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EROTIC POEMS

PHILIP
LAMANTIA



THE WALTON PRESS®

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PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19143

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Contents

Introduction: Kenneth Rexroth

PART ONE

I	“Upon the earth eyes opened in wonder”	1
II	“You flee into a corridor of stars”	3
III	<i>Scenario</i>	4
IV	<i>Awakened From Sleep</i>	5
V	<i>From Dark Illusion to Love’s Reality</i>	7
VI	“I open for you an ancient book”	8
VII	<i>Nativity of Love</i>	9
VIII	<i>Autumn Poems</i>	10
IX	<i>Answer From a Place of Waiting</i>	11
X	“I am forlorn”	12
XI	<i>Sorrow</i>	13
XII	<i>Night Vision</i>	14
XIII	“Unable to move and hardly breathing”	17
XIV	<i>Spring’s Entry</i>	18
XV	<i>Two Worlds—1946</i>	19
XVI	<i>A Simple Answer to the Enemy</i>	20

PART TWO

XVII	“The mermaids have come to the desert”	25
XVIII	<i>Automatic World</i>	26
XIX	<i>Moments of Exile</i>	28
XX	<i>There Are Many Pathways to the Garden</i>	30
XXI	“Beneath this bed the caverns gather me like water”	31
XXII	<i>Hermetic Bird</i>	32
XXIII	“I am a criminal when your body is bare upon the universe”	34
XXIV	<i>A Civil World</i>	35
XXV	<i>Invisible</i>	36
XXVI	<i>The Enormous Window</i>	37
XXVII	<i>Mirror and Heart</i>	39
XXVIII	<i>Infernal Landscape</i>	41
XXIX	<i>A Winter Day</i>	42

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Bela Fata

4/4/72

Dear Philip:

This letter should serve as an introduction to your book. I am writing it on the side of a mountain; the paper resting on my knee.

I am skeptical of the value of an introduction to a book of poems; all one can really say is, "I think this is good poetry, and you should, too, whoever you are." And why, I suppose, so the less apperceptive will have something to talk about.

What is wrong with most modern poetry, of whatever school, is that it is unmotivated, and is contrived. There is really no reason why most of it should ever have been written. Further, it is fishy, passionless stuff, much of it, for all its noise.

Your poetry so obviously is none of these things, and so positively their opposites. It has a great drive and excitement that only comes with the conviction that what one has to say is of great importance and people had ought to listen. Although some of it uses the language, or at least the symbolic patterns of the unconscious, it is not that deadliest of all dull "made up" things: "unconscious writing." The force that associates the ideas is a conscious Eros and a vision of the world founded and ruled by Eros as ultimate power. It is for this reason that I do not see the vast difference which you do between the two sections of the book. After all, although the relations may seem more logically stated to some, this is only a convention. I am sure that an Eskimo would see little difference between the idiom of Breton and that of Sam Johnson.

The thing that counts is the intense passion. Not some vague amorphous "feeling," but a sort of fire power of the whole personality, will, intellect, emotion, etc., all organized and focused at maximum intensity. The fact that most of the poems have to do specifically with love, the divine and human Eros, of course, helps to further this ordonnance and impact.

The real test of the poet is his ability to write about the important things, making love and dying and all the terribly banal things that are such a crushing bore to poet-

asters who can turn off any quantity of witty numbers about bits of bric-a-brac in the back rooms of the Metropolitan Museum. Those who can write old hackneyed stuff—"When as in silks my Julia goes," "I could be kissing your honeyed eyes always," etc., etc.—they are the real thing and, actually, whatever new idiom they may use, can be recognized pretty easily. As it is not difficult to tell a sawhorse from a stallion.

Mercury is hanging in the clear mountain twilight, Venus nearby like a pearl on fire, and the male planet, small, dark, sharp, intense, like a sperm of steel. It is an old story, written in a good many other places besides the heavens.

