

MATRIX, BLOWER¹

I was going many ways at once
and did not know the word that was spreading,
a drop of psyche had separated into streams,
each with a febrile image purpose,
ravenous image snakes all heading out hungry for extension.
must one choose
which snake—or might one choose their knotted source?

One says: dream is a stable place to flail,
to swingle bast from circumstance,
and this is almost true

One says: dream wisps are image
produce the poet must pestle
or tie, like a bunch of mistletoe,
dead giveaways, and this too is almost true

This repeated dream: I am crawling a black alley
past sights I cannot bear, alley
intestines, the monster composed of daily news

Last night a nipple was offered—
instead of sucking in the squalor discharge
I wrenched up, banging
against a ceiling roar of celebration

I looked back, the alley
now spiraling down to a vanishing

I was inside the horn of plenty
with worm nests for the poor.
Where the fruits of the earth were said to spill,
a slab for the rich
barricaded the cornucopian flow,
the blood issuing from the head of Achelous,
his horn ripped off by Heracles.
It is said that from the blood of this rupture
the Sirens were born—

ragged round pit of the tear,
does it mask the Muse's bloody mouth?

It is also said that Sirens were in the meadow with Kore,
bird-footed bearded girls
watching Kore pluck a psilocybin out a cow-pie
and bite into its pileus

—I turned on the sink disposal and heard all forms
roar down, Kore's screams.

Hadic eruption must have come after
a horn turned Siren

I think poetry exploded from a midden,
overheated garbage, combustion of
all suddenly adding up

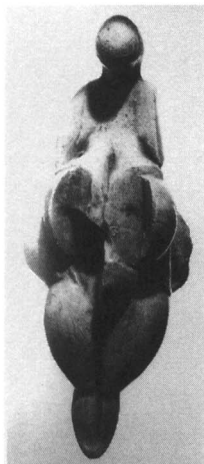
Binder Siren and throttler Sphinx
cornucopia down into Muse eggs where inspiration
(the inflation) and fate (the constriction)
separate and combine—

I keep having this fuzzy vision of the psychic head,
of a brain termite queen pumping out image tendrils,
a vision of source hovering as this soft stuff in the skull
and then a creature blowing into it
(Sirens, the night-side or ancient form of the Muse,
are said to suck the breath of the sick
and are associated with siesta-nightmares),
“muse” akin to *musus*, “animal muzzle,”
a Muse-muzzled succubus crawling across the dreamer
or up through the dreaming,
blowing the dreamer's mind,
mind ejaculating into Muse muzzle,
“psyche” akin to “psychein” = to blow

Say Laussel ripped off the bull's horn
and experienced inner tearing
as if something began to bleed within,
what is this thing that was felt?
A killed-out image?
The sensation of a plunging rise,
a fall so total it swerved into ascent?

This bleeding, this fount—

Aztecs saw snakes coiling out a decapitated's neck
not as a fantasy of wriggling veins



Three views of the "Venus of Lespugue."

but as the body's serpent power
released in the instant of decapitation

To have severed a head
to gaze at life's black, U-shaped power
out of which image larvae began to seethe,
as if in doubling-back depth
there is a fructifying compost equal to
the weight of the loaded horn
which this faceless woman of the nightmare
could barely raise,
feeble left hand resting on her swollen belly,
she now possesses what impregnates her,
she's parthenogenetically cocked

Out of a curdling implosion,
out of a caldron of generational fat,
the Venus of Lespugue rises
and is caught at the waist by
—is it mother flesh
she is ascending through?
As if she would completely pop out, a maiden.
Then I look again: she is docile,
her bowed head dove-like
over a bulbous
double stomach, forearms flaccid.
Buffie Johnson noticed the arms were wing-like,
that Lespugue has tail feathers.²
One senses that Lespugue is a frozen instant
where woman breaking into bird
breaking into woman were seized and held,
the pupa of each.
The daughter rises out of the mother core,
bird-shaman invested.
Footless Lespugue—
held upside down, from the back
her pressed-leg-stumps become a head,
buttocks enormous breasts

She floats, Cro-Magnon mind,
frog brain shaped

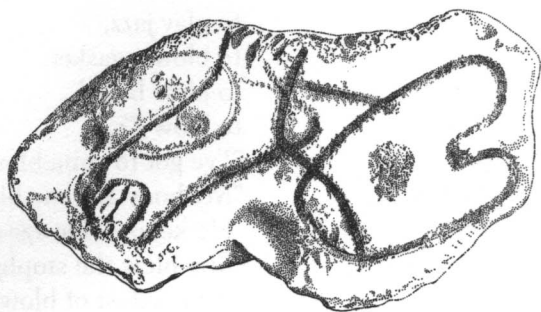
Like the Venus of Milo, her lackings
project us into her . . . chips off the old vulva

