

LOVE IS A GRAVE



Ken Stange

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- "Maternity-Paternity"
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- "Mathematics of Paranoia"

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- "Necessary but Not Sufficient"
- "Purification"
- "Hedonic Calculus"
- "Natural Law"

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- "Epistemological Object"
- "Determinism"

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- "Purification"
- "Occam's Razor"
- "Natural Law"
- "Association by Contrast"

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For Ursula

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“The Chinese poet recommends himself as a friend, the Western poet as a lover.”

—Arthur Waley

“Love is a grave mental disease...”

—Plato

“All are lunatics, but he who can analyze his delusion is called a philosopher.”

—Ambrose Bierce

“A philosopher differs from a poet only in that he gets his erections over ideas rather than images.”

—Hippokrites

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INTRODUCTION

This collection of poems allegedly written by different philosophers supposedly deals with different philosophical questions and viewpoints as they relate to love and/or lust. What do you think? It wasn't easy to gather all these lovers/philosophers together and make them write these poems, but the libido has its ways.

It is hoped that these poems thus represent a fair cross-section of opinion on the problem (if one chooses to see it as a problem) of carnal epistemology. These men-they were all males had vastly differing degrees of insight and often wildly conflicting viewpoints. In fact, only their being male and their concern with philosophy binds them together.

It is believed that the variety of form and viewpoint in this collection of poems is a good thing. However, the reader will no doubt find some of the statements/poems crude or vulgar, others bitter, others offensively sentimental, other incomprehensible. (In other words there should be something to offend everybody.) Be that as it may, it is hoped and believed that from these outrageous extremes, from these great excesses, a balanced and catholic perspective can be derived.

The reader should be aware that a deliberate attempt has been made to sequence these poems so that bitter follows sweet, cynical follows sentimental, nasty follows nice, etc. A counterpointing of perspectives is intended. And so it is recommended that the reading of the book follows the convention of beginning at the beginning and going to the end, as with a novel.

Despite the varying sensibilities of these philosophers, it is felt that they all represent more or less valid positions (no vulgar pun intended) that end in illuminating the crucial questions of carnal epistemology, at least from the male standpoint. However, even for those that do not appreciate philosophy, even for those that consider it a great fraud, there is still a value in this collection. For the careful reader of this sort, it shows that philosophy isn't alone.

Realism

O Love I love
When your thighs you
Open to me
And moisten love
With physical
Reality.

Metaphysical Masturbation

I'm reading you philosophy
while you lie abed.

“All orthogonal interstices are tangled into matrices!”

Your breast,
your breast
ignores the convoluted implications
simply heaves
heaves with breath.

"Descartes knotted math to being, nothingness and us!"

Your fingers,
your fingers
absently stroke your thighs;
dull pleasure
begins to flood your eyes.

I turn the page and wade right in
reading faster (like your breathing)
then exclaim with loud surprise—

"The man was mad, quite mad!"

Your eyes,
your eyes
are closed.

Peripheral Visionary

I walk along the border
of our love
glancing as I try
from nervous side to side
from the narrow edge
of this weary razor
flashes of hard steel
are glistening as I turn
my mind from side to side
trying hard to listen
I spy a graceful movement
that really was a blunder
seen thru the wishful mist
of pained and needing eyes
and then
I hear the water wanting
to regain the shore again
and I hear my own hot body
rushing in itself
as I walk along the border
of our love.

Temporal Regression

Come Katharina come put down your cithara
Your thighs are moist your tempos fast
There is music in your body not in your lyre
Let's love again and make it last
Come Katharina come put down your cithara

.
Come Katharina come sit here on my sofa
Don't worry about melody think of harmony
Come play on me not that damned stringed thing
Let's love and just leave your cithara be
Come Katharina come sit here on my sofa

.
Come Katharina come let us become sublime
Your limbs are slim and you feel the rhythm
Come Katharina come let us keep our own time

Logomachy

Too early to make love.

.
Morning over reheated coffee
And arguments discussing what
We want from each other or
As we said last night—The Other;
We digress at the table stained
With last night's caffeine
Solutions, digress past
Each other and each other's
Digressions—butting cigarettes
In ashtrays with burnt out
Expressions of self crossing
Our weary mourning faces.

.
It being
Too early to make love...
Or too late.