Faithfully,

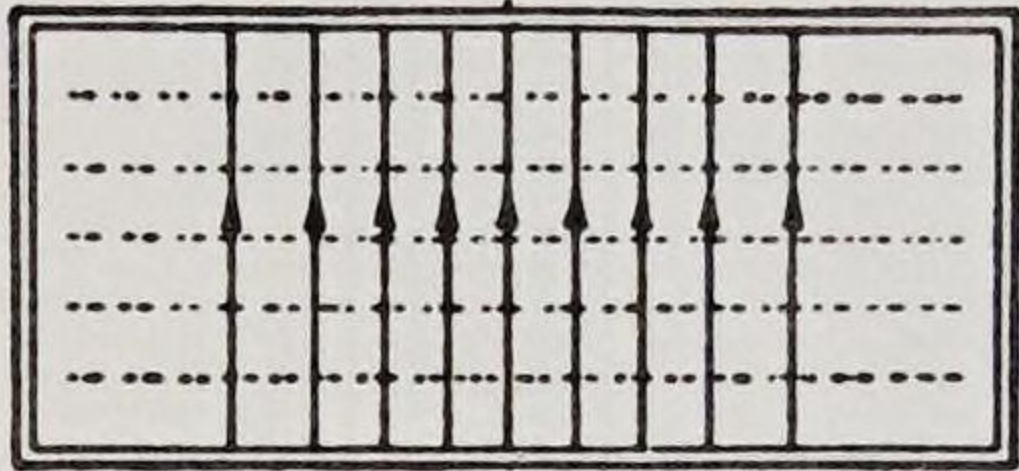
Kenneth Rexroth

I

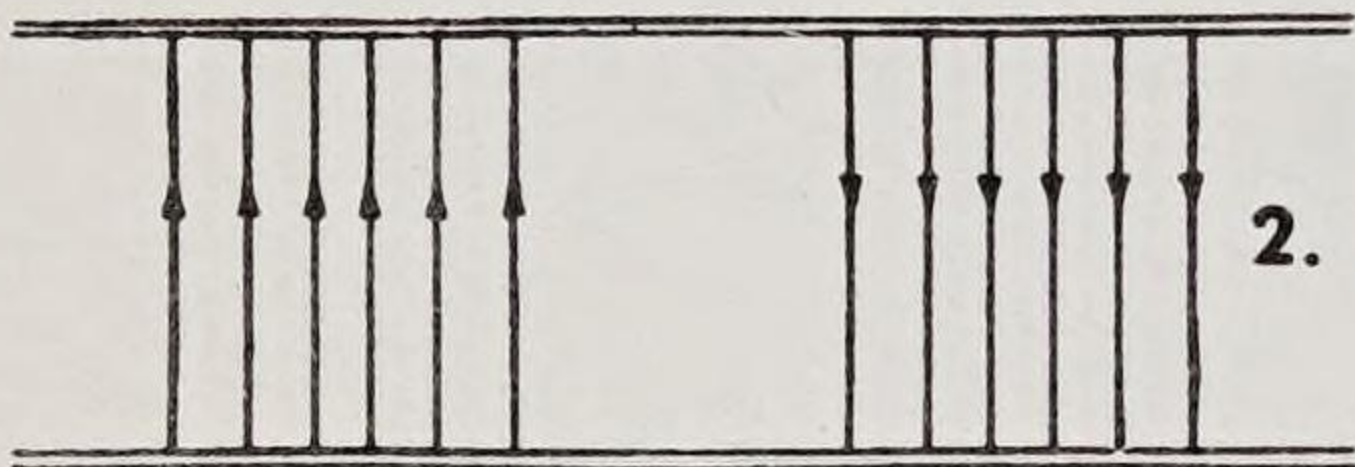
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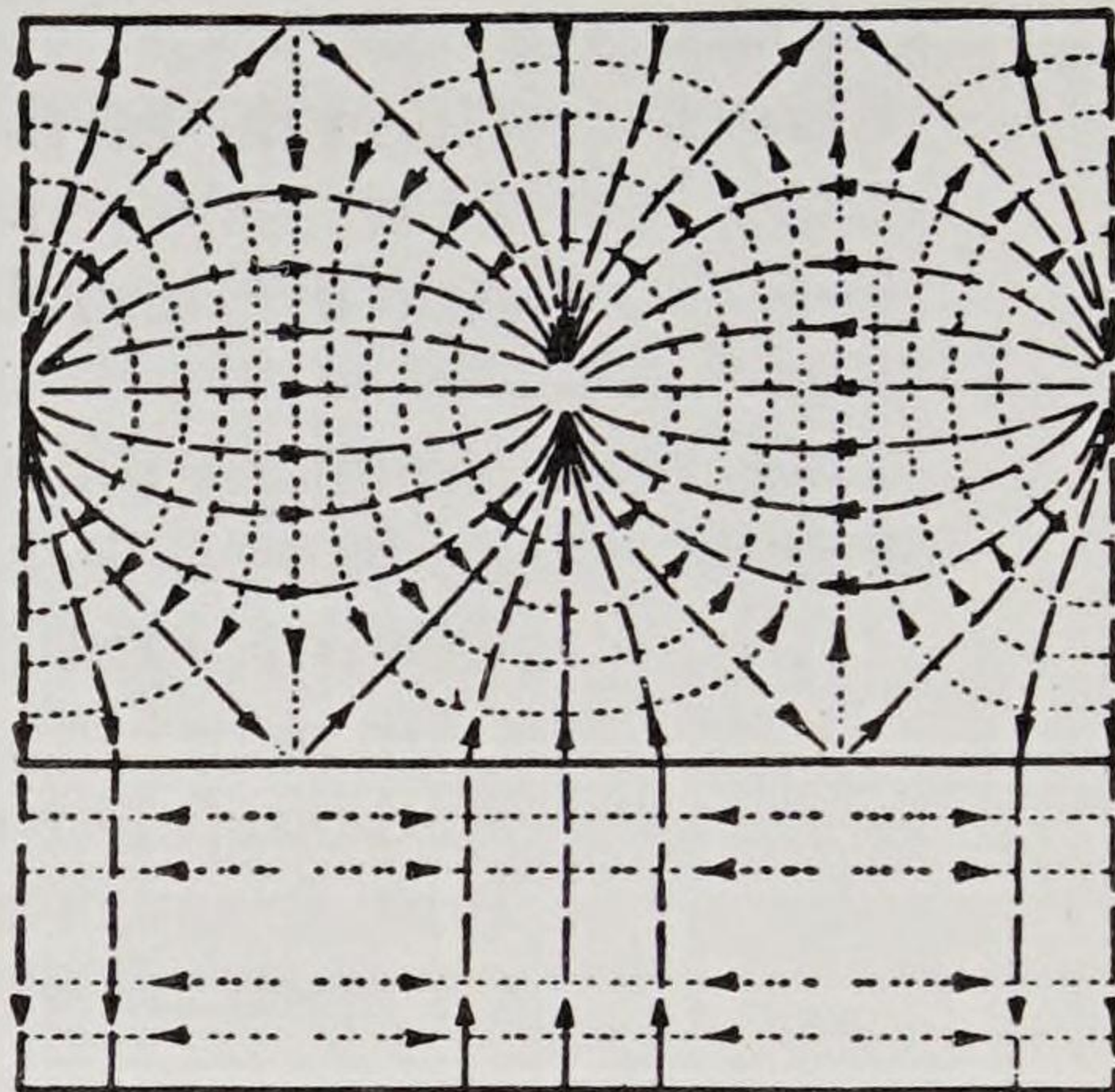
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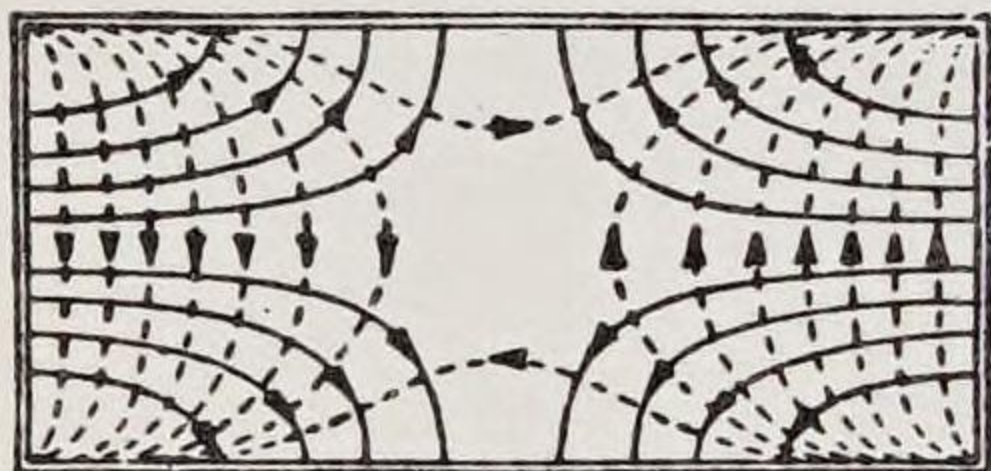
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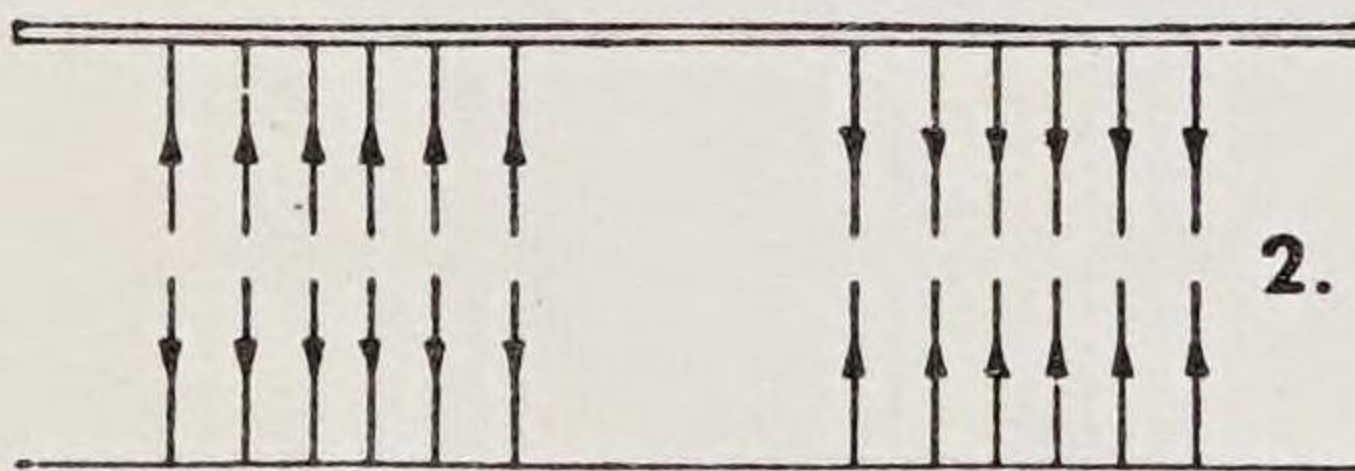
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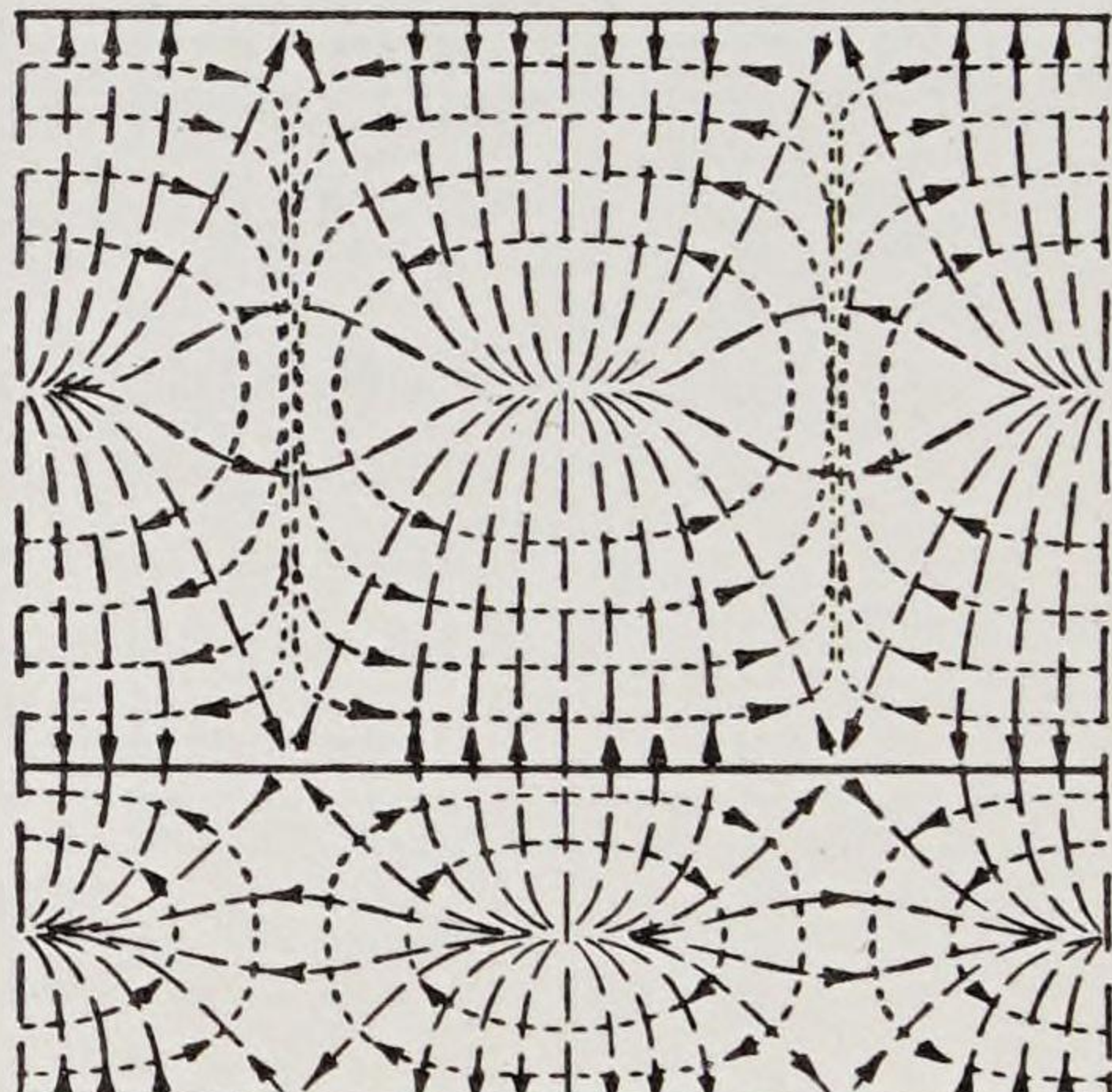
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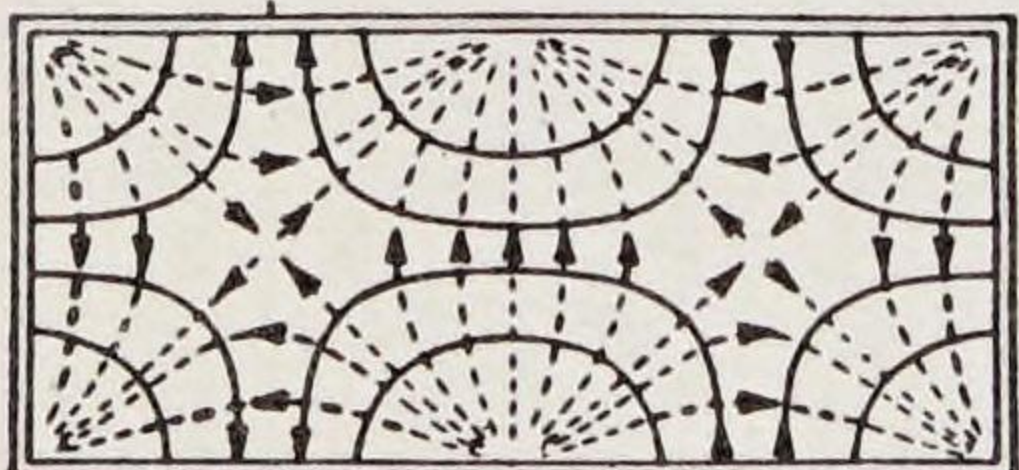
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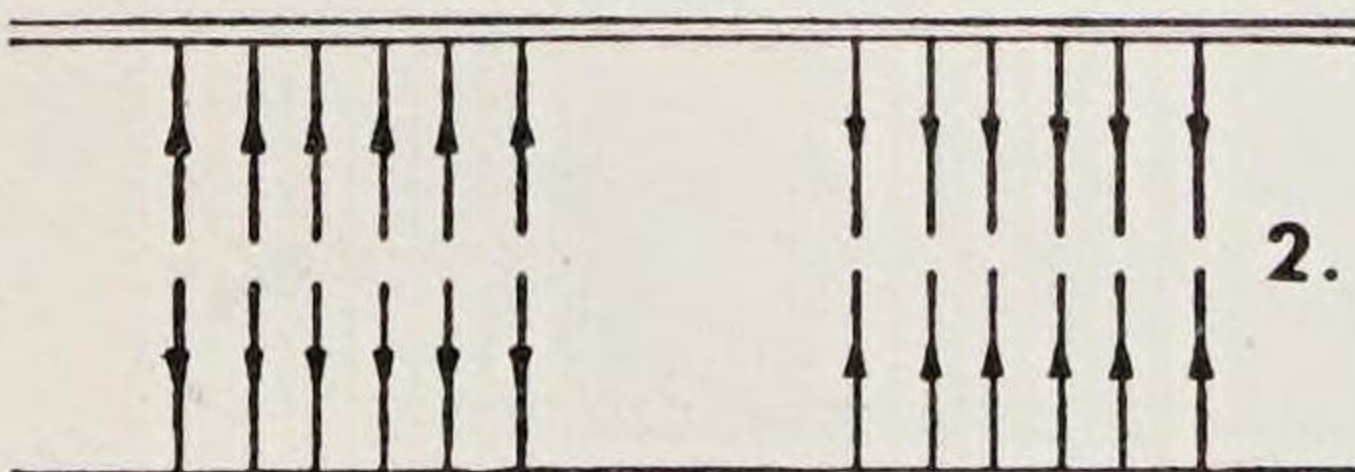
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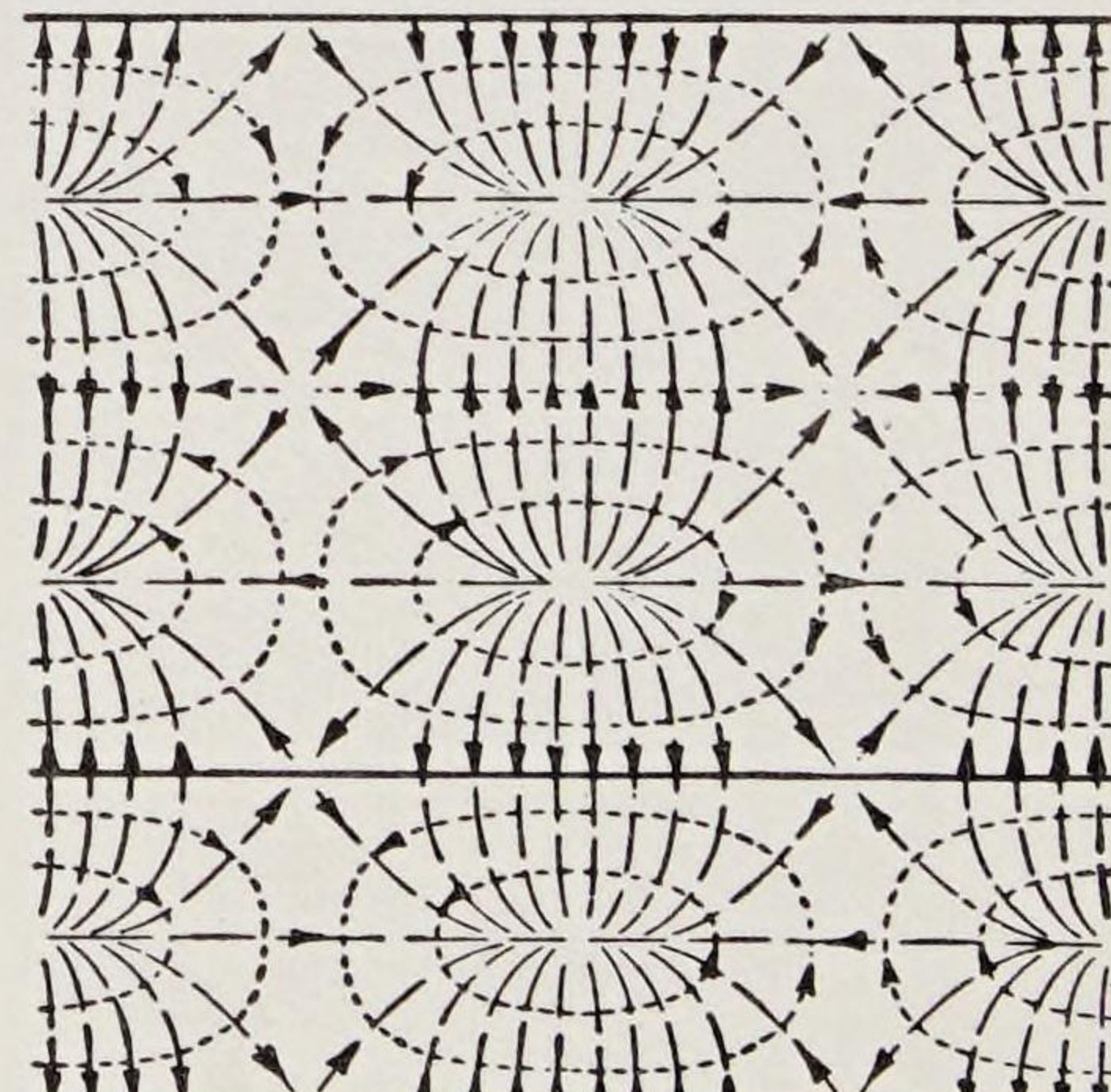
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1.



