

thEroses

e t / k m

*El Toro*

Two televised prizefighters in a ring ::  
Prizefighter Y. counts down to the bells cueing  
struggle to blackout for self-determination;  
Prizefighter X, upon the bells' ring, walks.

El Toro,  
*is he mad?*

strokes his palm along  
the ring-ropes,

sumptuous velvet:          a cage.

but not one

built to hold.

for show. not a cage ?  
*naked under the stage-lights:*

Prizefighter X meets the camera's eye & reclines,  
in the field of giggling narcissi  
welling up round his feet:  
it was the cleaving of his soul  
from his body, the heroic shell.

Eyes milky & vapid, inundated with an excess of nothing ::

*l'homme est un bateau ivre.*

*(10 slow bells for a fighter lost in the ring, light applause from a  
Nielsen audience); let's walk.*

El Toro rises, and strides down the corridor toward his new  
freedom.

*I, El Toro, forsake my life as a fighter.  
I will bloom in the wild as a cherry tree.  
I have heard my avocation,  
and I must follow.*

**(jump-cut):** In the the wild,  
a fading sapling has consumed all its own  
poisons, leaving voluptuous echoes  
& dry hulls like photographs  
of Bridgette Bardot.

His bones, so brazen and necessary in the ring,  
gave forth to concentric hulls of bark,  
pressed ever-outward  
by the pulse of time and sun.

As El Toro grows he sees  
many different kinds of love,

For each kind of love he sees,  
he composes a Liebestraum

in the form of a flower at his wrist,  
and these are thEroses.

**mimosa** :: child-love  
**orchid** :: love of art  
**dormant bulb** :: hope  
**mist** :: love's love  
**wind** :: shape of angels  
**rose's rose** :: eye of god

**liebestraum i**

*mimosa flower*

*released, wholly in gentle rays;  
a new air, emptier than I knew.  
great swaths of nothing*

*between detached clouds in the form  
of peppermint, thyme, costmary, arnica flowers-  
aching wisps, tender to appear in such brilliance.*

*tenderness lit up long before other clouds,  
to fade out much later;  
their transparent character depending*

*upon the degree of separation,  
(our inability to conceive of a half or a third of a soul).  
white, delicate filaments, mostly thin*

*patches or narrow bands. angel-hair simulacrum  
from the body when we abandon  
blushing heart, bisque porcelain*

**Liebstraum ii**

*orchid's prayer*

may I become the inverse of beauty  
& so empty, become full.

*I etch space as in copper,  
the printmaker carves the inverse Image  
& hollow lines so filled with ink fulfill  
their original intention.:*

white aria, isolated,  
absence of song.

**Liebstraum iii**

*dormant bulb*

blue-lipped muse, you  
fractured  
in facets of tomorrow.

you-space a soft shell  
inverted;  
cavity of absence

your heart, soft thuds  
echoes  
in a dormant bulb

**Liebstraum iv**  
*(love's love)*

god's own blood decant in shimmering helixes.  
misty and spaceless, aether of feeling

breathing, freely through croci, amarylis, slim blades.  
dog's mercury exhales.

guileless; hollow as avian bones.  
tiny carpals, a lens for air.

irises dilate and the aether- heart's own  
purest sense is flown, weightless.

spaceless: beyond  
curve, line, and body.

perfectly squandered, it fizzles in wild spiels,  
ultra-second of being breathing

the kiss is flown

**Liebstraum v**

*(shape of angels :: wind through woodwinds)*

white ace,  
sung fretless.

sand-faced totem  
with unchanging

metrical structure: chords made hollow  
in the form of chromatic images.

an ancestral state in the bud-  
love, free adaptations::

*equally adaptable to the most exquisite  
baroque refinements,  
sung at times with simple, ancient, nostalgic melodies,  
or the delicate measures of court music*

spectral reiteration of form,  
made plastic, vulgarized  
in the throats of the gifted;

anonymous I,  
self inverted.



**Liebstraum vi**

*(Rose's Rose's Rose's Rose's Rose's Rose's Rose)*

bluish sheets; layers of striated fibers,  
thin enough to periodically unveil the sun.

a halo phenomenon renders shadows invisible.  
uncoupled from bodies they burn white.

jet-black art-deco towers with bulging nodes  
resembling cauliflower flattened into anvils;

slender hallucinations cling to the altostratus layer:  
tall brains whose electricity scrapes the earth.

big scars like dilated selves. DNA split and hissing.  
a wet kiss in your hippocampus.

now scream; now hush.