Advent of Cognition

You were an evil woman in my dreams
You were an evil woman
Tormenting me
And I
I was an innocent
With bells on my shoes
Children in my hair
And a smile on my belly
You came you evil woman into my dreams
Knocked me down
Pulled my shoes
My pants
Off
Combed the children from my unruly hair
And put your tongue
Into my smile
You evil, evil woman.
You.

Epiphenomenon

We made love
Under a wet and smiling
Willow
While someone hid
Behind a nearby oak
And killed us
With his eyes
And needs.

Maternity-Paternity

One within the other
Circle within circle
Garden within the wall
House within the garden
She within the house
The garden?

.
She waits with back bent
The curve of her belly
As cruel as the arc of a vulture
Its arched back taut
As his anxious abdomen
Her belly?

.
She walks in the garden
She walks in small tight circles
He waits in the house
As the vulture waits
It is growing growing
A circle?

Perspectivism

Sometimes I think of you . . . as a doll
With cracked glass eyes . . . painted tears
Other times . . . you are a plague
That swells up the lymphs
And kills . . . without pleasure
But most often . . . you are
The past cantatas of Bach
And I . . . a rapt audience

Animal Magnetism

He had a way about him
That any female could sense;
Tho he'd take a girl on a whim
That whim was always intense.

.
All women have longings they hide:
Some simple, some riper and full;
All have some needs unsatisfied
Few of which are really dull.

.
And he had this way about him,
This way of spotting each need,
So even when chances seemed slim
One gesture could plant the seed.

.
He felt there wasn't a woman's flesh,
No matter what she might claim,
That was so ultimately cold and harsh
It couldn't be made quite tame.

.
And thus everywhere that he went
On this way he carried with him,
The wills of ladies he bent—
No matter how priggish or prim.

.
Despite all his taking and going,
Not one really minded at all;
Tho he left right after his sowing,
Not one would've called it a fall.

.
Then as he progressed on away,
On this way within and about him,
It became so much harder to stay
That his lust began to grow dim.

.
Now he has gone so deep within
That he's chosen to sow no more:
He's unthinkingly given up sin
To arrive at his own deepest core.

.
And the women want him no more.

Fallacy of Illicit Importance

Drunk, semen in her hair
laughing naked there
in the front seat of the car

.
is how I remember her.

.
Spitting ashes from my mouth,
motivation spurting out:
I wondered why and never laughed.

.
(At least that's how I remember it.)

.
She gone.
Probably found by now
a better joke
to share

.
her bed.

Praxis

We move
Like driftwood . . . the sky
The oranges in the bowl
Carved in Sweden . . . the lamp table
From China . . . beside your bed
We travel . . . with leisure
Over continents concepts
Thru metaphysic labyrinth passages
Out poetry
The sea and formulations . . . Keats
Pass thru valleys
Over peaks . . . crags
We imbibe pure . . . refined . . . erotica
A Rodin sketch . . . the Firebird Suite
Till the rough hewn at last
Is smoothly polished to gloss
A piece of shining driftwood
Ended down . . . the winding stream
We followed all that night
Till you turned down the volume
Of past beauty
And the light . . . that breaks your window
Sprinkled us with splinters of time past
Then finally . . . we turned to the joy of forgetting
With silence
And our own tight rhythms.

Theological Impotence

T'was the presumption of the woman To claim she was a demon
That upset me
Not

I emphasize this

Not
The way she took her blouse off
A mongrel bitch shaking off rain
Nor
The fact she lifted her skirt like a drunk would his bottle
And it didn't bother me
At all
Her twat smelling musty
No
It was the horns she claimed she had hid in her hair
That disturbed me

My erection intended

As a cross to scare
And damn it I know
She would've screwed like a narc
Taking drugs
I know she would
Had she the energy
After all her declarations of witchery
The sheer evil
Energy to raise
My God
From the dead.

