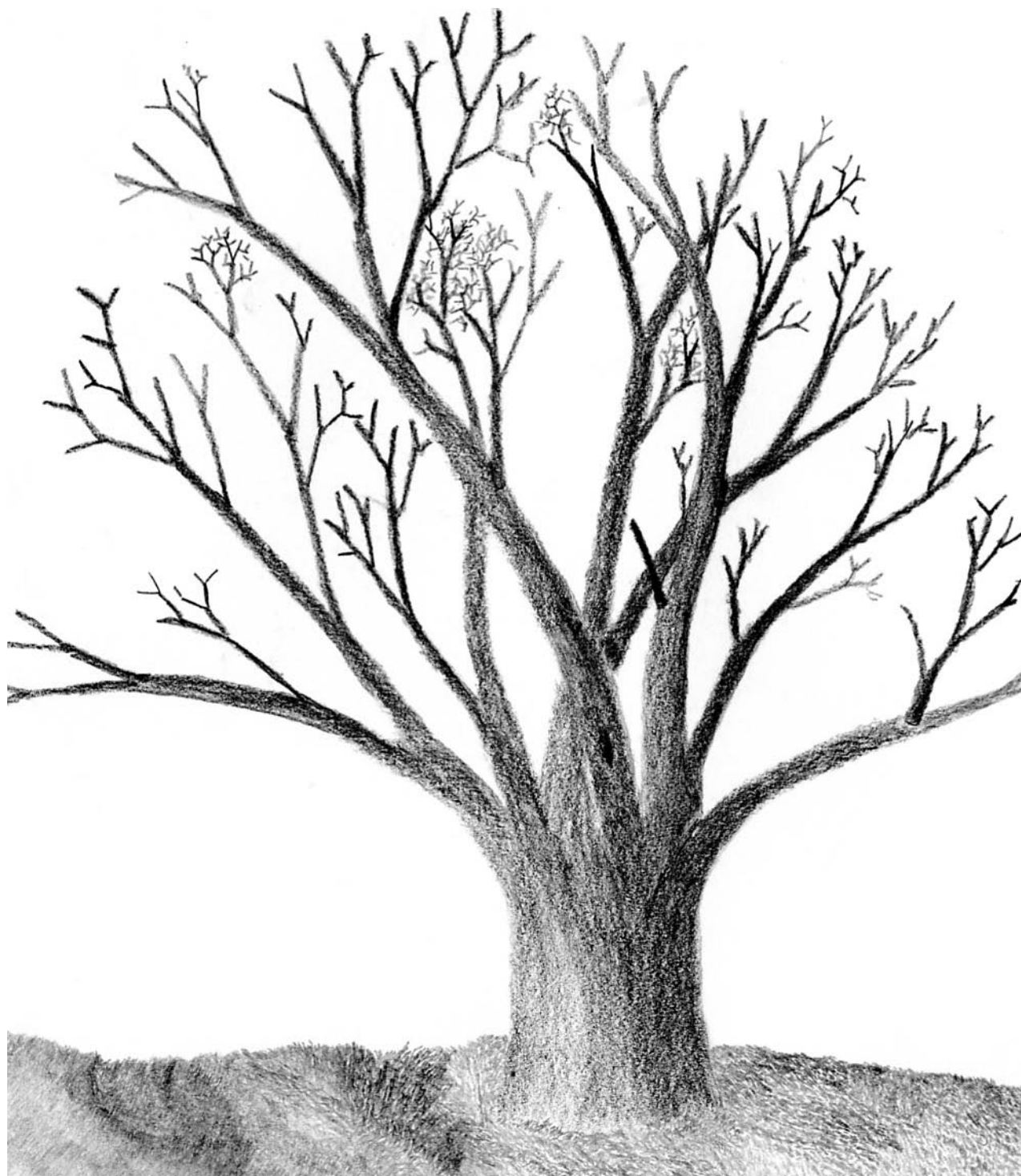


Poems for July and August 2005

EP Allan



Poems July and August 2005

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Omega  
EP Allan

it was desperation  
& the sulfuric longing for those white  
granite shores

the amber smell  
of summer tanned wheat  
wet with morning  
the harbingerless  
mountains roved with goats  
& wind