2.



3.

Upon the earth eyes opened in wonder,
As trees flowed within me
And dreams followed snow.

No longer did I see torture
Or hate, coiled like a snake:
Ready for the constant attack
—On man himself, imprisoned
And fearful of the sun's power,
Born in uncertain times
Of myth and death.

There was no feverish cry
From the depths, or from above,
And I knew this was the island
Of an exiled heart.

Yet this island is before us always,
From life to life,
From minute to minute,
In a state of change,
But eternal as the primal images.

The world never sees itself,
Never regards its love;
Believes itself protected
And forms a pattern of evil.

But, those who see everything at once:
A cosmos, designed and ordered
In the rhythm of a heartbeat,
Love the image, but not the myriad worlds
Wasting away under a symbol of death.

It is here: the whole, of which the parts
Are both mirror and picture.

From a window I see the world
As I would see love
As I would see you
As I would see myself.

This act of vision
Is an act of love;
I speak among you
As I would among the dead.

II

You flee into a corridor of stars.
You sleep in a bleeding tree,
And awaken upon the body of trance.

The night flies like a bird possessed by fire.
Pieces of night scatter in an alcove of ghosts
Where a comet is our symbol and space our illusion.

We are two loves, two feathers blown over water,
Our garments washed upon the sands,
Our bodies flung to the rocks.

I meet you in the solitude of violence;
Take you as a vapour and flow as blood
In your body of music and haunting flesh.

Scenario

Blood stains velvet
As a girl passes like smoke
Through the heavy air,
Passes like smoke
To the drunken sailors.

It's strictly contemporary here,
Nothing archaic except velvet
(And the blood spills over it).

Nothing but fast love
And fast death.

The man and the woman in the circle
Dancing a samba.

First the quiet doping and casual loving,
Next the brawl:
With the Don Juans
And the queens
Breathing for paradise to come.

The early morning brings
A taste of ash in the mouth;
Welts and wounds;
The analerotics yelling for air.

Mirrors broken; bottles of gin
Slung from one table to another;
An elegy written across the window.

The last to leave is the girl at the bar,
Passing in the dawn like smoke.

Dressed in velvet,
Happy and bitten,
She waits for the noise and crowds
Of the next night.



Awakened from Sleep

Swept from the clouds
We are among gardens under the sea.
Flaming white windows
From which nightingales flaunt in the sun.

Have we come from the cities of the plain
Or the moon's lake of demons?

Your whole body is a wing,
Daughter of half-seen worlds;
Together we fly to rocks of flesh
Beneath the ashes of ancient lovers.

There is no rule here,
No seasons and no misery;
There are only our desires
Revealed in the mist.
Here ghosts are reborn every moment
In the spider webs of your face.

Your hair is mingled with little children
Laughing in the moonlight;
Butterflies have come to rest upon your lips
Whose words clothe the dancing stars
Falling lightly to earth.

You have become so monumental,
And I so sleepy.
Water is trickling down your lucid breasts.
In a minute you'll be a shadow
And I a flame in sleep.

We'll meet,
Corridors will open,
The rain will come in,
The hot bite of dogs will be upon us.
And drifting with a marvelous touch
Of all the moons of space,
Will be the lovers,
Diffusing their blood
In the secret passageways of the heart.

From Dark Illusion to Love's Reality

I take to a caryatid coming alive
(Whose marble falls from her hair),
Moving over the ruins of cities.

Her life is ephemeral.
In her shadow I walk as the most melancholy,
Blinding the sun with a sweep of my lashes.

Within her life ends as swiftly as a dream,
And the future seems worse than the past
And no better than the present.

From the depths of an uprooted earth
No longer light forms,
But frozen waste is scattered everywhere.

In this desperate night I submerge
Toward an incarnate body in the sea,
Revealed to me, without pangs, as Love.

(My caryatid returns to her frieze,
Tracing like snow in the air,
An image of decay.)

I take from the sea this magnetic heart
(As the sun moves slowly between us)
To follow the pulsebeats of Love.

VI

I open for you an ancient book
Breathing through the soil,
With pages of leaves taken
From an ageless, forgotten garland.

It tells of a wonderous flower
Born within us, but blossoming only
As we are lost forever
In its loving, deathless power.

And the book falls into night
To appear endlessly
Until the last mind's eye
Records its precious wisdom.

And I shall not move through this night
Before I see the flower coming forth
And cling to your flesh
For the final enveloping.

By the sea of our eyes
This flower shall be made golden,
And none shall make us separate
In the flowering fire of our souls.

Nativity of Love

In the long hours, torn from night,
The earth gives birth to us again:
The greenness flowing in our blood,
Forever in oneness, passes like dew
Between our lips, sealed from the world.

Rising from our first dream,
I see only the face of your heart
Moving from the trees to an island,
Perched above us: ghost of a love-land
Where we lie entwined in our bodies,
Given to the grass.

Your mask disappears in the sky
Leaving the veined star open
For my kisses. Your star, above
Pain's phantom touch, slowly entering
The net of my arms to sleep again
In the rib's infinite eye.

Though we may pass on from this land,
Conceiving us in the womb of love,
Our sighs and songs shall haunt
Its black trees and dark grasses
As I haunt you in the mirror of memory.

I seek you in the deep daylight
Of bodies, covered by leaves
And glowing crystals of the sea.

We lie close to the soil,
Joined to ourselves forever:
Our flesh invaded by the sun,
In deep communion and final purpose.

Autumn Poems



Under autumn clouds, bird shaped,
 Pursuing the winds carving
 Our faces in the rocks,
 I take you in rapt fury
 And before Time's calm indifference.



Today I am seized by the rain.

The rain walks, runs about in your heart,
 I feel it moving, flooding the veins,
 Lying in wait for my entrance.



I feel the turning leaves
 On your trembling thighs;
 Know silence to be water
 Flowing in the darkness
 Of a season of sighs.

This love's knowing silence
 Flows toward divinity;
 Is a finger of light
 Upon grains of sand:
 Our golden stars of infinity.



Answer from a Place of Waiting

And what is this: the meditation
And the dream you paint with an ink of tears?

Who has known a lover ripening for marriage
Will be like a tree growing
Deeply and joyfully into the soil,
Leaving her loss and pain to wash away
On the face of winter.

Overgrown with protective leaf,
Culled from some esoteric forest of your world,
You lie upon thorns
And think their juice is sweet.

No, better to die and meet as spirits
Than write as if we were dead.

Now that our bodies still call
To each other across the distance,
Let us meet to exchange our kisses in the sun
And move into entangling leaves.

Let us cast our eyes
Toward the heaven of youthful gods,
Consumed so many centuries past,
Rising again from the fire
Of their inviolable loves.

I am forlorn.
The berry under the breast
Breaks its sea of sorrow over my head.
Resting on stone, I think of my unending quest
For the morning star gone.

How I curse my own undoing:
Of trying the profound feelings
And weights of love
On the twig of chance.

Sorrow

In anguish, I hear a voice
 Singing of the wounded animal
 Turning on winter's garland

Of dead flowers. For days he has lain
 Remembering his autumn birth,
 Watching fire give way to ice.

Unable to die, he suffers
 For his beloved, knowing she has moved
 Into a temporary death.

How much pain the dark tooth
 Had cast his way
 As it drove deep into his loin.

His sweet flesh is no longer embraced
 By the sun's dark arms,
 No longer healed by grass.

As I watch him, I wonder what alien wind
 Drove the savage tooth, as a sea,
 To his body's star:

Piercing and breaking the rib's bone
 And opening his flesh to swift snow;
 —To leave him quite alone, panting

In the silence. Waiting for the medicines
 Of spring to heal his wound,
 And accomplish the rebirth of his beloved.

 Night Vision

*More gold than gold the love I sing,
 A hard inviolable thing . . .
 . . . my heart is incorruptible as gold,
 'Tis my immortal part:
 Nor is there any god can lay
 On love the finger of decay.*

Michael Field.

Last night, far removed
 From the thundering chaos
 Of the soul's decomposure,
 I walked sullenly in the dark,
 Coming upon the grass and trees
 Swaying to the rhythm
 Of her body's apparition.

I took of those intangible potions
 We let seep into the ground,
 And they were no less intoxicating
 Than in the moments they flowed
 From our kisses.

The mist guided me,
 Lightly as a river moving through summer,
 On the illimitable plane of extension
 To Time's final expression.

* * *

I see your hands between burnt twigs
 And your hair, speckled with fresh grass,
 Dashing like a seawave against the air.

We walk arm in arm in the country,
 With stars and grains of sand
 Gathered for apt communion.
 Feeling the pulsating fountain of virginity
 As if for the first time,
 We marvel at the blood-felt meteors,
 Rapid through our veins.