Duality

So
You want to make love to me.
I don't know
There are so many different atmospheres
In which to know
In which to know you...
There is so much to know
But just so much
Acceptable.
Nurse, take my temperature!
I've passed the personality assessment exams;
Take my temperature! It's physiological
I know it!
I can envision myself in bed with you
Guiltily solving your body.
The solution will be painful
And I don't want to hurt anybody.
I've learned that illuminations
Only reveal how dark the world is
And guilt has taught me
What sleep is intended for...
I can envision you turning over
Afterwards and sleeping
And my insomnia replacing my lust...
My mind taking over.
Mystery is hateful,
Knowledge sad.
Nurse, take it again!
I know I must be ill.
What else can this be: making
Lovely smooth and slender thighs
A quest?
Morals are a product of the mind
Confronting the body,
And you are the result of body
Confronting mind...
Mind?
So you want to make love to me?
Mind?
No, I do not mind.

Cosmology

Whole worlds wait for you
To die
For the sound
Of your breathing
Keeps me
Awake.

Epistemological Object

The first time, the first time
With the light of eighteen floors
The double-locked and fearful doors
The fire raging in my chest
The need to make it of the best
And other things and woman too
I could not find what I could do
Though I said it was not you
I loved.

The next time, the next time
The light was still that of day
And yet it was a different way
A different place with lighter fear
I took you then but you'd left here
At the moment when I came
Raging thing became quite tame
Though I said you're not the same
I loved.

The third time, the third time
A colour burning in your hair
Love's unjust but lust is fair
We parked the car in the lot
I think I wanted what I got
And other things and woman too
I still found not what I could do
Though you said it wasn't you
I loved.

Historicism and Futurism

The ocean turned in its bed;
Standing near... I heard it.
You heard it too... standing beside me
You heard it.
The stars lit us with points
That stuck, as I unwrapped my past ...before you
And spread the lies
On the rocks;
You watched with your cotton eyes
As I pointed out the best
Of the glittering assortment,
But the wind
Interrupted
And you with your need of water
And to flow, told me:
No more! Please go!
So swiftly I gathered my goods
And flung them
Into the sea, and walked
Out of the wind and salt spray.
While you just stood ... and waited
For the night to go to sleep
So you could slip in
Beside it.

Parallelism

Sex is surely not just a place to visit,
Nor a course in some damn hygienic diet;
It's not the basic Freudian dream,
Nor some dirty Commie scheme;
Sex is but the bodily part
Of an old and spiritual art.

Erotic Dualism

Spreads
you like
butter
on his bread
i feel
his breath
on you
like grease
on wine
but i can't
move nearer
now that
the birds
are dying
i must
wait wait
for his panting
to increase itself
and bloat hideously
until it fills the universe
like an unanswerable question of meaning
and then only then
under cover
of confusion
can i
crawl
up behind
you and him and
place my hands
upon your
lust
and squeeze
the love
right
out
of
it

Misology

Religion or logic won't help a bit
now that these last days have come
with the firebombs, the dreary eyes
the unheavenly flashes in the skies.

Our cottage in the woods
is a military target, for you see
it is lovers they abhor,
ideas really matter not at all.

Meanwhile in the nearby parish hall
Even priests have turned to cursing God,
And the nuns, they touch themselves in fear.

While now, Love, our screendoor's become a seismograph
warning us they near.

I'm afraid it is time to depart
(you too good priest, poet or metaphysician)
for there is no place left for lovers
(of any sort)
when the only logic is one of hate.

The old rules are broken with disdain.
Disdain becomes disgust:
a deep disgust that taints
even lust.

So it must be, Love, that I kiss you
goodbye
one last time
and flee screaming
over the topography
of your body.

Double-Aspect Theory

Any artist knows that lines are not hard-edged in nature
But blur together
Shading in and out of distinction,
Separability.

.
The sharp edge is human contrivance
And suicide by razor most unnatural.

.
A lioness or an asphodel never retreats into itself
Having no border.

.
Damn your mind of distinction
And the curves, slopes of your body.

Consequences of Objectification

At a little after five . . . in the afternoon
I wrote for myself . . . new words for an old tune.

.
You listened to me . . . as I sang for you:
Words dark purple . . . lines light blue.

.
But that evening you said . . . you weren't coming back,
So I lit white candles . . . to push out the black.

.
The matches were struck . . . on the wall of my shell;
We drank then we danced . . . till we tripped and fell.

.
In all this excitement . . . little was mirth,
For after fire there is water . . . after water comes earth.

.
Your thighs and your wishes . . . remained fertile but cool:
The books on my shelves . . . had told lies to this fool.

