

Incidental Notes on Flowers

A SUITE OF POEMS by *Brentley Frazer*

The phenomenon passes
I seek the laws ~ Ducasse

The Geometry of Thorns

I

A Being of Aether, who having appeared to me one morning, instructed me in the geometry of thorns. She seemed to be semi-infinite as her often melodious speaking voice was unimaginable in one direction and limited in another. As the sun above made its arc and evening interloped from the corners we designed together a self-winding stair. From this we saluted the semi-lunar jowl of the moon.

II

There is an aluminum lake and in it snakes black and fast approaching. I have with me, by-my-side, the elemental Being naked and antique, who lulls from me fear which leaves my throat black viscous and undulating hissing. The melody that lures this fear she produces by playing her throat as if it were a flute, mouth flung open and eyes utterly transfixed by some unseen unfolding tragedy in the celestial spheres above.

The snakes and I are soon lovers, joyous and reborn.

III

All this reflected in a vast floating mirror—

I, standing naked like a twisted David in profile a look of certain horror distinguishing my face. An obese blue person points out that there are feathers growing on my back.

There looms a distinct grey flavour in the air.

I cannot be certain as I am frozen in this awkward looking at my own back position, but for a moment it seemed—

(as possessed the sweater becomes animal tooting minor arias above the thumb thumb pulsing drums and six Kali type dancers with bone menorahs shake the children in their hair and the descent at 4:44 envelopes with a *shhh* cymbal to nothing and we are left with black.)

The Lion Path

The tender house of mind, burned down by incessant dreaming and still the birds of longing wander through the charcoal—

A dotting mother kisses the wounded palm of her son; the ravines of his fist betray a future not unlike mine. There have been times when my sad heart would cease to wander. I will fall and refuse the Icarian lesson. This to me it seems is as beautiful as the moons belly ripped up by bleeding doves. Her tender thighs with the texture of a ravished lotus and still her eyes betray the plethora and complexity of adoration. As beautiful as the moonlight frenzy of a rabid swan. The night lengthened by the intervention of some intricate and vast deity, Jehovah or Allah or Buddha or the mathematical supremacy of the divine Goddess; as beautiful as an architectural marvel upon which the builder has lost his hand.

The Far Reaching of Shame

She lifts the veil that her sister may witness the circumcision of the jackal. Her tongue tastes of purple and the air laden (the night alive) with a similar scent. Cool green tears have carved furrows in the walls. With a calm and meticulous finger I feel for secrets. The dreamer far reaching conceals her breast beneath the pelt of fetal elephant beetles toil in the dust at her feet. She speaks—There are no sins for us!

Solitude ~ Part One

Unable to lift myself from the sea drowning like the feeling of sleeping sideways bodies meeting in the mind, and I am drowning in this green dream of sleep.

—O my, and you little red train with all those turtles waving madly, where are they going, surely they understand that such a journey is but metaphor for infinite solitude?

Soon you are bellowing obscene things about the nature of infinity and in the room as looms the clack of tinny wheels on tiny tracks a tear mothers a trail of bruises in her wake.

Damn that I am not the first to shame myself upon your expanse o vile road, path of bruises!

And yet, in the judicial morning you are still sleeping and I must in my haste awaken you with dull footsteps.

Pissing on Icarus

Let us break our apples upon the riverbank, which is Lethe, we cannot remember her - and her cheek is bruised from the fall.

—Your eyes effulgent from a thousand slaughters looked tenderly upon me!

Behind you dawn, hunched in her twilight apothecary beats like a moth the dust from its wings, launches forth and dies noble in the spluttering of my prayerful candle.

—Weak are we! This is my crime, to lose my foothold from the enamored cloud, wingless and pissing on Icarus I welcomed the sun. Then, the noble head of Death, arched and immaculate wrapped me in the naked muse and drowned me in her belly. Death is a nourishing sleep, feeds me upon sounds like clicking tongues in the shadows, shy angels defecating in the darkness, red cheeks like my apple, before her bruises.

Solitude ~ Part Two

They said that the wall was so high that if I ran for one hundred days I would not leave its shadow. Here my tongue lent itself to logic, spoke out loud in awe of such a feat of engineering.

—This is where the ocean in her agony has tossed up her hair, you fool! said an onlooker and turned laughing behind hand.

Listen, hear her whimper someone whispered.

A long silver girl waltzes on the sidewalk, occasionally lifting her skirts to passers-by. On her bum, which I can see clearly from where I am laying beneath the table, is part of an old envelope addressed:

—To Consequence upon which those shy angels even hasten to defecate and to Dignity, often thieved by circumstance.

I remember now that there are rabbits on the beaches of the west, where I once lived and where Love first punched me.

