



Psychic Distress Press

PDP

That is why today I have,
Within one chest,
The heart of man and the tail of a snake.

And of the birds that saved me,
From what they ate of me,
They came to nearly resemble me.

And of the purple winged birds,
They may still be in the garden to which
I have never since returned.

1982 Paris

The Fool and the Fork

But his hunger was not abated,
 No matter how many meals he tried,
 The head of a cow, the tail of a pig, jutting from his side.
No matter how many meals he awaited,
The poor fool's hunger was never abated.

If he threw the fork at his feet,
 That was the meal the fork would find,
 The fork it acted of its own mind.
And of his leg the fool would eat,
If the fork was thrown at his feet.

here once was a hungry fool, who found a fork.
 Only such a fork could have made,
 A meal of beef from a cow resting in the shade,
 Or from a pig, a meal of pork,
Our hungry fool had found his fork.



Now I only had one heart,
But again, I was dying.
And now comes the part of the tail,
Which is hard to describe.
How a snake with healing oil
Coiled up inside,
And the scar healed so fast
That it never escaped -
That part of the serpent
That meant to leave last.

So I took myself far into the desert
Then upon a mountain
To listen to only that which is within me
Strange birds came,
That I hadn't yet named
With hearts I hadn't yet counted
And when they found I could not fly
They tore out half my hearts
Which beat inside.

Then,
By day I counted the animals
By night I counted the stars.
When again I was through I found,
There were two more heart-beats than animals
One more heart-beat than mine.

I arose myself through the whites of their wings
I had no chains
I heard no master
But I immediately set about
Writing down the names of all the animals.

At night I counted the heart-beats
I did this by
Remembering one star for every heart-beat
And when I had placed a star
with every heart I heard
I was done.

And if he threw it further way,
Land it in a tree instead,
The fool would have this jutting from his head.
Inside him, whole, each hunger would stay,
It was impossible to throw this fork away.
So in the ocean, the fork the fool would drown,
And he called the largest animal there could be,
In the deepest, largest expanse of sea.
It was a whale that he had found,
To drag the fork to the ocean's ground.

And this is what the fool said:

"O great whale, heed what I say,
For you will never be hungry from this day.
If you take this fork and drag it down,
Plant it in the deepest ocean's ground.
The ocean will give you all you need,
If what I say, you will heed."

The whale opened his mouth and the fork struck with pain.
Until that day, there never had been seen,
A wave on the ocean, calm and serene.
But now there's this fork in the belly of a whale,
Who would eat himself, and what he ate, he became,
So in this circle rest forever the same.
As fate once found will fate remain.

So a hungry fool sits by the side of the shore,
With his head in his hands hearing the end of the tale,
Of the fork and the fool and the pain stricken whale.
And with a fool's hunger he always wants more,
Of the never ending sound by the side of the shore.

1982 Paris

The Garden of Eden

So somewhere is living these strange three,
The beauty and the pure spirit you never will see.
But perhaps someday you will be robbed by the thief,
Whose treachery and ugliness
Are far beyond belief.

1982 Paris

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was dying when they found the missing piece in
Two birds of four purple wings carried the piece in
their beaks
I saw only for a moment the part as it fell to me
The moment created by the white underwings that
terminated
The view of the part that was to enter.

The Beauty and the Thief

Her beauty grew with her age,
Now she is so beautiful that any who falls in love with her,
would die.

Now there's a man with a list just as bizarre,
Of things he has sacrificed to call loves from afar.
A cane so fine of wood and bone,
It would lead the bearer to his home.
A box in metal, miraculously cast,
It could speak the man's mind
When the wind would blow past.

Spun glass whose sting would linger,
And one by one he had sacrificed every finger.
It's clear that for this most beautiful wife
He was to sacrifice his life.

As for their child there really isn't too much to say,
It was ugly and, fortunately for the mother who had to
shut herself away,
A thief of great talent.
Like that he supported her,
Being the only human not seduced by her.

But it must be added it was no accident he'd find -
For a thief of such great talent has higher designs -
A fine cane of bone and wood,
Which for many months alone stood.
And then he stole a metal box which said,
"I am to be added as the head";
And from the glass the hair was spun,
The hair which covers the head, the chest, the arms
and then,
The fingers were added one by one.

When she was young, she was beautiful.
Her hair was clear, made from spun glass,
Which sang like violins when the comb was drawn past.
Her nipples were tourquoise,
Cut so perfectly from the stone,
That at a certain angle they were transparent,
And the inside of her body was shown.
Her blood had a strong and bitter taste.