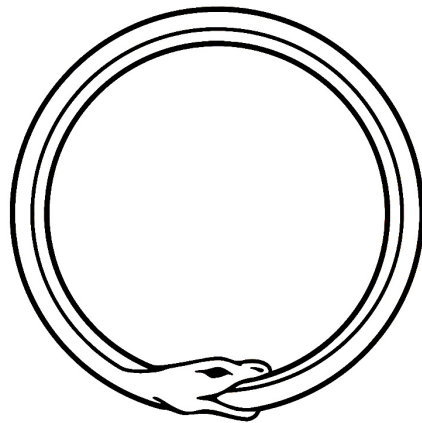


DREAMVISION SONGBOOK

MAXWELL LUCAS



SEVEN VERSES

I.

i stood at the baleen sepulchered
basket of oil and fat collapsing
plastic lines dyed, coiling the stomach.
the cage of its body like a berth,
for the burn of the beast's rotting scent
and the red wash of the waves over
the whale's eye, drew me down, transfigured,
(just as the moon draws the heavy tide)
to sleep within its open belly
and dream of these places and things

i stood at the baleen sepulchered
barrow of flesh, in spume anointed
bloated and shelled, preparing its bloom
the dorsal erected like a stele
for the wind and blood-spray all around
and the white noise of an ailing sea
drew me down an alabaster grave
(just as the wave bends into its trough)
to sleep within its open belly
and dream of these places and things

II.

o snake in the pail
a change and return of the year again

the clouds and fogs of the heart enveil,
o serpent in the pail

who left you there to bleed and shake?
your venom and blood mixed at the tail

o snake in the pail
a change and return of the year again

III.

three cycles, two lives lived as one
green whirring monarch of the sun
generate knowledge folded dark
overwinter cloak of wing on bark
ice blaze of sudden death begun

pools of bright decay that darken
pools of sodden dust wings sunken
a eucalyptus memory
three cycles, two lives lived as one

i dreamed of gliding on wind night
beating, drifted to winded heights
transformed into a butterfly
my hands furred against the dawn light
dreaming insect in human flight
three cycles, two lives lived as one

IV.

*when the moon hits your eye / the night will die
and in your heart / beat out its new form*

straight and turning far / veering to include the star / ambience

the garbage baking / like pulp on algae shaking / all drunken

when the place between skies / is modified
and human arts / leave no source unworn

*when the moon hits your eye / the night will die
and in your heart / beat out its new form*

the mouth shouts out grist / words fall behind signs; the fist / of silence

the dimly freaked day / surges, its quickening laid / in climate

to be inside a lie / and standing by
a thousand darts / have already torn

*when the moon hits your eye / the night will die
and in your heart / beat out its new form*

dead parrot on stone / the patterns of wind are thrown / at science

deep in a version / tree routes lay folded and spun / all living

when we choose to decide / the mountain's rise
will make an ark / and name those to mourn

*when the moon hits your eye / the night will die
and in your heart / beat out its new form*

V.

o pilgrim, your wild blue road is turning
your way is laid in raveling code

the coral hung and whitening
your wild blue road is turning

no shore you left ungazing
by terraforms the sea is bowed

o pilgrim, your wild blue road is ending
your way is laid in raveling code

VI.

on branching trees forming fans
each bellied leaf twists its hand
rustling out a dry instruction
to mulch the earth in flames of sun
in rings around the heartwood stand

each wooden lung pulls cloud to land
pumping a heartbeat's demand
we hang the flag of hot flame
on branching trees

the towering lights expand
above the coddled bark, in plans
that link up horizons
which we put down in maps, threadbare
and always shadowing a land
of branching trees

VII.

pluck and tear is the name of the reaping scythe
the deathly neck of the garbage dump vulture
in a landscape scaled to trash where toxins writhe,
the stork eats, incanting as the annealer
the darkness of landfill is bright with colour,
a deadening blanket that masks over blood
a dump of plenty that provides and devours
a prism shows everything as one in the flood

i call out the question to each living thing
all are intent in the ground and in the air
in the silent waters an answer blooming,
in the body learning of great disrepair
the arc of the moral universe is fair
but bends toward a dark unknowing cloud
a net, a jewel, a hologram of a tear,
a prism shows everything as one in the flood

the norn of fate distracts the mind from its meal
adrift in dust or stars and deep in the bind
our fleeting gaze upon lithic time reveals
suffering: an invisible paradigm
the beast has broken and poisoned the rind
and in the dark fruit a secret is folded
the people of the dump waiting for a sign
a prism shows everything as one in the flood