to set sail out to sea
and sink.”
Zen koan,
(Shunryu Suzuki).

*It is one of the Hopeless
who writes to you,
and who knows
the happiness of being
here on board, ever since
she has taken leave
of this ship, and separated
herself Absolutely.*

“Do not mourn the dead.
They know what
they are doing.”
Clarice Lispector,
The Hour of the Star.

*Those who have left us
did not separate themselves:
Dead—Don Juan, Occam,
van Rr’Ubik, Maria,
Finnegan, Fiat, Leiningen,
Meade, Mazüka, Woodstock,
Greenwich, Soho, Kodak—
they still circle around their bodies.*

“Thomas Mann, in his essay
on Freud, has spoken of
the “quotation-like life”
of the men of mythological
times... Archaic man,
he said, stepped back a pace
before doing anything,
like the toreador poisoning
himself for the death-strike.”
Carl Kerényi, “Prolegomena,”

*We are not Dead,
but we are separated.*

in C.G. Jung and C. Kerényi,
*Introduction to a Science
of Mythology.*

“Myth and action
form a pair always
associated with the duality
of patient and healer.
In the schizophrenic cure
the healer performs actions
and the patient produces
his myth; in the shamanistic
cure the healer supplies
the myth and the patient
performs the actions.”
Claude Levi-Strauss,
Structural Anthropology.

“In front of the ocean /
under the cliff / on the face
of the granite /... those open /
hands... / Man came alone
into the cave / facing the ocean
All the hands are the same size /
He was alone.../
And he cried out to me /
You who are named
you who are granted identity /
I love you... / I love you
beyond you / I will love anyone
who will hear me cry out
that I love you /
Thirty thousand years /
I cry out to the one
who will answer me /
I want to love you
I love you /
For thirty thousand years
I cry out before the sea
the white specter / I am
the one who cried out
that he loved you, you”
Marguerite Duras,
“The negative hands.”

“Man cannot understand

The third group in the crew’s
awakening from dreamtime
experienced the proverbial
“Nightmare in Hell,” except
perhaps for Avon the Poetess,
whose legs still drag
beneath the hull
as bone in the water.

Neanderthal dreamed of trees;
of being towed
by Ptah the El Daoud
on a stretcher
as concealed Corpse,
whose “pain was hard,”
through the Corrupt Forest
of Perpetual Evil,
that “grew Monstrous”
in the Dieback circle of
self-amplified “Green air.”

She suffered as if from
Trauma at Birth,
witness to massive waves
of Moisture outflow
in the Airstream,
and to the undulations of
Vegetation-Atmosphere
feedback collapse,
that destroyed the hemlocks,
the yew trees, the junipers,
the Red, White and Blue pines
across the Mother Forest
of Ardennes, and caused
the Pools of Sexual Renewal
to go dry.

Dressed as the Men
of Malatestes, sisters Rosetta
and Thebes, whose hair
reached down to the ground,
had Traumatic visions of Mu
disappearing under the ocean.

without images.”
 Thomas Aquinas,
On Memory
and Recollection.

“...Remember that there’s
 no / Bottom to the universe
 where the atoms /
 Might stand tight, since
 the limitless span of space /
 Stretches unmeasured
 forever in all directions.”
 Lucretius,
On the Nature of Things.

“Comparisons are odorous...”
 W. Shakespeare,
As You Like It.

"The end of politics
 is the best of ends;
 and the main concern
 of politics is to engender
 a certain character
 in the citizens and
 to make them good
 and disposed to perform
 noble actions."
 Aristotle,
Nicomachean Ethics.

“But the Cosmi are
 worse than the Ephors.”
 Aristotle,
Politics.

“I can’t go on. I’ll go on.”
 Samuel Beckett,
The Unnamable.

“As far as I can remember
 there are no books in the world
 which are concerned with
 the fate of a woman’s soul,
 but only concerned with
 woman as a tool, whereby

Rosetta saw the waters
 advancing in zig-zag waves
 of Phlegm and Bile, Cholera
 and Blood, as prophesied
 on the Narrow Seas by Captain
 Newborne of the VORTEX
 in *Encyclopaedia of*
the Common People;
 Thebes’s Nightmare vision was
 of water everywhere, become
 a vast sheet of melting Ice,
 that disintegrated into the Void.