the woody stalks  
of pungent oregano sprinkling  
rocks with deep star  
kissed feral green

the empty  
pit of years filled by a voice  
talking of all those little  
daily domestic items which  
soothe the wild improbabilities  
life bludgeons our dull  
logical existence

her presence  
weaving light through the  
silent shadow dappled  
halls

& the living  
tree posted bed calling  
him ever home

an exhausted  
sea battered beggar whose bloody  
dreams burned faces  
yowling night eyed awake  
the names of all the spear  
reamed dead

inky shadows  
murlmurling their pyranic agony  
& the now eternally  
forgotten pleasure of autumn  
rich winds teasing  
senses with damp brown  
leaves and silent loam  
& the expectant  
rooms waiting with curled  
sunlight angling though  
the open welcome of shudderless  
windows

(Omega continued)

filled with dinner's  
roasted pungency  
the insidious  
intent of their only death  
realized question of what purpose  
war excised their warm  
blooded desires into dank  
worm churled holes  
where was the machoed  
glory in the slick  
hungry maggot devouring  
the sweet tenuous  
muscle into the eternal  
amnesic pit history  
offers to the small  
duped apes called  
men

& so desperation  
mounted piling stiff  
blood twisted rigamortic  
screaming faces

in vile  
rotting mounds  
unvanquishable  
heroes nailed to their  
chariots & drug face  
down over the rank  
blood & sword spoiled  
earth

the once marble  
statued muscled youth  
an armless cripple whose  
open wet sores saturated air  
with the vomitous dank  
stench of green puss  
& is it not a vile  
fact state histories omit  
the shattered broken  
men with no more thought  
than dropt glass swept  
under a forgetful litany  
of war & glory & hatred  
& the sneered contempt  
of leaders spouting damnable  
monkey palliatives of how it was  
all worth it

how the  
hundreds of thousands  
once vibrant lives

(Omega Continued)

now an unimaginable  
heap of decayed  
seeping carcasses  
could be forever dead  
& rotten

so their ugly  
psychotic greed could  
delight in acquisition  
& if history had counted  
each broken life as equal  
& each death a testimony  
against the leaders  
& the rich

then the first war  
would have become an outmoded  
barbaric note of a sordid  
past

but instead  
down through the uncountable  
years mountains of skulls have  
heaped into periods punctating  
clio's blood stained song

& as the wall ever  
remained

remote and pitiless  
& as the leaders  
counted their slave girls  
& dreamed of gold  
from out the suffering  
a plan by those who no longer  
cared if they continued or not  
but only that there should be  
an ending

& so they began  
sculpting the wood  
laying the keel to the equine  
womb from out which would  
foal the poem  
& the dream of home

The Passive House  
EP Allan

the slate grey windows were watched  
by an endless procession of snow  
dappled wind

                          the war cry of buds  
exploding in bright  
nova greens

                          which faded  
with dusty heat

                          flared orange  
then died in brown bladed  
days scraping down scythed  
empty walks

the imprisoning windows were gazed  
out of by cracked wire framed  
glasses hiding the hollow  
thought sockets wee life  
should have burned wet  
& were measured by faded  
yellow & pink rose wallpaper  
crumbling into an ochre  
rain of cockroaches

the floors were paced  
by molded brown carpet  
slippers caked with drool  
potato chip fragments  
& thick infected snot

the sheets were stained  
with the lack of soap  
and midnight desperation

the doors were shut  
against the day beating  
a bloody razored  
fist down through  
the 2 am

                          hopeless  
night smiles

& the house waited  
within for the shrunken  
life to end

                          or bloom  
in crumpled  
                          yellow days

The Green Day  
EP Allan

the sun's blue eye watches  
green worlds pulsating  
in the swimming irradiated  
ethereal sea  
                    pirouetting gyroscopes  
spinning emerald life  
through the lonely celestial  
vacuumed silence  
                    unquestionable nothing  
lacking even the mitigation of death  
& old ice  
                    an empty silence  
waiting the dusty feet of angels  
dreaming night  
                    orange fish  
& lederhosened fat cherubs  
tenoring papageno  
                    on erato's  
stringless lute  
                    to toe their winged  
steps of sea green imagination  
through the pin-point tears of stars  
& sing silver  
                    while below mere men  
sweat the night for insecticided  
wheat thins  
                    genetically cancerous  
plums & slice their brother's  
throat for a pint of oil

