

METASEXUAL

We need listeners.
There are those who listen
and those who wait to speak.
This is one
for the listeners.

enter Capricorn. SHE. sheltered. RAIDED.
i gaze upward
o the truth.
the Mephistophelean syndrome.

amongst dried daisies, drooping hydrangeas and fresh marigolds, I drop the ashes of my essence. the wind weaving through the grass reminds me of the silk that Metasexual wears when garbed in full splendour. she shreds (or is it sheds) her skin in honour of the silk and melts into the night like butter.

[three threads and the cleavage of my being is healed.](#)

the void is my nourishment. she returned to the City with a suitcase full of carrots. five cents she shrieked as she condemned them to the jaws of the juicer.

thus begins my story.

moving with the terrible desperation of an impaled beast, threaded to death's timetable, I break clouds into crystal shards and prepare the shroud of lemon blossoms.

what do you think of the space I said. The negative and the positive work very well. No, she said, moving out of the portal of my mind and into the light of reality. I do not think of space.

If I could write a novel about Metasexual, with a beginning, middle and end, I would. But these facets rise up in my memory and no system can be adhered to.

I wrote the Judas letters on the twenty third of August.

She rides through the night on her demented dreams. I remained in the gardens of the Alhambra and shed my blood drop by drop amongst the basil leaves. My eyes of light become stellar novae that shine in the darkness of this bitter moment. Sitting in the back seat of the Fiat 1500 I turned to my right and looked up at the two huge globes that illuminated the entire theatre. Grand Guignol whips and jack boots. The tears fall from my stellar novae eyes, drop by drop into the basil of the gardens of the Alhambra.

Smothered in beads and cloaked in a particular hell of her own design she mounts the stairs into the portal of marzipan vulvas, appearing and disappearing into the spirit of the Raga.

All the delicate decayed brocade, the ancient make-up of forgotten whores, of gilt spider webs and cellulose flowers. Where multiple frequencies interweave in a debauchery designed by Jean Genet and Max Ernst with Dali and Yamashtu laughing in the wings.

A cotton wool infinity of choral angelic clouds, float past the crucifixion of red leather in iron supermarkets of the future.

Claws and Holy Hands intermingle with the applause of crowds long since dehydrated by the needles of military juntas.

Blood cake and garlands of maggots are served in the President's Palace as the poets are whipped with their words cut out of demolished space ships.

I am the most together person on this planet, said Meta Sexu'el as she lay sedately on the scarlet silk covered bed, removing writhing worms from the dark and greased cave of her arsehole; her delicate fingers, journeying to and fro between the pale pink lotus flesh of her buttocks, balancing a Louis 14th golden spoon which was to be the death chamber of the worms.

Beyond the latticed window, sucking the steam of her body out into the midday heat - the silhouette of a wasp dragging the hairy pulp of a dead spider into the cracks of the dried brick wall of the courtyard.

The same courtyard where tomorrow Meta Sexu'el will swoon with the fragrance of herbs as Ibn Muqana sings to her:

". .the branch of your waist curves down from the sandhills of your hips, and the night of your hair rises over the clear dawn of your face."

To avoid the pollution of the beach we used a hovercraft to reach the sea, but then to my amazement, the hovercraft submerged. It was a submarine!

You can only love her, he screamed. You can only love her, he screamed, his body metamorphosing into white light.

the new me. hunky dory. lady stardust. rose cross. Blooming memories. 22. Pluto. Mars. Gemini. Uranus. Gemini. Getting a parking ticket consciousness versus Baba Ram Das's version.

I EMBROIDER	This mess
YOUR EYELASHES	of eyes in hands
WITH ICOSAHEDRA.	and paper dolls cream
scream.	
where has this left me?	

Interlaced limbs threaded with silk sheets, burnished by the gold of morning sun. Oceanic light descends in waves upon our bodies. I spend the morning enfolding all beings into my arms. Plucking the fruit of compassion from its hiding place deep within the roots of night. I look out to sea. A figure moves on the shore.

The screams accelerate and stuffed dolls drop from enraged clouds.

I call out into the night, my voice spiralling outwards towards the horizon.

Black evil ships rise from the depths, brilliant orbs of energy sprout from the furious sky.

I create a luminous pathway of magnolia petals and mother of pearl into the foliage where silver fairies dance into mandalas of dust and light. Lavender tears stain the walls of bone.