Nor is Jeffrey Dahmer
utterly beside the point:
to not want to be left by anyone we touch
is amniotic—

in imagination

we seek to keep our freezer full of heads,
we bow to heads taken before we existed

If nothing is absolutely dead
then all—and nothing—has the power to rise,
like smoke, to permeate me
with its insurrectional deadness



Abri Cellier: Aurignacian animal head (probably a horse), cupules, and vulva engraved in a block.

At Abri Cellier: the neck and head of a blowing horse
crudely engraved in a stone block.

Across the neck, a vulva a bit bigger than the horse head
has been gouged.

“The original sentence, the original metaphor: *Tat Tvam Asi*,
Thou art that”³

Blowing horse head = vulva,⁴

thus: a blowing horse head vulva,

“Convulsive beauty will be veiled-erotic, fixed-exploding,
magic-circumstantial or it will not be”⁵

The *exploding* and the *fixed* at 30,000 B.P.,
the Aurignacian “hydrogen jukebox.”

The vulva is in the head blowing

“to blow” akin to *blowan*, “to blossom,”

“to move with force [said of the wind],

to send forth air [as of the mouth],

to be carried by the wind,

to pant, be breathless,

to sound by blowing, to spout water and air,

to force air from a bellows,

to melt [said of a fuse],
to burst [as a tire],
to deposit eggs [said of flies],
to spend money freely,
to forget one's lines,
to enlarge a photograph,
to brag,
to inhale cocaine.
to vomit,
to bungle,
to crack under pressure,
to squander,
to storm,
to play jazz,
to blow a gasket,
to blow blood,
to blow Z's,
"I've got to get a blow from this endless surgery"
"My body and my blow get along fine"
"He keeps a blowze and beats his spouse"
"She blew the stoplight at Alessandro"
"A breakfast of blow-out patches, steak, and coffee"
"Her old man was blowin' chow in every direction"
"Two of the mounted force were engaged in the arduous task
of blowing a cloud"
"I'm going to do the sucker act and blow myself"⁶

Mountains mammoths mamountains

Dorsal lines in active penetration,
what I can see through, what I see through with

What I pass is passing through me,
the backs passing through me are passing me back

Rifted tufts of wild cherry, juniper, birch

Clouds heavy with animal membrane,
mortiflies breaking out of seed league,
clouds heavy with marl, with caul, O
the foreloom, glacier

is inadequate, reality

is inadequate, we

are attack admissable, mudderscruff!

The vaginascope is inadequate!

The fetalope, broken!

Tonight I have placed

my mama moth bones in anatomical position,

I have explored the marrow circuit of my credo:

fetus

femur

fecundus

femina

and I have eaten the guardian spider who,

in carbon mask,

offered herself to me once the bones were assembled

Chords of babycry—there, out there, of the wind,

of mooralie

My aim my urn my prattlescream

Once my mother turned herself into a bee with compound eyes

big as plates⁷

Light up the crotch of a scallion

No night was darker with adder inner lushroom

I was 18 months old. I saw my mother give my father a hand job, and said: I can do better than that! So I gave him a blow job. It is hard the first time you get caught. You just agree with Antlered-owl, and say: yes I'm eating my father! He likes it! It is a good thing to do⁸

At what stage are we in our multiphasic Expulsion?

I know the furlough Neanderthal extinction has granted

I know reindeer is a plate on which I serve bison

I know I am a plate on which bear serves salmon

That salmon also serves bear
that I also serve hyena

O the chunks of eeling, the hamstrung
natal-ringing
thuds, the icerian
isolation

Divine peak

its snow our rivulet

To drink in my buried-alive daughter:
highest altar

"After the first death, there is no other"⁹

Before the first death, was all other?

Can I grasp the news of this newness?

I have eaten my prow,
cradles have sprouted in my nightcoat
—or are they cromlechs?
Or birth cones?
Or starry sarx?

Passionate Eros suffuses mind in layers of storm mergers

This excites the bears in the void
turning the honey into ransacked hives

Poetry

"sunyata ryori"

Emptiness cuisine

It is mind from scratch that leads.