How to Murder Erato et al  
EP Allan

erato with her paper  
skin and ink smudged  
eyes  
    slips away in cremated  
flakes dissolving in a wash  
of old age  
        work  
                rotted teeth

nasal discharge  
laudanum dead brains  
the delirium tremens  
of writer's block  
the novelist's shotgun  
waiting for the mouth  
the poet's bedpan dripping  
to the red smiled wrist

so easily gone down the corridors  
the fire wet eyes bleached  
of inspiration

        erato's white  
shadow slipping between  
the fingers

        youth's electric  
body wire frayed with rancid  
suet oozing

        the clotted reek  
of the grave

        inspiration leading  
up the tumultuous footstool  
& into the dancing  
jerking air

        closing upon the throat  
of all the poems fed rat  
poisoned tv hours  
the insipid razors of dull  
conversations

        of listening to rigamortic  
whales pretending to be human  
the white smoke ghost  
drifting from the blind  
steel lined room  
until not even a whisper of memory  
reaches leakey's pinched  
cranium of the death defying  
fire

Ova Portraiture  
EP Allan

the bald man's dome  
is a smooth hard  
boiled egg  
    peeled  
by the dirty crescent  
scythes of fingernails  
& too little buttery  
love scraped over  
the dry sandpaper  
toast of sleepless 4 am nights

see how the slick  
white skin glistens  
in a skein of rancid  
sweat as it fish float  
bobs through the boiling  
summer day  
    the few tree  
hairs still perniciously  
clinging on the slippery  
slope of mount  
egg quaver in tufts  
of wind

maybe some feathery  
mulch from last year's  
weedy grass stalks  
& the crumpled tissues  
of abandoned poems  
would get the ghost  
of lazuraic hairs  
to curl & sprout  
the way the scrubbery  
thistles of his one thick  
rope eyebrow  
endow the precambrian  
lobe of his dead  
poet's cranium

Possibilities of the Infinite  
EP Allan

possibilities of the infinite lurk  
around each sun dappled corner  
to spring out in shrieking  
tires & the crumpled  
blood wet kiss  
of fender & glass

yet how easy to forget  
pretending that these days  
of fat or despondency  
will continue

                                  in an eternal line  
of coffee cups

                                  or working  
9-5 at a mind numbing  
job until the eyes are empty  
marbles of insipidity  
staring out from faces  
more hideous than a corpse  
of dull tv shows

                                  or movies  
scything away the hours  
the limited hours  
in which we can be  
& do

                                  & feel  
into masturbatory muscle  
men grinning with snake  
oil & stupidity

                                  defeating  
evil dung men  
with pinched rat faces  
& fat foreign  
bank accounts  
floating in south american  
cocaine

yet the infinite is always  
there waiting for its interest  
due

                                  & the other day  
standing at the airport  
grey sleet rain pounding  
the tarmac deathly wet  
was not the infinite between us

(Possibilities of the Infinite continued)

the way the bullet  
proof wire window  
separated the passengers  
from those staying behind

waiting for that flaming  
mass of steel & silicone  
to thunder off into the stagnate  
grey underbellies of clouds  
not knowing in those  
last hand waves would be  
the last

                  or if you would  
return and we could go  
back to pretending  
eternity

                  even as the cabin  
door sealed the promise  
or threat of the future  
& lumbered upwards  
& out

                  into the infinity  
surrounding

The Days of Acquisition  
EP Allan

Working in an airconditioned  
cocoon sealed against  
the sun's intrusion  
nothing new can be  
spoken

the plywooded walls  
stained a cheap nut brown  
spewed with vomited  
splotches of creeping  
dry rot

seal all possibilities  
against the sizzling  
bolt of creativity  
as the life force  
withers behind bent  
white venetian blinds  
sewed and slathered  
in dust



Ancestral Pleasures  
EP Allan

What hedonistic pleasures  
did our ancestors partake  
before the opening of Yemen  
& coffee  
    Peruvian chocolate  
or Indian toast & tea

