

## Doors

### "The New Creatures To Pamela Susan"

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I

Snakeskin jacket  
Indian eyes  
Brilliant hair

He moves in disturbed  
Nile Insect  
Air

II

You parade thru the soft summer  
We watch your eager rifle decay  
Your wilderness  
Your teeming emptiness  
Pale forests on verge of light  
decline.

More of your miracles  
More of your magic arms

III

Bitter grazing in sick pastures  
Animal sadness & the daybed  
Whipping.  
Iron curtains pried open.  
The elaborate sun implies  
dust, knives, voices.

Call out of the Wilderness  
Call out of fever, receiving  
the wet dreams of an Aztec King.

IV

The banks are high & overgrown  
rich w/ warm green danger.  
Unlock the canals.  
Punish our sister's sweet playmate distress.

Do you want us that way w/ the rest?  
o you adore us?  
When you return will you still want to play w/ us?

V

Fall down.  
Strange gods arrive in fast enemy poses.  
Their shirts are soft marrying cloth and hair together.  
All along their arms ornaments conceal veins bluer than  
blood pretending welcome.  
Soft lizard eyes connect.  
Their soft drained insect cries erect new fear, where  
fears reign.  
The rustling of sex against their skin.  
The wind withdraws all sound.  
Stamp your witness on the punished ground.

VI

Wounds, stags, & arrows  
Hooded flashing legs plunge near the tranquil women.  
Startling obedience from the pool people.  
Astonishing caves to plunder.  
Loose, nerveless ballets of looting.  
Boys are running.  
Girls are screaming, falling.  
The air is thick w/ smoke.  
Dead crackling wires dance pools of sea blood.

VII

Lizard woman  
w/ your insect eyes  
w/ your wild surprise.  
Warm daughter of silence.  
Venom.  
Turn your back w/ a slither of moaning wisdom.  
The unblinking blind eyes behind walls new histories  
rise  
and wake growling & whining the weird dawn of  
dreams.  
Dogs lie sleeping.  
The wolf howls.  
A creature lives out the war.  
A forest.  
A rustle of cut words, choking  
river.

VIII

The snake, the lizard, the insect eye  
the huntsman's green obedience.  
Quick, in raw time, serving stealth & slumber,  
grinding warm forests into restless lumber.  
Now for the valley.  
Now for the syrup hair.  
Stabbing the eyes, widening skies  
behind the skull bone.  
Swift end of hunting.  
Hug round the swollen torn breast & red-stained throat.  
The hounds gloat.  
Take her home.  
Carry our sister's body, back  
to the boat.

A pair of Wings  
Crash  
High winds of Karma

Sirens  
Laughter & young voices  
in the mts.

Saints  
the Negro, Africa  
Tattoo  
eyes like time

Build temporary habitations, games  
& chambers, play there, hide.

First man stood, shifting stance  
while germs of sight  
unfurl'd Flags in his skull

and quickening, hair, nails, skin  
turned slowly, whirl'd, in  
the warm aquarium, warm  
wheel turning.

Cave fish, eels, & gray salamanders  
turn in their night career of sleep.

The idea of vision escapes  
the animal worm whose earth  
is an ocean, whose eyes is its body.

The theory is that birth is prompted  
by the child's desire to leave the womb.  
But in the photograph an unborn horse's  
neck strains inward w/ legs scooped out.

From this everything follows:

Swallow milk at the breast  
until there's no milk.

Squeeze wealth at the rim  
until tile pools claim it.

He swallows seed, his pride  
until w/ pale mouth legs

she sucks the root, dreading  
world to devour child.

Doesn't the ground swallow me  
when I die, or the sea  
if I die at sea?

The City. Hive, Web, or severed  
insect mound. All citizens heirs  
of the same royal parent.

The caged beast, the holy center,  
a garden in the midst of the city.

"See Naples & die."  
Jump ship. Rats, sailors  
& death.

So many wild pigeons.  
Animals ripe w/ new diseases.  
"There is only one disease  
and I am its catalyst,"  
cried doomed pride of the carrier.

Fighting, dancing, gambling,  
bars, cinemas thrive  
in the avid summer.

Savage destiny

Naked girl, seen from behind,  
on a natural road

Friends  
explore the labyrinth

- Movie  
young woman left on the desert

A city gone mad w/ fever

Sister of the unicorn, dance  
Sisters & brothers of Pyramid  
Dance

Mangled hands  
Tales of the Old Days

Discovery of the Sacred Pool  
changes  
Mute-handed stillness baby cry

The wild dog  
The sacred beast

Find her!

