

In Octopus Bardo

a mandrake
torn from the dreams of a dead king
begins the cry that issues
from the wound at the root of language
from syllable's viscera
the dodecahedron body
 is slanted in factory earth
& stripped of all but bony sugars
in the capillary dark :

pyramidal thrall to threshing force - the hand
is a quanta property
of lowing animals seized
 by the entirety of dread
 as expressed by Hans Bellmer

(note the ineffable mechanics
the grinding aethers
gored fevers swelling
where miasma's chiasmus
inculcates a coral sediment
formed inside phoneme

 for the moment itself is a fractal
 & terrible animal
breached in the crystal glaciation
 of an impossible mathematic
 untold beneath the tongue's
 crumbling Aleph & Alp

 where possible worlds spill
 from a decayed sun
 deep in the constellation
 that the ancient diviner casts the hazel toward
 & abyssal fables wrap
his guts in cold wires while
 dying bees climb the distance
 between entropic singularity
 & origin's architecture

so that our beginning precedes Being
in that warp of consolidated sovereignty
purchased by anamorphic quiver
bewitched within the atonal density of Zero
climbing from itself into itself
toward a frayed poetic traced
on the stone of Canyon de Chelly
in the fragments of the pre-Socratics
dug out of deepest necessity
& suffered against a silence enwalling the skull...

dodecahedron body
thumps the earth
brays its entity of complex negations
in tonsured blood
in heavy fur

describes a list of distal arrangements / for a landscape to emerge thru -

- 1/bluish empire of woven deer examined in fantastic detail
- 2/some primal Arp shape cut into tricky brain-paths, rising in stark organic angles...
- 3/Fulcanelli's prose honed in the liminal inner capture of stars, planets, ghosts, nebulae, solar debris...
- 4/shatter-zone tracing possible migration paths thru the nexus of a perceived or imaginal corridor
- 5/homunculus composition of gravid forms & swollen Orphic winds
- 6/ skin's pitch nested in a strata of decayed satellites

...when three hemlock suns
burn in the splinters of language
we fold inward
invisibly blessed
by the total plenum
of resemblance: naked dialectic,
poultice of grassy light...
to excavate the archipelago
involved sudden shifts, movements
drawn by an axial tension that

bloomed dark flowers in our throats
as the painward fall & rise of ashen birds
as the smashed raccoon
on the highway ground down
to a lump of fur & blood & bone

precise organ-stops of animal ghosts
summon occult neutrinos
into a map
of eroding structures
whose location curved at the threshold
between interior space
& conditional world
is like an incision
a samizdat rupture
pressing its burin through
a galvanic umbilical silence
in which the animist scrawl
of a metamorphic topos
is knotted in registers
of astral collapse.

here the song of the lost Rite
is sundered into cellular temenos -
striates thru interwoven interlace
& emerges into gnostic recovery.

here divergent paths
projected from the monad
fuse in the dense
coppery heat

of beta decay . something moves off into the brush, heavy body, the gray sky is
emptied of the sun while wind hones its edge against the edges of things. come with me into the
several-faceted crystal tissue of this final light to guess at shape & meaning. Pound's acorn.
Kelly's Immediate World. This Ur-breath now in the gloaming's half-light sighing itself into
benevolent fortune constructs a syllable from the continent of absence. I'm to understand only
haltingly the glimpsed figures that compost the scroll of Being. Allow for such ragged counsel as
these suddenly wakened trees suggest: oak's voice in midsummer, in midwinter, birch...

once to enter Her was
to enact
to enter
a Rite of water & stone
now thee
dodecahedron body
is stuffed into cracks
on the dry plain
is punmeled
punished & separated
as chaff from wheat
& torqued beneath
the owl god's eyelid
now thee do-
decahedron body
if you were horse
& the earth made of salt
if you were water's ghost
& the earth a torn shoe
if you were a saying of dystopic milk
& the earth a Thelemic projection
you would be wife
to the clandestine signature
of a corrosive ecology
you would be husband
to the great transformations
forever

a dendrite landscape
graphs raw datum in the mind of god
as the slow blood of
occurrence happens to itself
but how does the poem
map the reptile hell
lurks at the bottom of that mind? our mind?

some brutal aperture sucks up the image

involves its skeleton cartography
in the mechanics of our life & death :
territory whose radii
is without center -
architecture of semi-interior structures
enmeshed in fiber-optic translations
of rhizome
into identity cipher
of surveillance linked
with consumption pattern
until soul is expropriated from skin

so that
the drone flying both
inward into Sky
outward into Self
prepares to strike in that synaptic breach

in coiled molecular explosions
with 'surgical precision'
in clauses of Hadean techno-fascist
strategies of commodity & fetish
in octopus Bardo
while the quantum intention
of a nodal kinesis
is fractured via descent into hologram
is served back to the cataleptic insect economies
with the offal of despair & ironic laughter

so how much bandwidth per clitoral interval?
how many gigabytes
does limbo's witchery require?

reports from the distant interior
come thru collapsed wires
stretched from polestar to vertebrae

and now a terrible astronomy destroys the sky
as if narrative could snap askew

this gritty falling weather
 into maps tracing passage back
to the simple Sumerian city
of our birth or our death

with its tusks of weeping machines

with its algebra of lotus
with its dark sun of intersecting lines
 & the inscription tattooed
on primeval stone:

'HERE: GROUND OF BEING / UPON WHICH EMPEDOKLES DANCED'