

Triton to Prompt
and ten years Journey and Warring
in the UNconscious

... and Triton made us
Power & strength without the
thousand woes of change,
and we went there because we
had nowhere else to go.

STRANGE MOONS AND PORTABLE MOONS

The CENTRAL MOON IN THIS PRISON MADE OF MOONS
IS OF COURSE A MOON MADE OF DOGS IN THIS \triangle
THAT IS WE ARE NOW CONSIDERING: ANIMALISM IS
EVOLVED FROM THE DEVICE, THE MECHANISM, THE
MACHINE, THE CONTRAPTION, THE MACHINATION
FOR HOW ELSE IS THE HOWLING OF ENSLAVEMENT
TO BE KEPT IN ORBIT. THIS ORBIT, MY ORBIT,
THIS HOWLING FOR THE PROPOSED STRUCTURE OF THE
 \square IS THAT IT IS TO BE PERFORATED WITH
LACUNAE SO THAT THESE DOGS MAY BREATHE...

SOME CO-ORDINATE (IF WITH LACONISM, A WORD INDICATIVE OF
THEM WITH \triangle)
THERE IS THE INCINERATION OF 'STRUCTURE'...
'CLASSIFICATION'; 'COMPARE'; AND 'CONTRAST'; 'DEFINE';
'ESTIMATE'; ETC, ETC, ETC, SO THAT IT IS
POSSIBLE TO EXIST 'WITHIN' THIS 'REALM'
(AT LEAST LONGER)... BUT WITH EACH DESTRUCTION
WITH EACH FALLING CORINTHIAN PILLAR SO
THERE IS MORE SPACE FOR SUCH DEVICE, SUCH
MECHANISM, SUCH MACHINE, SUCH CONTRAP-
TION, SUCH MACHINATION... AND TO SEE...
... AND MORE HOWLING.

AND all of these STRANGE MOONS, SO
EAGERLY GRASPED, SO MUCH SO, WITHOUT
CHANGE, CIRCLES AND SPHERES ON THE ONE
MOON AS CRATERS...

WITH THIS ILLUSION FRESH I LOOKED INTO THE
MIRROR.

The ORchid she ate from
the SILENCE in MY heart.

(i) The first thing I came to on MY JOURNEY WAS a vacant field. IN the centre WAS an angel with large mauve coloured orchids as wings. It WAS lying on its back with its throat slit and the clothing missing from the lower part of its torso. It WAS then that I opened MY eyes and felt I would have to embark on a JOURNEY. The JOURNEY came about and UNUSUALLY so the weather also changed. The STORM began. Electricity from lightning struck the vault. The nights seemed endless. After some time I tired of travel and returned home. When I did so I came to the same sight that I had when I had left excepting it WAS much MULTIPLIED. I wondered why these fine stone statues proliferated in this land and why they thought of the MOON.

(ii) The first thing I came to on MY JOURNEY WAS a vacant field. IN the centre WAS an angel with large mauve coloured orchids

its wings. It WAS lying on its back with its throat slit and the clothing MISSING MISSING FROM the lower part of its torso. It WAS then that I opened my eyes and felt I would have to embark on a journey. I gathered my companions. Firstly there WAS Rosey Spite, Next, the shadow, in addition, one of the eternal suicides who had been a PREVIOUS lover; also a passable ghost, a spectre, a dwarf called Benjamin; a madman who said his name WAS Osmosis, a mass-murderer named Butch, a retarded personage named Douglas dressed in Medieval ARMOUR, a historian who kept nervously fingering a small Red assed chimpanzee, an amputee who couldn't talk, whom we had to carry, a shyster from the local pool room named Raimo who was to be our guide, a young princess that had been disinherited, a epileptic and SMALL-time hood named Raymond who bragged that he had once met William S. Burroughs, Garfield, an imaginary mystic, a wrathful tantric deity called Tentacle, the Walking Black Illusion, OSU, the spirit that walks like a man, the Shadow, an alcoholic rummy that talked his way into the expedition at the last minute.

a young virgin (whom we thought would
make a good companion for Butch, and
keep her occupied and out of our hair,
and of course, the remains of the angel.

The Nights of the Living Beast
and the Dead that know No Name

This creature on wheels floating upwards
its belly slit open white and glorious
like a fish falling upwards, falling
sideways in the doorway in the shadow
is my face ~~grin~~ ~~or~~ grinning upwards
grinning sideways, lava flows of fire
inwards, lava flows of ice outward into a
place where no fire no light no heat: the eye
of the Beast this moon to call it thus how
is it that such a word can be used for
such a thing: one moon the same or many
moons passing, it seems this, these moons
are inhabited inwards by frozen animals.

In this realm one thing is not another, neither
are things different things are not interchangeable
and yet there the colour paradoxically is
created by this triad of colour this Δ of
negatives the cracking rigidity is only another
face of the tempestuous fire in this way is
division ultimate and consistent... Lava's or
moments... both are inhabited by luminous
beings.

In this realm as if by magic the natural becomes

more Natural and the UNNatural becomes more
UNNATURAL but this Realm itself is the vulcanISM
that springs, emits, issues forth from and
occupies therein betwixt these...

... as if by \odot one sees in this Realm magick,
Rigidity, particle, being, Sediment, lava, one's
OWN Reflection walks like an amniotic beast
through lava, Sediment, being, particle,
Rigidity, magick.

The Venus Box

The Venus Box

... one-eyed blossoms spread thru. Syntax
like lighted lives and their residue affixed,
affixed to the Venus Box like honey. A moist
blossom in June is as rare as a moist
blossom in June. Which year is which? What
time is time? ... in this year, in this box,
times ring as large bronze bells echoing the
vacant fields of spaces that to define is
simply one word struck from another ... seen
from another side ... ENSLAVEMENT. Which
enslavement? What enslavement? ... and the
enslaved ... to what? ... at times it seems this
box is very illusion, at others, possessed of
the manifest weight and gravity of the very
UNIVERSE ...

... yet as i eat this box, eat of this box the
thunder echoes thru. my bones.

The Venus Box AND the Love Bug

... as with this rapine of words comes the
afternoon moon, and insects: all the manifest
things of blood ... if i were one i would wish
to be two: if i were two i would wish to be
one; where is the ending? where is the
beginning? It seems that time drips slowly
through this box and that Venus itself must

Remain hidden. Where is the one? Where is
the two? Why MUST Duality wear Duplicity's
MASK? The questions come through this box
like a fountain like a spring like a gorged river
and my own MASK becomes thinner and thinner,
one day it will be like the paintings on the walls
of an ETRUSCAN temple.