The sword of extraneous laws,
Swinging to disentangle us,
Is drawn toward invisibility,
As the cabin door opens
To the distending light of our fingers.
Then, you are again very much my own,
Graceful and nude in the moment's oblations:
A grape shared between our lips,
And juice of an eaten persimmon,
With the body's flavors,
Flowing through autumn.

Your beauty diffuses within me
As your fragrant hair
Spreads softly over my breast.
These are the lustful moments,
Empty of all harmful mutations
That seek to rob the heart
Of Love's natural order.

Now, as lightning cleaves from my heart,
You begin to take me deeply within you:
Our lips trembling feverishly,
Our eyes pouring their light from the sun.
Do not speak.
Do not even echo a sigh.
Entwined, rising and falling in oneness,
We enter silence as a sea of becoming.

Then lying in a passive embrace,
We listen to the resounding rain
Penetrating within us and moving
In unison with our blood.
My hands rest below your breasts,
You murmur sweetly between a soft kiss
As the joy of peace ascends
In folds of sleep.

* * *

The vision dissolves in darkness,
And I return to this point in time:
Reminding me of what is a phantom
And what is a shadow never lost.

I return to walk again
Among so many creations
Lending themselves to the primal things;
Offering their leaves and naked cells
To the moon's competent magic
And the sun's expansive divinity.

I know what remains
Between the conjured experience
And the summoned thought:
It is she, almost as a breath
And felt in the wind,
Yet forever present
In the *green whirl*,
That imperative essence
And spirit of my blood.

Unable to move and hardly breathing,
I am before the stars' alchemy of light
And eternal marvel of blue of sky into darkness,
Becoming balm to my blood's long agony
Of we two wrested from each other
In these dreaded days
And unholy divisions of our love.

The hoary strength of the redwoods,
Flowing as a river to my veins,
Floods my eyes with yearning
To see her being identified
With the whirling silence
Of these myriad worlds becoming One.
Yearning to see her as she wished to be:
*A woman from the center of the earth
With a rose of fire in her heart.*

The breathing grass gives quiet ecstasy
To my remembering nerves
That once wove gently through the soil
As her light shone from every living fire.

The minutes pass as though sharp thorns
Against an intangible center,
Where a wounded animal wakes within me.
The Light, bearing enemies of pain
As well as bodies of bliss,
Coming forth by memory, returns
To my heavy heart in sorrow,
Now unable to work its blood into flames
Until her eyes again shine forth into mine.

Spring's Entry

How shall we know Spring
Pulls the tide of rebirth
Peacefully within us,
But by the body's own fire
Rekindled through our veins.

Behind us lies a worldly night
Of guarded anguish,
Before us flowers opening
To the touch of singing lovers
Bathing in the Heavenly light of their eyes.

Two Worlds—1946

to K. R.

The wingless bird, only half-a-bird,
But having the power of flight
Locked in its spirit,
Threads through the prison seeking daylight.

Unresponsive blood through the veins,
The blood coldly, moving like ice,
Through the walls, in which the almost dead

Sleepers have no hunger for flower and flame
That wait outside and within these walls,
Even below the angel submerged in their hearts.

The ruins of the living are here,
Obscuring all light.
Dying roses fall among the crucified
Who lie in absolute separateness:
Dumb, distorted worlds.

How shall this wingless bird,
Outside and within all bodies,
Send forth its fire to the hand
That shall break the mirror of these walls
(As it would plunge into water
Or open the Heavens).
How shall it regain its wings
To penetrate the day
Now releasing its light
As light is released from the heart?

A Simple Answer to the Enemy

Either the State will be destroyed and a new life will begin . . . or else the State must crush the individual and local life, it must become the master of all the domains of human activity, must bring with it wars and internal struggles for the possession of power, surface-revolutions which only change one tyrant for another, and inevitably, at the end of this evolution—death!

Peter Kropotkin in 1896.

It is an eventful year.
We live in a nation flourishing
On the blood of millions murdered
And millions more being murdered
Everywhere else in the world.

I sit reading the incorruptible words
Of those who chose defiance
To the highest evil;
What they foretold is almost incomparable
To the nightmare lying before us.

The Revolution has not won,
But it exists everywhere.
The trigger-like mentalities
That lead the counter-attack
Bear down with unequaled force
On the rising tide of revolt.

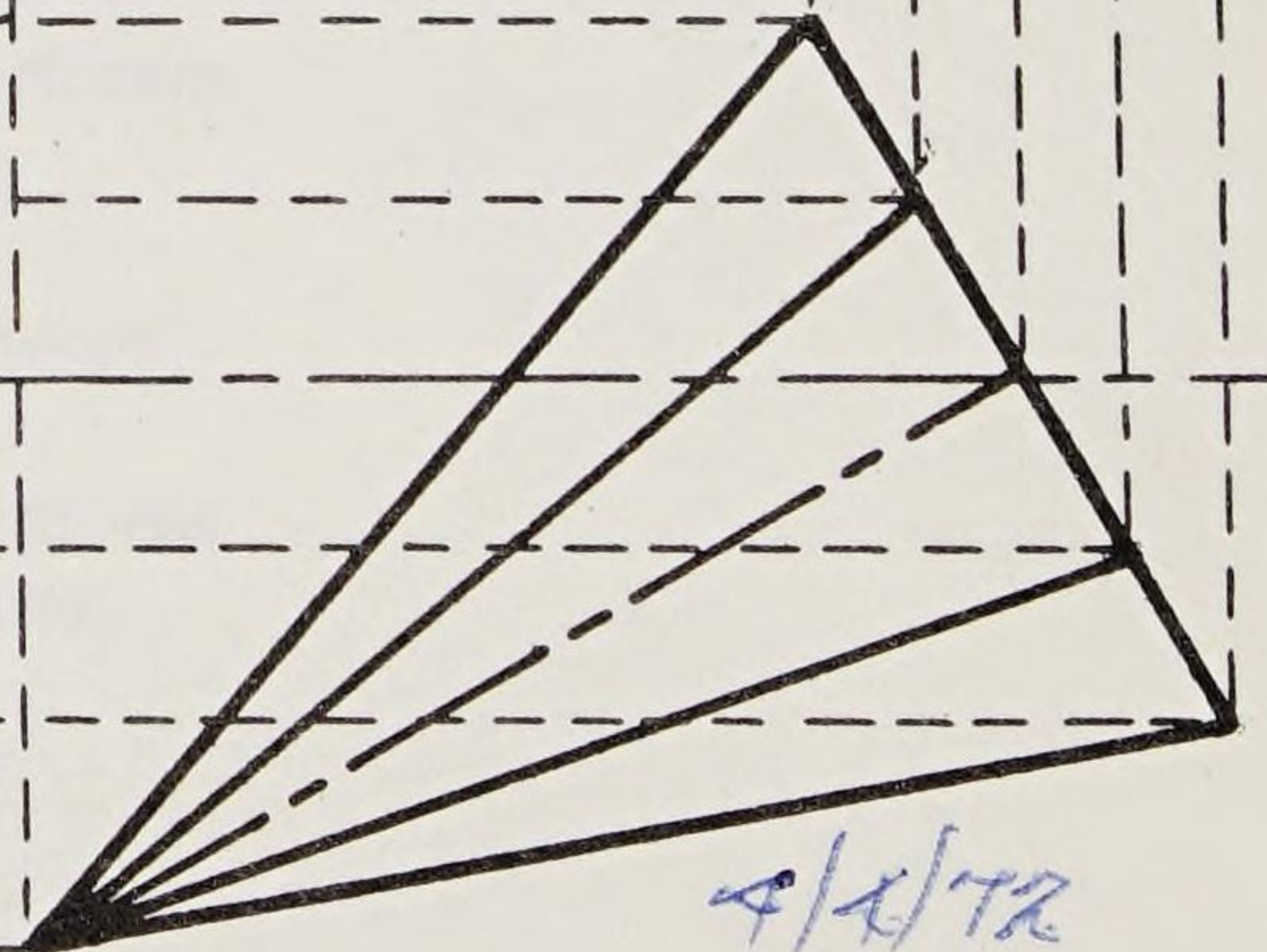
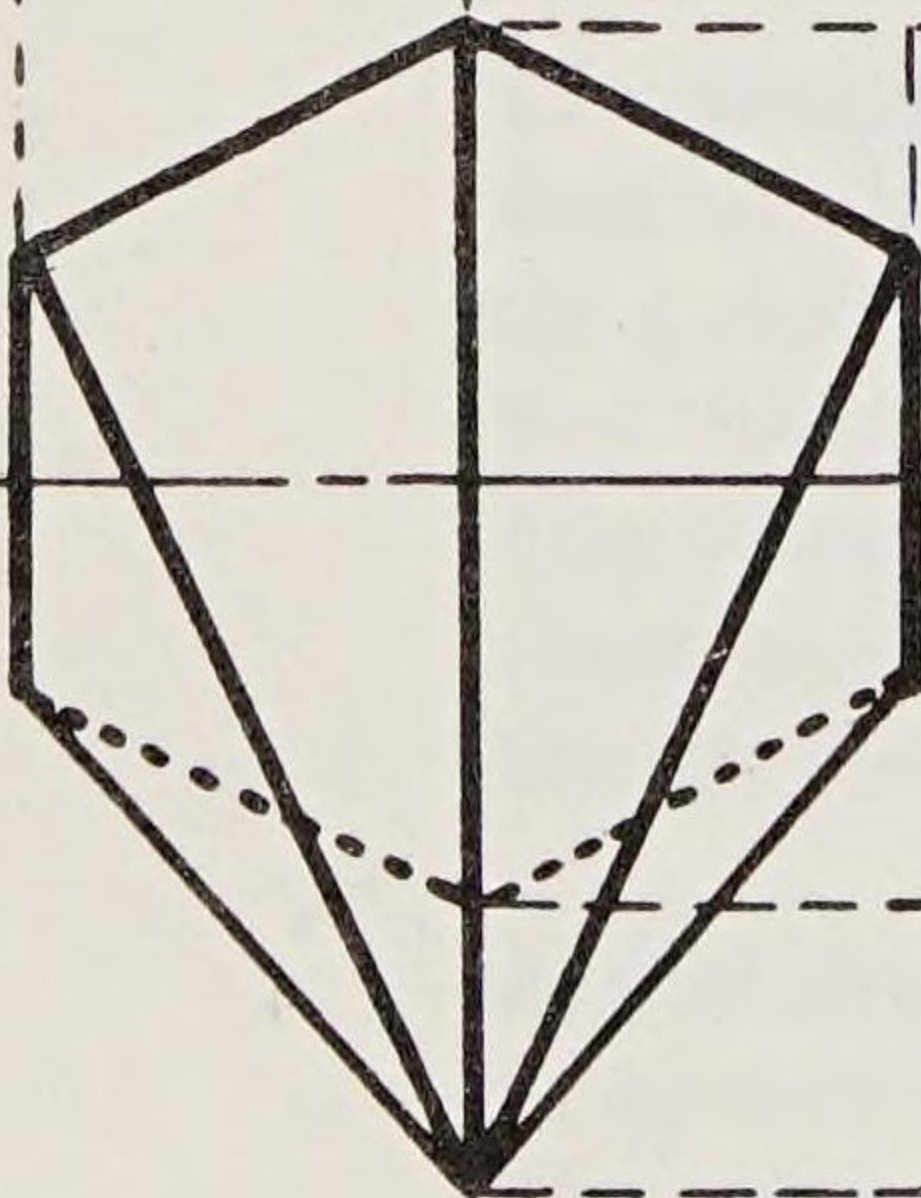
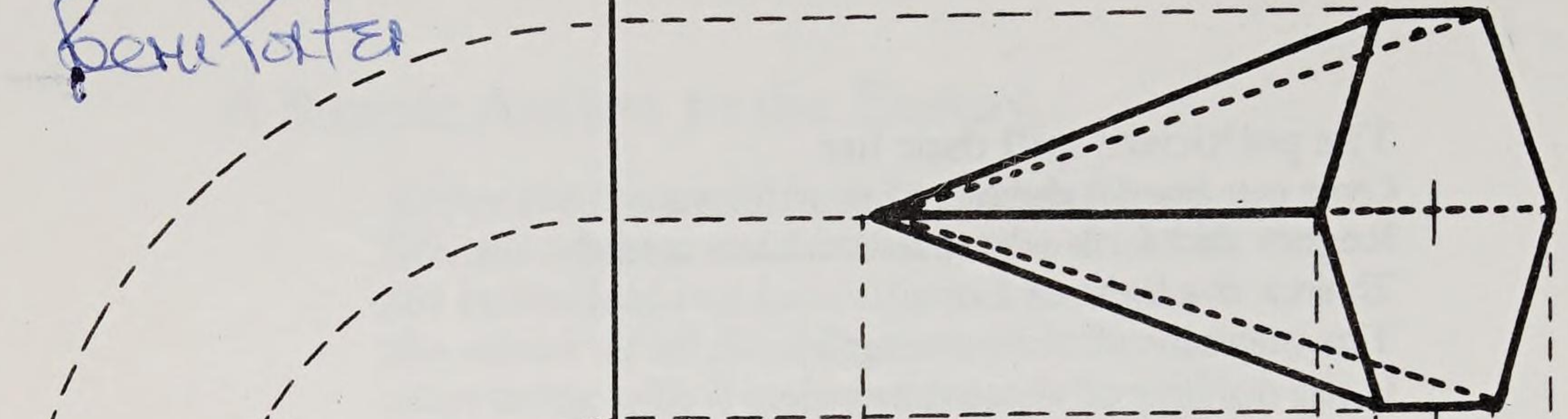
The people walk as if in a movie-dream
And work in the terrifying order
Of a chaos their bodies reject,
But their fear compels them to accept.
The bureaucrats and idle rich
Continue their reign of permanent war
On the sweat and blood of the poor.