He goes to see the girl  
of the ghetto  
Dark savage streets.  
A hut, lighted by candle.  
She is magician  
Female prophet  
Sorceress  
Dressed in the past  
All arrayed.

The stars  
The moon  
She reads the future  
in your hand.

The walls are garish red  
The stairs  
High discordant screaming  
She has the tokens.  
"You too"  
"Don't go"  
He flees.  
Music renews.

The mating-pit.  
"Salvation"  
Tempted to leap in circle.

Negroes riot.

Fear the Lords who are secret among us.  
The Lords are w/ in us.  
Born of sloth & cowardice.

He spoke to me. He frightened  
me w/ laughter. He took  
my hand, & led me past  
silence into cool whispered  
Bells.

A file of young people  
going thru a small woods

They are filming something  
in the street, in front of  
our house.

Walking to the riot  
Spreads to the houses  
the lawns

suddenly alive now  
w/ people  
running

I don't dig what they did  
to that girl  
Mercy pack  
Wild song they sing  
As they chop her hands  
Nailed to a ghost  
Tree

I saw a lynching  
Met the strange men of the souther swamp  
Cypress was their talk  
Fish-call & bird-song  
Roots & signs out of all knowing  
They chanced to be there  
Guides, to the white  
gods.

An armed camp.  
Army army  
burning itself in  
feasts.

Jackal, we sniff after the survivors of caravans.  
We reap bloody crops on war fields.  
No meat of any corpse deprives our lean bellies.  
Hunger drives us on scented winds.  
Stranger, traveler,  
peer into our eyes & translate  
the horrible barking of ancient dogs.

Camel caravans bear  
witness guns to Caesar.  
Hordes crawl & seep inside  
the walls. The streets  
flow stone. Life goes  
on absorbing war. Violence  
kills the temple of no sex.

Terrible shouts start  
the journey  
- If they had migrated sooner

- a high wailing keening  
piercing animal lament  
from a woman  
high atop a Mt. tower

- Thin wire fence  
in the mind  
dividing the heart

Surreptitiously  
They smile  
Inviting - Smiling

Choktai  
leave!  
evil  
leave!  
No come here  
Leave her!

A creature is nursing  
its child

soft arms around  
the head & the neck  
a mouth to connect  
leave this child alone  
This one is mine  
I'm taking her home  
Back to the rain

The assassin's bullet  
Marries the King  
Dissembling miles of air  
To kiss the crown.  
The Prince rambles in blood.  
Ode to the neck  
That was groomed

For rape's gown.

Cancer city  
Urban fall  
Summer sadness  
The highways of the old town  
Ghosts in cars  
Electric shadows

Ensenada  
the dead seal  
the dog crucifixghosts of the dead car sun.  
Stop the car.  
Rain. Night.  
Feel.

Sea-bird sea-moan  
Earthquake murmuring  
Fast-burning incense  
Clamoring surging  
Serpentine road  
To the Chinese caves  
Home of the winds  
The gods of mourning

The city sleeps  
& the unhappy children  
roam w/ animal gangs.  
They seem to speak  
to their friends  
the dogs  
who teach them trails.  
Who can catch them?  
Who can make them come  
inside?

The tent girl  
at midnight  
stole to the well  
& met her lover there  
They talked a while  
& laughed  
& then he left  
She put an orange pillow  
on her breast

In the morning  
Chief w/drew his troops  
& planned a map  
The horsemen rose on up  
the women fixed the ropes



on tight  
The tents are folded now  
We march toward the sea

Catalog of Horrors  
Descriptions of Natural disaster  
Lists of miracles in the divine corridor  
Catalog of fish in the divine canal  
Catalog of objects in the room  
List of things in the sacred river

I

The soft parade has now begun  
on Sunset.  
Cars come thundering down  
the canyon.  
Now is the time & the place.  
The cars come rumbling.  
"You got a cool machine."  
These engine beasts  
muttering their soft  
talk. A delight  
at night  
to hear their quiet voices  
again  
after 2 years.

Now the soft parade  
has soon begun.  
Cool pools  
from a tired land  
sink now  
in the peace of evening.  
Clouds weaken  
& die.  
The sun, an orange skull,  
whispers quietly, becomes an  
island, & is gone.