YOU enter in a golden chariot and the sea collapses into dark mud.

As the days become compost of a past fit only for fertilizing the future, I cry into the growth of the present. He who hesitates is lost, yet each day offers fresh opportunities. Perhaps this is the Wheel of Fortune, loss and gain in eternal revolution. And in the final analysis we lose nothing and gain nothing. We return to the Bliss Void, beyond Joy and Suffering.

METASEXUAL remains an unfortunately complex subject of analysis. For long since having comprehended the basic laws of cause and effect, and the Bliss Void beyond polarities, she still enmeshes her 'self' in the experiences of matter. Even in the depths of filth She flashes Her dentures in a plastic smile. Even in Hell, She lay beside the Grand Seducer, of Illusion. Upon the wall in her room is a cloth, printed in white, red and black. In the centre is a large clumsy pineapple surrounded by a black circle. The white space that flows between this circle and the black border that surrounds it, in a square, is punctuated by twenty one crescent moons, embracing twenty one five pointed stars. A painting by a child, representing some Biblical figure hangs over one corner of the cloth. Beneath, a small collage of a rugby player disintegrating into the dark recesses of a Renaissance nude and a Chappies Bubble Gum wrapper, to the right of a wad of pale blue cotton wool.

She paces up and down, staring fiercely without seeing anyone, snapping her fingers. "Are you ready?" she asks. "Yes, I'm ready", she replies. "You are no good" she says. "Yes I'm good" she counters. "Ah then, go and suffer" she says.

what do you think of the space he said. the negative and the positive work very well. no, she said, moving out of the portal of his mind and into the light of reality. I do not think of space. all worlds are within me and I am within you.

The Marquise de Casa Valdes has written:

"...the porch, the small basins, the canal, the water jets that border it, the vegetation, and the distant vision of the landscape framed by the balconies at the back of the pavilion and its lateral arcaded gallery from whence the massive silhouette of the Alhambra can be seen."

It was at the theatre that I first met El Metasexu. Descending the vortex of reality swathed in an ocean of mink and pink ostrich feathers, she radiated an exquisite fragrance that reminded me of night in the courtyards of the Alhambra.

Those fingers painted with deaths shade and encrusted with antique rings had planted the cypresses in the Court of the Sultana, thousands of years ago, and today in the 20th Century she has returned to sow arum lilies down the length of the canal which leads to the Generalife.

JAPANESE SCREENS.

METASEXU-EL.

a wave arches up from deep space beneath us. a sort of washed up and painted foreshore.
doves on the morning iron.

When I awoke I knew something wasn't wrong - the consciousness had been sieged. Norbert
had turned the key in the door - the reflection seen in the mirror opposite by my troupe.

My troupe - my race of convicts.

A dream or a waking vision?

A dream or a waking vision?

I NEED MORE BOOKS - Tantric

Mantra.

Hung.

Listen, dear brothers in God - there are diamonds in those heaven laden murky places under
the promenades of sin.

I have walked

waited

I have stood on promenades

I have watched the sea of a foreign planet -

The race is that of the convict .

alone.

Waterfalls of mulberry blood dance in Baroque decadence in the canals of my bloodstream,
where Handel's' Largo is pumped out on the organ of my acid heart.

Suspended above the rose of my dreams, you lie in a deep sleep. It seems as if you have
entered the cocoon of the Universal Mind. You are wrapped into the fragrant threads of "Klop
aan my deur" by Min Shaw, who is born under the sign of Sagittarius, which doesn't make
sense, because you are born under the sign of Aries, though they are both Fire Signs and that
could be the link.

So, (.) turn the turntable like Christ in the Temple and out pours the Ritual Fire Dance by
Manuel de Falla, add more mulberry juice and a dash of mustard and pepper.

Anyhow there you lie, all bundled up in the blankets of your shakti and I move quietly across
the room and peer down at your face. And slowly, through a multitude of lace curtained
rooms your spirit returns on feathered wings and your eyes open one by one. **JAPANESE
SCREENS!**

Between the pages of Electra
your tongue descended into
a fugue of silence.
and now you have etched a dialogue of stillness
on my lips. dharmadhatu.

These passing Phases

We step into the night

in bells

Blue bells

Don't be so cruel, Herman Hesse.

Ground Control to Major Tom

You have perfected the art of appear - disappear

yes / / no

The magus and his marmalade bush.