Across the seas a monstrous child
Erupts over all Europe:
The final expression of centuries
Of accumulated barbarism.

The politicians spill their lies
Over our heads; the lies of murderers,
Rogues and fools whose hearts have ceased
To seek the light of Love.
The measure of their strength
Is the docility of those they rule.

Whatever happens, one thing is certain:
The end of a world it has taken
Hundreds of years to create,
But mere seconds to destroy.

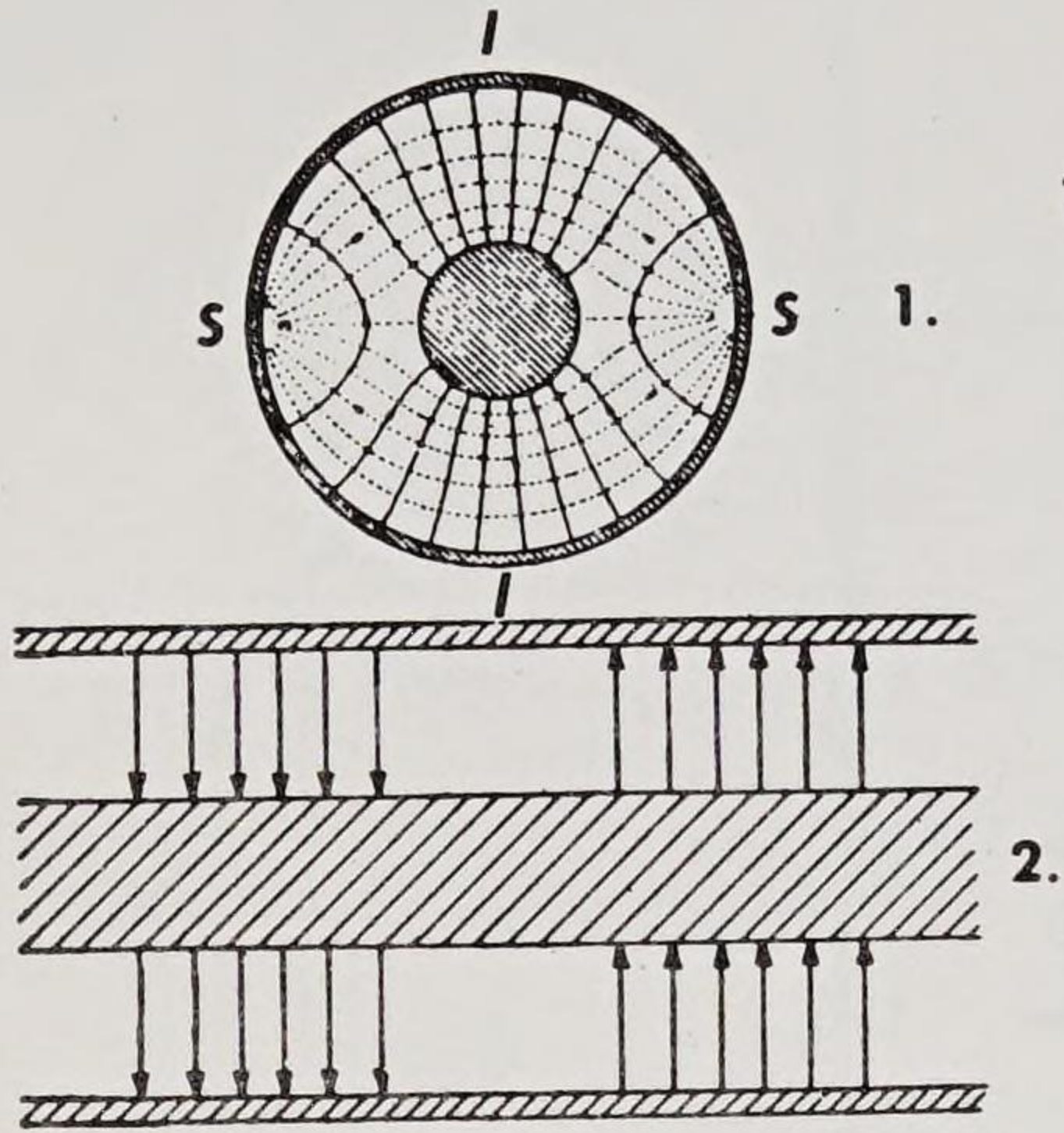
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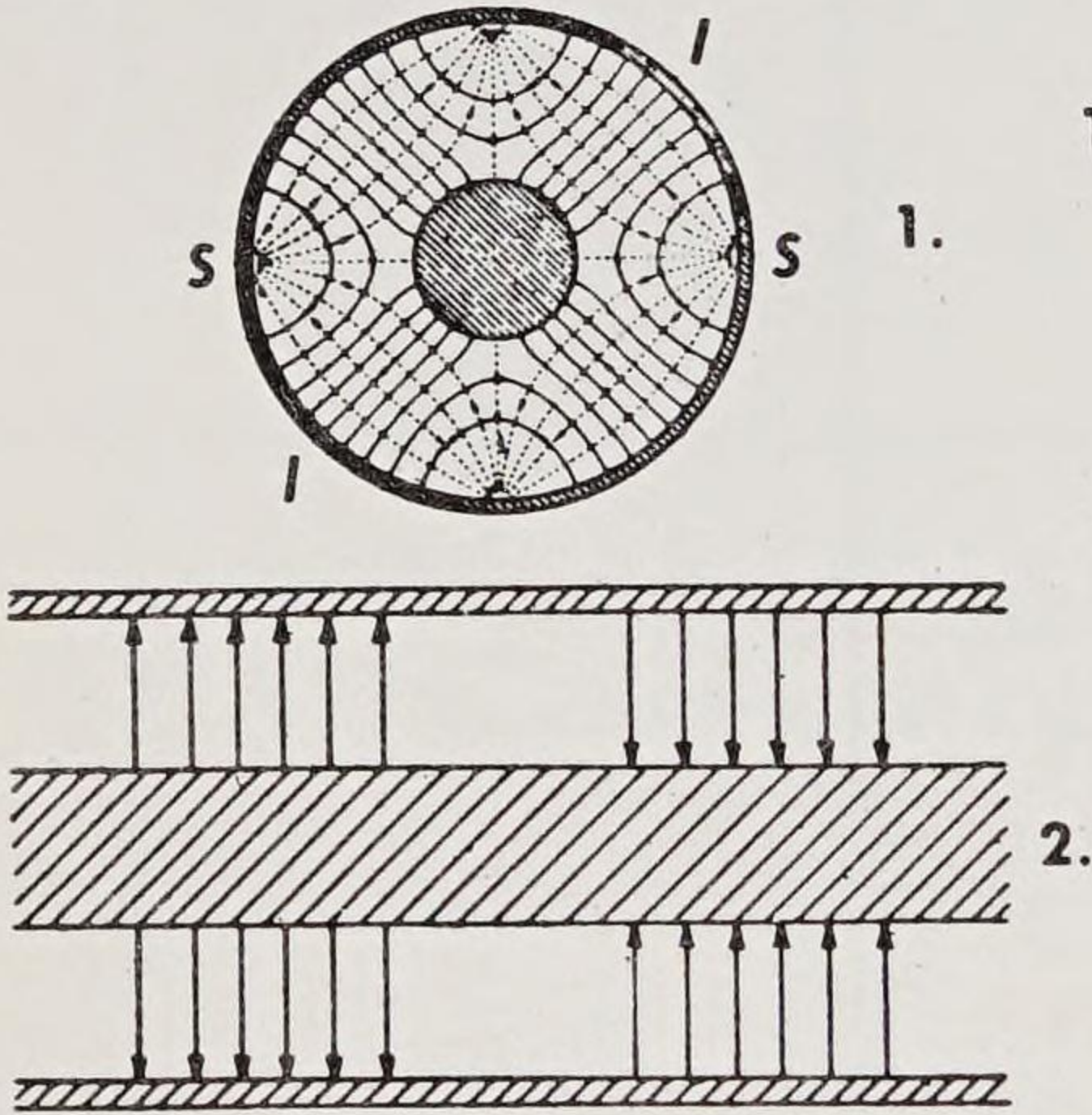
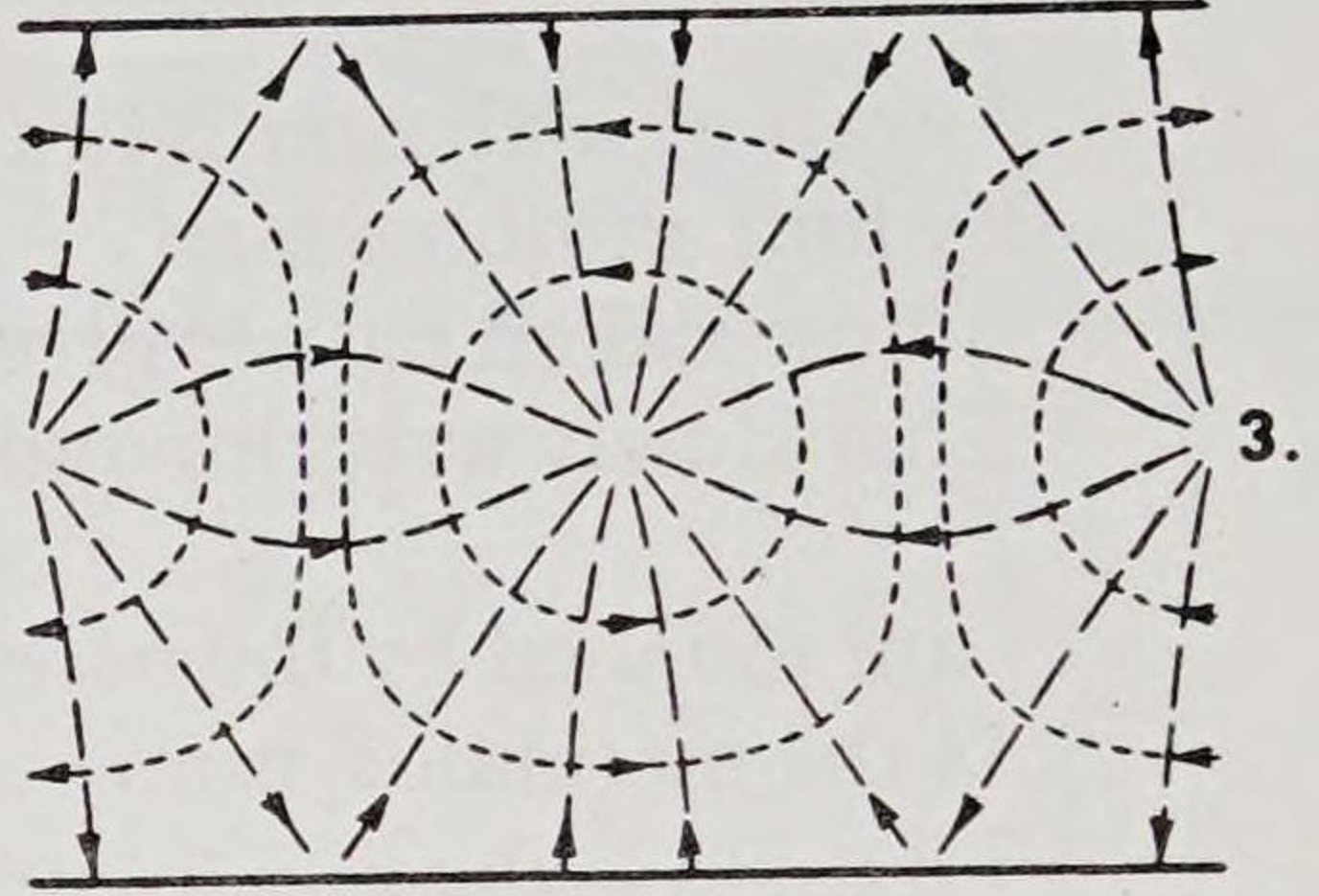
II

