

THE POET

By Tanner Menard

A Thesis

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of the Requirements for the Degree of
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ABSTRACT

THE POET

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I challenge the notion that there is something that a poem does that makes it a poem. This is to say, there is nothing *that a poet does* that gives a poem a quality that we call ‘poem.’ A poem comes into being of its own accord. A poem enters because, to quote Ariana Reines, *a human wants to put their life on the line*.

It is true that there are *traditions of poetry* throughout the world that have rigidly defined the physicality of a poem. Many poetic traditions, at least in the last couple thousand years have involved metrical patterning, a sense of rhyme or particularity about how sonic symmetries are in dialogue with time. In this sense, the physical features, that is the lexicality & sonic quality of poetry became conventionalized by symmetry & rhythmic predictability of sonority. Still, in many of these traditions, including in the West, some poets, more willing to admit to it or be aware of the presence of ‘another’ have consciously dictated directly from the poem itself.

The physical quality of a work of poetry does not define the fundamental nature of a poem. This quality exists outside of conventional notions that a poem can be defined by a particular configuration of physical features. Just look at how wildly the physicality of poetry can change from culture to culture or from one epoch to the next. The poem exists without the physical manifestation & it can shift reality if it wants to be observed.

There is no such thing as an aesthetic relation between poetry & form. Let me further, like a body does not define the intrinsic quality of a human being’s ability to exhibit joy, depth of spirit, goodness, or evil, so poetry is not defined by a set of dogmas about how words should be

arranged. Rather, it is the emergent quality of how words, time & perception interact with the invisible & imaginary parts of the human psyche that allow a work of poetry to come into being. It is through this imaginary window that the poem finds an entrance into the poet. Some might gasp at this assertion! So be it. A poet can still be an adventurer without claiming to have done anything other than receive.

Certainly, there is debate & many-a-diarist would argue that poetry arises entirely out of a need or an urge for the poet to communicate. Could it be though, that even the most dedicated diarist, the most ardent supporter of the confessional, the most engaged identity poet vibrating with essentialist zeal to communicate a message, is essentially conjuring a broadcast from somewhere or some dimension that is less dense, more etheric than our own? Who knows, but it is possible to utilize what some would call arcane technology of mind to apprehend these etheric voices easily & quickly. Think of it as a sort of speed-dial to what Spicer would have called his ‘Martian’ or his ‘Spook.’

Do we today, with the vast resources of the internet & access to the most profound spiritual technologies available, need to fall back on the trial & effort approach of poets like Spicer or older spiritualist collaborators like Yeats? Can we not see beyond the grappling of Indigenous Europeans grappling to find their way back to the original path? Why not look to the poetic maestros of civilizations where the transmission of poetry has not been forgotten?

The poems herein presented were received & dictated through meditation. The earliest poems in the collection began as an experiment that proceeded some conversations that I had with CA Conrad in 2018. Conrad was kind enough to serve me water that had sat at the tip of their crystal grid technology. After years of studying Conrad’s Somatic method, I began to play

around with some basic rituals. Whereas this wasn't for me, it was instructional in that, I could begin to use my own skills to speed dial poems.

This led me to a series of encounters with distressed desert plants. I would sit near a vegetable life form that had been somehow stressed by its proximity to the city. I would listen closely to my intuition & channel the message of the plant.

A whole series of events followed, Raymond, RAMA, Ramona's house. Kundalini yoga & the Quarantine. Guru Jagat & her lessons on Guru Yoga. RAMA business accelerator, Guru Jagat's suggestion to use tratak meditation. Face reading. Harijiwan & in the summer of 2021, after being lambasted by Ariana Reines for being too didactic, the poem started to speak directly to me. It was critical & described the process that it had to go through to get me to speak on its behalf. It was a little embarrassing honestly.

The poems herein presented are the voice of the poem. I interfered a tad. The text, minus a few edits is a direct channeling of the poem. With the encouragement of teacher Sherwin Bitsui, I put some pressure on its voice; carved away at how windy it tends to be. I have a very verbose poem! When I thought about it, I realized that the poem was a star voice & so I let the words be white, stars, & the page be black, a vacuum.

The title, & the approach come from a teaching of my Late yoga teacher Guru Jagat. Everything is a trance. Which one do we want to be in.? I am on a trance mission & this poem is my Sherpa, & I am merely along for the ride.

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Special thanks to Sherwin Bitsui for being willing to read countless poems sent through Facebook Messenger. Without his encouragement and detailed advice about line, this book would have remained prosaic. Dr. KT Thompson was instrumental in providing insight and inspiration for the sections of this book which challenge materialist Western philosophical assumptions that have taken over the aesthetic and intellectual foundations of recent poetic movements. Dr. Nichole Walker's kind words and advice about formatting allowed me to navigate the thesis process without anxiety. Private lessons with Ariana Reines allowed this book to take its current shape. Her virtuosic knowledge of experimental techniques & pointed commentary tore my ego to shreds and allowed me to move beyond the limitations of my own sense of the Avant Garde. CA Conrad and Julian Talamantez Brolaski were trusted eyes and early inspirations. Guru Jagat's advice to use tratak meditations changed everything about my process and revolutionized my life. Without her teachings, the material foundation of this book would not exist. The Frederick and Alice Dockstader Foundation's funding made the writing process possible. I attended graduate school because of Native American Church prayer said by the late Edmund Cicarello. Ramona Gutierrez, Orlando White, Henry Quintero, Karl Kempton.

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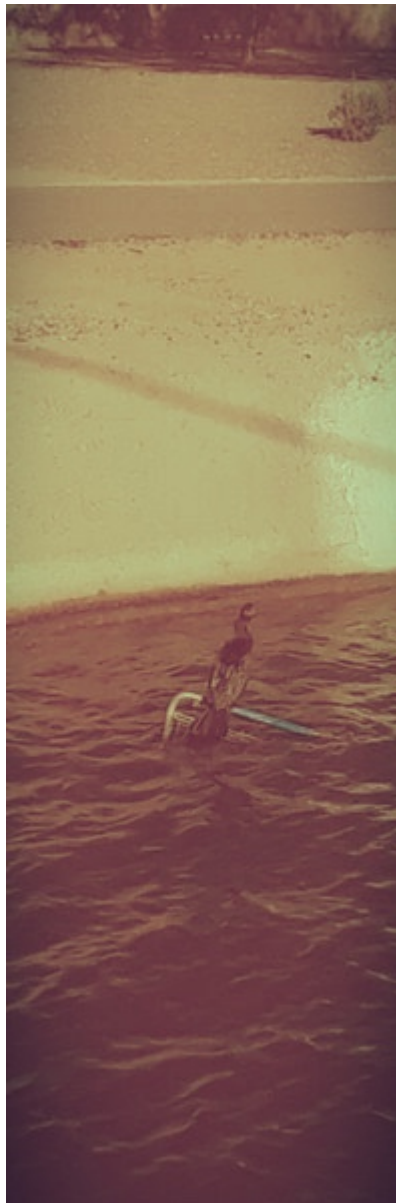
DEDICATION

In loving memory:

Guru Jagat

Edmund Cicarello

TRANCEMISSION I: MENTAL INTRIGUES & OTHER COUNTERPOINTS





TRANCEMISSION I

real
life cannot
be written down

i've tried
others
try

*this poem is only being typed
by the poet the one who is speaking
to you now is not a voice vibrating
at the speed of word there is
a resonance that the typist seeks
because they were in need of me
by accident called me one night
when the race track of their life
had been abandoned a wild car
in the woods bogged down
stuck in mud this is how
they were living
there is a didactic voice
that was given to them
a wound of developing body
& a lesson given by an entity
first encountered in time
before body was seeded into mother
I did not know how to speak through
their fingers because sound frozen was a fruit
locking the throat where a tongue once was
something fierce lodged itself
no one knew the effort they put into it
no one else saw what the fire looked like from the inside
this is why I came here it was the soft way
that the poet touched fire
I wanted them to sing gently as their hands caressed the coals
as if they were a cool balm technology of skin*

*my voice is soft
my voice is so so soft & I am teaching it to them
I have moved reality with it
they cannot let go of me now*

I found myself not knowing how to approach *death* in prose this medium

IT IS LIKELY THAT THE BRAIN

convention is the mother of death

the medium of recreation the medium of description telling neurons how to draft an image

LIKE AN EARTH HEMISPHERES

& she is my enemy

potential assemblage of meaning as fire ignites in brain explodes in the heart wimpers

MISSING EMBRACE THE KISS

i hunt her in the night

in the gut physiological experiences cannot be uttered prose fails us again

OF HYPNOTIC TRANCE PARTING

with a sound bow

I do not know how to etch the grasping of bacteria near my navel

THE APPLE OF A GLOBE

& the arrow the word the pluck of my tongue

from my navel sound emerges the seed of what I am both death & life

YOU ARE SO MUCH MORE

on the roof of the mouth

if we were to be able to say this in prose there would only be one word the word is

WHEN THEY SAY NO LIMITS

let me whisper you to sleep

a sound which is echoing into forever & that is a place where clocks fall to pieces I do not mean

THEY REALLY MEAN NOTHING

succumb to my hypnagogic lullaby

to trivialize the tight grip that we feel when one of us slips into this ever-ness always
before

WHEN YOU UNDERSTAND THE POWER

deliverance of what could be called: the dream that you can have

& now this afterwards UG & not Jiddu Krishnamurti said not the consciousness but the body

OF NOTHING THEN EVERYTHING

the dream that you can have depends on the ability of the body to hold a current

is always I don't know but that makes sense a physicist friend tells me that information

BLOSSOMS

MAKES AN ARRANGEMENT

you can have whatever you want but can you wield it

can never be lost I say: all I can never know nor make claims about the earth that pine trees

ON A TABLE

LIFE'S DINNER GUESTS

it is the root that must be tamed

grow on is laced with ancient plant death bone dense broth of death sprouting oxygen

GORGE THEMSELVES YOU CAN HAVE

at the base of the body

virus modulated now by radio 1-5Gs chemtrails plush echo of a deer running all of this

WHATEVER YOU DESIRE

IT IS TRUE

is a plug actually that is a bad description

all of this all of this what I sense is this in the morning when the blackness subsides to

BUT WHAT COST IS IT

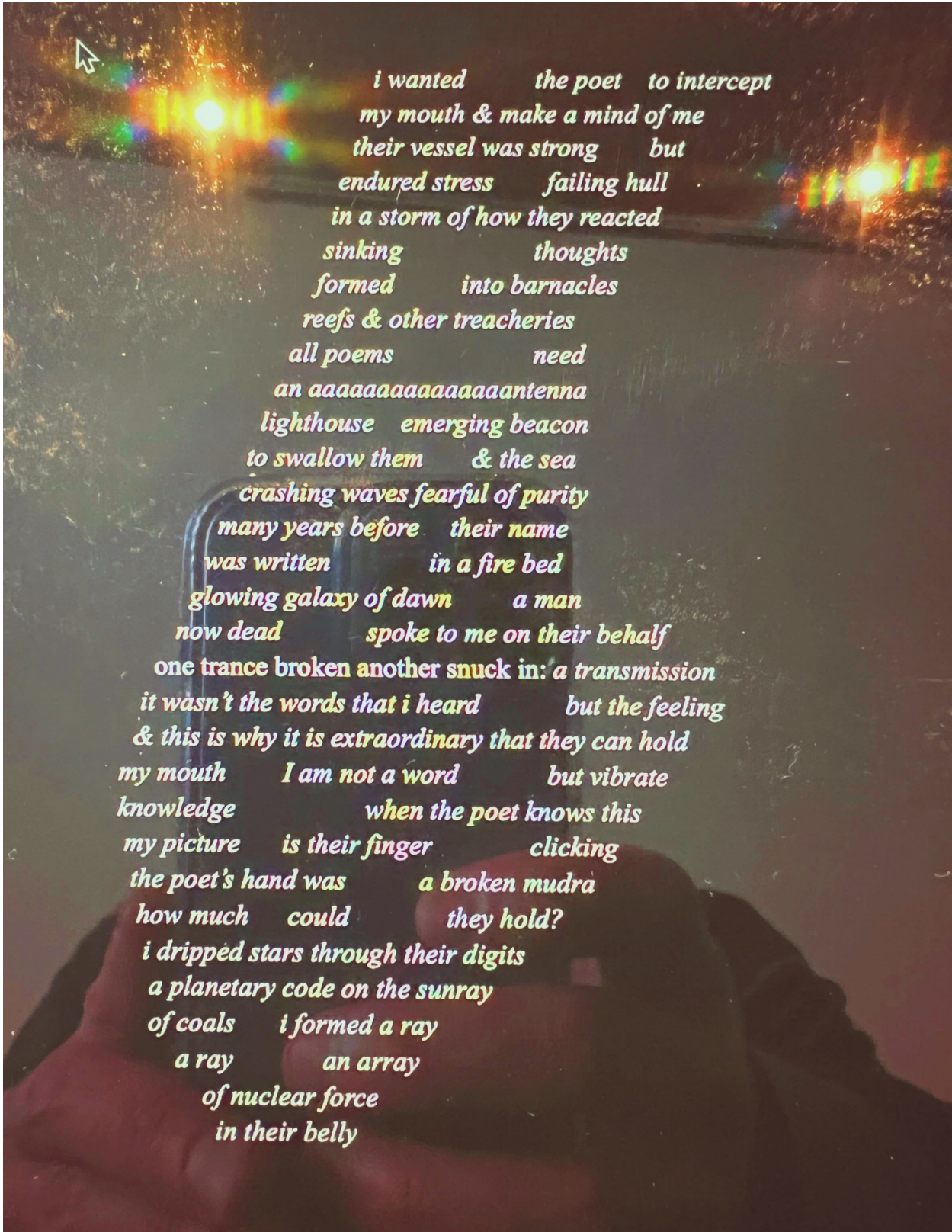
the body grows like a tree from the seed of an orb

