

**Do not mistake this desert for the most recent sky
(Part B)**

If things had worked out any differently, we'd be covered in fur

tremble out of this heart shaped den

eye-deep in the soft theater

shape we call our own

it's the devil we know, a new blue

a new blue of the same old sky-life
of the same ol' sky life

waiting for all the other colors to arrive

waiting for all the other colors to arrive

well, is this what happens when the final message gets erased from space?

& after all these years playing the role of an evil cartoon princess

you sit up

speechless

staring straight off into space

it was the opposite of flowers

always ready to blast off in that god-forsaken moon ship full of tears

but really

who could blame this place where the sun no longer shines

when there is no one left to love you?

& the dead no longer love you?

yes, you

tonight's radio star

live bone of an invincible desert sky

stupid, stupid, stupid

reflection in the enchanted lobby of delicious tears

or whatever

your final destination may be...

it was you

it was you, it was you

it was me

all along

all along

true enemies of these tiny imaginary people

who could not resist

the god-damn coordinates for google-earth

we shit you not

we shit you not

just a game of waiting

just a game of waiting

now

now

waiting for a big sign from space

waiting for all the pretty and intelligent

or just any form of plant-life

or just any form of plant-life

trained in the dark

trained in the dark

waiting for a kiss

waiting for a kiss

waiting for our big party

waiting for the big party

parade in the sky to begin

parade in the sky to begin

waiting for a painter of the human body

to deceive us

a little longer

until it is really true

god-yes

we will finally open the love-hatch

to the most liquid paradise on earth

waiting

waiting in snail's moist path

in snail's moist path

for a new bird to arrive

for a new bird to arrive

lucky in love

hell-yeah

hell-yeah

collect drippings from the life-like glaze

collect drippings from some life-like glaze

clarify and render

this fat of early tear light

our fat

into the smallest face of god

& drizzle our birth into the first and last

best spell

any one

you

I mean anyone

could ever imagine
could ever imagine

can you

even imagine?

* * * * *

Now that our bellies can adhere to the darkness

we put you in our pipe and smoke you

all the way to heaven

tasting
tasting

& listening to

oh yes, tasting & listening to

the moist
the moist

caesarean
caesarean

after-light
after-light

distant and shimmering

lips to better taste you

love-shaped

sweet, sweet

red flesh

of night-blooming

blood-pipe

legit after-stalk of the world-wide heart

's arterial paradise

play for us as we ride
play for us as we ride

chirp
chirp

& twinkle
twinkle

& candy as we gleam...
as we gleam onto the after-birth-trail...

sweeten the path

to the once human

eye

as we slide

more alive
alive & ablaze

than ever

this poem is for you, my friend

it is your hour to shine

whinny and neigh

shine

beneath your wondrous new coat
beneath your wondrous new coat

bare-back't

bare-back't

trickster of open heart's early drip-light

trickster of open heart's early drip-light

kiss me, kiss me like you mean it

the after-taste of mid-night is still on my lips

true after-foam of a much earlier sea-life

viscous & war-like

lair'd into the demon-shaped mouth
lair'd into the demon-shaped mouth

n' spit-pool of mare-light
n' spit-pool of mare-light

come on now

babe, multiply us again in the dark

listen...

listen, minor-divinity city

this is the real you

the wish we wish
the wish, we wish

what became the synthetic desert storm

all the colors of the dark

all the colors of the dark mid-night oil

what was life before we touched

touched the blank space between the stars?
the blank space between the stars

before these shells

re-animate all the pneumatic gardens of the universe?

don't ask, whisper

would love to...

what with to better hear you, my dear

play one

night-crawling thru this dark tunnel of love
night-crawling thru your tunnel of love

not two

not two, but
not two, but

no, not two, but

the three
the three
the three

of us
of us
of us

no longer separated by night & day
no longer

by grains of sand
grains of sand

shifting in the after-glass
shifting in the after-glass

by the skin

&

bat-like

bone

we wear

into the 6
into the 6 o'clock shadow

o'clock shadow

sally-glean our dark womanly fuel

instinctive, after-hour-

fume

on a wind-piped path to the sun

eye-born

on spit-bite

cliffs of the painted-desert-sun

do not mistake this desert for the most recent sky

grow
grow

grew

long and lean
long and lean

in the after-burn of the heart-child's late stem light

corpuscular

laughing-stalks

trapped in the old long-neck't heart world?

shimmering ghosts out of the blue inter-galactic winter-sun

we prefer to imagine

imagine

we can taste & smell

we can taste & smell the surface

the surface of your open desert

in full bloom

in full bloom

would we, could we,

will we

meet and combine mouth and tongue-life

meet and combine mouth and tongue-life

in the dark

wearing these glittering

wearing these glittering

he and she-teeth

he and she-teeth

blessings

to better bribe you

to better bribe you

out?

out?

come

my sad little monster

oh god-damn

the fun

the fun

god-damn, the fun

in the new day sun,

has just begun

has just begun

* * * * *

Bathers

treading

in clear, cool aqua-tint

& deep orbital bone

synchronize

arms & legs

why not

swim, poem-ward

swim, poem-ward

thru these tunnels of love

thru tunnels of love

gleam dance

gleam-dance

you like

thru

the one-minute miracle

threading

& with what

what

fluorescent

flourescent

nerve

nerve

come

came pulsing

come pulsing

came blistering

thru

thru

a more recent & musical mouth

a more recent & musical mouth

at the speed of god

at the speed of god

at the speed of god

so we played

played in the soft enamel'd skin-light

of a tender pulp-chamber'd night

the three

the three

of us,
of us

nostalgic

holding hands

holding hands

traipsing

& corpsing

thru

whistling
whistling

tri- la

la

la -light

wee

wee

wee

all-the-way
all-the-way

back
back

thru
thru

dark theaters of bone
dark theaters of bone

bi and tri-cuspid

claw-like lovers

stereo-scopic

claw-like lovers

lost in this post-aquatic life

lost in this post-aquatic life

in firelight

drawn like fog

along the avenues

maybe,

just maybe like the sun, pulled into the dark mouth

n' skull of night

and with what shells

for ears

t' t' better hear your oceans of sadness

sing, sang, sung

along 3rd ring road

2 of us

singers

yes, 2 of us, singing
singing

& praying for rain

in the high desert wind

a human song

too soft to be heard

proof of a deeper power
proof of a deeper power

evidence of glass

& hallmark of metal

skeletal and distant
skeletal and distant

relative of spider and scorpion
relative of spider and scorpion

sat up inside 'er
sat up inside 'er

wishing you too

were here

teething
teething

thru skin and bone
thru skin and bone

scull'd & danced

with the fluted mouth-parts of night

swim, swam, swum

up inside us

your child-like head

appearing

appears live with the stars

an ever so lovely chorus of arms & legs

face-ling of violet light

kip-tuck twirl'd

back

any which way

we could

spin, span, spun
spin, span,

spun

the high-speed crawl-ways

immaculate cause-way of conjugal bone

airborne

on the fucked up wind-way

whisper'd thru the deserted fling-way

to her strike-anywhere heart

to her strike-anywhere heart

crept

grew back

crept-back, crept

into a single species of night

you-like

terrified

by our single cell

la-la-la-la-la

into the six

o'

clock shadow

sickled

sickled

& setting on the horizon

& setting on the horizon