

Stars masking the reeds  
In the middle of Aleph  
As a coiled comet, the meteor  
Murderer  
My head was red as moons  
Bubbling with threats  
Doubled like the Trinity I shed  
Under the river with the dog and the child  
I speak speech and build the Wall again  
And close off the storehouse  
I dreamt nail veils on the Ka'aba  
Dragging the Khabs  
Build towers of voices screaming  
Astaroth dreamed vials of sap  
I had one gold volume and whispered  
"Can I go back to your Satanic fl at?"  
Killed spiders cold and ford black becks  
Cheeks as red as pomegranates  
Astaroth blushing curtseying  
Smiling "Kiss the bride"  
Or "Time is the Crime"  
Or "I am true to you as the bluebirdbloodface  
Full of grace and lice and moss and confusion"  
Tiny voices like thumbs  
Arise from Aleph as I was/am/shall be  
On the Hallucinatory Mountain  
Full of troubles and colours  
And the sound of the sand  
The perpetual Virgin of Evidence  
Sly ghosts hover like gold  
And pricks hunger for cats imagined  
Burning as sadly as the sun  
So where do I start unreal?  
I was stripped by time  
Part of time  
In its fl ow, its fi elds  
Its mirrors, masks  
Strut around me  
But bending me too  
Did it take me with it?  
Was I fl oating above it?  
Through it?  
I was an oracle for nothing at all  
Not even the birds breaking faces to my past  
Back in the form of the Mountain  
I envisaged the women  
Open to me as 93 Thelemic 93 fl owers  
The folds splay crazily and shining  
Their fast unfurling sunbeams  
Forcing bright smudges in my past  
But in my mind July or gorgon  
The fl owers shut  
Spring snap sharp and lock  
The door and gate and vial and fountain  
The fi elds of rape were barley or wheat  
Barely beds for the Killer waiting  
Giddy with spores

I planted my past  
In all who approached  
And prayed for Babron  
Lined phrases/boxes  
Hymned the breeze