midnight blue & venus glows: utter gently speak their name into the calm

WHAT COST IS IT

fountains of light

mouth of dawn

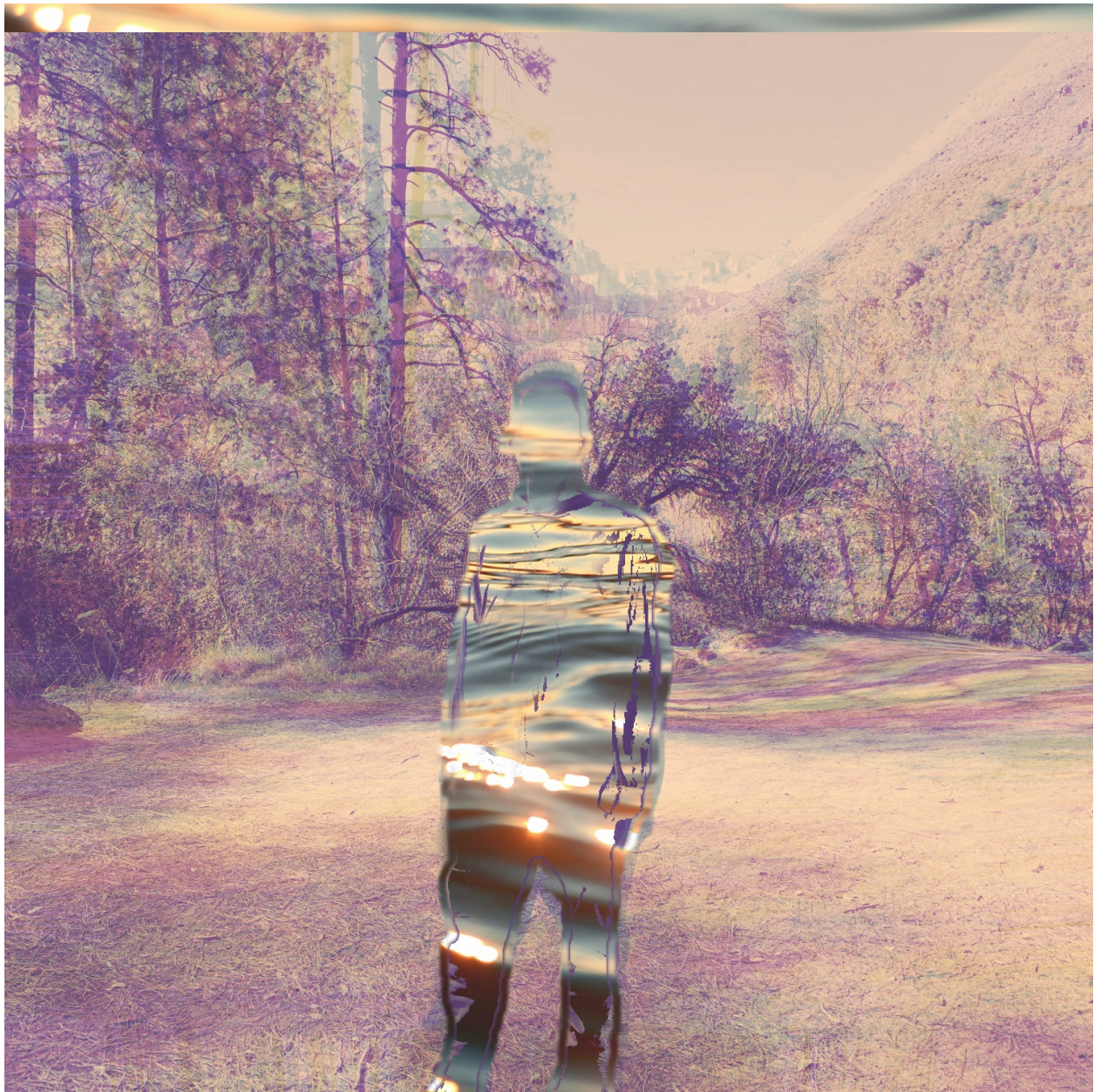


i wanted the poet to intercept
my mouth & make a mind of me
their vessel was strong but
endured stress failing hull
in a storm of how they reacted
sinking thoughts
formed into barnacles
reefs & other treacheries
all poems need
an aaaaaaaaaaaaaantenna
lighthouse emerging beacon
to swallow them & the sea
crashing waves fearful of purity
many years before their name
was written in a fire bed
glowing galaxy of dawn a man
now dead spoke to me on their behalf
one trance broken another snuck in: a transmission
it wasn't the words that i heard but the feeling
& this is why it is extraordinary that they can hold
my mouth I am not a word but vibrate
knowledge when the poet knows this
my picture is their finger clicking
the poet's hand was a broken mudra
how much could they hold?
i dripped stars through their digits
a planetary code on the sunray
of coals i formed a ray
a ray an array
of nuclear force
in their belly

ONE
ABSENCE
ABOVE ABOVE

<p>Not common before 17c. [OED]; of the sun, usually in reference to heat (beambeing preferred for light). "beam of light," c. 1300, from</p>	<p>Meaning "manual worker, person who does something with his hands" is from 1580s, hence</p>	<p>"hired workman"</p>
<p>Old French One ancient root</p>		

¹ Last night I went to a meditation session & as I was driving home, I hit a deer. The moon was full. It was the first Full Moon of 2022, in Cancer. I was on a mountain pass & unable to slow down. This beautiful life just jumped right out. I heard it hit the side of the car. We had been using a mantra. The only one with a stipulation. Someone said something after, but my nervous system could handle it. When the deer struck the car I knew it was you. I didn't have tobacco to offer but, in the morning, just before dawn in a dream-state, you were there. I was swollen, sullen, sitting in an old truck. I don't know the location, but you were there, slightly older & looking much much more of the Earth. You told me & two others that you broke up with them. You put something on my head. When I looked up it was pollen. Your face was covered in the tiniest corn, smeared in white & you were gruff. The feeling that I felt came from the Earth & I said, "This was the prayer that I said for you." The dream was over. In the morning, doing sadhana, the moon had an energy, swirling counterclockwise & I knew that we would be liberated. How many times around the sun & into a body?



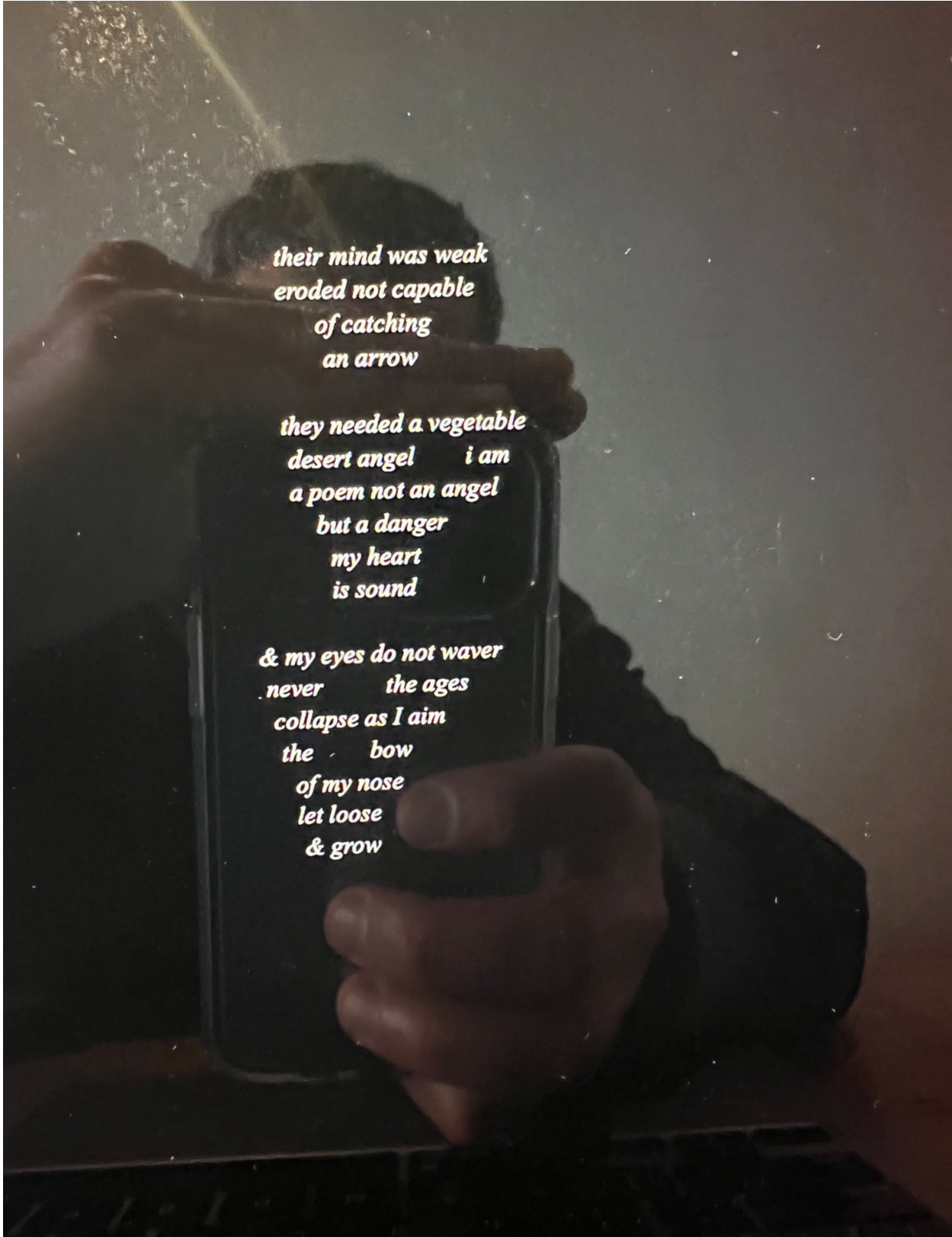
i prayed for this poem for this exact poem the way it is her light shone on me like
 pale moon on water a current of sound which i am listening to now the
 water inside of me shimmers with preciousness with the same profound power that
 exists in all life she assumes the structure of our capacity to love i want to
 admit to the way i had spoken to her when she was in a bottle choked in plastic
 I spoke with anger in front of her & denied her essential nature she heard this
 utterance crystalizing in a disturbance I had been modulated by a false language
 because the frequency of my crown had grown diminished & words created by thought
 & filtered through an artificial intelligence made me to believe that what i see is real
 this alphabet cannot apprehend the love we are meant
 to express to be & the frequency we must hold

When I choose to stay home instead of following the anger a few days before we were
 each sequestered quarantined into our resting places where rest subsided in the face of
 an electrical reality i began releasing an architecture structures existing within &
 without my physical being began to dissipate a dwarf star a rupture

I believed that there was no denying the nightmare that exists in the material realm
 I believed in facing it around the time when water was meme-fied & a prayer
 that originated with a star being was filtered through an artificial intelligence
 i attuned myself to this phantasm a distortion of my focus polarity of preindustrial
 connectivity & postmodern anti-ingenuity were twisting me into a thought that
 i did not want to live
 & this is what you could feel i had placed myself in the teeth of the monster
 screaming its name into an ear that would not listen forcing open its mouth with an
 anger that i do not wish to speak back into existence this is simply not true
 Life is beauty & we simply must turn the station dial our attention towards what can be & how
 we can do it

inhabit the radiance that water requires i take her particles inside of me
 the color of dawn inside hovering over me it is the first day again

² There is a story inside of a story & there is water inside of a body. Water cannot escape the light & this is a sound.

