

opening the painted door
opening the painted gate of the hingeless gateway
i walk out

celestial animal
skull slapping against memory
shouting
and shouting...

well

here i am

i am here

the walking monkey down from the tree.

the walking monkey down from the tree.

into the cradles of agitated witches.

into unanchored existence.

with dream tellers in the second sight madhouses.

with dream tellers and dream injuries.

with dream tellers and the deeply sacred bowls of transmigration.

with dream tellers and the veins that go straight through the heart.

the gift giving of massless emotions

and the hereafter visions

and the hereafter voices

with directions

in geometric forms and petroglyphic maps.

gatherers

gathering in the communication regions of death singers

ritualizing the unknowable.

the psyche

guarded by earthbound landform outpost border guards

guarding against the unsure

and wandering edges and depths of the uncaused

with its approved beliefs and legal codes

speaking the organized authority language

of

spiritual badlands.

bone worshipers notching sentimental kills
in the ancient lights that are still lingering in symbolic premeditation.
overdosing dancers wearing bull hides in transgressive nightmares.
the rules of pretending not to look at anyone else
in the assembly halls of original appetites.
the miracles in excited rituals working at the breeding farm.
the wilderness of careless associations
visualizing certitudes in the living quarters
of scarecrow priests and scrawny augury birds.
the universe of improper sleeping arrangements.
worshippers still persecuting each other in the layers of sediment.

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whose problem is it now...

it is going to be that kind of day.
wf.h.
2022