

Clearing

She wears black for weeding—to keep her red clothes clean?—fitting as a form of armor. The garden is a circle burned into the woods, brown of sand, black of cinder, porous. The woods of what is opened are green, thick, seen by the women in the clearing, dizzy in the heat of work, as green vapor, vertical sea whose leaves foam into the sky, green multiple waves in which small and colorful birds occur as flames.

Of the newcomer's sunstroke it is said "she blacked out," or the greenness condensed in her head to the fever that swells, *senamo*, so close to green, *shenamo*. Wandering out of the dark house down to the blue river, it made things shiny and deep, soap and bucket intimate, as if discovered underwater. Now her skin was hotter than the air, and she washed it with cool water.

Broad, shallow, Katerina's machete slices the roots of the grass, ridding the yuca of it. Then her powerful hands pick out these weeds, gathering many into the palm with the motion of one defeathering. Her daughters work around her in the maze of fallen trunks, filling their carrying baskets with ferns, a weed purple, succulent, one that resembles what is known in northern houses as nerve or prayer plant, another a form of dandylicon.

The one from far away thought it looked infinite; all of the brown grains of earth, live with ants, would have to pass through the woman's hands which would have to remove every green thing there. Then the yuca could keep growing, and they could come back to dig up the roots, hack and clean them, carry the weight of them, grate them, drain them of poison, make cassave of them. The cassave is a circle, this one is white, the women's fingers took out of the flour any dark impurities, they threw the pancakes up on the roofs.

In my country they say the sun is yellow but here it's white as cassave and can't be divided from the sky awash with it, blue with that color we call baby, powder, eggshell blue, new things, but here, where Sonia points at the paper and asks me what these words are, I call it white, metal, it can bleach stormclouds, is breastmilk, the white and silver skin of *aymada*, the big fish pulled out of the water, stunned, the blank, cleared thing.

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Will Alexander

Letter Of Warning

Written for my magical friend Sulubika who
lives in a zone of cosmic green moon bark

They'll even try to fight you with their dreams, they'll stick drainage pins in your psyche and by so doing try sucking out the heavenly ethers, they'll sow ominous blisters of doubt in your brain, they'll try to dry up the avalanche carnage of the empyrean's revolt, they'll try to dismember the fire factor, they'll want to destroy the alligator clusters of heat tugging at their midriff blindness, they'll demand you psychically be injected with demonic Lemurian testicles clogging your utterance of being so that your instrument becomes inert, they'll feel safe that you won't attack, that your thought will shut up and cancel its osmotic blood drift, those crimson clouds of hypnotic intangibles, ghosts flaring from the core of your face as you greet them, knowing full well that Mr. or Mrs. Something or Other is mesmerized by the materialist collective, that his or her name is Deinonychus*, Mr. and Mrs. Grounded Bird Philosophers of Matter, who are out to thwart you and convince you of the sufficiency of the present world order, this power that you possess once you have vertically punctured the empyrean with lightning bolt flowers, understand, that your vertical momentum will be unquenchable and infinite, your body begins to stretch down the lightning shaft of eternity and touch the earth as a participating body, a locked body hypnotically parallel with concrete, you're looked at as meat conquered by the swirling mud

of death, as a being who has no use for luminous ascension, but ascension, like neutral Martian ether in your skull takes you in and out of their presence without them knowing of your departures and returns, which can be multiple over the space of an instant, you are proof of the living ghost floating in and out of their vascular choroid coats, they notice a touch of crystallography in your grimace but move on as though nothing had happened, just as they look and never intrinsically notice that the sun is burning, they, '3rd person plural pronoun in the nominative' are maggots, living larvae with phlegm in the veins and the muscles, a region of being Artaud so accurately wounded, the region encrusted by fish scale bars of conformity and complicity with the covering culture, whose central knot is its injurious, deranged assumptions as it acts to dismantle the primordial, how to kill off this weed? how to help it murder itself?, it has a general population whose mind is made from slop and guts, from the science lab to the scabrous cholesterol of the popular entertainer, we find that when ascension is invoked they die, height kills, the ground hog urinates blood from its eyesockets, they tumble over and flop like fish on scalding summer cement squares, these beings are what we'll call the stunted negatives since the sterile invocation of Greek biology and sciences, historical negatives which have so coiled and eroded the psychic and physical environment that the time of the explosive factor has been reached wherein the vertical can no longer be denied, where the lightning coloured fluid pulses from body to void, from body to body, our principle transmission will be the incandescence of sharks' bites alive with golden hieroglyphics of the heavens, biting lightless wagon wheel neurosis with Edenic dental butter, the bites concerned with the mystery of the galaxies, with the origin of the spark of life as it merges into the powder of time, the cuneiform pulsations of time become a triplicate cosmic mirror reflecting itself to extinction, then life begins wandering into inner tunnels of light which appear and disappear, it becomes a cord of flame stretching tongues of lavender into transparent dragonfly tundra, alchemists' liver, canonball sensoriums breaking into the ground of flowing lightning waters, what is called for are heroic butterfly spindles to twist turquoise treachery cycles into permanent non-existence, which means the artist mines the fractures of this creative compost instantaneously, or with the protracted laborious flux of a slow motion hurricane, I'm thinking of those two unmistakable distinctions, Andre Breton, Bram Van Velde*, and I mean outside