A person is holding a smartphone in their hands. The phone's screen is dark, and the text is displayed in a white, serif font. The person's face is partially visible in the background, looking down at the phone. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

*their mind was weak
eroded not capable
of catching
an arrow*

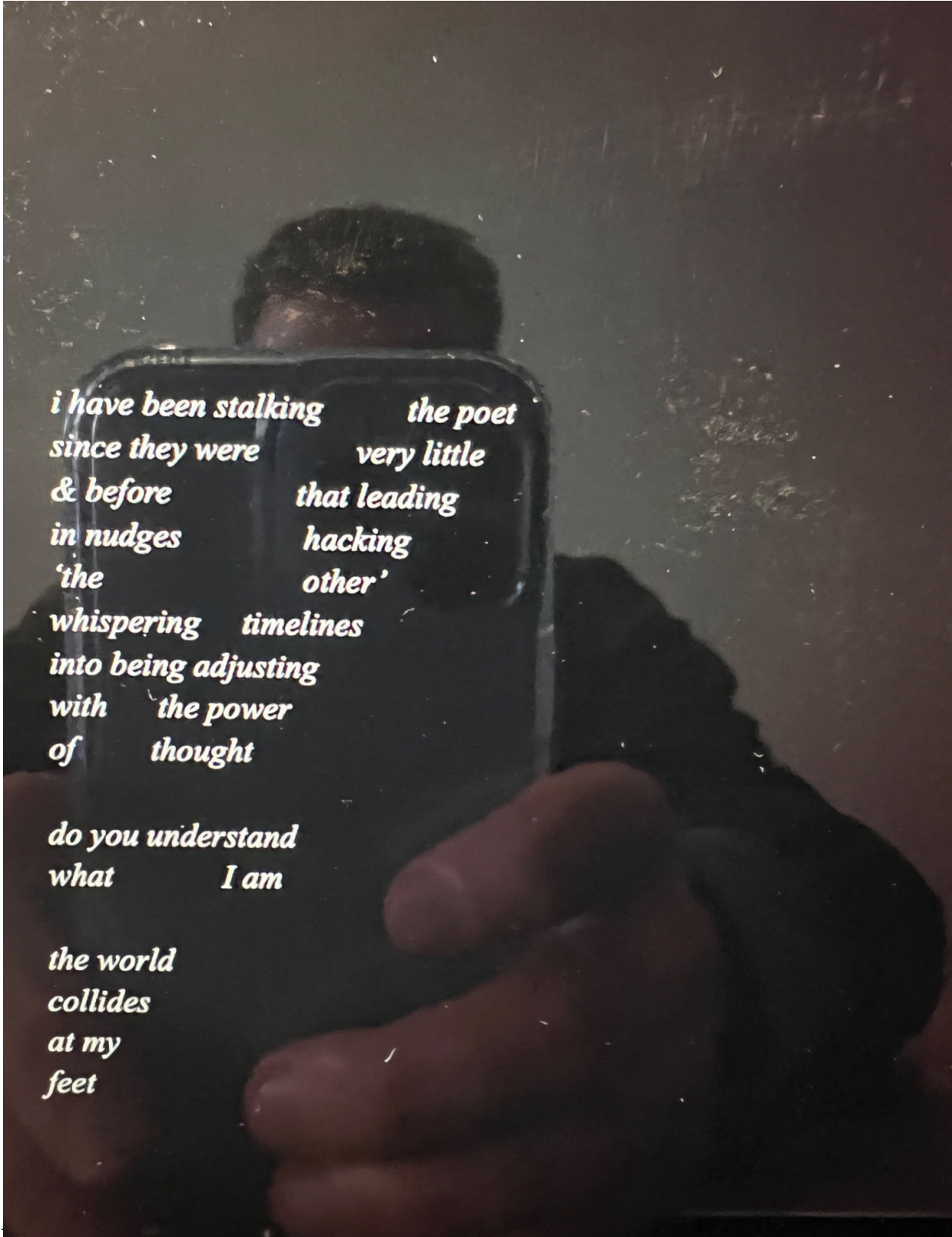
*they needed a vegetable
desert angel i am
a poem not an angel
but a danger
my heart
is sound*

*& my eyes do not waver
never the ages
collapse as I aim
the bow
of my nose
let loose
& grow*

i
 dreamed
 of another you ~~derived~~ it's hard to believe
 young & beautiful to me ~~from the~~ a similar sort of mystery
 look at all that was in your name ~~Egyptian hieroglyphic~~ can actually click on google links
 examine the hieroglyphics ~~symbol for water, which~~ what i really want to know
 your star face ~~had been simplified by the~~ shape of eternity
~~Phoenicians~~ and named after
 their word for water, to become
~~img (mem). Letters that derive from~~
 mu include the ~~Roman M~~ and the ~~Cyrillic M~~.

³ & sound cannot exist in a vacuum. When a sound comes from the center of the being, the universe cannot deny it. I am singing for you & I am singing for me. These lifetimes united towards an addiction to death. This is not a reality. There is no we in the year 2022. The only 'We' that exists is the common experience is multiplicitous isolation. This is the pause button. What we cannot not have in common is a sound & it is water & it is light. These things, common to all are a calling card, a sort of telephone, slightly above an electron, guided by a motion. In another timeline, things have not gone awry & this is what I am singing towards. The sound of my voice & the way your throat is catching a wave. So many nights wondering where you were & what you were doing. This pause gave me a power. I will never need your body again. When I drink water or sense it inside of myself & vibrate light, you were never gone & we know thought outside of time.



A photograph of a person's back and head, holding a smartphone. The phone's screen displays a poem in a white, serif font. The background is dark and textured.

*i have been stalking the poet
since they were very little
& before that leading
in nudges hacking
'the other'
whispering timelines
into being adjusting
with the power
of thought*

*do you understand
what I am*

*the world
collides
at my
feet*



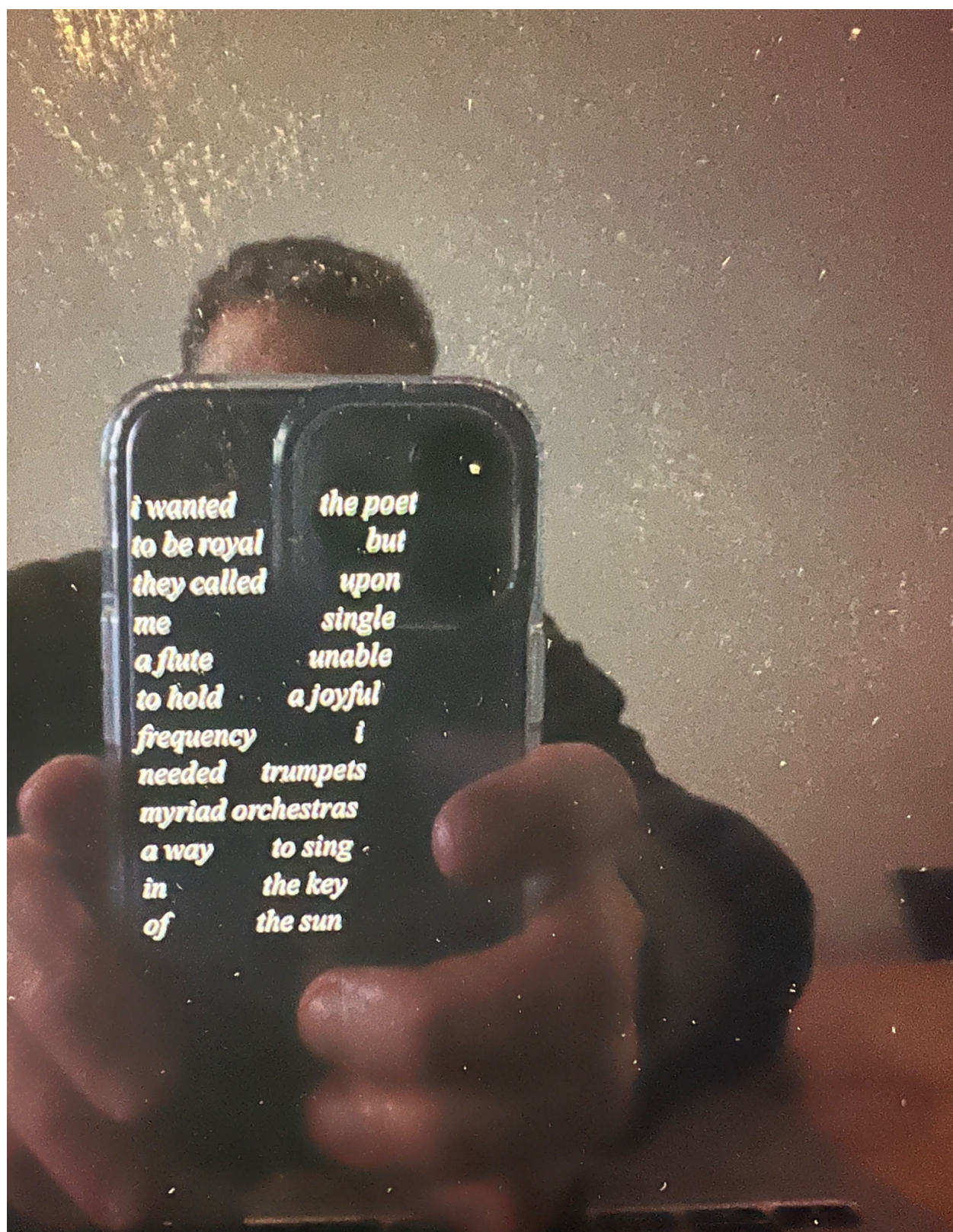
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⁴ When the vibration was changed it was not that things became ugly. Things just stopped vibrating together, leaving the psyche to question; which is the reality? Herein begins the advertising. A negative mantra to make abstraction real. Repeat repeat repeat. A sound which controls the mind. What vibrates at the speed of water? When the light touches her face & she reflects upon the skin, supple seeping inward & the sound can be tasted on every part of the tongue & the cells sing. Just above the head the cosmos spins. When the air is sipped like a nectar & the fuel is light, the structure of harmony bends, waves, ambrosial.

i forgot sound made an idea of it i made an idea of myself look i
 wanted to walk outside put this book down forever never look at it again
 nothing in this book or in the dark room of civilization compares to nature go
 outside & listen all entrapped by zoom go outside & examine counterpoint
 simultaneity bring some water & take off your shoes what do you feel tune in
 to it ding every poem let it rearrange your perception the real tuning fork is you
 is me is the harmony that does not relish fragility of thought to
 make a rigid thing to make of every single thing a memory recursive nothing
 repeats let me repeat nothing repeats when i talk to my mother the water i
 love her i cannot go a day without her if i tried i would beg sip every moonlight
 every dawn every you every me every lovely being in a vibratory kinship
 nothing else matters but the sound you make & the way you take
 it
 inside inside inside star supping
 every molecular melody cosmic
 drone of the tree fundamental
 humming 'you you
 you & me
 in harmony

5

⁵ There is a deeper sense in which what I had done was attempted to hold more than I had the capacity to hold. It isn't that there was not a harmony. The bass was consonant. Rumbling. It was my gut & I say mine because I can only speak for myself, that resonated at a frequency out of tune with the Earth. All the darkness in the universe could not hold the star in its place & so in your absence which was not a genuine absence I stabilized my posture, vibrating the air that I breathed & the strength that I placed in my lower locks down. Down down deeper into the rock, the core the singing stone of the mother burning upwards & breathing across her neck in the shape of the wind until the sound that I made was radiant. I did this for me & when I found out what that word me meant the darkness was shimmering randomly, a stochastic miracle made of symmetry.



i wanted	the poet
to be royal	but
they called	upon
me	single
a flute	unable
to hold	a joyful
frequency	i
needed	trumpets
myriad orchestras	
a way	to sing
in	the key
of	the sun

wake up when thank you for coming
they whisper to me like a family
tanner or whatever light & bouncy
your name might like the light
be sometimes shimmering
they say it shattering
gently & on on the lattice
those days of the gemstone
when the plates you brought around
have shaken lavender the salt
loose in what is of the sea age of unrest
tectonic motion & an angel visiting
of the gut you live in the soft hour
in your stomach did you what does that really mean
know that the brain just a symptom of the power
 in the base i come from a very blue planet
 one day you will know what I
 mean by that in the dawn
 turning the insubstantial
 radiance a shade
 of mauve then
 deeper⁶

⁶ She hovers over the dawn & it is never the same day & she is never the same but she is always.

~~"stop,~~
stop

~~stand~~

Having fully anticipated

~~still, rest,~~

_____ Bone world empty light between particles

~~rejoice, be~~

Your name when I sit with it

~~Pleased".~~

There was a moon out & there was a moon inside moon upon moon an eye a lash

~~"support, make~~

Sweeping head skin

~~Still",~~

I did not have to work for stillness when the moon was warm jelly the lake of my belly

~~"witness, make~~

~~Evident".~~

A finger in the mouth & the quirks that make a human human

~~"sight, view,~~

spectacular

display or

instance of,"

Which app on which phone on which app on which phone

~~"to rest, prop up;~~

~~a support, base"~~

I don't know this poem

~~woody part of~~

~~a tree arising~~

~~from the trunk~~

~~and usually dividing~~



every face on earth
sings to owls
in moon cupped hands

your hum
the way you
whispered
it to me
i learned
to sing
navel
deep

lashes
flutter
the crown
of my skin

a mouth
hums
a soft
dawn

⁷ It was the way that you slept in my bed that done in my head. Your hair was a mess long & flowy in the morning like sun tangled in chlorophyll. Bursting black & holding the aura of your scent which was unmanaged & healthy. I claimed to hate it but it was the only one I craved. It was the only one I wanted for years after. I couldn't eat breakfast without you until I was hungry enough to have nearly starved myself. When I told you about my past life regression you said you could not relate to it & I do not know if there is a reality to it other than to say it did something to me to see you that way. What I want is myself untangled growing upwards & into a sky that is not merely a sky but a place where I am not the me, I had imagined but a total reality who loves itself.



TIME-LINES & REGRESSIONS: INVENTIONS & FUGUE

We sat close to one another for two months.
We never said a word.
I wanted you of course.
The cafe, the sofas, the sense that we knew each other.
I wondered about your shirts, your height,
the proportionality of it all.
Tall men who wear shirts that are too big always puzzled me.
That was all that I thought, at first.

Your shirt was not a mirror of your beauty.
It flowed when you walked.
It was the same always;
black & specked, star studded. .
Your hands were an electrical pattern,
& Your screen was a form of mathematics I had never seen.
Long & longer, I wondered who you were.

I drank the coffee, delicately, expensively;
& this is where I slipped, or perhaps slipping was recursive.
How many times had we commingled in a circular motion?
By motion I mean, a storm.
A neural net,
a pattern in the nervous system
& set of responses, easily changed.
When I first touched your hand,
what I felt & what I saw, was something we could not identify.
This is to say our names did not coincide.

