

JILT: A ROMANCE

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SPLAT! AN INTRODUCTION

to Duval

This story is dedicated to no-one, least of all the muse - this text belongs to no-body. Speaking as not the author but the hero - I would hope to venomize the versified. I would hope to produce anxiety throughout the body of this Fury, Hope - a fear of illiterature (language shrunken to mere lexicon, or scattered vernacular...) (what will be written about, against...) (the subject consumes itself...).

In this rat infested Pantheon I have seen the hash-cognac transformation of all poetry, the sleepwalking Dystopia and heavy-handed boredom. Hope can't stand it - pushing the words back into the poet's mouth.

(bad taste has no contradictory terminal, but for the reader).

Splat!

CHORUS

WE ARE THE JADED
TOUCHED BY "WHIRLING SUNS"
FALLING TO THE JAGGED CLIFFS
ALONG THIS PURPLE HELL

AFTERDARK WE POSE AS JADE GREEN HUMOR
AGAINST OUR CONCRETE DIM GRAY THINKING

EAT THIS NOW

WE'RE FURTHEST FROM YOU
WE ARE THE JADED
TOUCHED BY "WHIRLING SUNS"

I chum this green sea and watch Hope devour the shredded meat. (she was starved, poor thing, starved, smiling in the freeloader) Jaded and pale, Hope gives herself - intent upon increasing her own splendor - out of fear, fighting lost desires. Like Success, Hope keeps the life she's lead in volumes - Hope swimming through hell, Hope running toward somber steps, into my own Dystopia, to lead me out again.

I invited her in and fell fast asleep.

She knew me well and had possessed me but in my dirt she found no resolve.

With my head in her lap I waited for suggestions as to how we may progress.

When I finally did make a move she said I'd kept her waiting.

To her I dedicated a small book of verse, but when it came the time to fuck she discarded me as hopeless trash.

I AM BAD TASTE!

So, I slept with timeless Horror - not because I wanted her. I wanted to see how far I could go, get...

A "psychic" told me I'd find love in November, I'd find joy and success... I found a desert, a dry riverbed. (she was too dear, sweet, innocent) The cards were wrong, the seer had made a mistake, was looking the wrong way and predicted the past.

Splat!

With much supposing, Horror asks... *Would you care, with freestanding authority, would you like me better if in my mouth you placed your words? Would you care, then?*

I didn't hear this. I didn't answer. I didn't know. This Horror is confusion... I spoke anyway... *Geology is dynamic compared to the ten-minute sex of humans, the scientific recreation of abuse.*

You will want to know the personal history of this Muse. Unfortunately, this information is classified - ordered as architecture rather than literature.

But,

In the awful silence of this twilight,
a stray and bitter star rises - a lunatic impostor.
Fate against the Furies.

Fury swallows Fate, smiling numb -
reflecting the infinite transgressions of the un-habilitated,
the dreadful, and the lost.

In the sweet smell of a January false spring,
a stray and bitter star rises - a lunatic impostor.
Fate against the Furies.
The hunger grows and Fury seduces Fate into her ocean.

About the Muse:

Two shadows, passionate animata, muse-sorts split, and this is the poet's horizon;

(a low and lonely muse - there's money involved, posturing - held on a textual leash, on retainer to the poet, turned on and shut off.)

(the apotheosistic muse, to whom the poet is a low and loyal dog - dragged along, screaming devotion.)

Between these shadows there is a muse, the muse of neutered poetic events, a wedge driven between dawn and dusk - dividing muse from whore and poet from hack, ignorance from deliberation, passion from addiction;

(the first muse, is terminated through applied pornography, the textual leash of the poet is received as affection - the muse is negatively eviscerated.)

(The apotheosistic muse attaches the leash to the poet, as inspiration, pulling him up toward enlightenment - the poet is exterminated in despondent adoration.)

TAROT:

FACTIONS OF RIGOR, ON THE FRINGE THAT ALLOW THE HEAD A BODY - SEXLESS, YET GENDERED THROUGH A CATALOG OF SORRILESS DRIVES; A BODY OF ORGANIZED PASSIONS POISED IN CARELESS ANTICIPATION.

PERSONAL:

- SWM looking for dexterous woman in boots, to un-want.

OBITUARY:

- The muse is dead and has left her body to the poet.

PERSONAL:

- SWM seeks F guerrilla night-crawler, ready to use.

RED LETTER CYCLE

Bea!

Let me see hysteria - I advocate this grace.

Let me burn my mouth on your raw sugar, touch you with my clammy, poison skin. I move you to convulsions. Hello, I'm speaking to you from the labyrinth in which you've lost me. Let me see your well-trained (well-versed) muse again.

I'll show myself as caring?..

Charles

PS ...entertain me with your pity...show me ways to graciousness, revive me...you are my nicotine...C.

Under the proper conditions I can feel my own erosion - my spirit falling into ruins... I wander, irritated by the state of the temple, feeling nostalgic for lost sense - the hand-me-down-knowledge of Hadrian's has-been Athena.

Along Capp Street, between the bar where he'd been drinking and the loft where he would crash, Charles encountered common and rude half-men, gray-aliens, bright yellow figures glowing against black velvet walls. Demons of the spectacle...

b,

You, the young and talented, so sad you are so Stupid, you say - so fond of what I give to you, you fall with me - Stupid Proud Clowns...

Regress, return to true devotion. The End. (to the end?) To the end, filled with restrictions and guidelines. What is it worth? I've lost your scent. Let me smell your feet again, let me smell what you've stepped in. I would want to pour you too much cognac and blow smoke in your face. I need to see this, Muse! (until I say no more) Gracious arms, hands, fingers, toes pointing. Your pedestrian stride. Such mesmery - my garish Bee. Decked out. Flickering.

c

Charles pushed past the freaks in the street, trying not to look at anyone, staring down to just beyond his feet.

(...hippie gifts...organic, man...it's all love...)

(...I've lost my place to this rhythm...an act... assimilation...VORAX...)

Sfumato, gloss, glare. Charles is absorbed into her poison, feeling sorry for the screen, the warm profound space between the balcony and the screen. He rubs his face against beatrice's pages and the world spins.

Sweet,

I am moved by you most when you show yourself unfeeling, when you almost don't recognize me. Such cruel joy you give me when you are not sorry. You are an activist for all anonymous fear. Aligned with boredom, I am defeated - deaf to pounding acid blood. So, there will be no action. Just slow cool unfeeling... Against my dirty skin... I am horrified you may forget.

Sour

Charles trembled when he wrote this - to find beatrice amongst these tabloid monstrosities, stuttering and stumbling away. She knows his creep... The toxic cloud of open volcanic hearts will kill you.

Evacuate!

My-X,

You called me dead meat and you were so right. An Assassin follows me, has already tried to hurt me. My Assassin is everywhere and has you so well trained.

RISING SORRY PARASITES

EAT AWAY AT MONUMENTS

can it be stopped?

There is no reasoning with termites! You are so right - I am too wrapped up in my own dystopic vanity, for which you refuse meaning.

"I drank too much"...and crawled into the rubble..."I drank too much."

My-self

Charles stared into the sun, which he'd mistaken for beatrice's eyes. There was music coming from her pores and Charles listened to it carefully. He looked into her eyes (the sun) again, and then disappeared - a banal, uninteresting footnote.

uh...

You will resent my memory, still hearing my songs in your head. The weak dead verse - SHARK FOOD...see

RED LETTER

(I WISH TO MOVE BENEATH THE LAZY WASTE OF UN-POETIC BODIES. TO TRAVEL - A TOURIST, THINKING BETTER THAN THE CULTURE OF THESE BONES...I HOPE.)

when I was India (I never was in India)
sometime ago
when I was kind
my beauty began to fade
decaying into seriousness and objectless despair
wandering through other utopias
a cynic with a placeless frown -

LUXURY IS NOBILITY INBRED TO MADNESS.

PERSONAL:

- SWM looking for dexterous woman in boots, to un-want.

OBITUARY:

- The muse is dead and has left her body to the poet.

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JILT

Suppose I was to agitate against what repulses you most,
come into alignment with your cold center?
Would you let me stagger by, along this monster path?
Sorriless, you're silent...

Charles met Eva Moortgat, late and drunk, under the lights in the alleyway that leads to her flat. She walked right past him, opened the door and disappeared, retiring to her libertine regrets, leaving Charles in the cold... poor, poor Eva - her place smells of cat piss.

Eva's flat was cluttered with stolen art - art without an audience, paintings and manuscripts in stacks, covered over with bed sheets and gray plastic garbage bags - buried treasure, the ruins of a temple, assumedly dedicated to the Muse, to Eva. Her apartment was empty but for this art and its open space, its lack of any real furniture made one immediately notice the smell of the carpet (cats). She thought about letting Charles move in with her, out of pity, out of Hope - in the name of art which equals fame - they would take care of each other - he would write, she would work.

Charles did moved in; only because he thought they were going to be lovers. His advances were rejected, returned damaged but unopened. Eva mistook Charles' attempts for a case of mistaken identity, bad memory, misdirected poetic s(t)imulation and she stopped it in its tracks. Charles tried again and Eva rerouted his intent away from her, back into this work - so I continue. Narration is my apology for the incomplete nature of this collection.

Eva's regrets lie in submission to a disordering of time. She's moved from Belgium, to San Francisco, to terminals beyond the dry orgy - now she's just tired and out of money. (Beat) The cat piss smell in Eva's loft was too much for her so she left almost immediately upon her arrival. She was glad to be outside again, happy for the chance to recreate, re-incarnate - Eva leads multiple lives; calm and elegant in the morning, turning to the jackal after dark. She feels at home in the dark, more confident, seduced by the blood red possibilities - wide open mouths - blind half-baked desires. The night speaks this stupid dialect.

Folly and Deference (cartoon genies) appear before Eva's face. Folly with (his) strategies of promiscuity and tossing-off... Deference with (her) moral dialectics and prickled posture...

Voice

Infernal darkness twilight
burning sun...

...PHANTOMS...

Pain

Confused and impotent
eye...

(ART)Remorse, sorry, sorrow... Nostalgia for (useless) Nostalgia's (art's) sake...

This tears at Eva's heart, filling it with holes - a sieve in full transfusion with the open air.
Folly and Deference (Fury) enters Eva through these arches. And, Charles retreats.

WALKING DEAD BOGART

hangs alone
without distraction.
so dry, the deserts swim,
and heroes sink
into this quicksand pixel-field.
consumed;
the machine moves on.

Charles dropped out; a dim poetic speck attached to this apathetic and creepy muse. Even smaller, closer - a grain of sand on the surface of my eye... Now, Hope (Fury) is a Grace (Demon), along with Evil (Folly-Deference), and Death and Horror (Folly-Deference). Charles is the pornographic animator of these Graces. If you can't see the magic, look again. Look for the tin-toy Chimera. He was where you are now - reading-writing the narcogressive. Lead on by Eva's celebrations, her base repulsion for him - the same repulsion Charles celebrates as his own ruin. Voracity fades and what had once been delicious is now tasteless. What once made Eva drool now made her hold her breath.

THE "ASSASSINATION" OF C. "BAUDELAIRE"

These are the chilling facts of my assassination, the uprisings and epitaphs, pixilating as I go, in jack-hindu production of living, speaking transfused fragments... The prone Descartes... A liquefied Balzac... And time still passes in clicks and pregnancies, between two worlds. Followed by my Assassin, I find the nerve to reach into the Muse's totem smelt - to pull out this toxic slag. (Weak, sad, buttermilk - to think of me as bright, darker than the darkest night) The panicky Bougureau, (weak, sad, buttermilk - to be so sensitive, suddenly allergic) against her will, (muse devours muse in this colorific world and vomits up the poet) drags the plastic and the lascivious together, toward certain confrontation, into the orange light of the sewer. Do not discount the pacts and lines, the desperation of this novel - in the neighborhood of assassins the cold space of the Bougureau is a plastic dry hump, a hard and sorrowed blazing sun, the smell of dry grass, an obscured horizon.

(the shit after the myth)

Hope and Horror treads mid-air;
As I move to nobody,
Fury escapes –
the family of Graces
lifting my head to its post.
Courage turns to Irony,
thrown madly 'bout this freezing nausea.
Anguish descends through matte acrylic clouds
and heroes succumb to the debauch of a cold green hell.
Fortune, Beauty, and Chance survive;
but, heroes burn like books,
fracture from their falls and propositions.
Our heads on sticks.
(everything's worth more when it comes on a stick)
No need for a mirror,
your face is reflection enough.