society, outside of its heaving novae of conformist wolves, the creative truth, the trigger of fire punctures the unclean canopy of dollars, into the pure, into the unbounded, poetic bullets in the name of the grand amalgam of justice, too much blood under the bridge, in over 3,000 years of rational skull-capped western biology there's been a litany of internal revelation, forays into those flaming utopias where the sun spreads magnetically into the perpetual succession of eternity, life, continuous explosion, it is the piranha that sucks on the core of the innards and calls the pain the psychic offspring of internal number, it is the poetic spur, it is dynamo concoction, down with the bland goblets of sobriety that they tell us we should be grateful to live with, down with rhodopsin sockets of deception and blindness, again the call is for enigmatic hell fire to sweep away this mess, for a confused polyphony of fire flowing in all directions, a scaly claw pops up from oblivion sparsely covered by a stunted crop of ochre feathers, and I think of Putman on Van Velde, "Doubt, ambiguity, contradiction are the only proofs of authenticity," if I say typhoid candles, if I say flightless coal of fissioning leopards, I may as well tell the conformists that I'm worshipping at a temple of moon grease, of necessity, life must speak as a wound bursting like a tourniquet of roses, an overflow of energy creating itself as a core of unravelling electron footage, or, as a human geology of imperceptible millimeter motion, I'm speaking here of the most raving, feral kind of combat, warriors from the realm of upper luminosity injecting cosmic sputum into the odyssey of life on this physical plane, this cultural conspiracy against revelatory patterns and internal signs is what I would call photon lockage, a block in the vision, mundane phantasmagoria, sticky corrupted patina reality, irrelevant questions of how should I step? how much pressure should I apply?, but the poetic search is for deep disrupted laser beam ore somehow freed of all poltergeist activity swirling in the wires of the skin, the poetic thesis: assault on high geometry clouds dressed up in deception magically exploded and recollected non-corporally vertically rising above a sun of plural negatives, the 20th century artistic hegira, one giant hallucinated triple push of the soul, the mind, the body, looking for immortal experiences outside the habits of man as we know him, even when we are told by the reputable revolutionaries that there is nothing but the body, nothing but the ceilings and walls around the body, that the empyrean can't be touched, at this point in history a declaration has been made by the golden blade of the poetic angle,

and the words begin to "flash" with a blinding light of transmundane origin, a torch of magic wands in the eyes, and everywhere that you touch, you look, you write, a basic change takes place, a light breaks forth from people and things despite a natural hesitation, a bridge of glimmers emerging from a series of suns exploding in a metaphysical core which is unnameable, infinite, which can only be gathered in the experience of itself, one can call it as Coomaraswamy* does the "angel of all angels," the magical result of the "angel of all angels" is a sun springing from a body, a utopian reality engendered by the touch of magic flashing light in the being of the planetary angel/poet, a force imperceptible at first, then a flash of magical arachnids leaping out from the "angel of all angels" by way of a series of messenger angels put into practice by the above mentioned angel/poet who lives by way of psychic dislocations and flashes which he (or she) concretizes by distilling the power of the overwhelming, shooting beams of light into specific areas of conquest by means of guerilla subjectivity, the poet/angel can enter a palace of hound dogs and cause internal changes in its momentum, and all of a sudden the hound dog palace is not the hound dog palace and is disrupted by a fluidity which causes change and becomes pungent when not suspected to be such, and the psychological is directed to the vertical, to the celestial without a trace of the decadent vacuums of Christian or Mohammedan religiosity, daily finite cholesterol maggot mentalities crossed over by a vertical row boat of light, and an image instinctively appears of purple oarsmen in a boat of blazing moonbark going upward instead of across in cosmic contradiction at work, where the walls and ceilings mentioned earlier vanish, and the definition of fluidic transparencies become less prolific because "the angels have fewer ideas, and use less means than men," which means the perceptible and the imperceptible merge in direct flowing continuum, the blocks between the physical and the metaphysical become obsolete, not disregarded but transformed into a river of beatific lightning sparks, God and his gods become the pure stuff of the primordial, as though the world woke to see twin blue suns inexhaustibly swirling around each other in a perpetual red-orange sky in constant waking being