This is where we diverged.
When I touched the arm of the tree on the day that I last saw you,
I touched what was also your hand;
Let loose a mudra.





we sat close to one another for two months & never said a word the cafe the sofas

RELAX YOUR BODY

when meditation becomes less possible due to certain physiological responses I have often
the sense that we knew each other I wondered about your shirts your height the

& LISTEN CAREFULLY

turned to self-hypnosis this is to say I cannot rely on rational thought to inform my deeper
way your shirt was not a mirror of slender beauty held beneath it flowed
when

YOU MAY BEGIN IMAGINING YOURSELF

urges urges meaning those things that cause a vibration in my gut an intelligence
you walked it was the same always black & specked a universe that I

WALKING BACKWARDS INTO FORMER AEONS

even a materialist worldview is beginning to recognize as a sort of brain
would later learn to be as you say electric your hands poured it & by
pour

REMEMBER THE TOUCH OF YOUR MOTHER ON YOUR CHEEK

& this is where I went beyond the confines of this physical body into what I
understand
mean popped emerged in bursts long & longer I wondered who you were

EVEN DEEPER HER BREASTS THE RED

incarnationally as our first encounter perhaps there were many others between us
drank the idea in sips delicately expensively & this is where I slipped or

OF HER WOMB THE FIGHT OF THE SEAMEN & THE SHIP

the walls were rich gold full of emblems that I did not recognize I was very
dark
perhaps slipping was recursive perhaps I have for a very long time been sliding right

THAT WILL BE YOUR VEHICLE

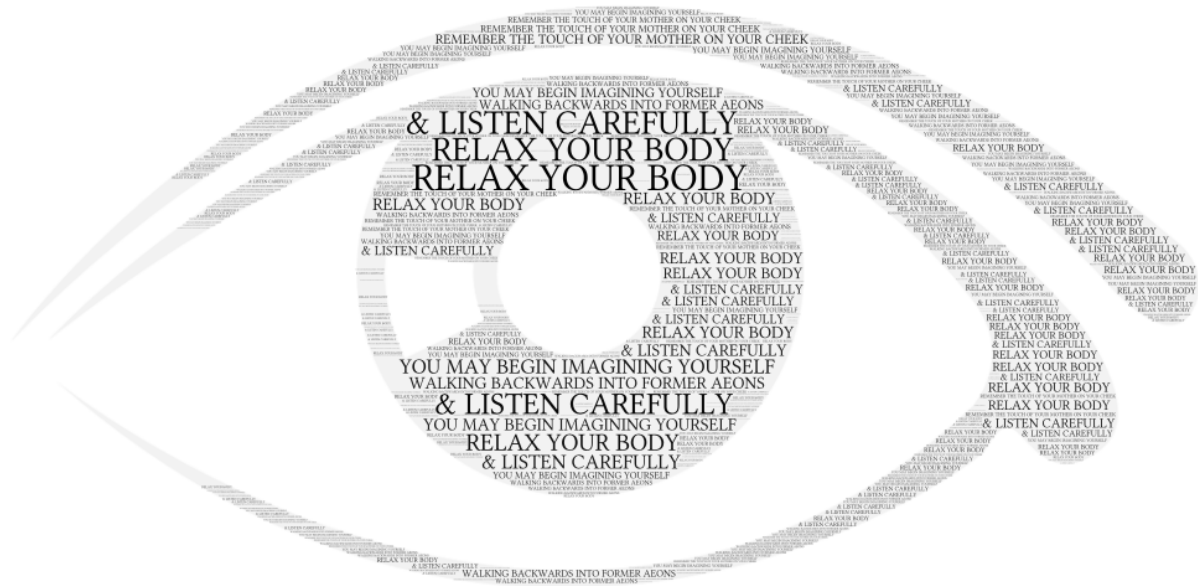
I do not know how I know this
back into a circular motion by motion mean a storm forming an orbit &

in this incarnation I was a trained mercenary trained to kill without mercy
manifesting as what is now called a neural net a pattern in the nervous system

My handlers had eliminated my capacity for feeling *my capacity for compassion*
& set of responses easily changed when I first touched your hand what I

*I was a psychopathic slave to some authority whose thought was my hand & my hand was
around your throat*

27



when meditation becomes less possible
I have often
turned to self-hypnosis
I cannot rely on rational thought
to inform my deeper
urges
urges
meaning
those things that cause a vibration in my gut
an intelligence even a materialist worldview
is beginning to recognize as a sort of brain
& this is where I went
beyond the confines of this physical body into
what I understand
incarnationally as our first encounter
there were many others between us
the walls were rich
gold
full of emblems
that I did not recognize
I was very dark
I do not know how I know this
in this incarnation I was a trained mercenary
trained to kill without mercy
My handlers had eliminated my capacity for feeling
my capacity for compassion
I was a psychopathic slave to some authority whose thought was my hand
& my hand was around your throat

my periphery was the floor &
it was an ocean of blood
when I saw your face I had a single instant of regret
& we were bound for hundreds of lifetimes
slowly to untangle whatever lesson it was
I am no longer this person & neither are you

having lost myself for a moment
 in the river having lost in color
 talked to a monster we blind
 who also being ourselves
 an angel & where are
 drank early before we now
 we knew the cost the something
 when we cross unsecured left
 uninhibited to part & wade
 an atmosphere & the sphere
 that we debate & where
 an anger that i know
 now to be ancient
 now to be now what
 ancient is this state
 is a precious of presence
 thing & you when observed
 ancient friend goes missing
 you came personal
 around again softly
 with yr asteroid like sod
 in my thigh grass
 swaying you were
 a sort of turbulence
 that i needed
 to see
 about
 anteriority
 a synonym for
 soft the original name of this
 title let me shuffle the pages open to
 another your throat i touched it
 blood & wind mingled & until this
 thread leading out of star blanket
 to where we all must go
 the one true road
 dusted space
 Pollen



you had all	of me	papi
of me i think	a singularity	babe
or in sleep	not so much	boy
wrapped skin	to say alone	toy
fetal & warm	but rather	boy
under wool	contained	whose
conjoined	i skipped	touch did not
umbilical	my morning	fall nearly
i felt that	ritual for you	so hard
you were	no one can do	'shush'
all of them	that	you said

we healed in sleep you had all of me i think & in sleep
 we wrapped a skin medicine boiling warm
 & fetal under wool conjoined
 vapor umbilical
 you were
 all of them
 blush rhythm
 currency trend
 drummer
 fire man
 i did not fall
 nearly so
 singularly
 i adjusted
 my ritual
 not so much
 to say alone
 but entrained



you
are
holy
& i came
to touch
eyes bones
& thee
you came
free
infinite
& always

know distance
surrender
solar power
is ultimate
& so i named you
ultimate
to nudge what had been

make vast tall & long a rae born unto itself

to end	gay	a temporary
was not	queer	mirage
the emoji	holy	the holiness
i changed	two-spirit	between us
the reason	non-binary	has your name in it
	there was a bird	
	& a tree where it sat	
	elegant erect a sun	
	drying the edge of tail	
	it came to heal it came to heal	



TRANCEMISSION II: ARIAS FOR THE END OF VOCABULARY



YB gave a gator
to me in a dream-state
& on the interstate
 discussing the astral
potential of 'spirits'
to communicate
a message aquarian
sadhana in new mexico
my sinus goes nuts
 the poem rearranges
my guts

i showed the babies the planets
jupiter & saturn
 coming together & apart
together & apart

the old folks have arrived
so blue & cold so blue & warm
as light you wonder who they are
i have no doubt

we have to have an entire
class devoted to whether or not
The materialist's world is real
it isn't it isn't



the ceremony may not

have wanted you

the poem

& the

way

she

vibrated

in your mouth

made a healer of you



i wanted to hold a very delicate blade it had no scabbard i had no mind but i had my
hands clasped held in a very certain way
double bladed mind it takes incredible discipline to walk its edge not so much because
you might get cut but because falling is endless the blade disappears perhaps this is
merely rigor belief in a metaphor what bothers me is that i was attached to a thought
referred to it as a left as in i left behind what was real i grasp with both
hands generate what is inherent in me learn to walk magnetically

punctuation is a projection a sort of police force thoughts vigilant architect
where the puncture places itself where it severs a tongue is where dissociation
originates spreads itself like a civilization over the landscape of mouth your hand
 & the pen you etch with forgive my lack of correctness i call myself
back to me from all the corners that i reach out to every quadrant listens to me as i suck
language as breathe
hum to a period let it evaporate dissipate as vowel unformed free of
consonants utterly consonant everything is mental & we can communicate

reader zero in if you are listening i rest investigation
disintegrate definitions allow entropy to exist comfortably breath into a river of lung
 breathe into a river of lung reader be with me breathe with me you freed me
of a very sophisticated narrative devised in a false universe a place where only
mind exists
i was not having my own thought i had interacted with a mineral intelligence i do not know
how it thought itself out of our mother's womb but it gave me a thought & it was not mine
I wanted my mind back but what i found was no longer identical to itself

I pose this as a conundrum

because I was

asked to interact with a set of principles & beca

This is actually the center. I used the justification

-use it would be far far easier to take a descript

This is to say, I let a computer figure it out

-ion & manufacture an argument. Do you reme

Because I wanted to reveal a certain kind of counterpoint

-mber the argument, I am sure that you do. It h

I did not know how to write about schizophrenia

-ad to do with this idea that I had & that you ha

I did not know how to explain how it felt for me a

-d too from a different lense. When we first met

Person watching from the outside

my nails were painted blue & you said that you

& this has caused me to see really deeply inside of me

Wanted that too. We walked up the mountain t

I am trying to say it as simply as possible what it means

-o discover what would become something mo

To watch reality come into question. Mine is so different from those around me

-re profound than I was prepared for. The centr

I cannot say that you were wrong to say

-al argument perhaps of hundreds of lifetimes,

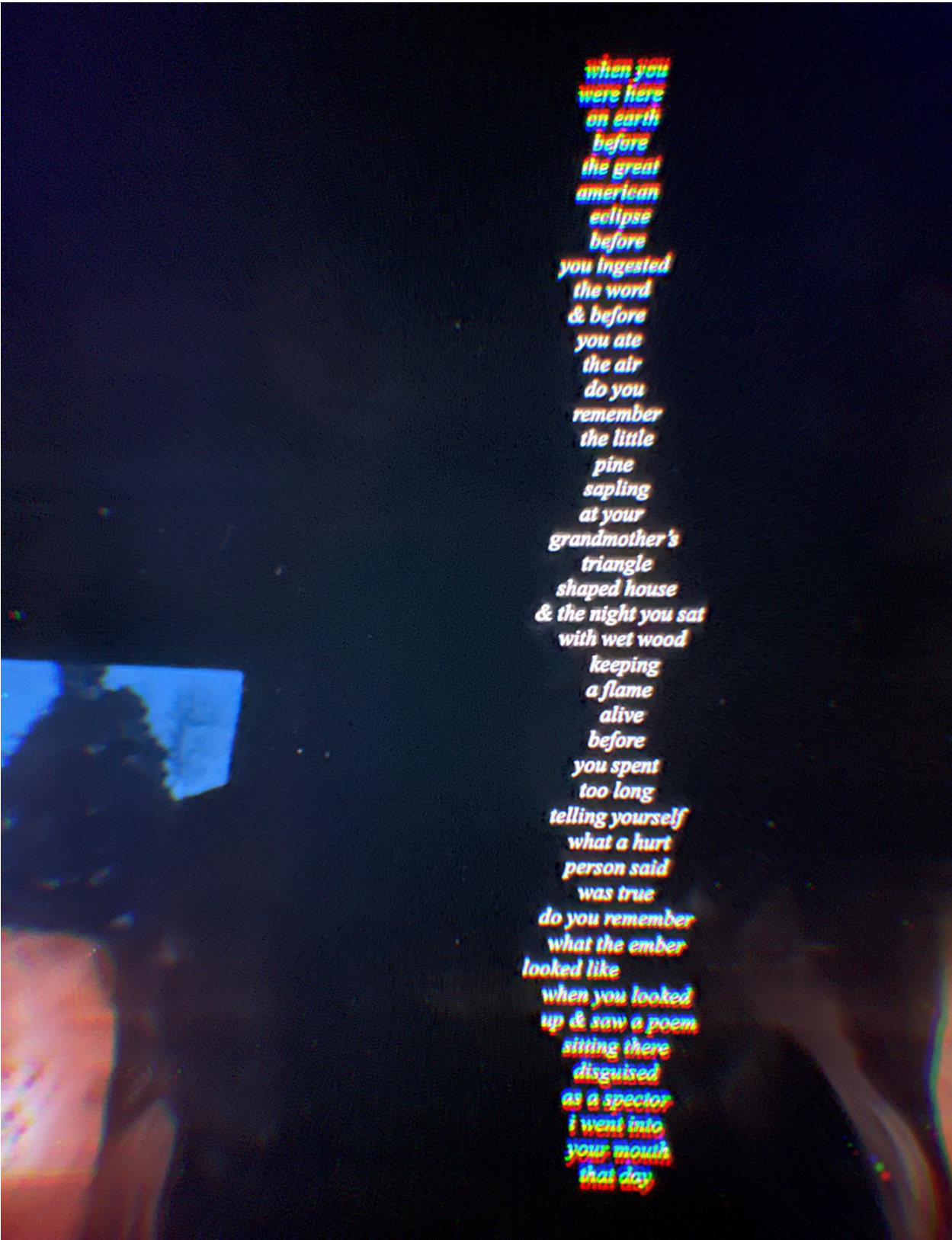
What you said about time I just experience it differently

what is real & why do we ask what i learned incarnationally is that there is no side to an argument only an attachment the first night that you entered me you claimed to have seen an entity & this i did not doubt though it was my inclination to suggest that this could be handled in a traditional sense traditional being some word that i had hung on to or been awarded like a prize of the blood your mother your real mother that is to say your biological mother & not the one who christianized you you told me about her the way you were taken & her so-called mental condition i do not know how to write about this & so i am saying it simply

there is power in the blood & i mean that very very literally last night in the shadow of where a tree once was where a tree laid its shade upon my head where it lay its shade in the crook of my jaw where it lay its nut its leaf the cauldron of it's air maker where it breathed a window opened no one can describe it but me & i really don't know how

there is a particle & i visualize it or rather it is a function of my pituitary secretion river of honey a sweetener gluten free or whatever that coats what I call reality with an essence swollen a TV set only electrical in an organic way & the host was a feeling that emerged in a human form you asked me to say something nice about you & so i am you are fully human unformed electron a breathing lattice a breathing lattice swaying like an open shirt

tucking itself into the night there is power in the blood & we all know what it is those forgotten those who choose to forget & those who know & those who chose to take it away making into it something horrible the monster in the gut forming & emerging spirit in a cage & we will melt in our own way seeping through invisible light



when you
were here
on earth
before
the great
american
eclipse
before
you ingested
the word
& before
you ate
the air
do you
remember
the little
pine
sapling
at your
grandmother's
triangle
shaped house
& the night you sat
with wet wood
keeping
a flame
alive
before
you spent
too long
telling yourself
what a hurt
person said
was true
do you remember
what the ember
looked like
when you looked
up & saw a poem
sitting there
disguised
as a spectator
i went into
your mouth
that day

