

Echo of a Scream

part one--objects of fear

Essay on a Dream

Oh, the horror sounds out in the hallway.
 "Ahw, why don't you smoke one bowl?" Grey
 voice whining.
 The horror behind closed doors.
 Listen to howling out in the hall.

Houses in spring seasons
 Empty passing breezes
 Cloudy curtains over windows
 Out over void spring

The body remembers the
 greening of skin
 O saisons, o chateaux
 Spring falls in houses

Listen to the horror that passes through
 the screendoors. Listen to the empty
 awnings drop. Listen quietly by the
 curtains. Go now alone, inside.

part two--passion-tension

Passion

And I saw towers in mists-
 clouds of sweat running down my arms
 water
 hearts held out floating
 bees whisper through us
 silent nosed laughter
 flying fish air and water
 waking up could
 be too
 late shaking
 apart

-I saw towers burnt off in the sun

part three--the resulting man

"River's wet wind," he said. He stood on the furthest outreach of rock into the water. "No, the river does better than the words."

He stood with his back to her. She sighed and waited. He was holding himself up to her again like a jewel or a rummage sale dress. He smoothed his hand over his arm. It was his old game--coming from talking alone so often. She was with him now, like the old playmates imagined. He matched himself to the river as a man--not as the bending nature she gave to emotion. There was soft blond fur on his neck that ran up to his turbulent hairline like the clear water that turned to foam over an unseen rock. The curve from his neck to his shoulders was as perfect as a bend in the water plane. It mystified her that he could only notice colors in words--motion became verbs, sound into adjectives to him. Air escaped without pattern over her vocal chords.

"What?" He turned to her sharply. He studied her look.

"Nothing. I didn't say anything."

"You look so sad."

"No, I'm not sad."

His arms encircled her. She had told him once that sometimes when he held her she felt his arms like scissors. Through hard thin force he hoped to get inside her. There was a presence in his touch that drove back into her mind. When confronted by his eyes staring out of his body he made her think and the one person they might have made between them disappeared.

"Stop."

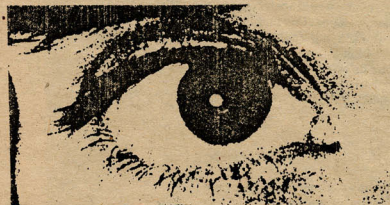
He wanted to kiss her but she twisted away. She waited for the sides of his mouth to soften or harden. He moved back to the edge of the rock. He awoke something in her better left asleep. She remembered when she had gotten her first summer dress how she worried long in front of a mirror about what she thought of herself and not how she looked. He looked out over the water--above his eyes was tight. She turned and she left him silently to himself.

the echo of a scream

When confronted by a strong feeling instant defenses spring up in some minds. The vibrations from simple hatred or the black arts are met with thought and transformed into a tragic logic. Those who fight the bad feelings despairingly damn the feelings of honest love and sensuality. They become cynical-romantic--not daring to believe in anything so they won't be let down. They feel the lips but not the soul that moves them. They hear the echo and not the scream.

la ville

the city traffic moved on an abacus.
 Stopping and starting. Colored
 balls in differing quantities.
 Tight coats--twisted collars.
 Strong sour vapors. subtle
 Sounds full of candor.
 Almost a dance out on the street.
 Humans as animals after peopled
 hours. The creeping alley-walking
 vertical fear of the city. Fear
 picked me out of the empty crowd...



out

caved in hall filled with beer
 drinkers. holy morning. glasses
 and cradles. sand on the floor.
 holding hands. polished wood
 growing smoke in the air.

And a mirror. a stream flows
 through it. the heads and shoulders
 of trees. wavering light of wind
 and a lit road.



start!

my friends say I've seen
 things they only dream
 the wing begins to fly
 the needle in my eye

please air have skin
 that won't let me in