You do not say anything. For that moment I return to the spice garden where my fingers tear out the weeds one by one. Someone has built a brick wall into the facade of my gown which makes it rather difficult to move. So I pass the time weaving my hair into the chandelier and waving my beard into the 16th Century carpet. And now the tapestry of light that surrounds your head departs for one of the four corners of the earth, a magic carpet of energy that passes through the 'Whites Only' exit on its journey out and is promptly arrested by the corps de ballet during Act Three of Swan Lake. I enter the police cells and perform an erotic pas de deux with the keeper of the keys before moving quietly across the room to peer down at your face. Your eyes open one by one and the aura of golden light that surrounds your head illuminates the courtroom as the Judge condemns you to eternal copulation beneath the oceans of this planet.

The Marquese de Casa Valdes has written:

"The balustrade consists of masonry walls hollowed out on the top to form a canal of concave Arab tiles along which the waters glide swiftly. The staircase is covered with a dense canopy of laurel leaves and other evergreens through whose foliage the sunbeams play upon the water as it runs through the balustrade and leaps in the fountains."

At the symphonic variation of this water I fell to his feet 5. in the centre of a shower of crystal orbs of radiance, but did not remain there for long, as a lotus of giant proportion carried us off into the centre of an atomic war.

Let me exhibit my collection of burnt pressed flesh. I had considered mounting a room especially for the children.

From the balustrade the water flows into the fountains and then into a tranquil lake, shaded with ancient yews and carpeted with narcissus. Here at the edge of the water, the swans undergo their secret transformations into raving nymphomaniacs under the arches of a pergola hung with mauve wisteria.

Pergola metamorphosises into silver scaffold, the blade descends to Berlioz's Symphony Fantastique and you open your eyes one by one, to behold the white magnolia garden unfolding in slow motion down the avenues of matter.

I move towards the light and my hand stretches up towards the picture. But no. My fingers will not touch the memory. The mind of man is indeed a wonderful thing. The Mind is ecstasy incarnate. Mind is.

torn from the security of their clothes, naked roots ripped up from the protective soil, genitals hanging in the solitude of an ice blue afternoon. In the cold silence we slice the vegetable and prepare the stew. My body was transported through the ancient ports of Europe to settle as a slave in the Courts of Moorish Spain. JAPANESE SCREENS It's like ten thousand hot knives slashing through my entire body! Can't hold out against such incredible pain. Another moment and my natural defences will render me UNCONSCIOUS. But . . . Why me? What does this weird warrior want with ME? Tonight the room has transformed into a rhubarb pie. Then with the youthful mutant, the tantric transvestite, his captive THE CONQUISTADOR returns to his strange Headquarters . . . I do not object to this transformation, concrete walls now soft pastry. This abandoned power station has served us WELL, both as a hideout and as a POWER SOURCE for my ELECTRONIC ARSENAL! have you got pain? or laughter? the old hag shrieks out at the injustice of her ageing, she cuts through the process of decay with this protest and washes her rotting teeth with the ELIXIR OF IMMORTAL YOUTH!

But this boy shall now render unto me more mobile power than any man has ever KNOWN! I remember a swollen face a putrefying maternity, a gesture perhaps intended to convey assistance, which aborted through the horror of its architect. There exists under Highest Governmental SECURITY, a device that will supply fantastic amounts of ELECTRIC ENERGY within astounding amounts of SPACE and WEIGHT! Who is that One, that electronic prophet scattering celestial concepts over the land? How can I describe her to you? YOU, my boy, shall supply me with that MINATURIZED POWER PLANT! Well, she oscillates between brilliant Metaphysical Light Shows to turgid debaucheries, from Ecstatic Revelations to blood and shit smeared pricks. She eats from many trees on this cyclic illusion, spitting out the pips into heaven and hell respectively.

Not on your life! With that kind of mobile energy to power your electronic weapons . . . nothing could restrain your greed and EVIL! Get yourself another transvestite! WHO IS THAT ONE? I was certain that you would ANSWER thus! And I am fully prepared to change your MIND! Observe as I turn on this T.V. monitor!

I am nothing now, I have dissolved into insignificance, I have melted into the ocean, I have no identity, no race, no sex, no love. I am a void of indifference and hatred. Of self-annihilation!

JAPANESE SCREENS.