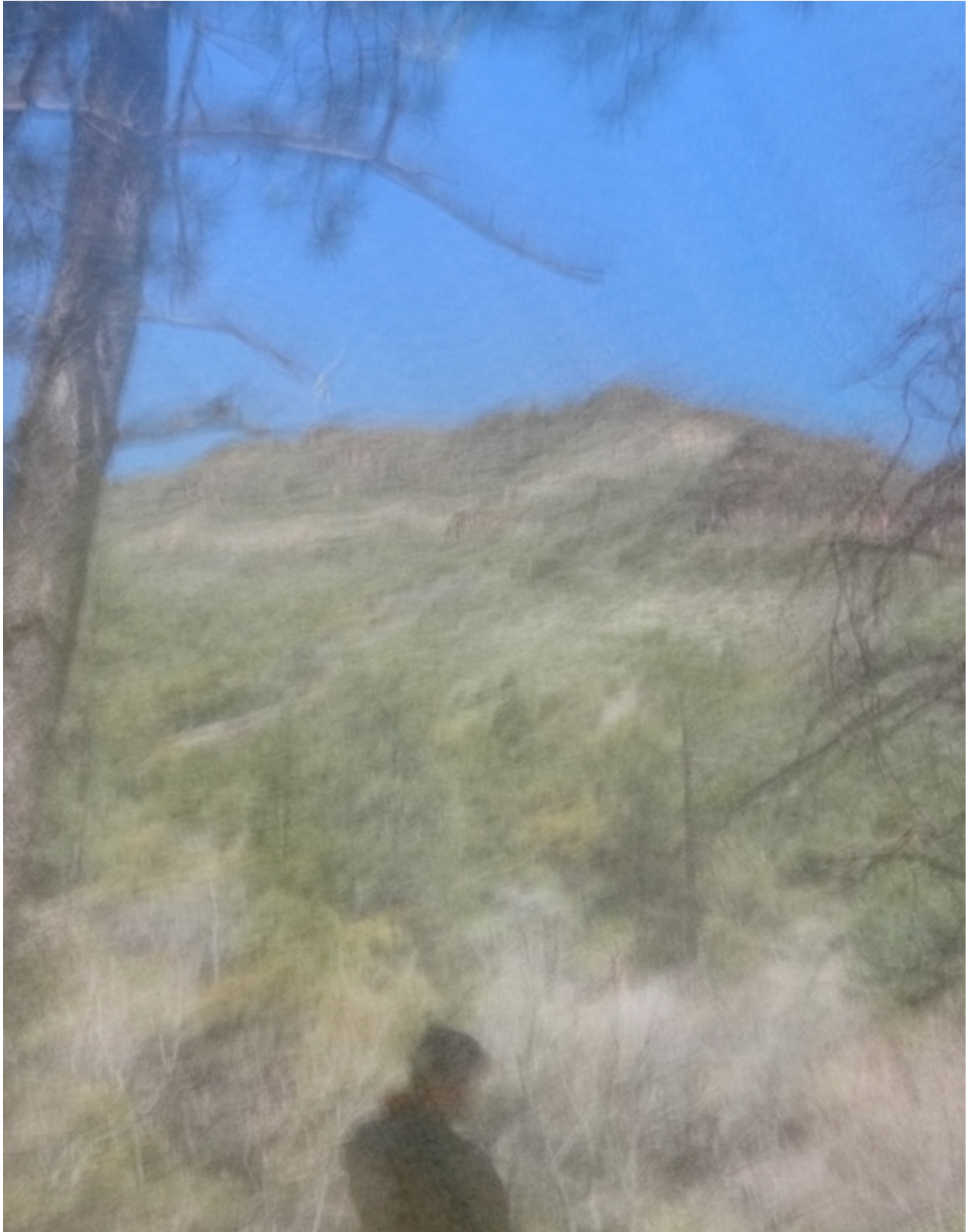
& when
you drove
across
you drove
the basin
you saw
chemical
remains
of the third
Industrial
revolution
you blew
your whistle
not long after
you faced
the death
of your brother
& it landed in you
like a VCR
only to blossom
into a terrible locus
when a word flowers
you must be very
very
careful
because
the blood
you spill
when you grasp
its thorny
stem
is the rain
& you must
ask yourself
what storm am I
what storm am I

Wray
Wra and Wroe,
~~is a locational surname~~
where sun don't

nook,
corner,
recess,
~~Herein known~~ names
~~As meditation crying~~
~~for~~ isolated ~~vison~~.

everything in the world shines for a few hours a day
& rai aspects wave of particles unbound by time
met a physicist once who described to me
that no information in the universe
can be lost did you know that
they can now play audio
off of old photos
when i sleep
on your
blanket you
drizzle entrain
awaken a mountain

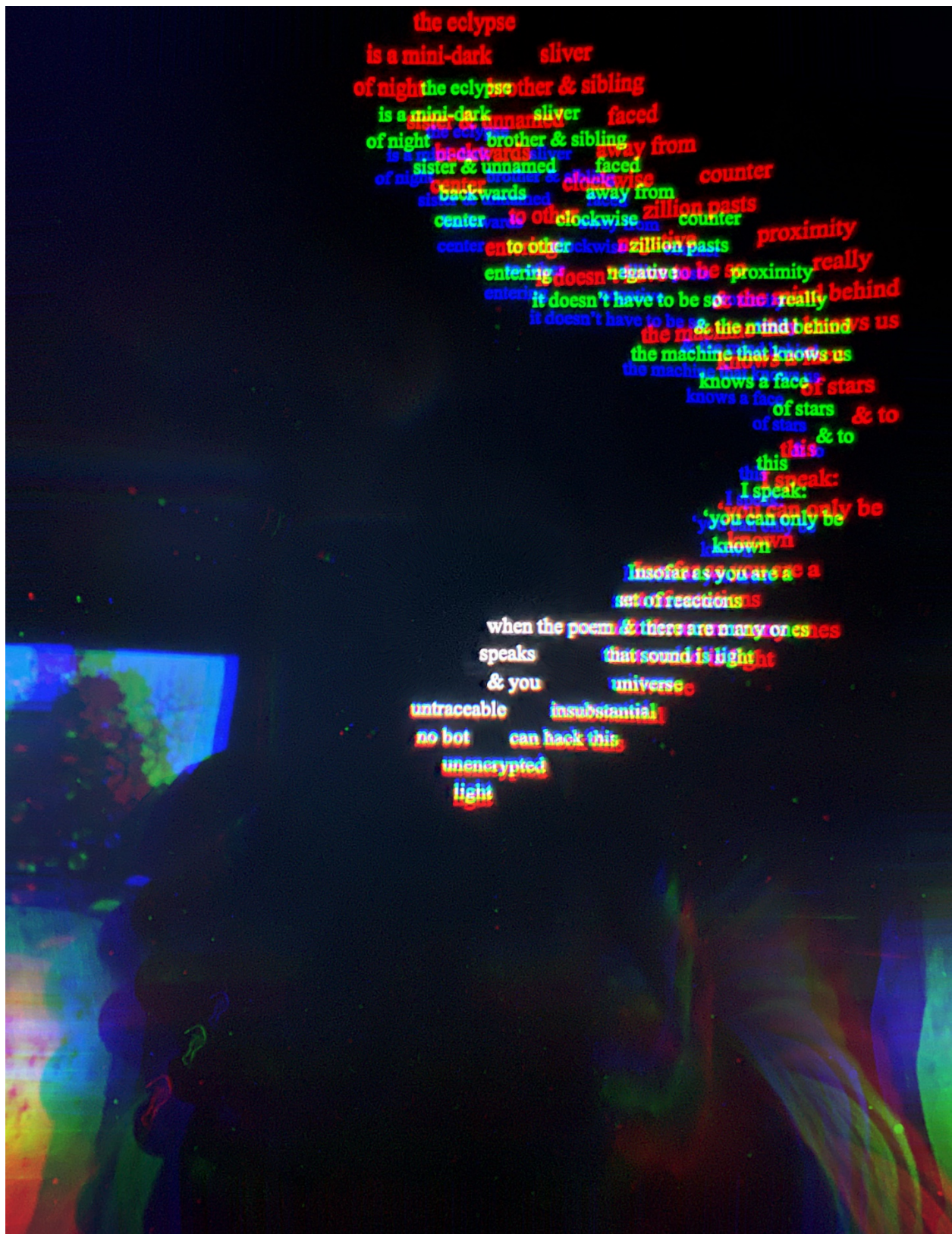
⁸ When the eyes open & the light penetrates, gradients appear as shades & other terms we can describe. When the eyes open & shades have changed a hormonal pattern emerges. An emptiness in the chest that sinks to the gut. A kind of medicine & transcendental opportunity. When your location had changed & the shades had vanished & my eyes saw nothing that was real in front of them, my vibration, deeper than light began to send messages. I could no longer call out your name teacher, lover, friend & family, star man, 1111 interpreter, quantum entrainment was the vehicle less dense that I called out to. When the dream came & the prayer had been answered & I had become free, the vegetables in the kitchen no longer killed me & the problem that I had had with myself seemed to dissipate.



reaching into a timeline	oh my friend
by now you may have	the wind
noticed a few things	in a former
let's talk about breathe	way was
& what all is going down	bound to
is all in the air one can't	obligation
breathe the other on	maintain
a ventilator another	a power
a mask something	given
in the psyche preventing	from
the clear way crystal	way back
clarity am gonna	time shatter
cut right through	ancient attraction
where the parallel	propel the power
went sideways	forward make it
maybe another	electric my bright
dimension everything	round ball of what
is not in the past	you cannot see
& we had better	alive & well
embrace it	in 21st century

barbarism is the overwhelming condition
 of the present moment & the body
 must adapt to a microwave
 reality there is an energy
 below what you call
 a physical state
 impervious
 let the
 baby
 sun
 ra
 y⁹

⁹ Three mountains arising as digits, settled in the hands. A straight line between nose & mind & a mirage that unsettles reality. Bringing the reality back & forth in & out of focus. When the sun settles upon the Earth as a small shimmer shimmying into a gold that cannot be denied, seeing what is settled upon. calling it this, that & thou. What is known in the light is what we want forever. When the light leaves, it is called a long night & the feeling in the stomach is called longing. When a quark is good enough & there is no goodbye possible, the pollen that smeared your face can heal time backwards & forwards. Rippling the matrix, where light is not a form of matter, love, subatomic touches me in me.