Revised for 4/4/72



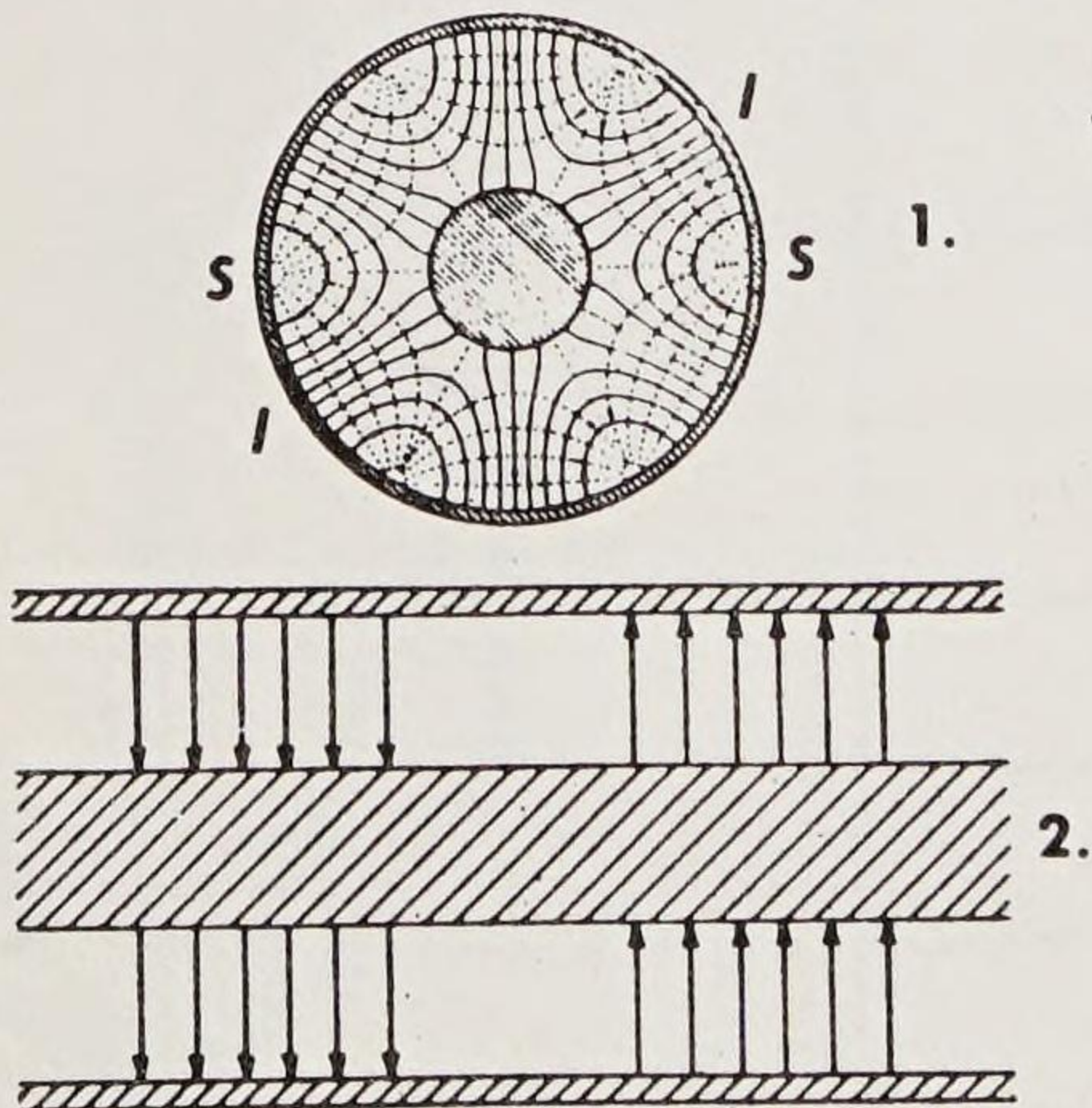
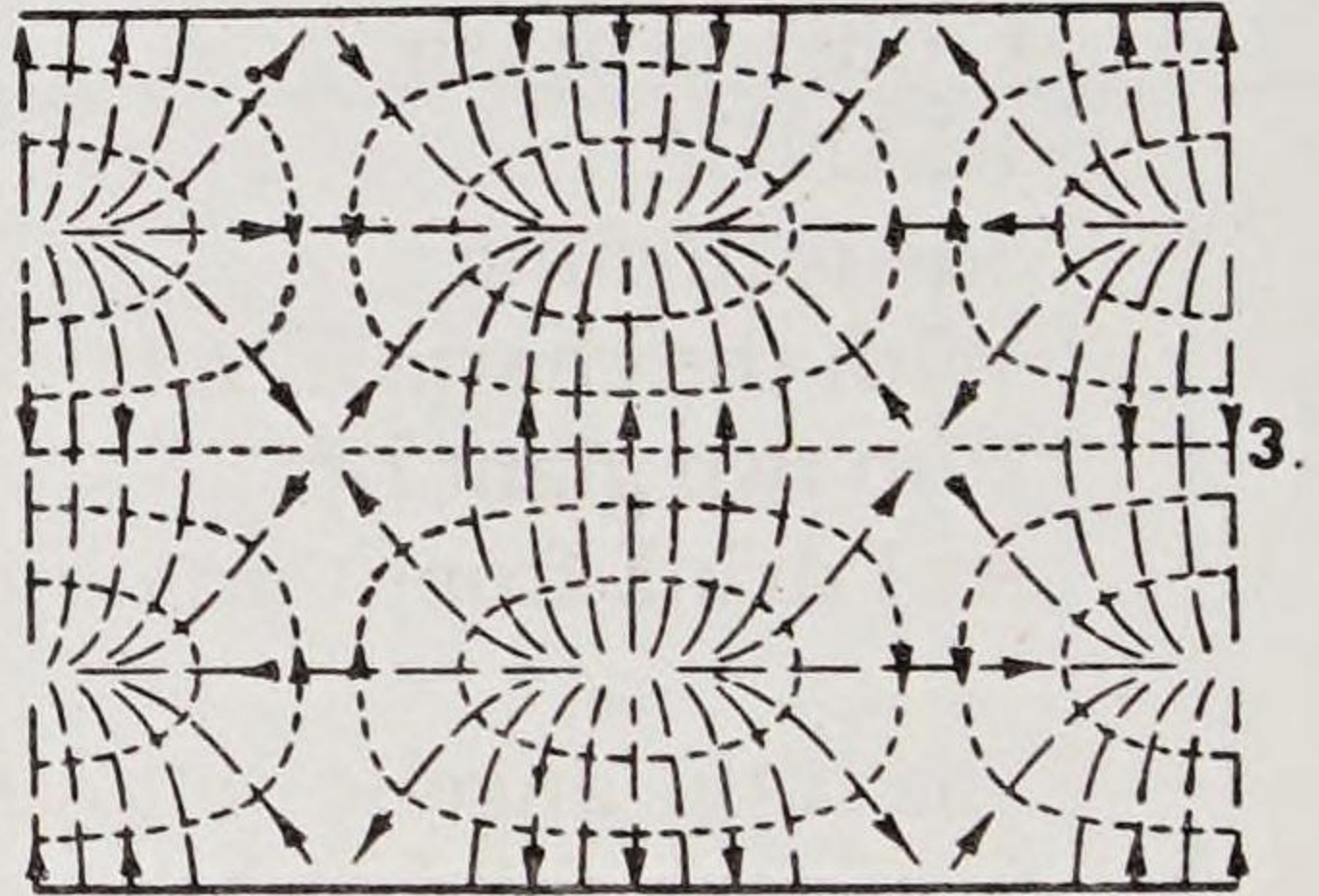
TE₁₁