The Western World: An Axis of Cataracts

A civilization that chooses to close
its eyes to its most crucial problems
is a stricken civilization

— Aimé Césaire

Just below the daily mental surface there's this general horror, this ambiance of dragon fangs brewing going straight for the throat of the public, and they acutely sense the apocalyptic shortness of their time, not in those illumined prophetic nerve juice shakings, but in a dark obscured global belching dilemma, the roads to the future seem like the intestinal corridors of phantoms, a crazed condition of neurotic fissioning giving off purplish flame, heinous psychological infections which they recognize in each others' faces, a sickly cooked blemish of disaster leaking from their eyes like spotted matchstick drippings splotching the skin with secular hurricane worries, they search for contradictory slimy bench splinter numbers without the intuitive aid of the micro-constellations of sun birds, they search for a crude physical protrait of welts without the flames of miraculous Phoenix ashes, they eschew the transformative as a hellish misnomer foisted on them by the hypnotic inscrutable thumbscrews of the poetic, they say the pure space of thought is the fantasy of the ancients, that the practical is of the most spartan importance, that we all live according to the most utilitarian dictates of logic, these voicings are well known and have overwhelmingly functioned since the brutal invasion of industrialist miasma; what makes this problem so repetitiously acute is that the material spirit has grown cancerously voluminous since the William Blake warnings and has become today a disease so spread that poets and artists at crucial moments of collapse wittingly or unwittingly take up the cause of this ragged blunted eyed beast called materia, (this pharyngeal carcass of the most wretched plutonium baggage), trying from the angle of the most popular concerns to convince us of the need to continue as we are under a blotted sun of pouring gangrene magots, the egalitarian concerns of the day are like voraciously powered quicksand suckings dressed up in the form of artistic ratings which muzzle the primordial spontaneous igneous ejections which quickly define and shut up the artist, I mean that artist exclusively enamored with communing with the public, a show boat dummy hung from chiseled skeleton wires; for instance, we have the poet concerned

with the number of audience involved in his or her most recent public exposure, or the number of miraculous praises (both public and private) he or she has received for letting the majority in on the secrets of the poetic conquest, what we have here is a missing poetic sperm count, a lack of the secretive virility of poison, a lack of the ability to leap up and strike dead the pedestrian grip on things, a lack of the ability to simply hate, to turn down and disappoint, to not put one's best foot forward, to aggravate, to pit the popularizers against the mob so that they mutually exclude one another, right now, we know the masses are like a corraled bunch of pigs headed to the slaughter, they have a habit of bowing to the complete conformity of existing parameters, I'm speaking here of the pragmatic junk heap, the calling is for flashing star gazer liquids volcanically firing prophetic neutrinos, for persons with blind ghost insight who float with the dead, for conjurers of metaphysical hypnotics, for those who have crossed over and come back loaded with celestial flowings from the lake of non-being, a broken philosophical stellar polemic put out in code, like a paragraph of dogs stunted with blinded ice age phonemes, like a boat of post-historical grasshopper plumage plunging into the pelican foam of blazing book-end powder, a tuxedo of flame, threaded grizzly bear stances, sudden shifts of emaciated helium protrusions, and then you have this blank space, this onslaught of caves, this noble incandescence of different hydrogen frustrations suddenly blooming into one living verdurous infinity where the ladder of the sun floats backward and forward like a perpetual non-human flash breaking through the ethers and the secrets of the galaxies, our primary planetary concern is not for social smallness and rationally ensconded tediums of harmonic amenities, those faulty material utopias hung like crystal coloured emperor moths before the eyes, but for those beings who truly see the rapidly approaching defeat for this global machinery which feasts on metaphysical impalement, the profane pronouncements of the Imperial powers will result in profound psychological Tsunamis of fire which will eat these powers like irregular star fish habits voraciously puddled within a wicked cloud of gluttonously rising ash coloured sulphurs, the head will collapse from fire and the petty day to day infringements of each upon each will be completely blown beyond the ozone layer, this savage fist of radical moon blows will reap volcanic blood, this is the beginning of the end of this shaky pinball stockade we call society, these communist Bulgarian bigots, these salivating lemmings trapped in the webs of Warsaw and London,

