

## pyramidal, its certain form

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certain it is a form wittgenstein or anyone  
can think of a stag in their mind  
but not be able to shoot that stag  
and where is all that everlovin antimatter  
that matter supposedly co-creates?  
at the end of the dream, the poem  
at the end of everything what else, the end sighs sor juana  
the doors have an 11 minute song called 'the end'  
which feels serious when you are 11 and stupid  
six or eight or ten months later nor did I offer up my own dream  
which was a meadow in my cup meadowtation ha ha ha  
the shipkissed the sands of galenic shores at the buttressed  
end of my dream where spectacles do not fear to interpose  
long fallen out of the mouth of vishnu so long gabriel so long usen  
now the instrument of my reflection no longer necessary since  
the inside is the out and I've jiggered the mechanism  
such that my jackets always dry & clean & my  
cock is hard only when I want no more embarrassing  
sublunarities and my cunt is wet just as my lover thinks  
of fucking it cities appear golden to my gaze a figure  
empyrean arises in shadow long for this world aching on the  
threshold of my upturned arse and my one  
ways and means, lilified cloak emaned  
w/ tresses, baldly dignified, the cloak was  
regal it did not speak, yet Diogenes lept on it, yet the trumpets  
pointed one direction entrained to a kind of roseate beam  
the same pink beam Philip K. Dick saw  
emanating from the fish necklace around the neck of  
that delivery girl he saw in his doorway after he'd  
had his wisdom teeth removed  
that same beam that triangulated  
w/ Arcturus, aka Alpha Boötis to flash up and  
hit it smack in the third eye till it and we and we are bent sobbing,  
having given up our library, having died of the  
plague and worse, having vowed never again to write w/ pen and  
ink having inscribed yo la peor, I the worst, in blood  
on the back of a dirty pamphlet, but oh what  
unmiserable mind is this no me miserum noli me tangere  
nothing miserable nothing touches me