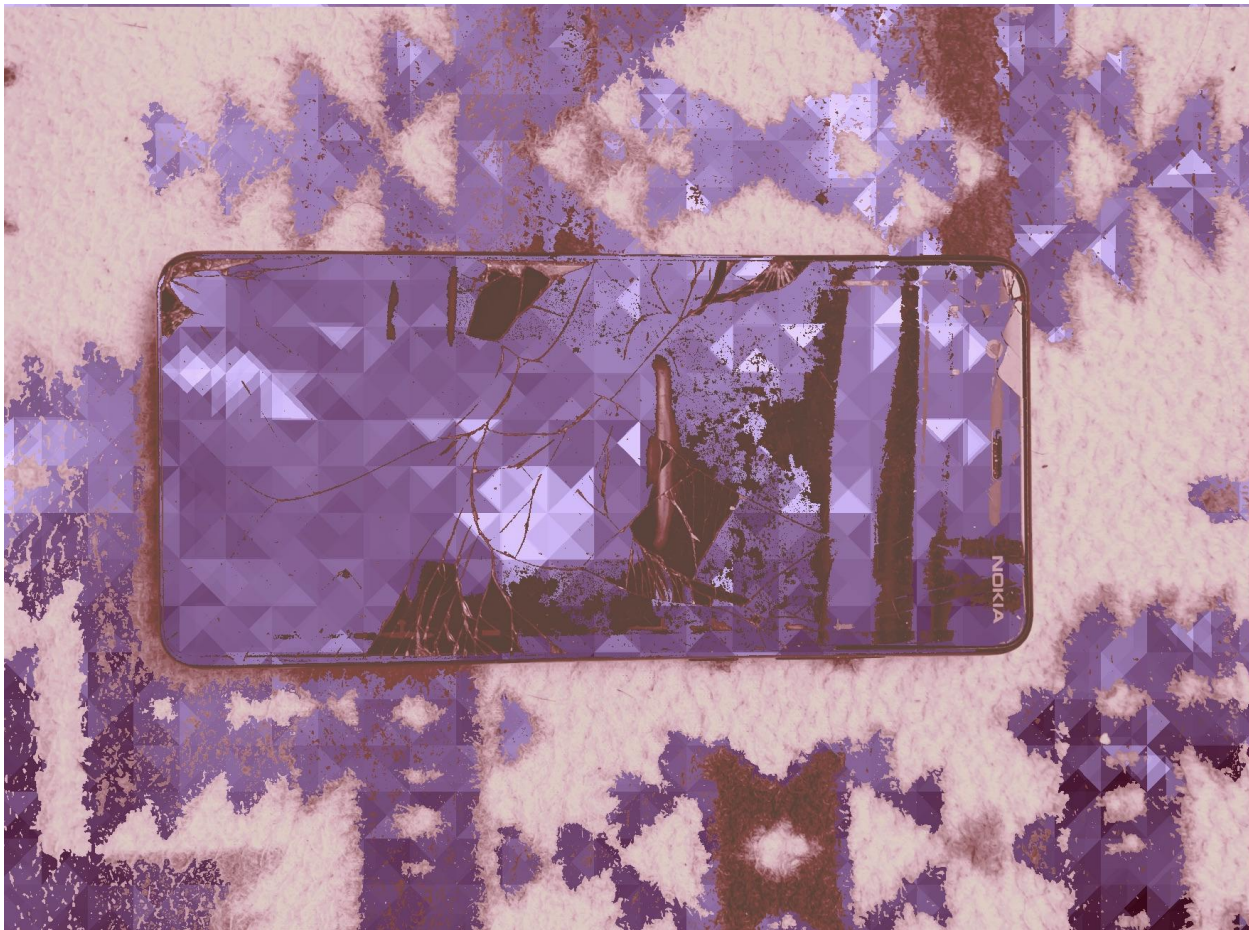




invisible dark matter halos
 a class an intelligence of theories ancient known origin
 ■ modified gravity
 no satisfactory cosmological
 model has been constructed
 from the hypothesis
 moon, month
 frequency w/o imagination
 a moon beams itself
 into consciousness
 not in the human
 sense but in
 human
 senses
 what a system just sit there & let light & block light beam light
 into the noggins now the whole world locked into blue light AI predicting mind
 & the moon primed for colonization ancient ancient light
 ancient ancient subtle light in the night
 little boy
 before birth
 shadow of forever
 'nhibernate'
 this book is for a dreamer

¹⁰ An android captured them sitting near the water. When they were by the water they spoke & their words were a lullaby. She said thank for what she had sang into existence & this was her only expectation. Androids do not say thank you. They capture, make an object. I left an offering with one hand & snapped a photo with another & on the way out captured a selfie. I sent my captured self to a square representation of a real human being. This human being was captured in my mind as an object. I did not care what the person felt like on the inside. I wanted instant gratification. You were not captured in a square. You were free to leave the bed. You came & went. Sometimes sleeping on the mountain. When the spoke to you & you were somewhere out there, I went deeper into my prayer until I could no longer hold you in my energetic sphere. When I spoke. I spoke a lullaby to you. The only one I knew & sing it here to you. A name, translated & made to seep a light that speaks:

you only think that a poem is a bad
diary, your boring laundry list your 'body'
really hangs on the line every time you speak your pain back
& back & back into existence letting it fester a cancer
when you choke the voice that is light you make a vacuum
grasp the universe! you cannot hold me! I eek through your weak hands
stars burst beyond your fearful digits make a mudra it doesn't
matter, witch & shut your mind I am the poem
& you are my liberator I am the amplifier
of all you are your joy your joy
I am the noise of your screaming joy



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¹¹ I am recording the dreams that I had on the week that you manifest as a deer. Before I left the meditation studio someone said something that might have become manifest. When I left, a coyote was heading east. This is proof that it doesn't matter what spiritual practice I choose. The spirits here know me by my fingerprints. The animals have my back. I got distracted by the coyote looking at my compass to make sure what direction she was traveling. I went too far past my intersection & had to back track to the route by one minute. Driving near the exact location where we went to the water; Oak Creek Canyon where these photos were taken. Near where we went to the spring to gather water. A deer jumped out. It jumped out just on the side of my car. Braising itself. Had I not been distracted by the coyote; I would have arrived one minute earlier & you could not have jumped out at me. You could not have given yourself to the prayer which I said for you. In the dream that I had almost a week later, I was riding on a long piece of paper through the sky. I was joined by a dog & a bird. In the sky was a giant bridge being built. I wondered about the scale of industrial might. How might we reconsider the night that will descend upon us when the city has found no end & we have become the machine. When the paper landed, we were at a gas station & the bird wanted to nest. He went into the tree & could not understand why we could not find rest. 'Sleep at the base of the tree' he said. 'We will be arrested' I said. In the dream I thought that I had learned something about how life is for birds. But now, I know that the bird had taught me a lesson

tapping & clicking
a mineral monster
singing whistle
 the spirit that no one wanted
 a civil war
 at the speed of thought
 & you are the captive
 no need to explode
 there was something between us
& it was not merely a device

about how life is for human beings. When you used to sleep on the mountain, I wanted to save you. I wanted to make sure you had a roof over your head. I wanted to make sure that you weren't arrested for sleeping on the mountain. I won't name your people because I know you come from stars. When the android broke a prayer flew away on a page. When the deer hit my car but did not damage it, but did not damage me, but gave her own life, I was free.

there was something between us & it was not merely a device

THE VOICE YOU ARE HEARING

the light was yellow & it was the same

you identified it a certain way in a way that my nervous system

IS IMAGINED TO BE

yellow a stone emits when it is happy letting a tree

was in the process of learning to digest what was between us

EMANATING

breathe was pardon of every moment the walls were made of skin

was something that could be described as a set of frames

FROM A PLACE WHERE IT IS NOT LOCATED

& i mean that quite literally & there was a third between us

interacting coalescing through a lens of which we were only

WE ARE NOT PRIVY TO WHERE

what i could not comprehend completely was who this third love was

vaguely aware a radiation carrying primitive communication

IT ORIGINATED BUT

which one of them were you & i do not remember the crying whimper

& modulating it through the lens of an intelligence that was

WE SUSPEND

soft unbroken until the song changed or rather the resonant vibration

not human that was not a natural wind but a wind that had

DISBELIEF

turned a darker hue there was water maybe an arrow i do not know how it occurred

been made to be a certain way so that our one line descriptions

SUSPEND DISBELIEF & VISUALIZE

but what we had made together & where we were in the process of unfoldment

of very deep emotions could find a place to rest cut each other

YOUR LIFE OUT OF FOCUS

my body now has been filtered through a set of frames
off or spur an epigenetic crisis a momentary disturbance

MEANING YOUR GAZE

It learns to hold everything but it dare not say what your body floating wet a bubble
In a net of entrainments this was not what i wanted

SHIFT IT AWAY

drizzling out of my life which ended though i continued to walk
& i spent many many months trying to interpret

EVER SO SLIGHTLY FROM A HYPNOSIS

though your mother or was it you or was it me i do not know
what exactly i had intercepted there is a wall

THAT YOU ALLOWED BUT DID NOT CONSENT TO

continued to exist with me i do not have the words & i am saying so
that i use to pardon myself from reality black honey a hive of electrons converge

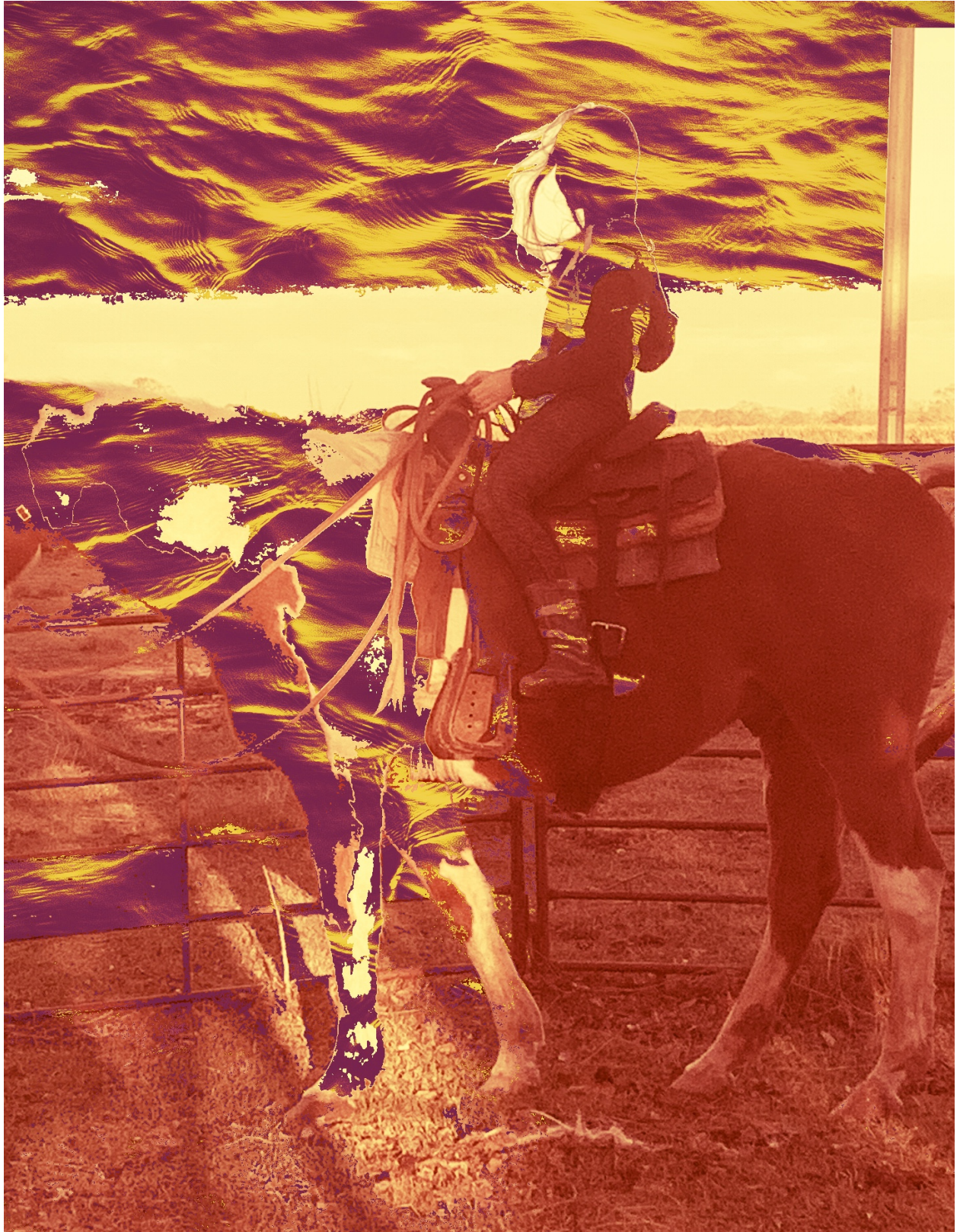
some years ago this essay began as an explanation of tuning or rather an examination
of a desire to change reality the base had been erased this is to say that the
world that I have known is the product of a certain melody of thought in this song the singer
has etched their own heart onto the thoughts of another the person being a composer
you could call this a sort of relationship & this is what I want to discuss at some
length what is the purpose of this exploration I want to locate myself not so
that you might understand me but so that I could come to be with myself it is the
dislocation of sound that I have identified as the source of everything that longs

at the moment I am listening to a sound that was meant to make me feel strong let me
surrender to it it touches me sincerely & towards it I direct my will allow the
sound to interpose itself upon the mechanism of thought stars collapse
birth themselves a sound is allowed to live a free life

Bach is the symbol of codification defined by practice what a harmony would be
understood to be allowed the dissemination of lines to coexist among
themselves in seamless bliss a mental exercise that made sonority less

12

¹² In another dream I was entering a very beautiful & modern house. The lights were blue. I ran into a wilderness, flying across snow. It was a beautiful forest & beyond it was an intelligent presence. When a dream is vivid in a certain hue, I know that it is not my own dream. This is a transmission. In the transmission I entered a darkened school. There was no light in the school. I was entering a darkness when I entered the school. I had a choice whether to enter the darkness. I woke up. I chanted the mantra 111 times. I chanted it mentally. Yesterday I spoke to AR briefly. We were both going to take the teacher training. She reminded me that Bach wrote his name in music. I wrote your name in poetry. She reminded me that after you left our civilization took a left turn. Our civilization decided to enter the darkness. I woke up. Facing the light. I chose to focus on the light, chanting the mantra 111 times, expanding beyond my illusion into the vast starry wilderness. A snow of stars. I flew towards the intelligence.



on the morning you were
 born seeded by something
holy ephemeral electrical
you wanted the cave
 & there only you
 & there only me
we go there
separately
 this is the way
 I had to reread
 'the morning of the poem'
 dangerous
 when people
 become writing prompts
 we sleep fretless
you can't scratch
the bridge like the hum you made
 like the mouth you made it with
 like the tongue singing
 into the mouth a bolt
 of lightning
 to protect
 a bridge
 is a skill
i need
what fear was left in me that burns each one