Was it just chunks of meat  
spitting blood on the fire  
the smoky broil of flames  
waving in the salivating  
night  
    a goat-skinned  
carafe of murky  
fermented purple grasped  
in greasy unwashed palms

What were the class divisional  
pleasures before ice cream  
before dusty venetian blinds  
choked with the cough of spiders  
before the clear glass  
window's sealed eye watched  
the wind in the sequestered  
thrill of central heating  
while the snow stumbles  
beyond the pane  
    & the trees  
shivers ice  
    before the shower's  
steamy kiss & the cling  
of chemically softened towels  
before they could thumb  
through magazines of fashion  
& shoes & gourmet recipes  
teaming with exotic  
spices  
    before the doorbell  
rang what did they have  
for winter's Tuesday  
& the languid thrill  
of bottles lined in waiting ranks  
upon a polished table

Bones  
EP Allan

up out of the ground  
they oozed  
                  the soft spongy  
red clay slipping off  
in wet clumps  
                  the ribs covered  
with a dull copper green mold  
the gaped tooth grin  
the wide moon  
sockets crusted with loam  
& barnacled with fetid  
worm moist earth

the dry crumpling of paper  
the clattering of knives  
as the bones pick themselves  
up & stand in the bible cat  
night black hush

propped upon an eroded  
ghost of a spear  
the skeleton turns  
to the camera

                  “allow me  
to introduce myself  
I was once named  
                  psychoraties  
the most dreaded warrior  
ever to cleave a path through  
a fleshy wall of gore spurting  
enemies

                  would you like to see  
my head trick”

                  “cut” creels  
the director his black caterpillar  
eyebrows exploding  
                  in hot sizzles  
right off his baldy cranium  
“this is supposed to be a horror  
movie underlying the demented  
psychotic ugliness of our garbage  
filled cultural mindset  
not a ringly brothers’ and barnum’s

(Bones continued)

freak show of the not so  
dearly departed doing  
cranio-aerobatic tricks for toddlers”

“but it took centuries  
to perfect

        just watch how  
my dead fleshless hand grasps  
my skull and tosses it  
spinning

        and still quiet able  
to pontificate while twirling  
in unconcieved circumferential  
dynamics

        then land in a perfect  
apollo landing on the third  
stump of my spinal column  
& you don't want to  
use it”

        “we want ‘em vomiting  
not laughing”

        “you mean like this”  
and a scene of unmentionable  
dementia follows involving  
intestines

        eyeballs  
lungs

        and one long  
piercing scream where glasses implode  
contacts sliver and the audience  
in mass hurl the entire  
contents of their last  
3 dinners in a projectile wave  
of purchased approval

blood drips

        from the moon

“now” the flesh splattered  
skull turns towards the camera  
“perhaps you would  
like to see my head trick”

The Needle  
EP Allan

His 6 year old white boy legs  
dangle in thin white matchsticks over  
the spotted & ketchup splotted  
emerald upholstery & kick  
the driver's seat poised  
in a loose fabric drum  
in front of his grass crusted  
tennis

He is nobody's  
child & belongs in the deep  
shadowed wood

his animal  
bright eyes & his white  
sediment pulped braces  
vipering through the dead  
leaves & the grey thorned  
bracken

his white claw  
fingers stealing the robin's  
egg or twisting  
a tabby kitten's neck  
in a clean skewerling  
snap

If you tell him to quit  
kicking your seat  
he will only giggle  
& hiss a thin kettle stream  
of puerile insanity

then he will pull  
a rusted needle out & shove  
it in your left ear

"A little cyanide"

his wet  
red lips jerk  
"for a quick scream  
to the house of usher"  
& then he will lean back  
& kick the seat even harder

No

better to ignore  
him & maintain a masterless  
silence as you drive  
your one-way mind through  
the icy black hole  
waiting

