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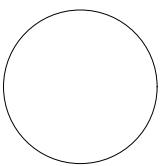
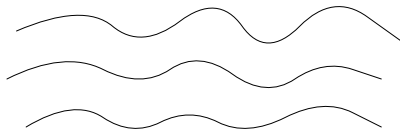
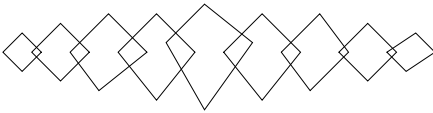
PDP

Psychic Distress Press

BRAIN NOVELLA
OF DOUBT
BY
EZRA OZ

1983 Barcelona

From the tip of its
finger, the cyclone regards
us with an eye of air. The
same air which on a still day
looks at us serenely, does
not know to ask of who is
guilty? and who is guilty?



The cyclone's finger
is the hand of god, action
without substance, substance
without form. And who guides
the cyclone's finger? What
guides the hands of men?
Who is guilty? Who is guilty?
Who chooses the weave of
this fabric? Weaving thread
without substance with our
lives without form?

evening's wild flower opens
heavenward
at blue close of day
evening's flower
growing heavy
wild violets
ruby red
make a chain
around her head

Brain Novella of Doubt

ruby violets
royal purple
bring her pearls
in sheets of oyster

my angel walks,
with steps on fallen petals
of an opal rose over water
drifting,
is coming.
my breath shatters her.

Between the air inside the
cyclone and the air outside is
spun a single thread, is wrapped
in spiral pattern around the
formless hand, and top joins
bottom in a single loop of a single
substance where nothing is
unbalanced, where nothing
is consumed.

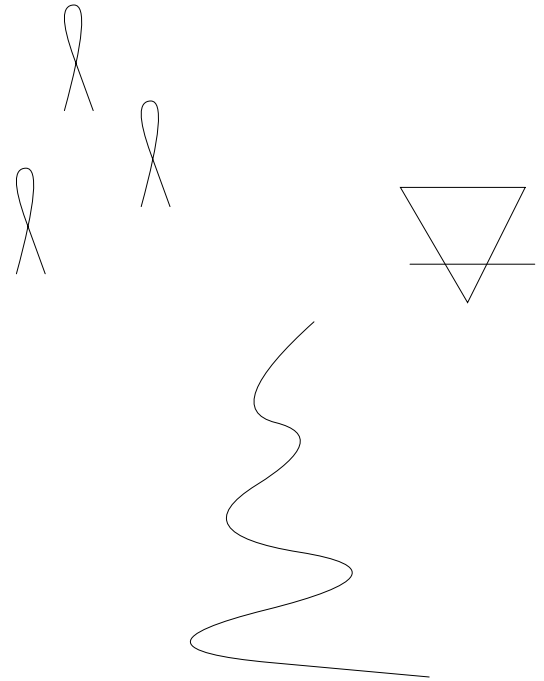
Cyclone

The finger of the cyclone is
the hand of god. Spun from the
air of a still day, air balanced
eye within eye, overseeing the
fabric of our gentle lives. Air
of a calm day, and if in this calm
day there runs a gentle wind, it
could remind me of the shimmer
of golden hair when the judging
angel nods absolution.

thus I must voyage outside of
breathing life,
outside of navigatable spheres,
from where I took flesh as my gold
and blood as my ruby,
to where await is action
and obedience, domination.

so tell me:
how do you know
wither you go,
when nobody sees
the breath I breathe?

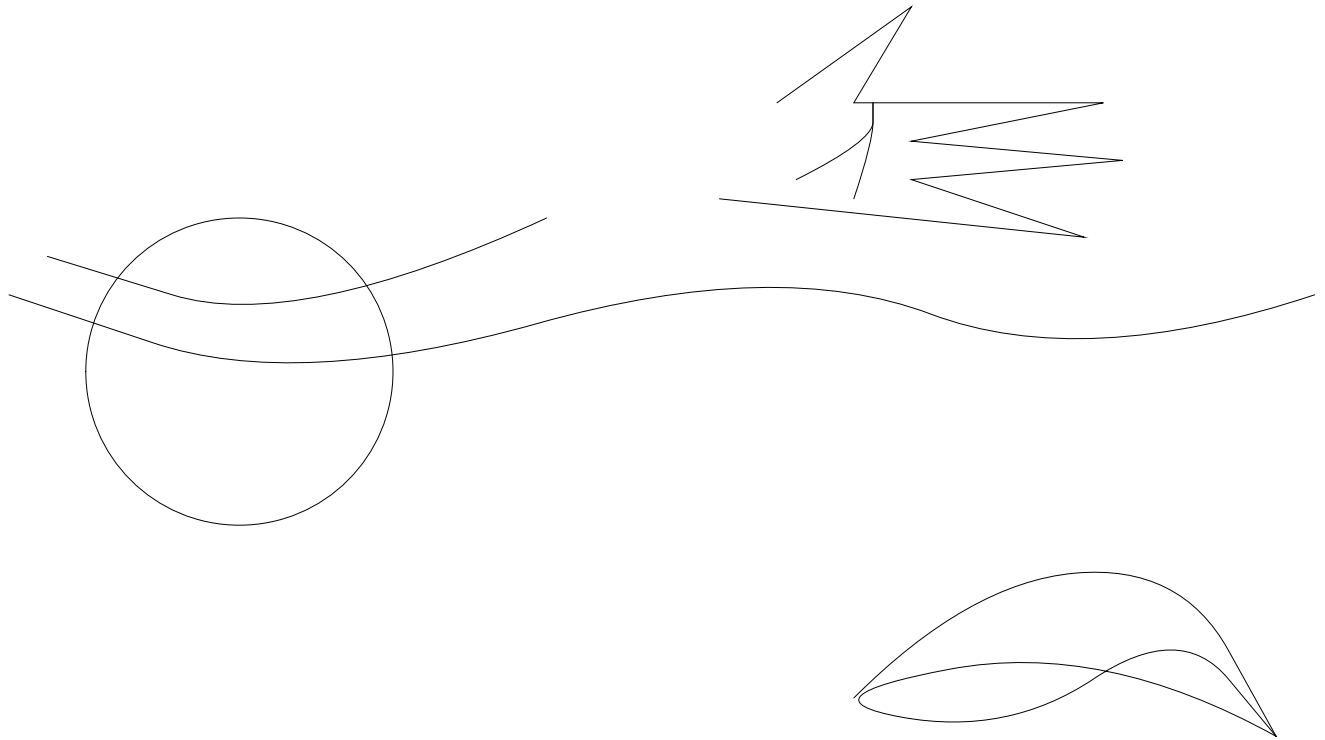
and what do you
call the thin edge between
air and ocean profound,
when it is a door
through which pass the drowned?



in this space
between moon and sun,
where tided waters
are too still to run,

is signed his name
by each crest of wave,
this faceless boy
who now comes to bath.

1983 Paris



Dusk

the moon it comes
to save the dusk,
it fills our eyes
with grey moon dust,

the sun it drowns
in the blood it lays,
on azur ocean
with ruby rays.

imperceptible tears
in the fabric of air,
as after the knifing
of water by lightning,
here pass silver memory fish,
emerge fabulous message birds.

1983 *Paris*