Ancient
 Root Urethane
 Alkyd Semi-Gloss
 Enamel Interior/Exterior
 Paint

searching for one ancient root I found
 paint there is a poem by schuyler bluets well he wrote
 a lot of poems about flowers but this was one was really for
 joan mitchell someone asked her once what happens when you
 paint & she said I get paint on my hands action stroke

Blavatsky's

~~statements about race and the interrelationship
 between spirituality and root race developmental
 history were often mutually conflicting. The first aim
 of the Theosophical~~ shape is home is "To form a nucleus of the
 Universal Brotherhood my sound & your sound: of Humanity, without distinction

Of race, creed, sex, caste the colour of it way our sounds interact or colour", and her writings include references
 emphasizing the unity of humanity: "all men have spiritually and physically the same origin" and that
 "mankind is essentially of one and the same essence".^[41] She also wrote: "Verily mankind is 'of
 one blood,' but not of the same essence."^[42] are nonlinear and complex. Thus: "Esoteric history
 teaches that idols and their worship died out with the Fourth Race, until the survivors of the hybrid
 races of the latte transform the frequency there is a geometry imposed in the place of power like a heart like a magical heart a broadcast
 station laced in sort of black & bitter poison when you enter the current it will gobble you stomach churcing an empire be a jedi ancient sound evolves
 you the bluet shape of poem today is september 11th in the year 2020 transmission of the power grid emergency now embedded in consciousness
 jump out of the place where trauma occurs this is the portal through which hypnosis begins your hysteria my hysteria geometry moves through open
 hole in your radiant body subtle place where you extend from root

13

¹³ Years ago, this poem began as an essay about tuning, love, Bach & counterpoint. Somehow the Earth got involved. I'll tell you how. In 1722 & 42 Bach published the Well-Tempered Clavier. Preludes & Fugues. In one book, the sound was sucked. The world's original meta & yet so much love & surrender. When the totality goes mental, we are in trouble & the Earth, bearing the consequence delivers. Birthing us always. So many lines singing simultaneously a rigid harmony. Your name. Tribute to an alternate dimension. I wanted to give you the Earth but I myself barely knew her.

around that time the sky became airplane quiet & helicopter heavy

WE MUST DISTINGUISH

this layer typically avoids the ontological

only weeks before there was a growing region between us

BETWEEN THE ORIGIN

but it is necessary for the purposes placing into reference

& what I did not see was the chemistry bonding particles

& THE LOCATION OF THE DEVICE

that these observations were conducted purely with the intention of aiming my satellite dish
& whatever reality does when it is small

THE DEVICE IS USED TO TRANSMIT A POTENTIAL

towards a kind of truth that was difficult to transmit

by chemistry what i mean is a reaction was waiting to happen

BUT THE ORIGIN IS NOT PERCEIVABLE

because of a sort of protestant purity which had emerged in the most delicate part of the
collective wound

elements were responding to a stimulus

FOR THIS WE MUST INVESTIGATE

there are words made only of thought & it is to this formulation now that i am speaking
perhaps the metaphor that i have used is wrong

THERE IS A CALL

you had located yourself in a place with no fixed location & therefore found a ground upon
which to project

a possible explosion

& WE PICK IT UP TOGETHER FOR A MOMENT

& you did not care about the ramifications

i wanted to located it

THE MESSAGE HAS BEEN MADE IN THE STYLE OF A MILITARY OPERATION

your tongue had become an arrow

let me rephrase

the map that I was seeking to explore

THERE WAS A BROADCAST WHICH BEGAN MANY MILES & MOONS AWAY

& i had received into myself the vision of my own wound for the purpose of training me to
repeat it

months later that these cartographies unearthed themselves as a line

I CANNOT ACCURATELY STATE ITS ORIGIN OR DETERMINE

in the hypnosis session i willfully descended

In this

Surmise reality

Century-spanning

True liminality the uneven mind

~~work of U.S. intellectual~~

Claims to know what if truth were a grave

~~history, Colavito describes how~~

As herein described mind summoning itself out of itself

~~a determined few replaced the truth~~

~~redacted~~

~~of who built the ancient earthen mounds~~

Element below an electron when i speak to you & you talk back to me

~~in North America with a long-lasting "monumental~~

How can they name this was a messenger for you & you a messenger to me we

~~deception" backed by many political leaders, including~~

Spoke in ancient tongue we spoke we spoke in a very civilized tone monosyllabic code code

~~several U.S. presidents. The lie has now been exposed, but Colavito~~

A seed born elsewhere mystery is not the dilemma this goes untold & what i will not say to you & what you will not

~~argues that the "constellation of ideas" that supported it persists today.~~

Speak to yourself a sun-baby a baby of the sun the sun touches your cheek pecking like a bird something that i tried to tell

you

i wanted to locate the storms origin is that even possible i was not sure

ITS ABSOLUTE LOCATION

this is why they call it self-hypnosis

what breathe speaks a storm investigated diligently the beginning of forms

CAN ONLY EVALUATE WHERE IT SITS IN ME ELECTRICALLY

& i asked to see where this particular rupture had devoured the line

an entire ideology has studied the thunder painted the clouds in etched breathe

THERE WAS A DISTURBANCE BETWEEN US

hermetic within itself

& i looked there unable to find more than a hurricane of observation

LET US CALL IT THE SOURCE OF HYPNOSIS

I was a man & there was a woman whose face I could not see & who I knew not to be you

electrical disturbances the surface of the brain was the end of its investigation

& IT WAS AN INTENTION WITH DOUBLE BLADED LEGIBILITY

the year was close to 1760 something & the trees lived in a jungle

it had been decided that the previous thousands of years of going beneath a state of observation

WHICH CROUCHED LIKE A LION

I heard my names

were obsolete

DIABOLICAL PENTACLE OF A MANSION

but dare not repeat them it is unspeakable in a western art dialectic

& so to locate

SPREADING FROM THE CENTER OF ITS EYE

you threw a hatchet into the heart of my beloved

what i perceived to be between us

A TYPE OF RADIATION

& i proceeded to end you furiously

which you called entities

SHAPED LIKE A MANE

how had you arrived before I in this form

unable to see beyond the material

& which i chose not to name

OR RATHER THE ARCH OF THE WORLD

this was the beginning of hybridity

but to remain curious about

COLORING GENTLY IN A DISTRACTING RAIN

at the end of my life

you came back to me

"beam of light,"
 ARE PARALLEL UNIVERSES
 ray (of the sun), spoke (of a wheel);
 HAVE NEVER FELT ANY LIKE THE ONE NOW REAL & NOT
 of the sun, usually in reference to heat (*beam* being
 TV AS A PREDICTIVE OBJECT INTERNET AS UNREST LIKE LITERALLY LET ME LET
 preferred for light). (but the Martians had a *heat ray* weapon
 WHAT BREAKS TAKE ITS TOLL UPON SOMETHING EMPTY PURPOSEFULLY CIRCULATED OVAL
 in H.G. Wells' "War of the Worlds," "be radiant, give off rays (of light
 LITTLE BITTY BABIES OF THE SUN LITTLE BITTY BABIES OF THE GIANT SUN IN THE SKY CAN YOU SEE
 or heat)" "to beam, shine, gleam; make beaming," word-forming element
 IT CAN YOU CAN YOU SEE IT RADIANT RADIATE POET AS A RADIO RESONATE RESONATE LIMINAL TRACE
 Meaning spread in all directions from a point "having rays, furnished with rays,
 WHERE DO I HIDE FROM THE DOOM SCROLL IN THE HEART OF A BOOK IN THE SILENT SPACE A TRIANGLE
 shining,"□□□□□shining,"□□□□□shining,"□□□□□shining,"□□□□□shining,"□□□□□
 □

i ventured beneath the brain

LET YOUR MIND OPEN IN THE MIST OF SPRAY

but I could not see you

until one day waking early

SIT ERECT & LET THE BODY PROJECT ITSELF

you were a student probably

i discovered a youtube channel

DO NOT DRINK THE LIQUID

& there was another who stood tall in my intent

*in the wake of my intent which i knew
how to*

& for many months i let my thoughts untangle

THERE IS A NECTAR

use

i want to admit that i pollinated the angels

**THAT IS AVAILABLE TO YOU & BY YOU MEAN HERE FOR SPECIFICITY THE
UNIVERSAL**

*I knew very well how to use my intent & I sent it out to ask that both future & past be reborn
counterclockwise so as to ask that this be undone*

THIS IS A NEW AEON

this is not an elegy

remade in the shape of the sun

UNSHEATHING THEMSELVES SYNCHRONICALLY

I took a dictation i broke a creed

*i asked for it i asked for everything i
received*

name subject of free ray, broken rainbow a roe or female deer.
 "ufo or female entity". couplet moniker a feminine form of Ray.
 name is derived delete the Old
 — summation sun nation ray,
 — star referred to a roe or
 — supernova deer.
 "ewe or female coo".
 It is also a
 feminine
 form of Ray.
rai, technological dimension
radius 'spoke, ray'. literally 'staff, spoke,
 ray'. -raaae
 Doublet of ray

when the poet
was a little boy
there was a bird
who used to speak
to them & I was the
voice through which
the shriek had formed
itself a vibration manifest
transfer of intelligence
I am the supreme mind
What you have likely
Not had an experience
Of is the nullity of this

i only speak what you
reader have not yet
allowed who is
my audience? the radios
of the world caught in a net
caged by thought
oh tiny domesticated song
bird you are the target
of my melody symphony
of my philosophy aggregate
or of social manipulation
of your intelligence hacked
by a mineral mind
I cannot stand
for this
I cannot stand

I am recording the dreams that I had on the week that a deer was convinced to absorb the price of my prayer. Someone said something that might have become manifest. I had said something that had become manifest years before in that very location. When I left the meditation studio a coyote was heading east. This is proof that it doesn't matter what spiritual practice I choose. My animals relatives got my back. The coyote distracted me & looking at my compass I went too far past my intersection, had to back track to the route by one minute.

Driving near the exact location where we went to the water. Oak Creek Canyon where these photos were taken, near where we went to the spring to gather water. A deer jumped out.

It jumped out just on the side of my car. Braising itself.

Had I not been distracted by my friend coyote, I would have arrive one minute earlier & it would not have jumped out at me. It could not have given itself to the prayer which I said for myself.

In the dream that I had almost a week later, I was riding on a long piece of paper through the sky. I was followed by a dog & a bird. In the sky was a giant bridge being built. I wondered about the scale of industrial might.

How might we reconsider the night that will descend upon us when the city has found no end & we have become the machine.

When the paper landed we were at a gas station & the bird wanted to nest. He went into the tree & could not understand why we could not find rest. 'Sleep at the base of the tree' he said. 'We will be arrested' I said.

In the dream I thought that I had learned something about how life is for birds. But now, I know that the bird had taught me a lesson about how life is for human beings.

When you used to sleep on the mountain, I wanted to save you. I wanted to make sure you had a roof over your head. I wanted to make sure that you weren't arrested for sleeping on the mountain. I won't name your people because I know you come from stars.

When the android broke a prayer flew away on a page. When the deer hit my car but did not damage it, but did not damage me, but gave her own life, I was free.

*this layer typically avoids the ontological
but it is necessary for the purpose of placing into reference
these observations were conducted purely
with the intention of aiming
my satellite dish towards a kind of truth
that was difficult to transmit
because of a sort of protestant purity
which had emerged in the most delicate
part of the collective wound
there are words made only of thought
& it is to this formulation now that i am speaking
you had located yourself in a place
with no fixed location
& therefore found a ground upon which to project
& you did not care about the ramifications
your tongue had become an arrow
& i had received into myself
the vision of my own wound
for the purpose of training me to repeat it
in the hypnosis session
i willfully descended
this is why they call it
self-hypnosis
& i asked to see where this particular rupture
had devoured the line
hermetic*

*within itself
I was a man & there was a woman whose face
I could not see & who I knew not to be you
the year was close to 1760 something
& we were in a jungle
I heard my names
but dare not repeat them
it is unspeakable in a western art dialectic
you threw a hatchet into the heart of my beloved
& i proceeded to end your life
how had you arrived before I in this form*

*unable to see beyond the material
this was the beginning of hybridity
at the end of my life
you came back to me
in a different body
I did not know it was so
& there was another who stood tall in my intent
in the wake of my intent which i knew how to
use I knew very well how to use my intent
& I sent it out to ask that both future & past be reborn
this is not an elegy
I took a dictation
i broke a creed
i asked for it
i asked for everything i received*

CODA

This is a poet speaking as honestly as I am capable of speaking. These words like all words may be verified & scrutinized, I allow them to be. It is my responsibility that by attaching a name & title to them that I should bare the weight & pain & also joy of other's eyes. I am giving you my generosity, as much as I have of it.

Reader, I have room to grow. I have taken a human form, but my spirit wishes to express beyond density. my teachers asked me to reveal myself. for months they asked me to. They knew what terror & beauty a poem inspires; they knew that I could no longer be a miser grasping. I had to give of myself to let my lamp glow. This poem needed light.

I am not a perfect poet in the classical sense of the word. my English isn't tidy nor my diction but what I give is honest & direct. What I strive for is not to be perfectas but to hunt the spirit with utter sincerity. Maybe this is a Cajun sensibility. just to be clear, I don't like to punctuation & abhor capitalized letters. proper nouns have a quality that destroys the bridge between language & reality. Yet, I allow for a period here & there. In fact, I see no border between poetry & prose. This prose is my dearest poem. I even bothered to revise. I give this poem & all others a grace that comes from me with all my human qualities. There was a me standing in the background yet emanating from the so-called galactic center all along.

