

Rebis

Swallowing words in water
the way fire sleeps in the house.
Ablution through circular distillation.
I don't live here anymore.
Targets atrophy with misuse,
sliced longitudinally my spongy
center emptied and applied
to a turntable like this.
I find myself in one of those states
like Wyoming. We were never
really americans, unable to think
but to breed continuously
ashamed of our pleasure.
The sinister sunset a millenium
turns a slightly bitter taste.

What this place really needs
is an ayatollah. Here is Sol
turned black. A theory I entertain.
I entertain theories.
This weightless body.
What this place needs is alien
abductions, constantly.
Microtransmitters dangle
in our sinuses. Synapses bathed
in green liquor, bright copper
clean or buff shiny green lion,
sulfur and incest.

There is a running argument whether
the sword is fire and the wand is air
or the wand is fire and the sword is air
that cutting feels like burning to flesh
or penetration burns, the knife in the cup
stirs salt water and cuts shape in the air
the way fire consumes air clouds the issue
or wood burns, literally, so fire equals wood
goes another argument, the wand hangs
between legs, all those images too.

The beginning is only one thing.
Mystery distracts from the one thing.
All Sol is brass but all brass is not Sol.
Changes of light over time.
A star map on the ceiling and a compass.
Fog flies upward, drips off the chin
is splayed across the forehead.
Gold without any double speaking
turns a slightly bitter taste
around, hot and sweet like a Thai
curry paste used as linament.
Monomania.

Black birds attacking the sun.
For very hunger I eat my own body.
As an egg is composed of three things
mystery distracts from the one thing.
Heart no tooth of any crime.
Broke my ankle getting out of that window.
Had the feeling they would never
let me out, never feed me
I would die there. Might just lie here
in the tall grasses for a while
can't really move anyway, too
much throbbing in my ankle.

The guard sees me now.
He is calling to his buddies in the tower.
I had to lie to them, had to convince
somebody just so's I could buy on credit.
They think you're lying they kill you.
They believe you and lock you up.
Sprung from leap of barred windows.
Fuck.
He's coming after me now.

The infant wants to devour the breast.
Teeth bared, evil grin on an otherwise
beautiful face. Can't really move anyway.
Heart no tooth of any crime.
There is always an assistant who keeps
the furnace going. No sleep. Ever.
Maybe two, there can be no variation
in temperature. Sometimes a stimulant
is used. The carrot and the stick.
Putrefaction.

I dreamed I won the lottery.
Winning is everything.
I had to lie to them.
Projecting the double at death.
No sleep. Ever.
The heat must be linear unto the end of the work.
Nurse - bring me another.

There, there. I was asleep in a box
and outside there were geese
in the water and ducks overhead
and an owl in the tree
by the north window, two bears
and a fox behind a tree stump.
Skunk, raccoon and porcupine
somewhere out there, too.
Did I mention all the deer?
Well there was one deer peeking
in the doorway.

Winning is everything.
The infant wants to devour the breast.
Sublimation.
A new song.
Zeus fed his father a stone.
I always wanted to use the word alembic
in a poem.
I always wanted.
What goes on in the vessel
goes on in the body of the operator.
An egg is composed of three things:
the shell, the white and the yolk.
Open the pores of the body in our water.
What do we mean by our water,
our sulfur, our mercury?
The way fire sleeps in the house.

Regarding the spiritual water
and the thirsty earth.
Where each turn in the intestine
signifies a planet, exit Saturn.
Harp, triangle, scripted hands
wheat stomach behind the curtain
shaped the most beautiful labia
all floating in clouds.
Subterranean physics.
The formation of first
bone cells gives way
to reason and experience.

Camera obscura.

Jackson picks up the book
and says, "I want to read it."
I want to read it, too.
But all I can do
is look at the pictures.
I want to snap the capsule
out of the foil wrapper.
I want the text inside my mouth.
"Here," says my dentist ...
"bite."

I was asleep in a box.
Crawling sensations of ants
on my skin, but when I open my eyes
they are gone. Not exactly gone,
but not visible. The gory nest
of death and rebirth. This birth.
Head first belies the sensation
which is anything but.

