Duncan McNaughton / ἐξ ὄνυχος τὸν λέοντα γράφων PAINTING THE LION FROM A CLAW

I would rather live than go to the movies but the parties are depressing, alcoholic, drugged, indulgent, confusing, unworthy but even alone in the evening, puzzled, unwilling to think of John Keats too lightly yet concerning him to consider is sweet after long not having done so relative to the adherence of catatonia, which is a shower of gravity rained down from on high called melancholy, dark showers down cast $\times a\tau\acute{a}-$, from heaven.

Joints ache, the aspirin's worn off, swallows squabble outside the door. That crow has the pole top, little bird, but it's too hot for that crow —

listen, you poets of other lands, I want you to do okay but you don't give a damn for my honor, so I am going to tell you a little conversion

Now it is certain that I did not have much of the fly agaric. This was because I wished to find out concerning my welcome; after all, I had not prayed in the grove where I found it, not to the divine mushroom and not to the trees: fuck the prayers, I said, this time the cherub is brushed aside. Anyway, I would not have found this toadstool unless Lynn () Kleinberg O'Hare Berkson had said Oh sure there's another one there near the road, so the great visualization occurred to me in a so to say secular manner and hence forth the sacred inasmuch as I know the presumptuous assholes whose church of bold pinheads supposes possession of the celestialities, for whom knowledge hath all the swift decay of the media —

love is going, my fiendish amigos, to triumphant in its own little way, that means it's being what it says now like any participle which particularates instead of being nouned upon, you too ready scavengers whose ya-ya's darken the sun.

MacHomer when it comes to war & faery-land, I love Lang's diction but wow! l'histoire, si rosée through the poet's bloodshot eyes but it wasn't it was shadow-footed & similiar in an automorphic knife-slash kind of way, each one of us wanting to be very good at it; each slash that divides us, keener. Because of mukhomer my dreams are new and flood sleep so there is no sleep, keener & actually prophetic disgorgements of that congruent earth which as the earth to which it is similiar enpopulated by people as known & as unknown as those 'here' and now all my gods gather uselessly smiling before me, at me, my master smirks at me, too late to even know it, I am conducted between the worlds forever & by this MacHomer of indifferent function, so like a poet without eyes without nameable nature, beyond cruelty, the star-capped dragger of the soul —

how the volumes of two earths heave through a night of nothing, similiar I live now in each. There is no one to pray to.

Language solely travels. O thou words, art thou possessor of even all this? and of this thought-maker, this poiêtês, this fabricator of belief who married you? They say art & life are twins — then language & woman are twins, and poetry & love. They say a lot of things but it's better when the wind blows away the sun through the high clacking eucalypts as they say down under or gum trees have a sort of bone marrow which twists like a muscular nerve through the air, through the earth as a fylfot's arm . . .

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