

1988

In 1988 I was 55 years old: My son: The poet Christopher Daniels: Whom I had named at birth for Christopher Marlowe: As Christopher Daniels was yelling at birth: In something that resembled iambic pentameter: Something that sounded quite a lot like: *Black is the beauty of the brightest day:* And he had more black hair on his shoulders at birth: Than Tamerlane could have had at death: In this year my son Chris was 32 years old: He gave me a book to read: *The Stuffed Owl: An Anthology Of Bad Verse:* By D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee: I had never really enjoyed poetry until I read these bad poems: For instance this Bapu epic: *Dust to dust: Ashes to Ashes: Into her grave: Queen Victoria dashes:* I liked these lines so much I wrote variations to follow 17 of them: Such as after Crashaw's line: *Hope kicks the curl'd heads of conspiring stars:* This: *As the broken neck in stifled mood swings on bars: The sub criminal Bavarian squeezes vile brains in jars:* I showed them to my son: I asked: "Chris, how do you write poems?": He said: "Write a sonnet, Dad": Always the obedient father: I wrote this sonnet:

Like a wind dark rolling eagle conceiving life a vicious storm,  
You don't always know, forgot, never knew, deny, refuse,  
The light wand feathers rising up behind your spine's,  
Unbelievable wind up your back pulls you up,  
Acid wire feathers tearing up rip at your heart's  
Believable wind up your front pulls you down.  
Breathing the blind sensing of both lines,  
Your mind's dazed talons always grasp  
Delusion's rust gnawed wired line  
Ripping at your burning stomach,  
Scratching up your sizzled chest,  
Clawing up your stiff welded neck's  
Clanking eyeless scream dreams  
Right into your noise crested head's  
Burning iron agony pipe dream mind  
Ignoring to oblivious exile that other line:  
The warm gold bow from genital core  
Rising up your spine's steering crescent  
To that secret star in the black feathers  
In the shadow in the back of your neck:  
Dark dreams cannot conceive its certain lightness  
Shimmering, wind soaring, starflashing intuitive brightness.

A tractor tired corrugated duckling wing:

I made a rude stitched lumberous binge:

To inspire humans to be their own thing:

I tried to make a high fine flying thing:

Like I saw fling in my mind's eye's hinge:

start of a line: To make a thing like a wing:

up: From the middle down: Back: Up to the

In many number sequences: From the middle

spaces: As I typed: bang: bang: bang: bang:

I saw to shape this word pile to: By counting

words: I looked at my sonnet: A wing

in my mind what tasted to me more fitting

of poem or song: I had always rewritten

For my entire life of half remembering word

flawed memory as I feared for poem or song:

Swan: In my mind: I realized: I didn't have a

Wings: Phoenix Dragon Writing: Hollander's

flashed Greek Technopaenia: Herbert's Easter

greatest adventure of my life: Then: My mind

bullets ripped my groin and I was off on the

my mind: Such as: Bang: Bang: Bang: Bang: 4

Suddenly: Lines I'd seen as a child flashed in

Fortunately the world turned up side down:

I haze gazed deep vague on this vagary of line:

12345678910 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 Like a 19 20 wind dark rolling *eagle* conceiving life a vicious **storm**,  
12345678910 11 12 13 14 15 16 You don't always know, *forgot*, never knew, deny, **refuse**,  
12345678910 11 12 13 14 The light 15 16 wand feathers *rising* up behind your **spine's**,  
12345678910 11 12 13 Unbeliev 14 15 able wind up *your* back pulls **you up**,  
12345678910 11 12 Acid wir 13 14 e feathers *tearing* up rip at your **heart's**  
12345678910 11 Believab 12 13 le wind up *your* front pulls you **down**.  
12345678910 Breathin 11 12 g the blind *sensing* of both **lines**,  
123456789 Your min 10 11 d's dazed *talons* always **grasp**  
1234567 Delusion's 8 9 rust *gnawed* wired **line**  
123456 Ripping at 7 8 your *burning* **stomach**,  
12345 Scratching 6 7 up your *sizzled* **chest**,  
123456 Clawing u 7 8 p your *stiff* welded **neck's**  
1234567 Clanking 8 9 eyeless *scream* **dreams**  
12345678 Right into 9 10 your *noise* crested **head's**  
123456789 Burning i 10 11 ron agony *pipe* dream **mind**  
12345678910 Ignoring 11 12 to oblivious *exile* that other **line**:  
123456789 10 11 The wa 12 13 rm gold bow *from* genital **core**  
123456789 10 11 12 Rising 13 14 up your *spine's* steering **crescent**  
123456789 10 11 12 13 To that s 14 15 ecret star *in the* black **feathers**  
123456789 10 11 12 13 14 In the sh 15 16 adow in the *back* of your **neck**:  
123456789 10 11 12 13 14 15 Dark dre 16 17 ams cannot *conceive* its certain **lightness**  
123456789 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 Shimmer 17 18 ing, wind *soaring*, *star*flashing intuitive **brightness**.

