

ivan arguelles / 3 FOR WTC

“the end is come” hasn’t you ?
or if it hasn’t then where are you ?
seeming to believe it ‘s all a “dream”
sink hole eternities in a collapsed
minute of dust ten inches thick
frame works to re wind the whole
the how many unbelievably “dead”
in un counted monuments of silence
and blank before it “blows”
wafts of indelible nostalgia in
blood and pink with horrendous
screens bipartite for social
secluded from reality the sleeper
on his arm curving into a bay
of illicit black waters unfold
s the “red” before it turns
flesh bits and some diving head first
rather than burn at a xerox
degrees fahrenheit sequestered
illusions of all that happened before
now becomes apex and apogee
in clouds of ash and whitened
liturgies in panasonic vistas
where lawns used to sway in an
america dead from the waist up and
still wandering in cigarette magma
toll of thousands beckons with left
aura a similitude of grain and
porphyry flicker astonishes in a
rather like the substance in a coma
which executes before it indicts

and so all fall down in rain of paper
hurdles and miles fixed in a
single cornea of blackening extreme
on the cathedral steps hush over
mouth in display of horror show
as sky becomes a crash within it self
deafening the azure into a steep
trance unlike the other time (s)
when with a switch of the throb
an ovation breaks like sweat
huddled in a concrete diapason
that is sent rocket like into
energetic space not meant for human
consumption but later the steps
carved out of mutilated air
and echoes in a tap of small water
forgets to whisper its intent
as quanta of minute flame leap
licking the intense and inane
margins of civilization's discontent
according to the law of karma
all of this
(silence)

steak s out a pattern opposed
dis registers numb files
outer limits surpassed
by map's impossible origins
as red encounters blank
in superficial fright wig
amassing symbols of despair
in a small rectangular "thing"
easy enough to swallow but
utterly indisposable
we each that is wander according
to the permutations of discord and
ire swings its heavy shift into
the gods are totally blind
as on no other day this petty
no more a conflagration than
an end to all conflagrations
enter by this small lower gate
into hell and discard opprobrium'
s lie white flecked and "evil"
attach to the scrotum the hundred pound
unit and fling the "corpse" into
its ashen ultimatum a figure
eight resolves its own horror
in a reminiscent of the circular

conditions of the psychiatric ward
and nail down the coffin's wing
can no longer fly to the sun
no longer bail out water like
used to on the moon with a crimson
berlitz "book" and code name
something like "morpheus" ? -dice
cast into the glottal well
speech is only plausible
after death takes "over"
the remaining quadrants to be filled
in by a pus like substance
"ichor" ? left indra at the wheel
collapsed over surrogate orgasm
on automatic pilot and swerve
into hydromechanical sky
with immense a question
as to the shape it will resolve
rope burn and magma of human
detritus the epochs of history
numbered backwards from alph to
zed in the upper left dit dot
a burgeoning suicide note
the size of tartary in hazy
ink hemistich with double margins
to the right to allow for free fall

plunging with massive elephants
into the proverbial thimble of water
applause leftover from canned heat
and Mom wired to her tarot deck
attempts that hapax smile
everyone undresses so quickly
none there who nor others that
have any skin left to tell
“to wake without confusion
and with compassion
\for “all” living things\

so it has wended and bereft of
times the rain couldn't tell
nor in the isolation ward
with a hundred to go and still
"counting" whispers lash and weeping
long side the once running waters
of , hush of stygian "fix" ,
shot in curved arm of a delta
phones to tell on board and can't
the reason "why" in a landing
near arcadian suburb whither
the backward gait of many a
false apostle at the lever
geared up for an infinity of black
the boxes begin to cry on their own
though the whenever is a distinct
they are now describing "retaliation"
in terms of JIHAD in offices
sometimes known as Prayer Wheel
turning through a maelstrom of ignited
air into chasms of former finance
the indelible print on the back
of the skin (a song) denies any
whatsoever knowledge has to do with "it"
and and and unwholesome reiterations
come back to the radio play about
fragments kept falling from who
never mind outer space what about the
mind set which is holy and reads

any other interpretation as some
kind of blasphemy a total dis orient
will it matter ? stumbling on
discredited evidence history shatter
s its own mirror in a paroxysm
of ineffable "terror" (made me
do it) junk mail correspondence
between Baal and Zeus using
only genitive and dative case forms
a morphosyntactic redux of the
unutterable as it takes its own
glass reshapes it and plunges
a flame through its eye and stutters
incorruptible vowel formations
far off into the eternity of night
each hour a passing bell dies
a second hand registers zero effect
while somewhere far off in Sri Lanka
the gold robe of its own accord
bursts into a sublime conflagration
buddha on the steps reduced to a mire
of dust and whorls of choking
an effigy probably of the dying
tumult of the stock market's echo
usually translated in a japanese meter
for those who can no longer hear "well"
what it is the ancestors are trying
or like the time we were driving "home"
and an angel fell in front of the car
what were we supposed to think ? other
than to project an infernal "dream"

about the life around us ? // spasms
// links // it was already “dead”
when the rescue team arrived with
their anvils and blow torch singing
a chorus from Handel’s Julius Caesar
no, could not have known “that”
was the apocalypse with its tinny
shatters pieces of the original into
a trillion bits you can still sense
the awful part is where no one knows
why , names of streets burned to a
on their knees the skeletons still
looking for a denture or a wristlet
if this is like hell then // eyes
peer into the oblong shaft
to return from there nothing
“Wachet auf!”