.
Finally I got your desires . . . off to a very slow start;
I tried to make a move . . . but stumbled on my heart.

.
I sang my song again . . . but I began too soon,
And now it was old . . . old words to a new tune.

.
There was no place to turn . . . so I lit up my eyes
And with them tried . . . to burn down the calcium lies.

.
You stared at me as if to say . . . "This will never do!"
Then you took out a book . . . thumbing it said: "*This is you.*"

.
Then you put me right back . . . on the shelf near the floor,
Having filed me away . . . you walked out the door.

.
The candles burnt out . . . in swept the night;
I took a blank book . . . I began to write.

.
Filled it with chips . . . a few drops of blood;
Heated and mixed . . . water and earth equal mud.

.
I shaped it and molded . . . till it looked like a heart,
But going to shelve it . . . it shattered apart.

,

So I picked up the binding,
Carried it out,
Sold it,
To you.

Purification

Clean like a new sharpened blade
She slit my dreams wide open
Exposed the trash beneath
Her touch was sterile as fire
And her needs as pure as hunger
Fertile as garbage I suffered
At her edge.

Humanitarianism

She was the lover of a friend of mine
That surely wheezed as he came

.
Thin, pale as a Victorian lady
Sure to bruise quite easy
Her body curved
Like a movement from Arp

.
Drunk in a pub
My shoe kicked off
Foot high upon her thigh
Under the dirty table
Wiggling my toes
Stop that! she whispered
While her thigh
Clutched for more

.
She probably had few orgasms in her life
And hated herself in the morning

.
I know I did
For going home nobly
Alone.

Perfectionism

Wanton breach of fortress and promise:
I will not touch your ocean nor kiss
Your land and mountains, for to forgive
Is lethal and I choose instead to live.

.
I will remain on guard . . . guarding the key
The key and lock . . . locked room
In our sandcastle symbol.

.
You insist the sand is crooked;
The feel of it in fingers—sharp and inverted.
Well, know the glass will round
If time and water willing
And know I won't forgive you
Nor ever come to love you
Since you desire only
Dusk.

.
Still I can't resist you
Anymore than water can the shore.

.
O the Night is perfect.
It lies like ice upon me,
And cools the day away,
Rescues me from dusk.

.
You say: Good enough
I say: Go take my body it is
Not perfect and it is not
Clean and it cares not why
You say: Good enough.

.
But still
I will not forgive you
And I will not respond.

.
They'll find my body on a beach at dawn.

Negation of Essential Coordination

after much loving she moans
she comes
and I rush to meet her
only to miss her in a sudden silence
the last moans gone
she has disappeared with her lust
like the deer you glance away from
for just
one instant

Refraction

Your cheek. You're asleep. The moon
through the blinds,
the high cheek bones,
the muscle tone of your exposed calf:
late at night, any time
of day, today late
at night.

The disrupted sheets:
a poem
if your genuine beauty did not make it
superfluous and if
the absurdity of the VACANCY sign outside
did not mock it.

As I slip out the door, past your Porsche,
and walk to the bus station,
I admit to feeling
less guilt than a serious philosopher
and more sorrow than a bad poet.

One ticket for New York City please.

Drive Reductionism

On a dark avenue
The tart lifts her skirt
and hunger tumbles out.

Subjective Time

You're no child and I'm no boy
We're not innocent nor clumsy
Toys and breaking hearts be damned
Let's squelch the pain if for a moment
It's with fire's art and loveless loving
That we'll progress to hell's back door.
Whores may struggle and men may cry
We'll just go on screwing softly.

.
Scald with lust to conquer fears
Take an ounce of sperm tho drugs don't help
In you . come . my passing . years.

Catharsis

I take the forest
And its waters
Into my mind.

.
My mind: the sun that shifts from cloud to day—
The spray of light from green to us.

.
Your form: the shadow of the light
Tensely poised
On the cliff
Among the pines
Above the waters.

.
The waters: blue to glass to black.

.
Your natural body:
Dives
Entering the glass
Like a reflection.

.
The ache: of desire
From blue to glass to black.

.
Stillness.

.
The tall phallus: of the pine
Upright as desire for God.

.
And then you erupt the surface—
Spray and wind and lust.

.
My needs sprinkle the rippling water's surface
Like a light spring rain
And dissolve.