The big secret is that there are no secrets.
No secret is big enough to be there.
There is that no secrets are big.
Big secrets come in small elephants.
Trumpet blast for effect.
Two philosophers debate
in front of the alchemical temple.
That fucking is still secret.
Fucking trumpets blast big.
Fucking elephants.

The white tree surrounded by dew.
The letter Q on the coffin lid.
The blastocyst landing on uterine soil.
The sword splitting the egg.
Endeavor.
My spongy center emptied.
Let it deliquesce, then distill it
and the water you get is angel water.

Angel water.
Form is alive.
Form takes the poem
out for a walk
out of the foil wrapper.
We used to buy crystal meth
in small triangles of foil.
But when I open my eyes
turns a slightly bitter taste.

Crow perched on skeletal wrist
black sun under metatarsals
the orderly city background
tree stump flowering fore-
grounded new life - the new life
is number 9, putrefactio.
I don't know what I did
wrong, it must have been
dropsy in a coffin, stench
of apocalypse, no rapture
for us, just blinking christmas
lights and plastic flowers
bleached like bones spread
out over the opened grave.

The scorpion stings its own eye
with the cleansing work of virgins'
milk - winged homonculi
exhaled from the mouth of
the philosopher, raven perched
on hands, the adept
dies in the womb.

Raven of suicide, bones of animals
wild mountain honey and
the stink of shit and death.
Welcome to a smoke free
environment.

Grind the brain with strong
vinegar or the urine of a young
boy until it turns black
black as the heart consumed
by hatred. The grim stepbrother
seduces and penetrates his ten
year old sister, Johnny Carson
and Ed McMahon preside over
convulsive feasting, “just call
me angel of the morning” and “take
another little piece of my heart”
ubiquitous in southern gothic
scenario.

Form is alive.
See the movie!
The TV series!
The Saturday morning cartoon!
The novelization!
The re-make! The new DVD
with bonus footage!
The director's cut!
The website!
The Roger Ebert review!
The gameboy version!
The action figure!
The magazine article!
The t-shirt! The back-pack!
The baseball cap!
The halloween costume!

The queen lies in an open tomb,
a serpent coiled around her body
delivers a tender kiss, perilous
new moon, Robert Mitchum's
tattooed knuckles love and evil;
McClure's THE HUGE FIGURES
FUCKING on each side of its bulbous
head an eye is forming out
of jelly, mortal melancholy
and bleeding salamanders.
So by roasting draw the foulness
out.

All the books spread out on
the floor were useless, nothing
but marks on paper. When
I was seven, I used to sleep
with a schoolbook under
my pillow, that I might absorb
knowledge by osmosis.
The servant offers a poisoned cup
to the king, whose court observes
his death dispassionately.

Do we have a space helmet?
We left it in the golden pool
of the rose garden (use for
coloring eggshells only).
The neck of the retort
broken off by flying globe,
whereas for the goat, action
is suffering. A churchyard
in heaven where putrefying
corpses are transformed into
seraphs, an eye is forming
out of jelly.

Cobblestones in flight over
the heads of the philosophers,
past the shadowed horseman
skimming the surface of the lake.
Someone fetch a priest, children
multiplying in the sun.
“Saturn waters the earth
which carries the flowers
of the sun and moon.” Heavy
metals sink holes in the fabric
skin tight midnight show
sniffing glue in the least
accessible corner of the lab.

Just call me angel of
the morning, just call
it a night, call it rape.
Voluntary loss of memory.
I knew what I saw, knew
it all, snatched at the rocks
and clawed my way back
heart consumed by hatred
raven of suicide, targets
atrophy with misuse.

You keep sipping the poison
once a day, then twice,
then three times a day.
Notice the smell of cucumbers.
Johnny Carson tips the driver
here at the well of life and death.
THE HUGE FIGURES FUCKING.
Brain like crystalline water
sift from heart to head,
was never seven, never
hungry. All I can do is
look at the pictures.

Mitch Highfill

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