*Later: The screech beak  
iron duck wings dove up: into this:*

Shimmering, wind soaring, starflashing intuitive brightness.  
Dark dreams cannot conceive its certain lightness:  
In the shadow in the back of your neck:  
To the secret star in the black feathers  
Rising up your spine's steering crescent  
The warm gold bow from genital core:  
Ignoring to oblivious exile that other line:  
Burning iron agony pipe dream mind:  
Right into your noise crested head's  
Clanking eyeless scream dreams  
Clawing up your welded stiff neck's  
Scratching up your sizzled chest,  
Ripping at your burning stomach,  
Delusion's rust gnawed wired line  
Your mind's dazed talons always grasp  
Breathing the blind sensing of both lines,  
Believable wind up your front pulls you down.  
Acid wire feathers tearing up rip at your heart's  
Unbelievable wind up your back pulls you up:  
The light wand feathers rising up behind your spine's,  
You don't always know, forgot, never knew, deny, refuse,  
Like a wind dark rolling Eagle conceiving life a vicious storm,

Later: The eagle wings dove up into this:

Shimmering, wind soaring, starflashing intuitive b r i g h t n e s s : —  
Dark dreams cannot conceive its cert a i n l i g h t n e s s :  
In the shadow in the back of y o u r n e c k :  
To the secret star in the black f e a t h e r s  
Rising up your spine's steering c r e s c e n t  
The warm gold leaf stem from genit a l c o r e :  
Ignoring to oblivious exile that o t h e r l i n e :  
Burning iron agony pipe d r e a m m i n d :  
Right into your noise crest e d h e a d ' s  
Clanking eyeless scream d r e a m s  
Clawing up your welded stiff n e c k ' s  
Scratching cracks up your sizzle d c h e s t ,  
Ripping at your burning s t o m a c h ,  
Delusion's rust gnawed wir e d l i n e  
Your mind's dazed talons always g r a s p  
Breathing the blind sensing of bot h l i n e s ,  
Believable wind up your front pulls y o u d o w n .  
Acid wire feathers tearing up, rip at your h e a r t ' s  
Unbelievable wind up your back pull s y o u u p :  
The gold leaf light feathers rising up behind your s p i n e ' s ,  
You don't always know, tongue tip forget, never knew, deny, r e f u s e ,  
Like a wind dark rolling Eagle conceiving life a v i c i o u s s t o r m : —

Midway through life's journey: I met a carved eagle  
on an electric mountain of cyber Times New Roman  
razor serif T<sub>T</sub> font: Created: 1932: At the London Times:  
After the Roman letters stone incised to decimate rock  
to sharp edge shadow definition: To be obvious in tight  
cheap paper columns: Then: Bang: Ing: Quick light finger  
drum: Ing: Hand: In: Mind: Machine bang: Ing: Dance  
electronic: Slide font: Ing: Conga mouse: Ing: Click: Ing out  
5,000 year old Jewish big two hearted sweet bitter genetic  
life tzimus: Self: In this ancient serif razored font: Yes: I  
had been happy every moment of breath since 1962: Yes:  
I had destroyed dense misery's vise: Yes: I was in delimit  
of deluxe delovely degriefed delerious hot sexual textual  
ecstatics: As if cut of knife of rose: On Hafiz nightingale  
kaif: 'click: click: click: bang: bang: bang: bang: Yes: I  
was off on the greatest adventure of my life: o Simias of  
Rhodes: o Huai Tsu of Ching Chao: o Blake of London:  
o Brancusi of Paris: o sun of rise: Immense o jubilo:  
I have eagle entered: The Gates Of Paradise: