Do not speak of comfort when the species isn’t there,
a flash at best, a paramnesia that we cling to
so to certify that we exist, a mirrored room
we build around ourselves without a door.
O we, oh my, the eye that seeks to see itself
blasts instead, blasts tendrils, tendons, lacewings,
the accidents of life it cannot bear to be.
O I, o violent child, fling yourself to earth,
pathetic ego thee, eat loam for all you know,
enveloped once in sea, now maimed by mind, disordered,
renzied in a box of our design.
It’s oft been said a monster’s mixed of man and beast,
made frightening as we gaze the animal inside;
but that’s been said by man, most haughty ape,
and who’s to say it’s not the human side that breeds all dread?
Oh wax, o bee, forgive us if you can
the frank diffusion of our anima as we define and conquer
our selves in the very act of forcing them to be,
in the process ravaging all that we objectify
in the sacred name of humanism and thereupon determine
not to be our soul. Self-bewildered we digest without nurture,
build without base these hierarchic towers of our
hallowed wholes,
manufacture tribes to fill our feckless hollows
with fantastic powers over those over there.
Mortified at life we scramble to invent a body
in our own image, invincible and faultless,
propped by some pompous pope in a gilded sconce
wreaking rank upon this flesh we pitifully renounce.
Hirsutely we repel the human centipede we are,
all maw, all tube, all lube, oh my.
O we, how runny like an egg we slide
all the while chiding the shell for letting go.
We are too liquid to begin to know.
Don't speak of respite when the species isn’t there.
We’ve always eaten our neighbors,  
cradled in civilization with a bunting bow atop;  
so sing we of our unity, rave we of our staves  
when just as quick our hapless barrel’s stove by the song itself.  
Locked in a galleon of striving and strife,  
we cannot simply sip the hour to its due  
without a bang-built bull ripping the cabin through.  
What monsters! What moo! And all the while,  
beholden to species yet shackled to the tide,  
we cannot seem to let the matter ride.  
Come call and coo: release yourself and catalyze the goo.
You know,
there's only so much
a man can take
before things gotta change.
Things.
Man.
You.
It.
The id of it all,
inchoate it, germinal,
radiant, whence came
and how came it to be
caged
in this flesh- puddle
of a notion, this
conceit.
Don't gimme
none a that
hogwash,
I
got things to do.
Things.
I.
Me.
Caged.
There's no place like
the sty of an eye
like happenstance and
the hunt.
If yer looking
fer rhythm
you better look
hungry.
No.
You.
Like.
Look.
Like it or not
I will always evade
you, easy
as sky.
The wherewithal to continue
is troubled by
this seeming lack
of coiteration.
I.
You.
Will.
Seem.
Whoever took
the initial name
was forsaken,
doomed to braid
a horse
out of logs.
What fog we are
will be
tumbling ever
from the sea.