

On Docetic Mountain

Current 93

Adam eats and digs and Eve craves more truth
Snakes and graves and serpent and monuments
Of leaves and garden refuse
Spilling out like tigers at
Any chance of cloudburst
Aleph throttled the New Age
And the ponies and unicorns fell
And the crystals and Celestine skullfall
And the Bug Rides fell
And Easy Prophet sells tales
Of astral friendships in soaps and satans
But Aleph is Adam
Aleph and Adam stand on the Docetic
Mountain
And the women's faces are full of stars and
mischief
Into the words of the book
And the lips of the cup
And the trumpet and seals
And the candlesticks lighting
The Murderers to bed
And your bed with seas and flowers
And the nylon lion on your rug
Roaring like a supermarket
On the rack on its back
I call the martyrs as witness
by David Tibet
To this pisspoor mess
And the belief falling flylike
From the Mountains
In curtains of eyes
Sniffing like foxes at count
Singing humming
"Oh microwave oh Galaxy kill"
They have misled themselves
Caesaring Christ
And no back and no face
Covered in useless snow
Praise
For Paise and Thekla
Under low volcanoes
Smothered by wheels
Drowning in silica
Your beheaded heads quoting Simeon or Jonah
And the stars rain down sparkling cold and
bloody
I remember you and pray for you
All of you who were/are/shall be
Murdered by Caesars
As the nations gather and fade in
The Poor House ate great dead Hound
The centre: chisel of the Beast
Guests at their own farewell feast
Ashai came to me in a dream
And in the real swirl
The Scarlet Girl
Delivers pornography by the Queen

Onto my chest
I said "I am Aleph I am Adam
I am under attack since 8"
I saw the bells and the jars
And the pale drains
Empty wine
Useless in the Heathen Eden
How great was the jungle
Dogs clutch heads
Catch and call far bulls
Chattering like streams
Whilst the stopwatch shuts
And the moon hot-trot fox-trot the fade
Trapping fogs for dreams
Samaritan says: "Just One Word"
Aleph says:
"This is the bikini blast; the Easter Rabbit
The all conquers in the smallest paper
I saw the Ghost Train
Fake orgasms for the cliffs
Beached children from the so much
So much I wanted you near the cats"
The scrambled dust jitterbugs
Taking stock of its life