pyramidal, its certain form

cyramidal, its certain form
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
empyreal arises in shadow long for this world aching on the
threshold of my upturned arse and my one
ways and means, lilified cloak enmaned
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

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