There they are  
watching  
us everything  
will be dark.  
The light changed.  
We were aware  
knee-deep in the fluttering air  
as the ships move on  
trains in their wake.  
Trench mouth

again in the camps.  
Gonorrhea  
Tell the girl to go home  
We need a witness  
to the killing.

II

The artists of Hell  
set up easels in parks  
the terrible landscape,  
where citizens find anxious pleasure  
preyed upon by savage bands of youths

I can't believe this is happening  
I can't believe all these people  
are sniffing each other  
& backing away  
teeth grinning  
hair raised, growling, here in  
the slaughtered wind

I am ghost killer.  
witnessing to all  
my blessed sanction  
This is it  
no more fun  
the death of all joy  
has come.

Do you dare  
deny my  
potency  
my kindness  
or forgiveness?  
Just try  
you will fry  
like the rest  
in holiness

And not for a  
penny  
will I spare  
any time  
for you  
Ghost children  
down there  
in the frightening world

You are alone  
& have no need of other

you & the child mother  
who bore you  
who weaned you  
who made you man

III

Photo-booth killer  
fragile bandit  
straight from ambush

Kill me!  
Kill the child who made  
Thee.  
Kill the thought-provoking  
senator of lust

who brought you to this state.

Kill hate  
disease  
warfare  
sadness

Kill badness  
Kill madness  
Kill photo mother murder tree  
Kill me.  
Kill yourself  
Kill the little blind elf.

The beautiful monster  
vomits a stream of watches  
clocks jewels knives silver  
coins & copper blood

The well of time & trouble  
whiskey bottles perfume  
razor blades beads  
liquid insects hammers  
& thin nails the feet of  
birds eagle feathers & claws  
machine parts chrome  
teeth hair shards of  
pottery & skulls the ruins  
of our time the debris by  
a lake the gleaming  
beer cans & rust & sable  
menstrual fur

Dance naked on broken

bones feet bleed & stain  
glass cuts cover your mind  
& the dry end of vacuum  
boat white the people  
drop lines in still pools  
& pull ancient trout  
from the deep home. Scales  
crusted & gleaming green  
A knife was stolen. A  
valuable hunting knife  
By some strange boys  
from the other camp across  
the Lake

I

Are these our friends  
racing & shuddering  
thru the calm vales of parliament

My son will not die in the war  
He will return  
numbed peasant voice of Orient  
fisherman

Last time you said  
this was the only way  
voice of tender young girl

Running & speaking  
infected green  
jungles

consult the oracle  
bitter creek  
crawl  
they exist on rainwater

monkey-love  
mantra mate  
maker of brandy

The poison isles  
The poison

Take this thin granule  
of evil snakeroot  
from the southern  
shore

way out miracle

will find thee

The chopper blazed over  
inward click & sure  
blasted matter, made  
the time bombs free  
of leprous lands  
spotted w/ hunger  
& clinging to law

Please  
show us your ragged head  
& silted smiling eyes  
calm in fire  
a silky flowered shirt  
edging the eyes, alive  
spidery, distant  
dial lies

come, calm one  
into the life-try

already wifelike  
latent, leathery, loose  
lawless, large & languid  
She was a kingdom-cry  
legion of lewd marching  
mind-men

Where are your manners  
out there on the sunlit  
desert  
boundless galaxies of dust  
cactus spines, beads  
bleach stones, bottles  
& rust cars, stored for shaping  
The new man, time-soldier  
picked his way narrowly  
thru the crowded ruins  
of once grave city, gone  
comic now w/ rats  
& the insects of refuge

He lives in cars  
goes fruitless thru  
the frozen schools  
& finds no space  
in shades of obedience

the monitors are silenced  
the great graveled guard-towers

sicken on the westward beach  
so tired of watching

if only on horse were left  
to ride thru the waste  
a dog at his side  
to sniff meat-maids  
chained on the public poles

there is no more argument  
in beds, at night  
blackness is burned  
Stare into the parlors of town  
where a woman dances  
in her European gown  
to the great waltzes  
this could be fun  
to rule a wasteland

II

Cherry palms  
Terrible shores  
& more  
& many more

This we know  
that all are free  
in the school-made  
text of the unforgiven

deceit smiles  
incredible hardships are suffered

by those barely able  
to endure

but all will pass  
lie down in green grass  
& smile, & muse, & gaze  
upon her smooth  
resemblance  
to the mating-Queen  
who it seems  
is in love  
w/ the horseman

now, isn't that fragrant  
Sir, isn't that knowing  
w/ a wayward careless  
backward glance

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