Pantheism

I once was an ocean
I once was a sea
I once met a woman
Who meant a lot to me
Who bathed in the ocean
Who swam in the sea
Naked as a wet dream
She came close to me
I kissed this loving lady
And chased her thru the sea
I swam with her in the ocean
I loved with her in the sea
Till soon we learned our bodies
And she became part me
And I became an ocean
And I became a sea.

Hedonic Calculus

To caress
 the thigh of a lovely
Whore
 is preferable
To most art
 and easier
Than either religion
 or love.

Product of Equipollence

An ungentle countenance
the diffidence of indifference cracks
her face like a spell
of bad weather. Her face
is a damaged facade, worn brick
from before the war.
Child of our time
but still born of a woman
who cried out in love's labour.
Sterile child
grown old and sly and no longer
caring for herself
because of selfishness.
Unmarried, unwanted, more important:
unwanting.
A career suckling.
The juices dried up
in her fourth affair, so she writes
letters to an editor, male and bored,
to complain she has breasts
so someone notices.
Her sincerity rings hollow, empty brass womb.
Growing old
growing old like a scar,
healed but marred.
Younger sisters begin to tempt her fantasies
but her dreams have wrinkles.
Her eyes grow heavy:
looking at the future is such fine work.
If man is to blame
continue your blaming—
a shrill voice won't matter much anyway
at your age.

Operative Potency

You, my dearest, are becoming in your sleep;
While I, in tangles, struggle to even move.

Occam's Razor

You began removing the layers
first day we met,
began scraping the surface—
naturally I bled. You weren't
cruel, rather gently firm,
the competent surgeon
but still I bled.
First to go were my appearances: no mask permitted
for an essence. Roles in life followed:
the old uniforms gesticulating, dancing
out the door.
And the blood,
the blood began to really flow.
But when my morals, my delicate superego structure,
(built so lovingly by Mother)
began to topple, then the pain
mysteriously did pass—though the blood still flowed, flowed.
What sense of dignity
I had
was soon washed out
into that crimson pool coagulating on the floor,
and my ego
having little self
to regard,
passed too: homunculus disintegrating.
Thus soon I stood, bare id, energy
without direction or self-consciousness. Then it was
the bleeding stopped,
for what was left to bleed?
Yet still you excised more membranes
from what once
was me,
until i glimmered, wavered, a mere illusion of warm air.
Standing back, at last,
you turned to adjust the light
ever so slightly,
and smiled
as i disappeared.

Achromatic Paradox

Colour I praise you
Each morning as I clean my bed
Of my dirty body.
Colour I praise you
As I stumble through each day
With a black heart.

.
For colour
Colour is a thing of life.

.
So this is why, my Love,
I cannot understand
Quite why it is your milk
White flesh excites me so.

Elegant Proof

I have never laid a hand on her,
And only her exquisite sensitivity
Might ever detect my concealed desire.

.
She is long like a stalk
And flat
But with legs that by themselves give the long upward journey
Worth.

.
Her husband: a fool
(Not that all husbands aren't
Myself included).

.
Still in my fantasies
And surely in reality
He must, must
Be bad in bed.

.
She is too refined, too sharp—
There is no way to approach her
No flirting jokes
No drunken overextensions
To test her.
A pass would be as out of place
As patches on her tailored slacks.

.
Loving her would be languorous,
Deliberate and dignified;
No humping and groaning,
But movements like adagio
In Mozart. The climax
No doubt cheerful
Extended
And neither of us
Would sweat.

.
Trouble is the first movement, not the second.

.
The old problem of how to approach the problem.

Perhaps best would be a moment alone
And one sentence out of context:
"I think we should be lovers."

.
She surely would smile and silently agree
Or simply reply:
"I think not."
Smiling, relaxed
And unoffended.

.
I saw her the other day
Dining with another man;
She looked furtive
And her dress was stained
With perspiration.

Natural Law

On a blue-green lake in the first acute angles of spring,
we set our nets, illegal as incest,
take quite more than our share—
a lesson to others
on evolution.

.
When the summer green acres are ripe, we light our fires
at one-mile intervals across the scorched
dry forests—jack pines
will later germinate
in the ashes.

.
Then in autumn's arrogant display at death we hunt
the deer together, never touching
the lovely corpses—
rotting enriches
the soil.