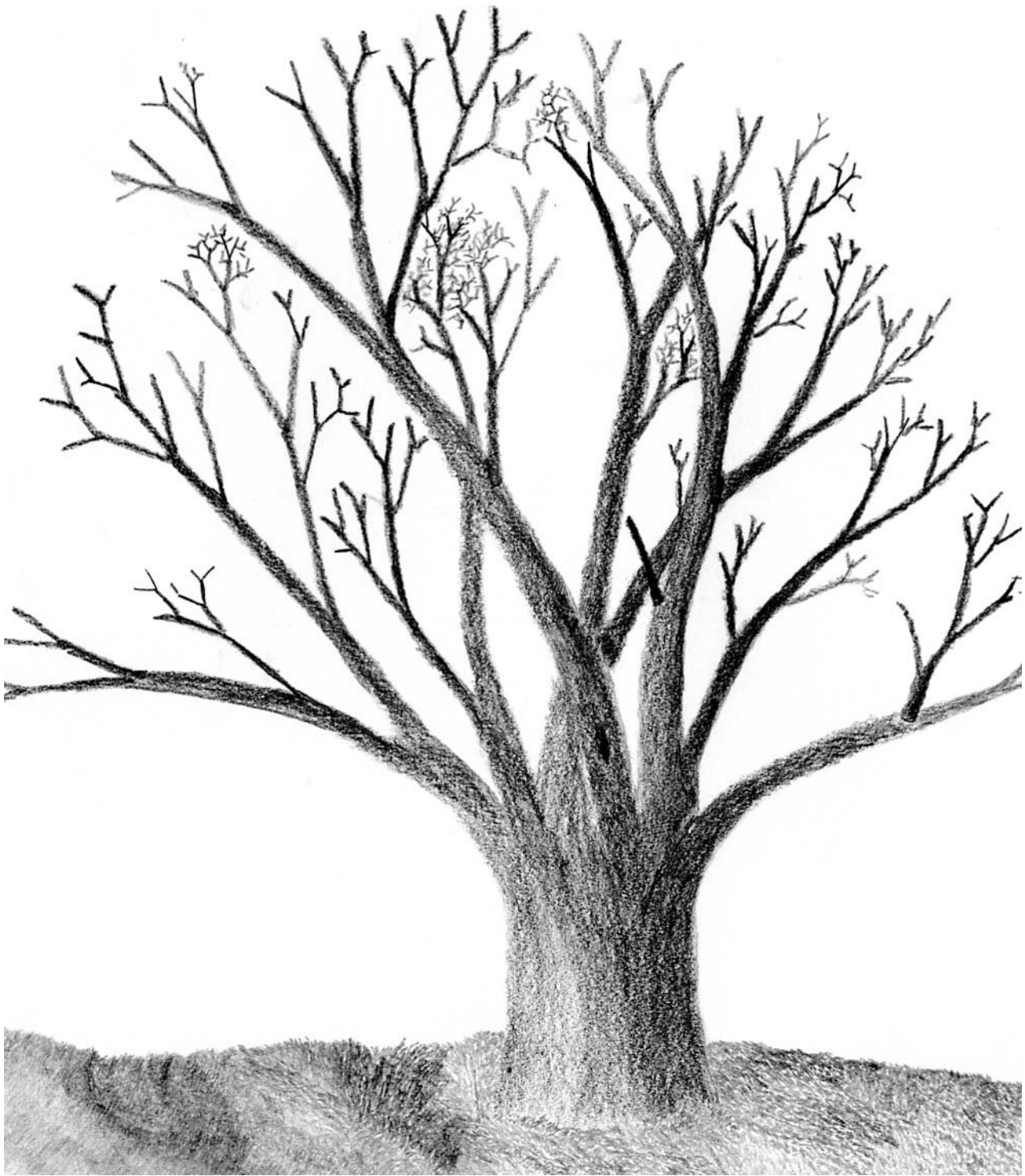


Weeds  
EP Allan

Hail to the weeds  
with their thick green  
riot  
    the uninvited guests  
drilling pneumatic roots  
through the wispy chatter  
of corn and dianthus

Their tenacious lives  
neither bass obbligato  
nor tenor  
    but a shrill  
violin sawing tunelessly  
through the stately  
eggplant's ode to friendship

Unwanted  
    Unloved  
they do not care  
but return  
through poison  
    yanking  
& fire  
bold with stale armpits  
unlaved feet  
bucked toothed  
knob kneed  
& fat  
elbowing their odious  
smug way up to & in  
the black loamed  
feast



Imperfection

Pencil sketch on A4 paper

EP Allan