Incidental Notes On Flowers

Harness me in the infinite darkness, mold my skeleton into some twisted bridge and cross me. Leave me stranded in the small hours of eternity where silent men smash hourglasses and weep into the sand. You offer me a flower that with the right caress may be moved to tears, we wander silent into the fool's graveyard where there are Judges building chariots from the bones of Trust. Somewhere someone pens a letter saying null and void. We are all left living like starfish five armed and drowning.

I had imagined you as the personification of futility as you carved a skirt of iron and threw yourself from a bridge, other flowers damp with darkness glide by your head, garlands by accident, incidental almost, but worth noting. (This passing moment, purple and slow in the shadows, the lingering sour of old wine, the perfume effluvium of that dying book I found stuffed into a wall, is this the lament of memory, the paragon of sentiment?)

A Corpse of Sorcery

I

To give an utterance beyond the several demise of our daily iniquity, apostasy and the breast that bears the love of nurture and the kiss that knows no burden.

Often I would turn to the lover and say:

-She perceives me to be of ophidian sentiment, I will bathe with her.

Above us a fan of vast porticoes, in each a vase of syrup, an allegory to silence. At dawn we convene, an adiaphorous wind caresses us with listless fingers, vainglorious and animal.

II

Sometimes the perfumes of the night haunt me. And I am an embryo in the evenings, serene as are all instruments of creation. And I am the clanging of a tin bucket in an empty well, a well chosen e-note in a valley bound howl, the uneasy stitch upon hearing this in an old lady's crochet.

- and she is rocking,

dreaming of the man by the well who said - cut off the blossoms and sell the stems they, are essence. While she, seeing me whispered: -I dream of kissing you also, because your eyes are wispy and your tongue tastes like something invisible, open me be bright-beams of tonality in darkness like some disordered reason, beyond and beyond, burnt.

Clasp

There is a long hall in which two porcelain geese seek with beak determined an ornamental hell. In the bedroom, standing before a wound in the wall from which emanates an opera of soft goodbyes, is Mercy clutching a strangled kitten to her breast. A damp kitten. A dead kitten. Above roll insects segmented and emblematic who instruct me in all the gaudy trappings of martyrdom.

—Lest you blush and cannot find shelter, they say, pointing to the maelstrom in my heart.

—Best I should drink the semen of beasts, I wail, feeling insignificant.

Purpose, purpose, please confide in me.

All around us now the impatient murmur of the crowd. As one whose wings are over broad waters, o Sister! Where shall we find her, what shall we sing to her.

Days go by, there are eclipses above you point to a yellow flower in the red dust and laugh. Looks like a bloody egg, you said. Only I then, and the wind.

Pain Awaits Him Who Is Sentimentally Desirous

My Sister you are polite, waiting for me to be beyond hearing before you laughed. What you do not know is that I am gifted with exceptional hearing. It is true, I can hear shadows slide beneath the path of the sun, witness subtle minor notes in the symphony of the wind, perceive the exodus, the soft and clammy crawl of sorcery as we slaughter her. So tell me Sister a secret, something dark from your soul and I will consider you queen, Empress! And I will grow for you a shameless flesh carnelian that will never cease in your fingers.

And then the lips of a torn and ragged wind spits darkness into our hearts...

In this slowlight, as the hermetics of memory cast their animation on my lids, I see your mouth (such a mouth makes me ashamed to smile) but it is there, on the rug, smiling. I found you somewhere in the terror of morning in which, casting a bronze perfume and a marble taste, I mistook your torso for a naked column upon which to scrawl blasphemous verse. O you were amused, standing there in the rain with my quatrains bleeding on your skin.

Now there are a thousand of your mouths smiling on the rug,
some thrust tongues and lick the undersides of my feet, feet that
have seen steeples and danced with other beasts in other shadows.

Writing Proverbs in the Mold

I

I, like a dejected apostle, have so rarefied the organ of sight
and the use of symbol as avenue for observation that I have become
a sinner in the pantomime. God, from his box seat up in the
exclusive members area may have said -where do you begin, o
dancer, to sing the chorus from all those tragedies you so despise;
and then -are you mute child or are there weeds in your ears?

And I, deliberating upon a suitable gesture to convey the very
nucleus of my aesthetic doctrine, am motionless for too long
causing God, who is impatiently fingering his programme to scream
in hieroglyphics

-you are summer thunder running barefoot in the puddles, an
hour long howl from the throat of Lethargy, the black and bleeding
scream of beauty being beaten raped broken and choked, my son.

II

For many weeks now, as I have taken up residence but a short
walk from the shore, I have been wandering in the waves at dusk,
occasionally pausing to pursue the many perfumes that ferment in
her shallows. But this evening (and o how I dreamed she would visit
me, my expanse, my wet lover) the tides came to me. Slowly, under
my door she came like a liquid insect, to tell me of those she
claimed today, out there, in the storm.

III

Let us imagine this; we are in the wrong queue, a physical birth
is but genesis of spiritual death, we are fire seeking rest in carbon.
Out across and beyond those walls are fragile pavilions built from
the beaks and bones of birds. The wings are positioned in some
skeletal parody of the innate and overwhelming desire to fly. A
purity as yet unmoved by beauty seduced by and yet afraid of
innocence.