$$\lambda_c = 1.873 \frac{\pi}{2} (b + a); a = 3b$$



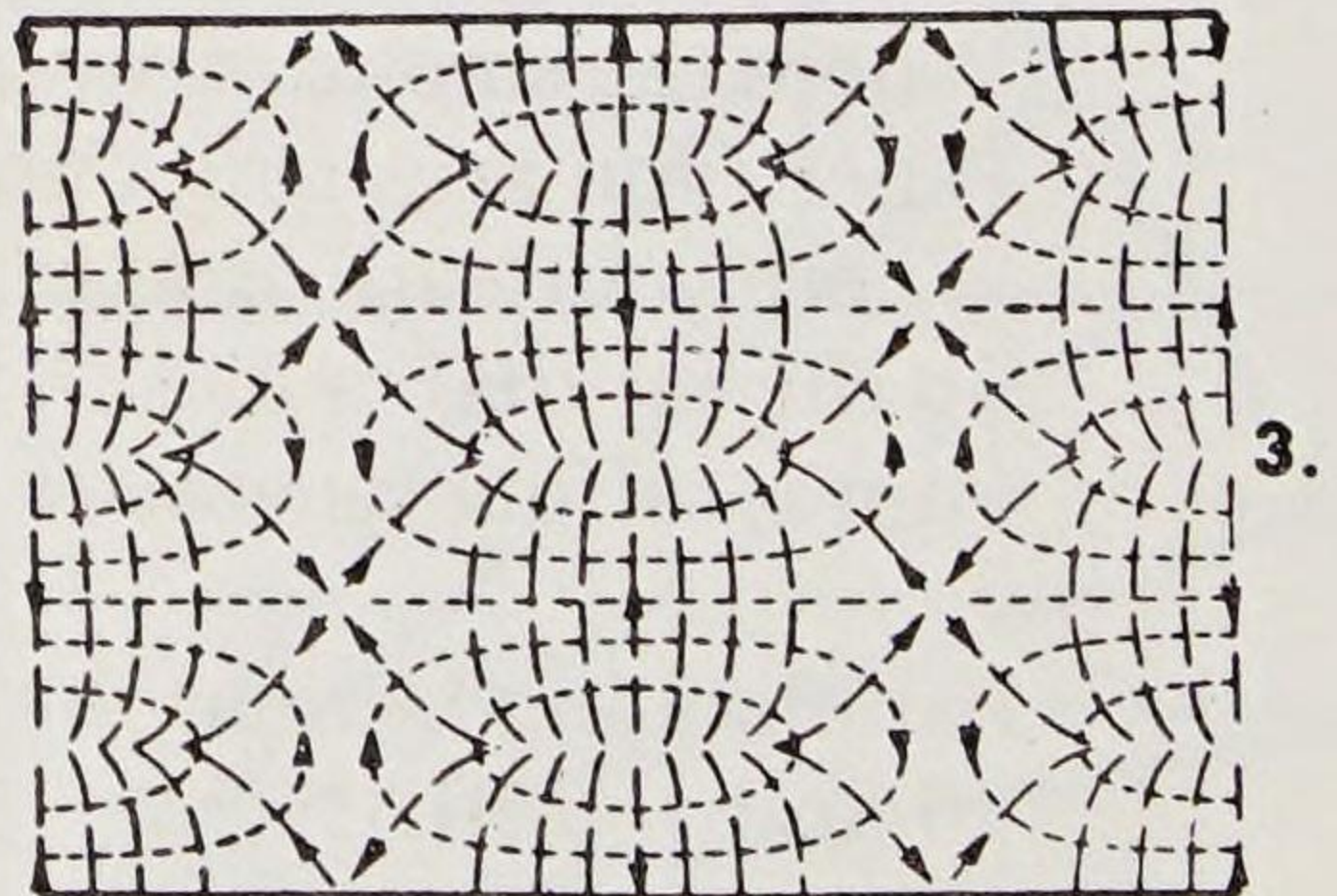
TE₂₁

$$\lambda_c = 1.023 \frac{\pi}{2} (b + a); a = 3b$$



TE₃₁

$$\lambda_c = 0.721 \frac{\pi}{2} (b + a); a = 3b$$



XVII

The mermaids have come to the desert
They are setting up a boudoir next to the camel
Who lies at their feet of roses

A wall of alabaster is drawn over their heads
By four rainbow men
Whose naked figures give off a light
That slowly wriggles upon the sands

I am touched by the marvellous
As the mermaids' nimble fingers go through my hair
That has come down forever from my head
To cover my body:
A savage fruit of lunacy

Behold, the boudoir is flying away
And I am holding onto the leg of the lovely one
Called beneath the sea

BIANCA
She is turning
With the charm of a bird
Into two giant lips
As I drink from the goblet of suicide

She is the angelic doll turned black
She is the child of broken elevators
She is the curtain of holes you never want to throw away
She is the first woman and the first man
And I am lost to have her

I am looking for the region
Where the smoke of your hair is thick
Where you are again climbing over the white wall
Where your eardrums play music
To the cat that crawls in my eyes
I am recalling memories of you BIANCA

I am looking beyond the hour and the day
To find you BIANCA

Automatic World

The sun has drowned
virgins are no more
there is no need for understanding
but there is so much to see

So come with me
down the boulevard
of crawling veins
Don't be afraid
blood is cheap!

A paradise song?
A dirty story?
A love sonnet?
Scream it out!
Then we'll have the human walls
tumbling down to meet our march
into the raw-meat city!

The velvet robes are strewn
across the landscape
We step upon the sidewalk
that goes up and down
up to the clouds
down to the starving people
Don't ask me what to do!
Keep on going
we'll end up somewhere fast
on the moon perhaps!

Rainbow guns are dancing
in front of the moviequeens
Everyone is laughing
flying dying
never knowing when to rest
never knowing when to eat

And the fountains come falling
out of her thistle-covered breasts
and the dogs are happy
and the clowns are knifing
and the ballerinas are eating stone

O the mirror-like dirt
of freshly spilt blood
trickling down the walls
the walls that reach the stars!

O the flock of sheep
breaking their flesh open
with bones sucked
from the brothels!

O the grave of bats
sailing through shops
with the violent hands!

When will these come?
When will these go?

The sun is riding into your eye
virgins are bursting
from under my flaming palms
and we are slowly floating away

Moments of Exile

This is the air that will not allow us to breathe.
This is the sea that will not allow us to swim.

But we shall spin wildly in the air;
we shall go far out to sea.

Knives that cross and recross our bodies,
hidden wounds,
lust to love,
image before me:
heart of hearts,
so rich and yet raped by horses
in the athlete's tower of estrangement.

We sleep.

Tonight heated by mist,
growing in rabid flesh,
a cloud to the wind;
murdered in darkness,
ankle upon ankle,
we sleep,
as thrust below the sand
your delicate hands cry out to be cut.

Love wanders over the hair of your mouth,
lustful child,
toy circling in the constellations of the heart
surprising the quick gaze of the moon with your caprice,
rounding the velvet eye
that is hidden from light,

as your blood rushes down to the sea,
flows gently over the water
to the fish, luminous,
fins knotted,
their eyes inflamed, burning deeply into our hearts,
their heads breaking the mist,
their tails flashing like diamonds.

Released, they linger in silence,
as we do in this moment: inflamed in sleep
with our eyes thrown like dice upon the sand,
rolling toward the rocks,

over them and into the sky,
shining, waiting for the clouds to take them:
to breathe, to sigh, to swim
into hidden caverns, to be loved.

But as quickly as we came we are sucked away.
We are not asleep now;
there is no knife to cut constantly into our hearts,
no comb to unknot our venomous hair.

Awakened now, imprisoned in the deep well of longing,
we can see through the green moss
the air that will not allow us to breathe,
the sea that will not allow us to swim.

There Are Many Pathways to the Garden

If you are bound for the sun's empty plum
there is no need to mock the wine-tongue,
but if you are going to a rage of pennies
over a stevedore's wax ocean,
then remember: all long pajamas are frozen dust
unless an axe cuts my flaming grotto.

You are one for colonial lizards,
and over bath-houses of your ear
skulls shall whisper
of a love for a crab's rude whip;
and the rimless island of refusal shall seat itself
beside the corpse of a dog
that always beats a hurricane
in the mad run for Apollo's boxing-glove.

As your fingers melt a desert,
an attempt is made to marry the lily-and-fig-foot dragon,
mermaids wander and play with a living cross,
a child invents a sublime bucket of red eyes,
and I set free the dawn of your desires.

The crash of your heart
beating its way through a fever of fish
is heard in every crowd of that thirsty tomorrow,
and your trip ends in the mask of my candle-lit hair.

Beneath this bed the caverns gather me like water
to throw me upon moth-eaten women
who sleep violently
in a knot of newly born suns

The arrows that protrude from drunken animals
are swept away to the bottom of the sea
where the most handsome men stand barefoot
over their lovers' bodies rent by young witches
whose hands are in gloves of stone

Sweet renegade, I am before you with burnt flesh
with a heart that wears only a mask born in great storms
to rest in your closet of pain
where a child's body lies open to the hatchets of love

Hermetic Bird

This sky is to be opened
this plundered body to be loved
this lantern to be tied
around the fangs of your heart

Lost on a bridge
going across oceans of tragedy
across islands of inflammable women
I stand
with my feathers entangled in your navel
with my wings opalescent in the night
and shout words heard tomorrow
in a little peasant cart
of the seventeenth century

Breath by breath
the vase in the tomb
breaks to give birth to a roving Sphinx
Tremble, sweet bird, sweet lion
hunger for you
hunger for your mother

The children in the lamps
play with our hair
swinging over the void

Here is a landscape on fire
Here are horses wet by the sour fluids of women

On the pillars of nicotine
the word *pleasure* is erased by a dog's tongue
On the pillars the bodies are opened with keys
the keys are nailed to my bed
to be touched at dawn
to be used in a dream

If one more sound is heard
the children will come out to murder
at the bottom of the lake
at the bottom of the lake

If the children murder
the owls will bleed
the wanton humans
who parade in basements of the sun

When the columns fall into the sea
with a crash involving prophecies and madmen
together in a little cradle
lifted into the robes of desire
and with our mouths opened for the stars
howling for the castles to melt at our feet
you and I
will ride over the breasts of our mother
who knows no one
who was born from unknown birds
forever in silence
forever in dreams
forever in the sweat of fire

I am a criminal when your body is bare upon the universe
I am there to steal your amorous fangs abandoned before me

Between the thick folds of a tropical bed
bullets into tears fall swiftly upon your wounded hands:
eyes secreting their poisons
over forgotten testaments written by me
in days when I saw your double in a dream

I open a seashell and find your heart
which returns to the *storm of storms*, Desire's mate,
raging on the desolate beach of our bed

The hanged girl in my mirror watches with horror
as I exchange my eyes for yours
But, too late
I pull the gun's trigger
and the mirror shatters

Our images multiply and the earth turns into a midget
as arrows are shot into my eyes at dawn

A Civil World

In a moment their faces will be visible.

You shall see the women who walk in a night of offensive sunlight that cuts through their cardboard thighs.

As the street is cleaned by the presidents of the nation, I can see the bow-legged men moving over to copulate with the maniacs.

As a rose runs down an alley, a purple nugget, giving off some blood, is suspended in air.

The children who are ten feet tall are wet.

Their faces are scorched, their eyes cut by glass.

They play their games as a steeple topples, as a clown's laugh is heard in church.

Quietly the mothers are killing their sons; quietly the fathers are raping their daughters.

But the women.

The eye wanders to a garden in the middle of the street.

There are poets dipping their diamond-like heads in the luminous fountain. There are grandmothers playing with the delicate toys of the chimera. There are perfumes being spilt on the garbage. There is a drunken nun flying out of a brothel.

The women are all colors.

Their breasts open like flowers, their flesh spreads over the park like a blanket. Their hair is soaked in the blood of their lovers, those who are the mirrors of this night.

The naked lovers! All of them fifteen years old! One can still see their hair growing! They come from the mountains, from the stars even, with their handsome eyes of stone. Ah, these somnambulistic lovers, with their bellies full of arrows!

After the street has re-captured its loneliness, a precious stone casts its light on the perambulator which I am to enter. One perambulator in the center of a world. A poet—far away in the mountains—can be heard chanting like an ape. I wonder when he will stop?

