1968

Coitus Poeticus

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Cover Page Footnote
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A poem is abstract biology.

Marriage is a night sacrament
A metaphysics of darkness
A shortcut to truth

COITUS POETICUS

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Bequeathed with child yet chaste.
Chaste in motion timeless
Chaste in perfume formless
Chaste in instant darkness
Chaste in limbo sadness
Chaste in dreaming agnosticism
Chaste in chanting silence
Chaste in frosted presence
Chaste in ardent patience
Silking shivering tenderness
From evening’s paste caress
Carving marble out of stillness
I merge a Parian dress
Melting ancient strangeness:
Words.
Words my chiming harem:
Hot
Train yard rhythm
Quick
Dark heated syllables
My words cascading pinwheels:
Kites in a cosmic funeral
Balloons in a plastic whirlpool.
Images falling down winter’s wound
Music springing up summer’s sound
Welded in my random mind
Enfolded by intensity
In broken alley phantasy
In lifted paper agony.
Rampant in a diamond covet
In rampant canticle of color
A rebel robed in crepe paper
I bow to tool a halo jewel:
To rainbow phantom beauty through
The prism of glassless language
Releasing emblem mystery through
The prison of guardless words.
From anthems of our faded sighs
I chant out God in neon fog
Before His prayer stained altars
From gems of lovers’ jaded eyes
I sapphire stars carved out of chalk
Before my flaring falterers.

My soul is a meadow soul
I wrap my soul in rose leaves
My soul is a patchquilt soul
I wrap it with an opera cape
My pantomime of words hiding
A soul chiseling with sound seeking
Through my crystal ball music
And my telescopic lines
Seeking seeking an alien princess.
An angel cringed with radiance
Fringered with fragile fragrance
Fallen from the flowered branch.
Rubied like a hymn lit moon
A candle tree will be her throne
The chanting tree of ghosted song.
Caromed through my channeled dream
The enyoned leaves will be her song
The glowing bash of green undone.
Flowing toward a flooding dawn
A champagne moon will be her gown
Enmangled with a liquid sun.
Her cheeks in love with peppermint
Her eyes on fire with velvet
Her laughter hallowed in starlight
Her thoughts will burn the dust
Her secrets blossom at nightfall.
My soul’s mirage will burnish within
The gold unbridled intensity in
Her Holy Communion eyes.
Her motion is my search
My search my inspiration
The fugitive poet she will not hurt:
My poem.

Sainted words in litany sleet:
Organ praying whiskey heat:
My crucible heats in lava tide:
Coal breeds the diamond mind:
These sequins in a cemetery:
Their granite glow of eternity:
My life in steeped cadence:
Its metal stiletto radiance:
Jesus drunk on poetry.