AND NOW! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! Our Lady of the Flowers pauses on the Silver Screen to observe the collapse of her derelict gestures, powders her face with the dust and ashes of annihilated cities, buckles, sledge hammers, pneumatic drills, strait jackets her face, her Mind into the schizoid reality that is printed in golden urine on the programme. she emerges resplendent from the cubistic urinal wherein she was ensconced. she confesses to the Security Police that it was the very same urinal befouled by the mind of Marcel Duchamp. Nothing can . . . NO! It . . . It's Mom and Dad! You've got them captive somewhere! Hostages against my YES OR NO!

She poses as the flashbulbs rain down a brutal magnesium light that etches her paste up features on pressed crystal flowers. in a kinetic tableaux she unfolds layers of past incarnations peeling the moist flesh of each decayed reality from the lining of her Pandora's Box Purse, unleashing a fury of elementals with each hot gasp that emits from its succulent depths. The purse falls to the pavement. interlaced limbs threaded with silk sheets, burnished by the gold of morning sun. oceanic light descends in waves upon our bodies. I spend the morning unfolding all beings into my arms.

Grow old beneath the shades of your Koran, grow cold without ever touching the warm centre of another being. Exile yourself behind heavy curtains of Time and Newsweek and smokescreens of endless words. You fell from your mother's womb naked and wet, but dehydrated, shrouded in white linen is usually the way out. No honesty in departures. Would you rather amputate your hand than offer it in friendship? Blessed vehicle of flesh called body, butchered by loneliness rather than share the light. Beautiful hands like sea weathered stones. And how does one amputate stones from the shore? This one wants a sea going yacht and that one wants a black girl. The glove must be tailored to fit the hand. I will leave my body and follow the sea going yacht. I will cast aside my meat house and follow the black girl to Valhalla. Whose light? Your Light? My light? Our Light?

Whose body? Your Body? My body? Our Body? Whose Sex? Your sex? My Sex? Our sex? **JAPANESE SCREENS**

TIME: CIRCLE.

PLACE: HERE.

ACTION: ACTION.

It's all in the oak. This house welcomes you. NO DOGS! MEN ONLY! A cobbled vaudeville act. A day in the life of a tap-dancing boy.

"I wonder what happened to him?"

Parade up and down the Beach Front, your surf board flag flying on the bridge of your minor. Undergo subtle Superman transformations in telephone booths and emerge in hubba hubba cascades of hip, freaked out threads.

Belches amongst the garbage and Beatles records do not disturb the exquisite tranquillity of your essence. The nightmare confrontation with reality does not disturb the spiders web.

I have walked a certain distance beside the sea. Now it is time to return home to myself and its fortifications. Within the throne room of my heart I shall erect a monument to the ceaselessness of change. The only constant in life is the shattering of illusions.

Mother your child is crying into the void. Mother is it true that you sometimes eat your children, or feed them raw to your multitude of husbands? Goofy has just ridden over the Black Mountain on his bicycle; now he is riding past the Tibetan Book of the Dead, and tomorrow I am sure he will just be a dark speck on the edge of the white silk tablecloth. Mother, why are you laying wet eggs all over my stomach tonight? Mother, why have you called my friends freaks and stamped out my incense with your gilt and lace Gestapo boots?

Metasexual has faded into the bleached sand. She has ceased to exist on the physical

I have finally received the Book. It is about 18" by 24". It is lined with red and green columns, obviously for the ancient practice of book keeping. I have received The Book as a reward for reaching the darkest stage of my descent. It is the centre of my being that houses the labyrinth, a black maze which I entered many centuries ago. Now I have reached the darkest stage of my descent. The Golden Thread is revealed to make the long ascent possible. The Golden Book with green and red threads, born respectively from the heart of Duo-Mother in her Celestial Ariadne Aspect.

The two Great Mother Shaktis - The Green Dolma and the Red Dolma. Green and red are polar opposites in colour.

Raw umber bleached by the scarlet heat of my desire, crushed bones become my seat, and the moon has left a dark spot on my trousers. Up to my knees in slaughterhouse fat and liquid shit mixed with blood. I have severed my arms in PROTEST against the butchery, and now, using my right toes as a hand, I am desperately trying to chop off my left foot with a blunt bread knife still stained along its lip with a line of peanut butter. And you just lie silently amongst the stinking sheets with a white candle stuck up your arse while I hack away to *The Barber of Seville* by Rossini. **JAPANESE SCREENS** .