these steel throated dogs growling in the Kremlin, these lepers of the most crimson financial diseases polluting the world by way of the Potomac, these regimes, all deadly nerve gas traumas are less and less stealthily buried beneath a map of human debris, and for now, neurasthenic horror becomes the normal currency under which human exchange is conducted, under these conditions the streamlined Hippopotami of history comes as an arrowhead of flaming monsoon waters cutting down like a plague the three thousand years of its previous construction, and there is nothing left to lean on, history evaporates beyond the clinical fumes of nocturnal radiator orbits, and the confused suck on dried up opuntia cacti, no longer any falsely constructed vertical towels made from satanic moon juice to illuminate the surfaces of things, and the individual without the principle of sun in his mind, without the golden pedigree of the ripened trances of Macedonian barracuda, will see nothing but the violent ashes of pedestrian newspaper detours, and feel a perpetual red shift away from the rotating cores of ancient Egyptian elixirs, away from the flame of utopian steepness, and feel fearful and arctic on the inside, because the universe blends with its own deathless immutable understanding and shines with the light of allegorical pimentos, a bleeding searchlight treatise raining down on the soul where all the opiate proclivities of the mind take over in this dark rag bone greeting zone of death, but all these downfall institutions, church, school, marriage, fame, x us from birth into eternal physicality by means of maumish bourgeois convenience, they tell us the greatest number is the greatest good with blanched toneless autopsy speeches, these negators of pure starlight hide behind the global rush of busy activity, behind the democracy of corpses, behind mathematical phenomena which jams on its theorems like a mechanical ghost locked in dusty solar rigidities, and they call on a manna which horrifically translates to clothes pin profits, on the most provincial monetary projections which derive their stage coach trajectories from an inhuman gluttony of dead men's eyes, because they can't stand to hear the truth about their continued rape of the darker racial extractions, they don't want to hear these racial jack hammer specifics flying boomerang style in their faces, and what naturally follows is that you're accused of making your point too strongly, so here, the point has been reached where the objective flame of lighted bloody Condor matches ascends as a vertical comet of stars with a tom-tom aura of broken lizards' breathing signaling lions leaping in and out of its exothermic

combination, and we arrive at the looping virile magma of the void, at that split second timelessness of the libidinous practicality of chemicals, before the dialectical echos of circles and lines, I say this because the slab between the upper and lower worlds has never existed, and is a man-made phenomenon soldered in place by iron age mentality, roofs, limits, conservative oligarchies which jam up the feces, this meanly distorted cleanliness, this self righteous ugliness, etches the bones with holocaust cuttings, is now and forever a useless legacy of apocalyptic meanderings which waste by darkened acts empowered by irrelevant obfuscation, I speak for bringing forth a scarlet sun shining in the open sky of metaphoric bellies, I speak for attacking the material boundaries with verbal turpentine scaldings, I mean loaded words which transform by destruction, we are living as Guenon so aptly put in, under 'the law of matter and brute force', which the poet must magically eviscerate with an overwhelming nova of irrational Venusian wind demons brimming altitudes of Dionysian intuitions and silence, those beautiful baboon victories glowing in other-wordly helium waves with the fabulous consistency of golden limestone ashes, when one has reached these psychological vicinities the map one follows flows with Elysian coloured liquids coursing around in the skull, the mind is lifted to slippery repetitious irrationals, and you walk around speaking about how much blood moves across the face of a star, which you repeat and repeat because it fills you up with a fundamental seeing, which penetrates perversities plastered with the latest code of soft drink relationships, practical reality in essence is a gutless moon retreat served like a fish on a tray of spiders, the creative being in this cultural inconsequence must have the unwavering resolve which literally erects worlds, which has nothing to do with an apologetic taste for moderate costume changes, with these blasphemous modifications of life where the dead become revived within oscilloscope boundaries, classic 20th century smokescreen decay, the machine is not the answer, not the quantum leap from the ash of the senses, no matter whether the planet be described as swirling monsoon ochre with a population of gargantuan intelligent spotted winged flying fish tigers leaping from the waters gelatinous and smouldering, their bodies fused with the inscrutable combination of mercury and sulphur, who've invented a cure for death by way of a needle cloned from a secret molten vein of loosely congealed uranium gases, the implication of such a scenario in the modern popular mental saga would give the needle more credence than the intuitive lightning conjunction between the tigers' minds and the uranium gases from which the

