

Anne Waldman / from IOVIS

*I break a sprig on the sun-set tree holding  
its red flowers*

- Robin Blaser

& I said to myself  
dash water on face you'll be fine  
(& this talking was inside night) (in sight of night)

soon the daylight's soonest mending yr toubled brow  
& I went to a sacred grove & stopped screaming

turn to charcoal if you can, burn yrself up doing duty  
upon the world

*a charcoal dakini said this  
deity of fabulous energy  
hermaphroditic it said this:*

he mends me  
but she binds me  
she soothes me  
but he winds me

up  
word sooth  
& smitheee will shape & burn brighter  
for he is Word Man up to his ears  
(and she *worded* down to her heart)

there is a story

*for once upon a time someone was stealing our poetry  
stealing our sex I said*

there is the alchemist's story about a woman bound into  
a 4-fold body & she must change from color to color  
**black, white, yellow, rubedo**

she changes  
& when this feminine thing who carries the man inside her has evi-  
denced all the colors  
she continues into old age & dies in the 4-fold body  
which means *iron, tin, bronze & lead*  
& in each one she dies in the color red  
& is rejuvenated in the color red

*Like poetry I said*

*for passion is the sprig of this heart  
each according to her own kind bunch of it*

stalk

by

root

connect

**might induce melancholy**

but never fall into illusion

ford the river

to heaven on earth

[*sprechstimme* here]

/

=claim=

=bespoke=

=the tremble of alchemy=

=wear words as armour=  
=atrocities mars all senses=  
=and havens pale=  
=*hustle, girl, hustle!*=

Anarcho Tao / Chaos Linguistics (read "human", please)

*I had a lung*  
*I sang him down*

what need of guns?