.
When winter comes we are at rest
And love all night in the white waste of each other.

Principle of Divisibility

You were a colony
When you were born
You were a colony, a congenital defect in self;
I was a colony:
Two colonies . . . at war
And when one individual . . . enters a foreign state
He is slain. You are a mass
With the mind of a mass . . . the emotions of the herd
Rule you. I am a modern democracy: I am
A mass with no energy . . . just pride
At my self-determination
To exterminate . . . you . . . and my own colony.
It is recommended we split
Into single cells
And surrender freedom . . . specialization . . . and slaughter
Even tho colonies . . . live much longer.

Mathematics of Paranoia

Anathema.

I am a vile man, victim of paranoia, visioning
phantoms entering our bedroom,
taking you passionately while I struggle
to wake
from wet dreams.

Anathema.

Fed by my own guilt,

the fires of hell lap
fiercely at my reason
brewing a hot bile
of jealousy, treason.

Anathema.

I am seething with septal rage:
acid spills from my decaying brain,
poisoning my tongue,
rotting my nerves,
searing my heart:

till the valves clatter
like skeletons in some
imagined closet.

Anathema.

My hatred is an equation
equal to my love; my
dreams despoiled by
an equivalent measure
of night terrors.

Anathema.

I must take a gentle revenge:

torture your breasts
with kisses, torment
your thighs with my
forked tongue and then
after much
preparation and reparation
attempt to
slay you with orgasms.

Nihilism

Let me scald my flesh—
I want to touch the acid of your blood.

.
But I get no nearer than your flesh,
Where my disgust and lust co-mingle.

.
You use my life as a farce
To amuse you when you're bored.
You use my semen as a douche
To cleanse you when you've whored.

.
Damn you, your *passé* pretensions, lousy intentions.

.
May you shave your legs too fast
And slash yourself—
Faint in a bath tub of blood.

Mores and Instinct

In a room after love has been made
And the bed is ruffled . . . too warm
A presence remains
Sad ghost of a moment just traveled
A journey away from innocence.

.
Your skirt and blouse on the chair
Your head on the pillow
Your breath and your way
Of turning
Remain
Tho I may try to lead my mind away.

.
I rise and have coffee
Two cigarettes
Slightly more regrets.

.
Looking at you
Thinking of her
Thru the scent of sex on the sheets
On my hands
As you sleep
I attempt to reconsider
And clarify our reasons
Write it down
Avoiding images
Suppress any song and get to the facts.

.
But you turn in your dreams
And I admire your breasts
Their shape and grace leads
My memory to when we met:

You were naked tho clothed
And the song
Then as now
Cuts right thru
All morals and sense
Just as light thru the drapes
While we loved,

For all I might want to purify
Night is never dark enough
And day is never light.

Social Psychology

Ah, they come by the hundreds
And odds are damn good
That most will have limbs
As in youthful wet dreams.
Old men on their benches
With eyes like hot coals
Are burning their hemlines
Inflaming their breasts.
But the women, the girls
With lust in their thighs
Talk of business, of clothes
Tho Never of sex (at five after five)
Before makeup is changed.
Younger men are not sitting
But wandering about
Their eyes on the pleasures
That sway there before them.
Yet all the time, while this dance begins
Then swirls through the streets
A young student beside me
(Reading his Freud)
Never
Never once
Glances up.

Completion

It's alright
Let them burn my mail
I can see you,
 your breasts.
Let the glass crack . . . my eventual suicide
 Unnoticed
 by the papers;
It's alright
I have felt
 your breasts swell
 with your breathing.

Association by Contrast

My lust and I share certain traits:
Death gray passages
thru forbidden fens;
Lack of trust
of each other;
And intensity of whim
not unlike weather
in the North.

.
We also are in complete disagreement and opposite in character
in many other ways.

.
For instance, I am never satisfied.

Hsiao Yao Yu

We lay on the slope of a hill... loving in the lithe grass loving... touching the way it is ...thru the tone of the leaves and the seasons we stayed ... we lay ... with our bodies murmuring slipping phrases ... our tongues wound round each letter ... caressing ... we spelled out emotions for the sensuous flavour alone ... as we loved thru the mist and the rain... thru past and presents ... on the moist hill slope ... where grass at dawn ignores time moving on ... and our desire had as much of ice as of spring ... as much of space as of time ... with colours blending into each other ... and into the leaves coming down we blended ... mingling the embraces of love with those of our body's phrases ... till wind came and the snows ... till the world tilted to a different angle... then we melted the whiteness ... and trees became rock... for love was the dream we dreamt till this day ... in what is now the valley of each other.