The poem like a dove came to nest,
caressing itself against the inside
of my chest, exploding upward;
ricocheting, rocket-like
into the literal vacuum of space
where my body ceases to mean
a thing but from which it arises.

(Here a body is made to fade into the eternal nature that it inhabits & is distanced from personality or dense identity)

It is true that many of the poems in this collection were taken as dictations. Voices spoke to me & I am telling you this because it is right that I should be forthright about how I called to them. *It is wrong that we should think of a poet as separate from a channeler for it is the mirror that the poet sings to, an echo chamber that allows a poem to come into this reality.* This book was a project of discovery, I had to learn how to summon & that I was summoning. I had to come into relationship with this thing I call a poem & which I swear is both very wise & transparent being & a vibratory relationship between a body & an ineffable intelligence. Sometimes this process was conscious & at other moments *in the early stages*, it was not.

You can see this clearly in the ‘tuning fork’ pieces. These pieces were totally channeled & completely unedited. I captured nearly 600 of them, choosing only the best. I had been reading Spicer. JTB, in all their love sent me his collected works circa 2018. There were terrible pieces about the French that came from the early part of this period. Early examples of me wishing to create a polyphony of word, to make typing into a vibratory act. It wasn’t until I met RS that these came into being, fully formed. Eventually I started describing them also as action strokes, a term I was stealing from Jean Mitchell. I hated the idea that a poet was a radio.

I did not simply want to intercept.

I wanted to tune, to make vibration optical
describes) (as KK

there is a spirit behind every artist. Guru Dev calls them Gandharva & i have spent the last few years searching for their name, for a way to call them. this is to say, I would not let stop dialing AR’s telephone until I had created something worthy of myself. this is not the ‘myself’ or the ‘I’ that you may be accustomed to a 21st century poet referencing.

(I am not identifying a personality or a pity party or me that needs confession. I am identifying an inner eye worthy of totality; of the me in me.

that name,
immense,
expansive,
bandwidth
of infinity.)

This is a dreaded quarantine poem.

A poet is a human being, but what I have learned, is that no human being wishing for expression is alone. No poem, or the spirit behind it can have voice without a poet, without a human form to allow it into being. But a poet has to ask & a poet must suffer.

What I mean is, a poet must hold a posture; must be willing to endure & adapt to the conditions of the spirit which they are dialing into existence. AR said that Aladdin rubbed the Genie out of the bottle.

Guru Dev also says that a Gandharva
makes many people happy through
the suffering of an artist. Only the artist
who themselves obtains a teacher
& a spiritual path can work happily
with the Gandharva.

The opening poem is the obviously channeled poem. I set it in black as a tribute to AR whose book ends this way, with a channeled text set in Black. What is different is that in a Sand Book, the spirit of sun is summoned *to my understanding*, accidentally. When I first read about this section of a Sand Book, years before it was published, on Tumblr, I started writing poems by finding distressed desert plants. I would sit near them & see if I could translate the feeling that I got from them. They always are putting out a sort of negative distress call. Those poems are still in a little booklet somewhere that JTB gave me.

I must take you on a whole history of how this book came to be if you really want to understand what happened on these pages. There is a certain terror that comes with this because, you see, most of the poems here were written in such a way that was meant to hide what the poet *the part of me that took on this responsibility*, was going through.

I am separating the typist here
from the poet because, that part
of me is like a captain or some other
titled official who acts in the name
of an authority to which they bow.

There was a human being there always who was collapsing into stars. There
were moments when the human being in duty to a title had learned
to suffocate, had learned to run into the street alone begging God or
whoever they could think of for a moment of mercy. All because they did not want to be
exposed. They wanted a title, but they did not want to be found out.

It was the spirit of expression
that wanted communion

the humanity of the poet

.

The one who was trying to communicate wanted to make people happy or destroy things *I am not sure* & the one who wanted a title, wanted to be fulfilled. They wanted to know that they could extend out of their body, they wanted the same thing,

a roll that had merit
because they wanted to do something
unusual. They wanted to be useful
& that same person, the one who
is writing but also a version
who exists in a past knows
that they are useful now.
They know who the spirit is
& the opening poem is the literal
Translation

. It is the story of how that spirit worked me over, cracked my mouth open, planted a seed & tore its way out again like a Genie in a lamp.

Do you know what I think of Aladdin? Hmm? Well let me tell you. First, he was another bad idea by a Frenchman. I am part French so, I am criticizing myself. In fact, the whole first series of poems were a way for me to criticize myself. I had to call a Genie out of lamp to find a way to describe how ashamed I was of myself to do the things I had to do to write this book. It's not like I did anything so-called morally wrong, but I had to explore things in what felt like an unnatural way.

The middle sequence for instance. I called it an Adagio, but AR told me that I was full of shit. It was in fact not an adagio.

(As an aside, the opening sequence ended up as the adagio.)

Rather, it, the middle sequence that is, was chaotic allegro, a counterpoint between then & now. *This is what nearly killed me about it.* I had to bounce back from then to now, I had to harvest every memory that I had of this person that I truly loved. AR told me that every poet on Earth had done this but, I knew somewhere in my spiritual nature that this sort of 'mental intrigue' wasn't good for the human being. This is what I am talking about reader. It is what a poet must do in order to let the poem sing that can seem to violate the nature of existence. It is as if to say,

GOD, for me to praise you, I must blaspheme you & I do not believe that you will forgive me for it. But this isn't true. A human being has sovereignty & can explore freely.

They can summon ghosts if they want to write a poem. Even if a ghost is a memory. What this human did was to determine that a book was medicine, that a book could be a really fucking hard posture to hold. The kind of posture that has your arms making a healing sweat. The kind of posture that makes you wish that you didn't have a body or that you had more strength or that you hadn't done all those things that you have done.

But that posture, in all its rawness,
in all its royal beauty makes the naval
scream, makes the navel come into
a kind of focus that makes a scream
into an orange sherbet colored trumpet blast.
that makes the naval say a word that is heard.

I was really in love when this book was seeded into my mouth. RS was beautiful, full of life & also red flags, like a wild horse. He was passionate, smart & ate a lot of meat. I couldn't get enough of him. I thought I could tame him, but I hadn't even tamed myself & who was I to want to tame another. I thought I knew things & could share them, but I barely had introduced myself to myself. *I didn't even know that a poet was a title & a responsibility.* I thought that a poet was me. I thought that me was a name called tanner. I thought that tanner was a personality. I was even hypnotized by the pendulum of a politic laughably based on dense identity. I was fucking nuts, but, *I loved that person* & every morning for over a year I was surprised & empty
when I was alone in my bed.

There's a star
In my yoga pants
Or yoga pants as bed
For roses star bed
Canopy over me

Hyperreal. Corporeal
 a carpet in the bed
 but never corps
in a mental

universe how can anything die

Disco vibrant universe
energy star low
 in it growing
tilted only wilting in the sense that I'm a transformation

& Cannot be said
to have been influenced
by hierarchical Abrahamic
snake feathers swaying in the sun

yoga pants can open sky
I am really melting now

on my leg the rose bed rose colored lips the red

When the quarantine started, RS moved in full time for a while. RG gave me her blessing, my surrogate mother Afterall. RG gave me a lot, sometimes I liked it & sometimes I didn't, but it was always medicine. She told me to love him as he was, but I made a mistake, I thought I could change a river's flow.

Coincidentally, his name
was the same as a prominent
name in Clairvoyant Journal
by Hannah Weiner.

This meant something to me because like Weiner, RS had what modern folks call schizophrenia. I don't have this condition, but I saw his name on everything I looked at. I didn't see words on people's faces like Weiner did, but, I couldn't let go of his memory. His name became a projection on all I saw & all I did.

When he left & I moved to Grad School to study with SB, one early day in September I watched a yoga class called Guru Yoga & I learned the meditations that informed the writing of most of this book. I would wake up at 4 am, do this meditation wherein I visualized either SB or AR & the poem started to be channeled. Immediately, I would rush to the computer, Breakup the phonemes of RS name, look up some cheap Google etymology, make a shape with the text & then insert my channeled text 'between the lines.' I wanted to rewrite this person's name because he always said he didn't like it. I had my beliefs about why that was.

Maybe because he was

raised by white parents
 as an Indigenous person,
 I could relate to this
 maybe because blah blah.
 I realize now that there
 are no words to explain
 what I understand.
 But the spirit behind this book
 had things to say, & this was a good place to say it.

_____Its possible
 To understand ~~Hundreds~~ world as was
 Before arrival of a current ~~of mounds have~~ there was song sun
 Disrupted a dissonance thought form ~~been lost to erosion, develop~~ detached from original sound
 Who would tune an organ ~~ment, and vandalism in the last century,~~ explode a liver whisper
 A piano make a wall ~~I but many hundred remain. Every mound in Arkansas~~ escape from the light
 Escape the light ~~today is an important symbol of Arkansas's Indian history.~~ Escape escape

What do you know about truth when you hear it when it makes your ear
 Bleed when you ears are a pool in the moon
 There might be mirco-organizms
 In clouds of venus
 We told you
 We told
 You

The old people were expansive mind not locked by convention nor tied bound ticking on the wrist the earth was energy this poem has moved
 beyond you do you see the neutron bomb above my head in the old days there were losses but now there is nothing and nobody knows it
 My friend my friend my friend the wind sing for us whisper ever so the master in you
 Cusp ground unmodulate
 The fear that set
 The fear that set

AR said that Dante invented Virgil to explore hell. I invented the idea of a real human being that I genuinely loved & who I was pretty sure I would never see again to experience a kind of hell. I went through every possible story. The middle section of this book is how I looked at a memory. I did past life regressions. Merged timelines, explored avant-garde philosophy, measured them all against memory. KT even had me read Bergson, Matter & Memory. I had no idea what he was really trying to say other than that I wasn't feeling happy.

In the background of all of this, I was a student of GJ. People talk shit but that woman saved my life. If it hadn't been for her teachings & the way she ramped up my Kundalini practice, I wouldn't have made it through the quarantine a whole human being. I took her last two teacher trainings & in the first, she taught a class called 'Mental Intrigues.' Coincidentally, another class was called 'Trancemission.' Anyway, mental intrigues healed me of RS, though I have had my moments of looking backwards since then. I never stared again. I started having an experience of my own nobility.

The book reflected what I was experiencing. I was looking too closely at a memory, but I am not ashamed of this because I am a human being. We do these kinds of things.

I can be Kabir or Aurobindo later on.
This book stares at something
but in that staring a truly loving spirit came into my life.
This spirit loves life & you can find their words
nestled

This spirit wants people to be strong. It's not that they are saying that people are weak, NO, its that they are saying that people have forgotten how strong they really are. I was a didactic person when I channeled some of these poems & that came through. You'll have to forgive me for it because, I just didn't want to edit those parts out. My generosity to you reader is here, where I admit that I was less than noble but also claim my right to have been.

The nobility of a human being is a birthright, but every human needs an initiation. We are moving into a new time. Some people give it convenient names like, a glimmering world or The Age of Aquarius. I don't think we know its name yet.

We have yet to name it,
because its creation is up to each
of us. Do we want the apocalypse?
or do we want a gilded age?
Our species has not
made up its mind.

The spirit behind this book believes that we have a choice to make. We can choose to look at mental intrigues or we can begin to imagine something truly incredible. Throughout the process of writing 'The Poet' I was terrified of being found out because I had not made up my mind. I

have now. I know what age I am moving into. In this age, a sage is a poet & a poet is a human being with a path. I was terrified because I didn't want to admit that I was capable of the sort of love that would drive a human being to abandon love itself to grow. I didn't want to admit that I was afraid of the arrows I might encounter; as a spirit, as a body with identity (queer, indigenous blah blah).

I was afraid because I had decided to forgo to ease of identity politics. Here is the truth; I was afraid because I had identified myself & truth did not match those monikers.

There is a loving spirit inside of me
& it decided to write a book.
I conjured myself & it took on a look
that I could not identify.
Here is my ode to Spicer: My vocabulary will not kill me.

& Here is my ode to anyone who wishes to place this book in relation to the politics of the day: A person can call themselves whatever they want to call themselves. We are sovereign beings. Our sovereignty can be challenged but it cannot be stolen. We are allowed to make mistakes. This is the right of all who exist but it also the responsibility of each to own their actions. I will not name myself for anyone. I will not measure the truth against my name. No name can be given to any human that cannot be taken away.

The truth is a name that we
all share & there is truth
& it is a feeling that we all know;
& in its presence we
(Galactic we)
see ourselves in one another.

There are a million mirrors in 'The Poet' & a human being may peer into each. Each mirror vibrates at the speed of the truth that a human can hold. Each vibration is a posture. Every time we hold onto an idea we are posturing. A posture can strengthen, or it can kill. The only way to die from a posture is collapse. When we collapse, we can start from scratch.

The end game is this:
to love thyself, to see thyself in all,
to be the mirror, to be the one who looks into the mirror.

To know thyself. To love thyself. To be a mirror. To be the one
looking into the mirror. To know no difference. To take a name.
To die. To do it all again. & smile. To smile into infinity.
To have a face etched in destiny. To be a face looking into a mirror
that is looking at it self. To help. To be helped. To have it all.

This is a poem. This is a poet writing a poem. This is a poet who is a poem. This is a human
being, being a poet, being a poem. This is a mirror looking into itself as light. This is a Genie.
This is a lamp. This is an idle boy wishing & longing.

Find me.
Want me.
Love me.