immortal needle leaps, that space of magic internal subscription firmly outside the effable, beyond the smoky moral rubble buzzing with regrets, a sun purely green begins rising in the mind, a sun which blooms in the bottoms of the being, a light which eradicates by its very nature the tentative overcast forebodings inherent in the psychology of eternal eclipse, which exists in the mass mind, its cortex shaped by spurting dragon juices drowning its infinity in a various number of hells, which simply amounts to sensuous forays into those primitive canals of eroded salamander apples cloaking inside their seeds salacious hyena soliloquies, foul smelling olive tree lepers gasping for heaven while nailed to a cloud of floated sepia wanderings, the common Christian calls for a pseudo Boschian domain of Mohawk angels belching a flight of flaming damnation pronouncements, letters, practically neon, hysterical, parodying arms, legs, skulls, which turn quickly into rusted broaches drawing blood from the gut of a being part porpoise and crow lusting with its beak after a diamond coloured armpit filled with steaming mackerals, the sky around this being a brutish rat skinned grey, and peering over this minimal maleficence appears a Judeo-Christian European, his face full of strawberry blotches, being pulled through the expanse by bloated catfish remnants bleeding grenadine blood from the pores of his rotting lamb skin caftan, this Christ is shouting with the thirsty voice of the devil concerning his resurrected alliance with the Gadera swine, and here we see the Christian after world intrinsically confused and distorted by the illusory dregs of physical realia, and down on the ground people receive a life of polluted polar scraps smeared across their daily mental screens by pocket knife priests, by Protestant trinket vendors further pushing this world into imminent nightmare tornados, this shopkeeper world sucking profane fluids from the crooked spine of 'common sense' is feeling its statistics collapse, we hear the caged howlings of patch work beasts patching up the superstructure crackings, howling with more and more calls for doomsday schedules, for protective death devices, all this to keep those bilious subterranean demons in check, those deep subverted narcoleptic contusions rooted in the weakness below the skin, those thwarted sexual nematodes gone haywire causing an unprecedented pressure on the planet tilted on its axis of cataracts, basically blinded, floating around an imperturbable sun spilling a warped dialectical blood from its factories, the continents now ruled by a dynasty of torturers' eyes, wearing abstracted souls and separated bodies, those emerald virilites of the heights and the depths presently subjected to the closed up world of the deluded

and the damned, perpetually sweating beneath thatched bourgeois patio seclusion harriedly chewing on oil soaked repasts of oblivious salmagundis

Notes

Deinonychus- small vicious dinosaur of a hundred million years ago
Bram Van Velde- modern Dutch painter concerned with the slow motion burnings of the soul
Ananda K. Coomaraswamy- Indian... 'art historian, philosopher orientalist, linguist'

Pierre Joris

A Retelling of The Story of Renart & The She Wolf

that day Renart was cruising the forest as usual
he'd been at it for awhile when he found
a thick bush with a cave beneath
might be good place to lay up he thought
better be on your toes though you never know
the ramp was slippery and sliding down it he bumped into a
door

too late he realized he'd landed straight in Ysengrin's lair
behind the door four wolf pups were raising a ruckus
hanging on to their mother's tits
Hersant the mother noticed a sudden ray of light
she got up on all fours when she caught a flash of red fur
and laughing she yelled

"Renart what are you fooling around out there for?"
the fox was making himself small cowering beside the sill
"I guess people are right to call you a rascal
you never do the right thing
you call me family but you never visit"

Renart was shaking with fear but his mind was racing
"Well cousin

may lightning strike me dead if it's any of my fault
you see there's a problem he's called Ysengrin
if I didn't visit on your churching it's because
that husband of yours and his cronies are scouring the forest