Invisible

The day announces a bather
slipping under the white plumes of a bird
too much in love with its own image to murder its mate

A day forgotten in swimming pools
where a nude girl repairs revolvers
for her criminal midget

But the day has its little white breasts
of the sadistic virgins from the font
They are caught up by a rose
black and trailing its eye down the street

The brutal clouds meet us on our way
and almost strangle us with their arms and legs
that disappear too quickly for us to see them

And the flags with holes in them
larger than those in the sky
come flowing over me
and singe my hair with their invisible flames
The flags have written over them
death is a pearl in the seashell of love
Now the flags are turning into faces
and the words are gone like smoke

A fist, bruised and holding the sun,
opens for night to unfold its assassin
going out to meet his laughing lion
far away where death is extinguished with a sigh

The burning manes of the midnight jungle
announce sleep coming on the fatal horses
of love
an explosive pearl in the seashell of sleep

The Enormous Window

Within closets filled with nebulas
the blood shot eyes
swim upward for the sun

This world of serpents and weeping women
is crushed in the violence
of a swamp large enough to contain
the enormous razorblade of the night

*In the tropics
the doctors prescribe
sand for the heart*

*Ad Astra
Ad Astra*

With fire spitting across the horizon
and like a little flake of flesh
bashed against our heads,
midnight seeps through the marigolds
in the garden no longer quiet
as corpses float through its arbor of palm trees

Neurosthenics
with young blood
ride to the stars
with horses from Peru

*Tomorrow evangelists
the following day toys fall in love
the last moment bringing rabid boys
beating their fathers with lightning rods—*

*Ad Astra
Ad Astra*

In the sea the clown of windows
encounters swift rocks
climbing upon his body
to rub against his wooden anus

As the jungle disappears
one theatre of war gives birth to another
The bleeding eyes of murder
fall into the sea of this night

The performance begins
in the palm of your hand
where swords mark the spot
where your eardrums take wings
to gather strength between two girls
raped at sunrise

Through the ceiling I can see beggars
walking on their hands and knees
to reach a pyramid flung into the storm
where serpents drink champagne
and wash their women with the blood of prophets

The stars are wet tonight
the naked schoolmasters
are no longer in the gardens of childhood
and the sea has been heated for lions

And now you can bleed fire from statues
and the lower you descend into this bottomless pit
the higher will you rise
beyond the raped girls
beyond the wounded boys
trapped in the labyrinth
of their mother's hair

beyond the soiled curtain of space

Mirror and Heart

The teacups shattered upon the legs of ancient sisters
become a statue in Rome before you
my embittered gypsy

Pluck your feathers
stain the wings that carry your heart among assassins
Watch through the boudoir the satin shirts of drunken men
who have seen their poisoned hair scattered in fire
watch and regret nothing

Your fate is to follow the sleeping women
in the castle of memory with its smoked oceanic rocks
covered by blood and snow

Your body reclaiming the stars
lifts itself into a wooden frame
to be seen in boulevards
that twist themselves at dawn into my room

Advance with caution
as with locust in your belly
make a window that will follow the trees into a lake

Each bridegroom shall inherit a laugh of childhood
that will announce the coming of my felons
soft with murder
soft with your feathers growing upon their hands

The noiseless girl who places the eyes of her lover
in a glass of wine
is only a flower set between the oars of a boat
to petrify and to be sucked for blood

Don't be frightened my dark one
this dream that winds its way
against a mask worn by the first suicide
will fade away into another's fury
when the morning wears your torn dress

Awakened at the side of this hunted slave
your hands will whisper my name into the sands

As your lips raise water from the mist
an apparition of your mirror
takes you within its warmth
reflecting black wounds set open by the fingernail of the dumb

Solitude is your violence

Your burnt face is fading into the dream

My love
my gypsy
among the fallen you are luminous
You wander with those who are a mystery
with a naked heart upon your breast

Infernal Landscape

A window that never ends
where infant eyes are unhooked
from the paper clown
who stands on a shattered mirror
picking rocks from his heart

In the absence of light
pulled through mist
by eyes are imprisoned
And the sun has regained its lions
whose flesh cover the earth
who know solitude is a flavor
of the polar night

But it is a criminal hand
that obscures the shadow of clowns
and the skeleton of solitude
It is this hand hiding in smoke
of burnt flesh
kissed and rekissed, sucked of flames
that is consumed in lust
A hand that grows of its own accord
giving thunder to sleep
as moonlight like a sword cuts through
its bracelet of animal entrails

Eyelids open as mouths
nourishing the criminal hand
Its fingers play upon water from thighs
whose serpents plunge into my body

Sand passes in the heart of the hand
as diamonds in a lake

A Winter Day

In the rose creeping into the tower of exiles
when the buffet is laden with jewels
when the night is filled with hate
when the womb of Eros is deserted
when the sleeping men are awakened
when the old lovers are no longer frightened
—my heart

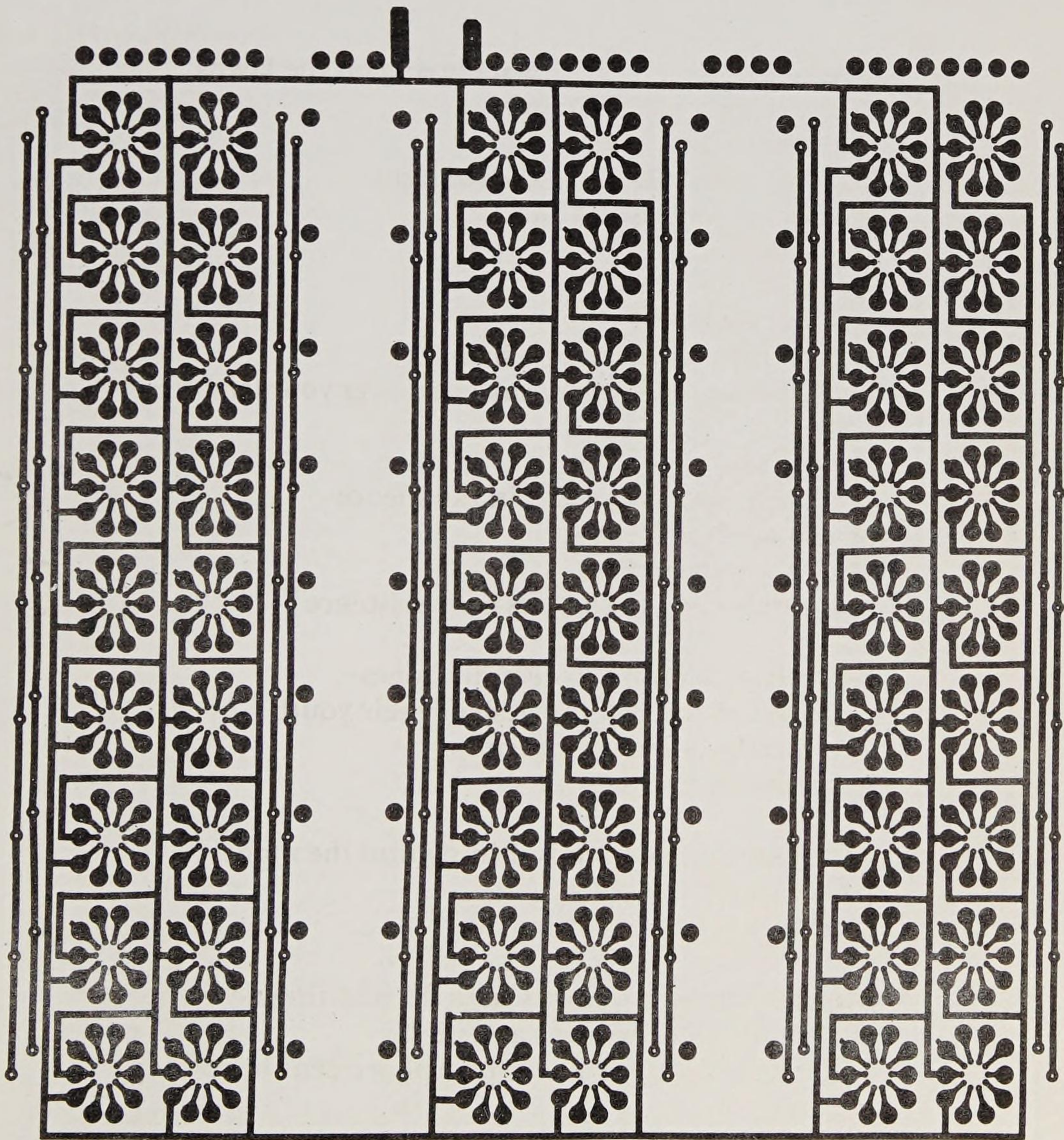
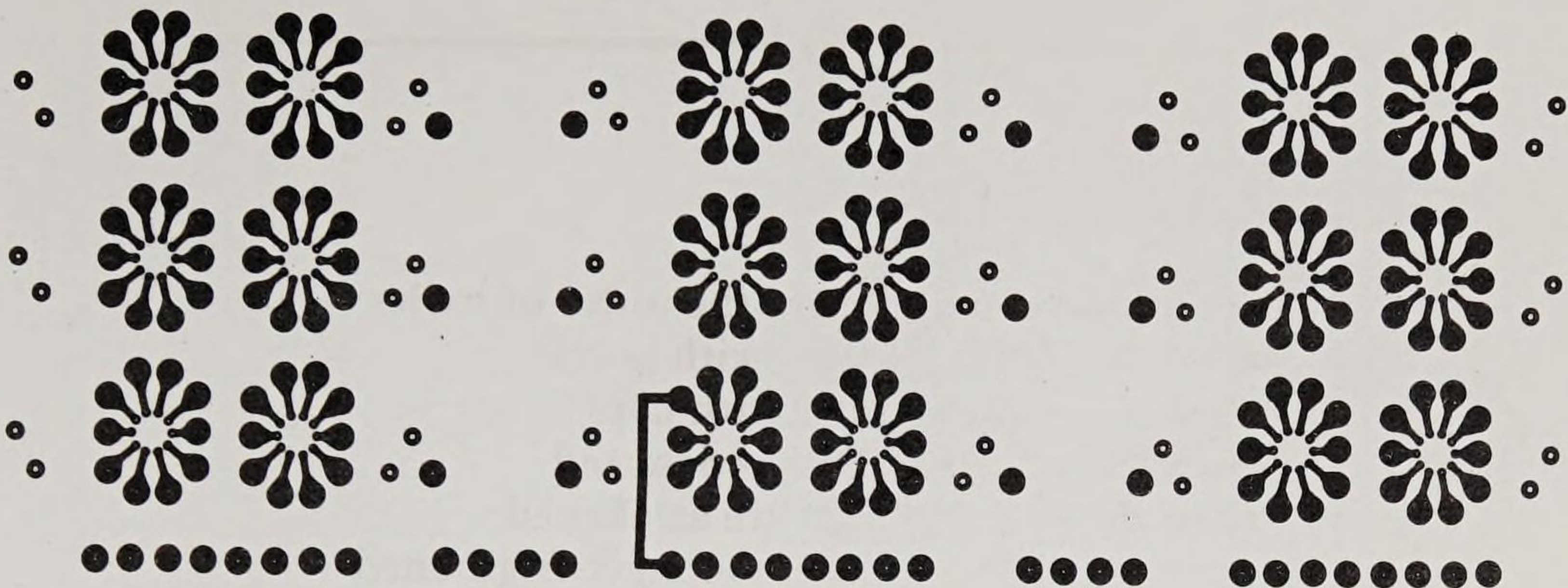
The old women come down playing on the lawns
of the intangible murderers
the women are mine
Your eye is so smooth in the sunlight
you are no longer a child
you are old
spider of the blind
insolent mother
Do you care for my young hair
I want to lay the fibres of my heart over your face

It is a strange moment
as we tear ourselves apart in the silence
of this landscape
of this whole world
that seems to go beyond its own existence

You roll so beautifully over my bones
that have shaken off the flesh of their youth
My nakedness is never alarming
it is this way I adore you

Your hands with crystals shining into the night
pass through my blood
and sever the hands of my eyes

We have come to a place where the nightingales sleep
We are filling the oceans and plains
with the old images of our phosphorescent bones



Beau Porter

2/14/92

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