In their dreams, Ben-Cnopee,
 Scard’nelli and Cabale relived
 the Trauma of our disastrous war
 against Aliens at Absolut point,
 “headwaters of the Eternities”;
 and had climactic visions
 of us, the survivors, as lepers.

Emerging from the horror
 of Nightmare, the horror
 of dreamtime’s private Hell,
 all of them confronted
 a dream-awakened crew that
 was in deep psychic disarray,
 still reeling from the after-effects
 of a failed Mutiny...
 and headed once again toward
 what we assumed was the light
 of Absolut Point—weird light
 that continued to recede
 on the horizon, as the ship
 advanced in its direction.

After awaking from dreamtime
 with the last group of dreamers,
 Avon the Poetess began
 to improvise, as soon as Captain
 Anna-O ordered the portside porthole
 —through which Woodstock, Soho
 and Greenwich had leaped

man destroys or saves
his own soul.”
Frances Bolderoff, in
*Charles Olson and
Frances Boldereff:
A modern correspondence*
(Ralph Maud and
Sharon Thesen, eds.)

“No one simply
turns on a light.”
Robert Creeley,
Caves 6.

“One / looks and looks
and time / is the variable,
the determined / as ever
river, lost on the way, /
drifted on, laps and continues.”
R. Creeley,
Caves 5.

“You think it’s funny?
To have prospect /
of being last creature on earth
or at best a / company
of rats and cockroaches? /
You must have
a good sense of humor!”
R. Creeley,
Caves 2.

“Even as Macbeth watched
the approach of Birnam Wood
in the hands of his enemies,
Leiningen saw the tamarind wood
move nearer and nearer
in the mandibles of the ants.”
Carl Stephenson,
“Leiningen versus the ants.”

“And a scene like one
from Dante lay around him;
for miles in every direction
there was nothing but a black,
glittering multitude,

to their Deaths—shut and Holistically
sealed with 4-Color Borrromean lines;
but her poetry, first received
on Kodak the Handsome Sailor’s
communicator in the Abstrakt
Workshop’s frontispherion,
was strangely incomprehensible
to the rest of us.

In a relaxed Monotone, periodically
puffing her cheeks, then pushing
her tongue through her lips,
Avon projected soft, gentle bursts of
Sound into the air—a performative
act reminiscent of Bannonini’s
extreme *Slo-Mo* “Bronx Cheer”
in Eranos the Scholiast’s
Black Rain of Maxam.

Her poetry of cryptic Sounds
seemed intended as commentary
on a series of different signs
she made with her hands
and fingers: an open angle,
a triangle, circle or semi-circle,
oval, spiral, or hashtag, and other
geometric figures that were
Claviform or Tectiform, Pectiform,
Reniform, Cordiform, Unciform,
or Cruciform, as catalogued in
*Hieroglyphic Intensities of the Paris
Apokalypse* by D. J. Logos
the Conceptual Amerikan.

At stake in the Lost Speech
of Avon’s new poetry,
according to Kodak,
were the Laws of Poetry
in their opposition to Khaos,
as mediated by the Neutral.

But, as Kodak continued
to enlighten the crew with
hermeneutic interpretations
of Avon’s ongoing recital,
he fell Asleep.

a multitude of rested, sated,
but none the less voracious ants.”
C. Stephenson,
“Leiningen versus the ants.”

“The revolution will
not be televised.”
Gil Scott-Heron,
Small Talk at 125th and Lenox.

Because the ship seemed out
of control, as if moved by
a will of its own, Captain
Anna-O quickly gave the order
to throw Kodak’s body
overboard, as part of a larger
ritual effort to steer the ship
away from the light, yet again.

Note: *Ship of Fools 1*, which combines earlier pieces originally published in *House Organ*, was recently republished in the Spring 2017 issue of BlazeVox at: <http://www.blazevox.org/index.php/journal/>