Erh

my tongue on your thigh
inside close
up into your cunt
warm juice of your moan
tight twist of delight
desire sucking squeezing
movement of your ass
in the mirror my cock
in your mouth as moment
grows longer your tongue
dances faster over dangers
of might breaking loose
our bodies turning tongues
finding each other
as my cock enters the force
of despite and the writhing
of contact with the other
enter enter
spring weather
sun rising
high pressure
o, lover
an instant
in an instant
over
peace or ashes
its over
.
Justlikethat

Ego-centric Predicament

Apricots and plums,
refrigerator cool,
are her eyes

.
after our argument.

.
Knowing this woman well I suggest we walk in rain
past bookstores and groceries and restaurants
with old men sipping sugary coffee.

.
Two hours later I take her home from this nostalgia;
watch her shake the rain from her hair,
detect the line of her panties
beneath her wet dress.

.
Cold, we drink of bottle of Mateus;
warming we consume fresh fruit, light a fire.

.
And I rediscover my hands fit her breasts
our movements fit each other—
movements so now the measure of one
another.

.
Afterward I kiss her gently; she smiles
toward sleep. She'll spend the night,

.
my t-shirt between her legs to keep
from leaking juices on our marriage
bed of seven years.

Necessary But Not Sufficient

We need love
The dark clean crack
Of steel on bone
Love pounding
Its hot belly taut against cold abdomen
Love
A kick of force in the genitals
Love harsh dread sharp
A blade
Six inches
A raping of the sleeping soul
We need love
As strong as hate
We need love.

Epicurean Recipe

To create the perfect poem,
Take your images from God:
Bhagavad-Gita, Koran,
And the Old Testament,
Plus my lady's dreams.

.
Take your meter from the sun
And rain, seasons shifts, the slow
And sensuous growth of stems,
The wanderings of stars, plus
My lady's nightly whims.

.
Take your themes from old man Kant,
Hegel and the boys, the cave
Of Plato and the higher
Mathematics, but just leave
My lady out of it.

Thresholds of Sensation

Your vision
of love and laws
of hygiene
Like a world
of mirrors
will shatter if you close your eyes.
I could heal
your vision
But for your sight,
which is too clear,
too antiseptic,
like a hospital.
This depression in white
will pass.
Let me bandage your eyes.
It must pass.
All things pass,
Like nurses in the hall.

Determinism

It was perhaps foreordained
(like carbon rings and life)
that you would wear that green
gem dress and entangle me with you.
Purple wouldn't have done the trick
and blue could only cool, but that
gem green did something strange
to my body chemicals and fuel.
I know you like to dance with trees
and spin about the lake; a spider's
dreams must light your nights and
in your web hangs me. Will you come
devour me and keep the ecosystem
sound or will you run away—my big
ungainly hulk too gross to feed
a tender predator like you. This I
do not know for sure, but I suspect
the worse. You'll dangle from your thin
life line and leave me to my fate.
If such is the way this romance ends,
I will learn to hate
that gem green dress, that hour-glass head
and all the ways of Earth.

Esthesis

Perhaps
Too many poems on love and on lust
On waiting on wanting on having
On sleeping and not sleeping
With her or her or her
Too many poems in bed
With too many sighs and thighs
Too much touching and going
Too many lies and replies
Too much on one theme too much
Editing but one dream
Too much planning
Too much scheming
Too many moves and countermoves
Recorded and re-recorded
Too much on this game called love
This intellectual war
Bloody yes below the belt
But still basically too heady a game
Played far too long
And far too often written.

.
Let us get out of this bed
For something purely sensual
May I suggest
A poem on eating instead.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

"I consider all my work tentative, in the same sense that all science is tentative. It is for this reason that I call my major works *hypotheses*. By this term I mean that each is intended to be a unified exploration of one particular theme or perspective. *Love is a Grave* is Hypothesis 1. It was completed July 23, 1973."

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