

Ceaseless Greasepaint in Combat Stance

“What the Sun really says is Holy, Holy, Holy.”

~William Blake

I.
The birds are frenzied auguries.
Precision crumbles like a temple wall.
Fallen already for the next whatever
Deluxe static flux starts and stalls.

No good, or evil ever prepared
Our souls for the hole now called normal.

II.
Some force beyond choice told my form
To lie on the dirty carpet for comfort
To taste stale bread for nourishment
To wear tattered clothes for warmth
To carve a creative creature beyond
Earthly vanities. Failing that, I instead
Pick up a pen again to question why
There but the grace of God go I.

The face of the future surely whispers
In the wind's wanton way with the leaves above.

Whisked to a bantam weight fate
Boxed to an inch of facial lacerations
I embrace abstraction: state, nation,
But can't love the bug alight on my touch.

III.
I cared enough to set this pissing down.

Step right up, gather round.
In this circle, lost is found.
Might I astound you with verisimilitude?
May I amaze you with decadent decay?
Won't you allow me to serve disturbances
At your pleasure, Miss? I'm here
For the silence of your dance.
Before we trickled down, you fell.

IV.
Maybe we met before
I know we know each other
You're the horde I scoured my soul to cleanse
Still, we must be friends.
I like to listen. Hear that pissing?
The waste of a life spent in dense silence.
Crash on past the pylons—test this piece
of fine machinery the scenery deceives
Dumbly thinking, it devises the universe.

V.
In this country of young men
the memorable is a disposable
diaper for purged urges—my spirit
Shakes to break this ache—this place
This wind we bring
to the breast of our goddess
As heat waves roar like lions
Prying care from the void.
Our voices court the vortex—
The Goddess answers “more.”

VI.
Who owns the right to question?
This 1% solution dilutes
The polluted shell game
All Love Canals—wasted, toxic, banal,
Fake as Vegas carpet vomit, half-ass plastic
Chips when it's dead Presidents you want.

Lost in the transaction cost
The worried parade sorts out who
Scurries to work then hurries home
Angered at the supper hunger;
Thinking tropical resorts, sports;
Reigning reactions to imperial distractions.

Human spirit lies not beyond price
Rather is worth nothing in their strife
To beat it or bring nothing to life.

VII.
The myths of tomorrow are being
Faxed to galaxies as we speak

The handy came inside my eye
Stands as hands of Illuminati,
These molecules, tools, this fool
Hopes these scratches match
The bottomless cosmic pool.
Trust we exist as our eyes
Call this action to passion
Before the Earth slut yells “Cut!”

This magic wand in my hands
Is good enough, yes? Take it on a test spin
You might set some kind of record.
You tighten wet, I heard? Brake it to begin
Like a Whirlpool, you come in
To your own on the rinse cycle.

In this island of blank eyes—this female savle
Soothes my male skin—a cup
Sipped lip to lip—a drop
We strain to drain and again—
For both our skins, a balm
To heal our feeling, reaching to fill
Our close pressed palms.

Ken Jones

Ken Jones has been a published poet for over 20 years in academic and underground journals, magazines, anthologies, websites and other forums. He earned an M.A. in English/Creative Writing from the University of Texas at Austin and is a full-time faculty member at the Art Institute of Houston. He has given readings of his work since college at innumerable conferences, coffeehouses, bookstores, bars and other venues. His collection of previously published poems *Unutterable Blunders and Palace Disasters* was released by PlainView Press in 2006.