The New You. The New Me. "Look what happened to him. Norbert turns the key in the door. The key is reflected in the mirror opposite. Metasexual waits. Metasexual is in a powder blue, diamond kaftan and has an orange beard. She speaks in a New Orleans accent. She slept through Nagasaki. (All my juice is seeping into the pork) To see a diamond under the promenades, diamonds, analytical dissection, diamond kaftan plus orange moustache. Marie Antionette with beard and New Orleans accent. Face reflected in clouds, Krishna and the Gopi Girls in Bri.Nylon saris.

The SKIN of our TEETH. Colgate toothpaste. MEDIEVAL MONASTIC LIGHT. 'Lord of the Rings'. Hobbit. Mount Doom. **A!!** Henry Fonda: Hired Hand. today I shrivelled into a casket of delight, booming. a hairy hoary ape, cold and desperate, seeking out my mother. I am burning with molten desperation.. After so many years of denial, the chalice of utter beauty is placed before me and my fingers just cannot reach it. Metasexual might have been that Chalice, if she could be removed from the mythical streams of consciousness, mist laden mind matter that carries her down the river of Life, Mystery of Mysteries, Rhine Maiden, Lorelei, DIANA, Athene, Aphrodite. Now, it is time to go to Damascus. Signs in the skies. **JAPANESE SCREENS!**

(Halo round the moon, hot bricks, concentration camp and Chekov reliques. E Type Jag, Club-owner, red jacket, nice lighting and cigarette. The song went on forever- A long and winding road. What a pilgrimage. THE GENERATOR COIL.

We are the only ones to survive the blast. Perhaps this is the pattern of things, so few to remain. Transplanted visions now growing in more fertile soil. We move through this facade of illusion, considering all the while that it is the only route, ONE WAY, that it is the only root, for as we moved through the pages, you are the one, YOU are my night and day. I move through the void, my hunger to materialize propels me, my desire to manifest bursts into the cell of flesh known to you as -WOMB.

As we were about to say, it serves no purpose to revolt, revolution and revolting are one and the same, eventually we come full circle, back to square one. with the piece of clay in our hands, we can reform. the cycle is not enslaving us. we reform the material at hand into a new shape, a new beauty which in turn is liable to reformation. no thanks, give me reformation instead of revolution. although they have stripped the flesh off our bones, we shall go on, go on, go on. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Latrine Larry worships the Ideal Lover perpetually. Just a Vision etched on the ashes of memory, forgotten now in the passing chaos of time, but to be resurrected in some pastel future landscape where memories are not forbidden. It is a dull awareness of pain and joy, merged in perverse embrace that arises out of my memory bank to inflict new areas of longing on my soul.

Such moments arrive with ritualistic precision and their piercing is experienced with a certain barbaric delight, a splendour, an abnormal sensuous reaction to pain. But it is not this that motivates my heart to seek out the birth of the streams of cause and effect. Memory is one facet of the jewel. I can see before me the acres of sweet flesh that were harvested by the hands of the profane, and the ancient visage of Her face. Down the corridors of existence we have fluttered and shed our cocoons of light, spinning the silk brocades of history with our past incarnations. I recall the many faces and the few. but always the One appears, to haunt my memory. The fruit ripens and the warm blood sprouts from the blossom of that awareness, a consciousness that should not be permitted, a perception that should be scourged from the spectrum of human faculties, forever. Two nights bleached from my mind.

A mantle covered with the fruit of the vine, and the waters of radiant life transform into rich wine beneath the fertile shadow of the cross. What is this symbol that continues to repeat itself in persistent memory? A graphic martyrdom, a perpetual sacrifice upon the altar of anguish.

I have parted the silken sheets in a moment of exquisite tension, the divine fabric unfolds beneath the moon and the velvet jewels of night recede before the glory of your being as your eyes open one by one. I suppose all I can say, when it comes to the crux, is to thank you for coming into my life. **JAPANESE SCREENS** the incense stick is stuck into the apple. upon which Metasexual inscribes: "I'm reviewing the situation."

nostalgia. a piano quartet of the seventeenth century moves through the coloured spectrum of Her Multi-dimensional realities, like the blue incense through her hair silent fragrance weaving through each strand of gold, blue angels of perfume wing through the infinite columns of Your hair, bleeding bitch, dear Metasexual.

so many holes to fill. such a stench of death. we breakfast with Padmasambhava on the corpses for which we could find no holes. no holes barred from this performance, you open you pomegranate red fissure and engulf the entire act. you reappear in some emotional opera of the 19th century.

now you are black and the white baas serves you caviar on Mother of Pearl plates, approved by the S.A.B.S. your traditional robes are painted with red blood a conspiracy with Communist China, you feed the Orient with pleasure principles, resurrection orgasm as we shall overcome.

The AGEING of the Pride of Asgard. The nerves in my legs are going like this . . . flapping her hands in schizophrenic fashion.

I hang by my feet from the tree of illusion and cast my jewels to the rich, black earth and I weave the web of many coloured ferns with my toes in a mudra of yearning. Tonight I became the delicately carved lampshade stand, tenderly carved with blossoms. Worshipping the ideal of Love perpetually, the procession moved through the charred valleys. You are like a plague of locusts that descend on me each day. Unluckily we don't have anything for you to eat - or smoke. Let me present you with the etching of a Being. Although they have stripped the flesh off our bones, we shall go on.

Suddenly last epiphany, you birthed a culture factory and reared a Messiah! I have broken red roses. I have extinguished Suddenly you -

JAPANESE SCREENS

All the painted petals - paper tears fall on the ruins. We burst through membrane of light to confront your monumental devastation with hot wet farts.

leave your worms, matter man! Your essence of star dust waits for you. I have eaten blood and shit, but do not blame me for it was in the order of things. I have stood upon ruined walls before the sea and asked that purity be granted to me. I have washed my soul in the sweet music of forgetfulness and now can move on. The hour of my rebirth has drawn to a close and now a new cycle opens up before me. This I know - for the symbols of a beginning were presented to me. The first, a small silver cross, the second a winged disc, and the third, three blind saints, female, and carved in suffering flesh. I would like to dwell on the last symbol for therein lies the point of departure. I am filled with ecstatic sounds at the recurrence of the memory, those three sacred ones who blessed my consciousness for a fragment of time. I was kneeling on rough pebbles at the crest of a vale. Blossoms, small blue blossoms decorated the surrounding shrubs. I was aware that the vale descended into a glacier of stones behind me.. They stood before me, slightly apart and yet joined by the flowing of their garments in the wind. Giacometti created faces like theirs. Compressed and ancient faces with deep, wise eyes, full of compassion. They said nothing. And yet in the silence of our meeting, many questions were answered.

The Ancient RITUAL Hath Begun.

just a bruise of time, too late for medication. while they rip and hack into our bodies, the typist engulfs the city with accounts rendered, payable in advance, buy now pay later alligator, Jesus shall reign. Hacking, seeking secret mechanisms within our bowels.

the magic showboat to Chinatown cruises past on pink lips of vulva victorious, resplendent and moist on the tin foil tiles of nights shade. Ruby pulse enthroned beneath my navel will transmit resurrection scenes for the cocktail party. so the wind claims all for its heritage. we move out into the streets to be crushed *in excelsis deo* beneath the oncoming barbarian hordes. I pushed the skin back at the foot of the column, revealing the pale flesh foreskin of the Doric capital. have you ever seen the architecture of lust so shamefully exposed? but what shame is this?

JAPANESE SCREENS

bitter melon broad beak

Mah de aar prit ee bore hoy -

polish the marble columns with crimson lace then decorate lavishly with tutti frutti ice cream rosettes and streams of tear drop pearls. Then hiccup and shit lime roses into bowls of crystal jelly beans. Create seventeen paper explosions and paste them with horse glue onto your Eustachian tubes. Ladies (that way inclined) may inject the whiteness of purity into their fallopian tubes, birthing an occasional bitter melon for the harvest dance. Intersperse the atmosphere of your mausoleum with phallic comets en route to a mulberry hell of their own choice. Look at my Peaches and Cream Complexion she says, slapping her cheeks. A silver star gleams on the carpet. Perhaps I do not really hear her voice as it drones across the layers of space between us.

I HEAR THE SHRILL CRACK OF THE SHRIVELLED FLESH AS IT CRACKS AND BAKES IN THE OVENS OF INHUMANITY. I HOLD THE SMALL DEHYDRATED BODIES TO MY BREAST AND BEGIN TO WASH THE GRIME OFF THEIR SKIN. BUT THE WASHBASIN CRACKS UNDER THE WEIGHT OF SO MANY CHILDREN IN NEED OF CLEANSING. SO IN DEPERATION AT SEVEN IN THE EVENING I REMOVE THEM FROM THE SPLINTERING WASHBASIN TO THE BATH. OF WHY DOES THE PURE WATER BEFOUL ITSELF WITH THE BURSTING OF THE BLISTERS AND THE FLAKING OF THEIR SKIN?

You have ruined the edifice of my being.

You have fucked up the edges of my nightmare.

Hecate, be thou MERCIFUL and let the end be SWIFT.

I have found my thighs hard with dried blood as the nectar of their wisdom flowers into baubles of light and ascending cadenzas.

Pushing the liquid of my being up the vertical ascent to explosion.

Compressing the memory of ages into one thin vertical line aimed at the belly of space.

Even if these three ladies of light garbed in rags and shredded silks pierced my ears with one small fragment of sound I would not have heard. I was journeying into fresh dimensions of rebirth. New tapestry of matter proclaimed in brilliant trumpet fanfares. Electronic detonations of sensation searing through the avenues of my body, unfolding, petal by petal,

new secrets of the cosmos and calling into manifestation beasts as yet unborn. This cacophonous shredding of possibilities creates new manure for growth. Out of the offal and excrement sprouts the electronic lotus of enlightenment. My beard is laced with shards of glass and one pristine thread of destiny affixes me to this planet. I voyage into glittering fabrics and emerge amidst a Gathering of Poppies.

Winged Disc is ready to consume me.

It surely is a result of your vibrations, Trinity of Light, Three Sisters of Perfect Peace, that I am undergoing this experience. I thank you humbly.

JAPANESE SCREENS.

those islands who refused the mainland now stand bleached and bitter in the ocean. The notebooks of chalcedony (agate, cornelian, quartz, chrysoprase, Venus.) I sip mint tea out of an ancient gourd while he phrases his question: "Have you no dignity?" and I answer, "No, my dignity is incinerated in my lust for experience." The delicate incisions of the craftsman glitter in moist highlights. Where the mint tea has left its moisture behind, jewels appear on the side of the gourd. Now I cast the remainder of the beverage onto the rose garden, considering the liquid fan as it dissolves into the night air, and returning the gourd to its indentation in the woven fabric that surrounds me, and supports my being; I consider the fate of all liquid destined to nourish my body.

Sitting alone, telling my beads, counting grains of salt or weaving my hair into golden tapestries of light, what do I fill this chalice of flesh for? Why do I water these bones with mint tea, ritually as the night descends?

I have no dignity, my tongue is decaying in my mouth and only my fingers do what I bid them! Fill these sheets of parchment with grotesque symbols and wild, chaotic linear statements of my exquisite denial of limitation. Each fantasy becomes a temple offering to be chanted to the silver dawn and threaded to Juno and Her Attendants. Each gesture is sculpted in time and becomes a concrete manifesto of our indifference to the falling leaves.

Seventeen shattered fragments laced into a memory.

JAPANESE SCREENS

I am within you as I am within You. Now that I have the pen in my hand my mind has gone dumb.

fingers of bone
skin of sand
I place my life and death
in your hands.

What delicate threads that blow circles of light upon the desert sands

sands blowing through the graveyards of my mind.
Metasexual, you loom up, encrusted with the decayed brocade of Time.
You are etched on the lines of the dried poppy
And the husk of your being is gnawed by pigs.
You are the One who rode Triumphant on the Ass,
You are fed raw flesh by candlelight,
You are the Lamb electrocuted in the Slaughterhouse.
I bow to You in devotion.

JAPANESE SCREENS.

I have searched for the writing on the wall,
and your fingers of bone have appeared to etch
thin lines of ecstasy
upon the landscape of my body.

with each orgasm, Metasexual would review the pleasure principle of her Atlantean incarnation. the facades of history would be scraped clean of debris and revealed in austere nakedness.

Her body, would stand side by side with the monumental edifices of All Time.

de Casa Valdes owned the Alhambra Crystal with a connection to Raymond Lully. Both of
The Marquise de Casa Valdes has written pieces, must be done in the dry, bitchy, elongated
syllables - giving the impression of Goya, Cruelty and supreme indifference. Then the actual
quotes should be either soft-blue tourist guide - or dreamy, or what?
Reference to Genet.
Like Rocky Horror.