Seduction: an organ that lubricates itself in preparation for
penetration, a universe dancing in the difficulty of your smile -

they will not carve law into my palm,

I will however allow them to caress me.

That is the meaning of the night which surrounds him.

So devoid of sentiment he en-trails a slow and gyrating caravan of giggling mutes. The town below has manned her garrison, there are Generals arguing about weapons. We pause only at the walls to write proverbs in the mold. Beyond there are various voids sunburn and people born to applaud.

-Though' we have fallen up ourselves we have picked, I whisper to the sentry.

Inside we meet our guide who in her left hand holds a vegetable, in her right a sentence gathered by the stems.

-For us there is no nourishment, not of the earth nor of words, is there hope?

I tell her that there is no hope.
There is no hope.

Soon I must rest, my suitcase of deluded masks is becoming a burden.

A Narcissus in the Dark Laughs at an Impotent Satyr

I

It is a dark narcissus who laughs at an impotent satyr and an unseeing man said, feeling the crags in my chin:

—You seek a blind freedom fashioned from a blind faith in what you perceive, you are then *truly* a fool.

He dragged away his touch tickling my cheek with the lashes of his fingers.

—But it is a gift, he continued, as if distracted by some hideous melody in his head, to have seen your eyes, be they but thrown back reversed and flat in the great self-deluding mirror. (This is the fifth time. The lips whispered also I would rather you called me Saul, you remember, after the foreign arm drowned me in the living room and the blue slow looking pot loomed in the foreground. And your lips on my nipple felt like a stethoscope eavesdropping on my heart. I have stopped telling them, this is the fifth time. When you found a beetle in your panties, held it up and said: -Why are you looking at me like that, I am not exploiting it! And then you tired of your green jacket in the park, gave it rudely to a crying boy by the pond, - Have my boat, stupid child, you shouted.)

Find a mirror look beyond yourself, I am there, he said. Never drag your feet to the dance with a dead instrument, unplayed but by an unmoving and idle gender.

II

Standing alone in a field that is flooding drinking from an opal glass a draught of impunity. But what of the incest of sails and the bitter cry of gulls as a joyous wind smashes April eggs on winter

cliffs. What of the cartwheeling holiday bays where I gave freely of my love to the other children. What will move again the boy inside to stir?

Surely that memory of a cut girl howling on the slippery-slide her blood in rivers running for my embrace. Perhaps it is my autumnal face into which I carve the likeness of many a misshapen divinity. Or perhaps the pastures sodden by rains where in the serene evenings I would row alone.

III

Having spent the morning mulling over all possible metaphor I set out elated to the store. Inside, while searching the aisles for cavalcade I found the moon bathing in a pool of blue milk. After much supposition I convinced a surgeon to walk with me to the esplanade. Here we pleated imaginary animals from the cigarette papers I had forgotten to buy. We walked and argued about lampshades and the finer points of medieval napkin folding, laughed at the malignant arch of pelicans and whistled odes to the Drowners.

Ode to a Drowner

I

Tell of the night my Brother
how she assails and burns with her black atoms
a trail through pathless tracks of the muses very lair
how the velocity of her eyes that spin
thrills us as only her darkening laughter can
how she shines upon the dead and drowned who yesterday were
picking poppies by her banks.

O Brother
tell me of the night
the long night that drags tendrils in the dark
the night that drowns me in her hair
the night that fills her shadows with my tears
this night that has me praying to silent
and unknown gods as I shiver
an infant in my bed.

My Brother
we are but an asinine chorus to the moon
descendants of a wisdom that believes no wings
may sail us from the pit, a churning hulk that sinks
itself into midnight's lake of pity.
No buoyant smile will save me Brother
I am also overwhelmed, drunk

upon the darks damp opiate her song
has pulled me down.

O tell of the night my Brother
and the dreams I may have dreamed.
one last caress my unmoved brother, there
where the mortal wasp has stung, one last kiss
before you leave me, here.

II

A lone antique dusty bulb illuminates the room. The corset like skeleton of the rotted lace lampshade is moldy rusted with the blood of insects that batter themselves in its jaws. The air smells like a pearled satin glove. How do I become the incarnating abortion, the aberration the horror without dreams. I offer to you the Elysium, impossible to determine the sins in your tears I pleased myself, drinking much medicine, eating many herbs. Serve that opium loaf to the panther, give that man a windmill and a pair of stilts. Press your breasts into the moss and give the riverbank some green inverted nipples. Ambiguous consent neck caduceus hissing eyes thighs entwined in the reptilian mythos, a dark breed that smothers innocence in its sleep. All is backward walking forgiven in its silliness unrelenting in its perpetual suicide. In this apothecary we become what we relapse into, the primeval modernity of shaking genesis by the hand.

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