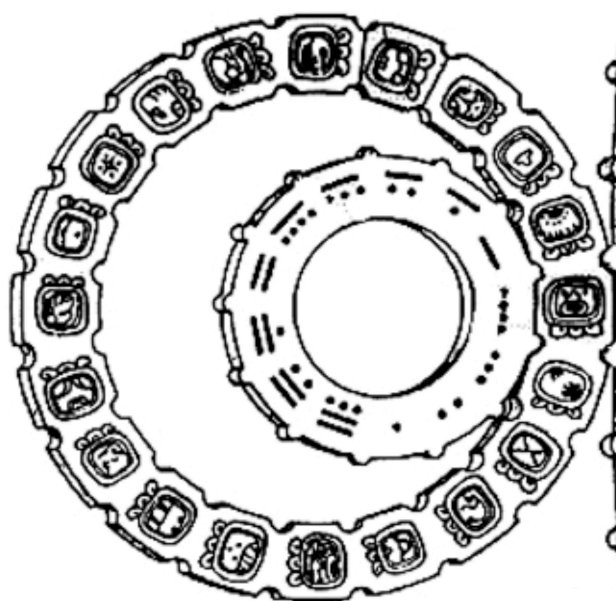


Forgotten Holidays



selected poems
from
“Food For the Damned”

by: Jonathan Gee

“Forgotten Holidays”

selected poems

from

“Food for the Damned”

by: Jonathan Barlow Gee

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“Forgotten Holidays”

selected poems from
“Food for the Damned”

We dream the earliest events of day
thus doing so weave hours a way
we accept best what we expect
caress the rest expending crests
of endless energies unebbing tides
to find inside from what we hide
and leave flowers at the door of our senses.
If somnulence were the same as death
what dreams escape with every breath
while we know naught why we feel
the pangs of a wound that will not heal
we live the dreams of warm womb's solace
in our invisible living memories' palace
awaiting an emptiness arrayed by references.

Thu, Nov 2000, 2:09 PM

The Sheltering Sky

The man who slept with the moon & broke the heart of his friend the sun.
The sun shines in whatever house he enters.
he is welcomed & in return he greets warmly. he ducks behind clouds.
The moon lives in his light & he shines on her. He lives for her. To give her golden joy.
They meet only in the claustrophobic cell of twilight.
The reds & oranges & purples are not the language of either of them
& when they speak they understand only desperation & sorrow, sweet sorrow
The moon buries her head in the golden rays of the sun & on his rusting cumulus shoulder
& he sinks down into the depths of her purpling bruised enclosing arms
There is a moment when their hands touch, only a second & time stops to watch. Then it is over.
The moon weeps delicate tears now. Brittle shimmering moonlight tears
break diamond shards on gentle water. She pulls the tides with a huge net
in which she has caught a million distant suns. Each one's glistening
is but a teardrop on her charcoal veil.
The world hovers insanely tired on the precipice of sleep. All the animals
meet their reflections in the gathering pools of dreams
that rain down from the moon's huge netted veil.
It is a milky half light that this pearl pours down as moonshine
to turn the hills to waves & swells on her liquid breathing tide. Those who
drink this milk are intoxicated. Only a few do not trust this nighted ocean though
so easy to wander too deeply & get lost. The milk is spilled within
& the moon weeps. Half light, like half truth, is this whore's
full glow & those who follow the sun are blinded by it & do not know to move.
Those men who come out to bathe now in this light are not frightened by the mystery
that must never be solved.

But now we make the night too bright to see the stars we're guided by & we hold in our hearts,
shallowly in the cracked & sinking vessel of our heart, a frivolous knowing that the horizon
is no longer a distant goal, but merely a step or two away & it's a brave new day.
We care only for the ascending side of the step pyramid & would rather forget & rush to
take the last step too soon & go tumbling down the hill to break our crown against the moon
we used to worship but which now we only fear. Two by two into the arc, no longer.
Forget the sheltering sky & ignore the void it conceals.
Nowadays whatever doesn't kill you makes you stronger.

prior to 1996

Children's story
"Everything we do,"
said Winnie the Pooh,
"we do because we like to do.
Even orders we follow well,
we must prefer to not rebel."

"And everything we wish to be,"
added Rabbit sipping tea,
"is what we think ourselves not already,
as much as we feel we can achieve."

"We are beings all too free,"
interjected Tigger, full of glee,
"to choose the shapes our lives will take."

"Morality valued by slaves,"
chirped Piglet from behind
the front newspaper page,
"is as rewarding for them as
a ruler his rage."

"So be just what you wish to do,"
sang along Kanga, Owl and Roo,
"and for life you'll never have to wait.
But try to deny your true desires, and you'll
discover pessimism is indeed a sad fate."

"Don't listen to them,"
moaned Christopher Robin,
"though what they say is true and proud.
Not one choice is finally important,
not 'Love or Power,' 'fool's action or wise doubt.'
For whatever you do you belong to death."
And he promptly blew his brains right out.

Wed, Aug 1997, 3:31 AM

Wisdom is only honesty

for everything necessary to survival
is already known
for everything truly worthwhile
feels like long-lost home

silent response is she
listening or lost in thought
far away she interrupts
to shut me up and
she seems very wise because

Honesty on the deepest level
is the hush of the freshly buried corpse

Mon, Jul 1997, 2:37 PM

It's Independence Day
Don't touch the
bombs are in the sky
burning
fingertips scorned
blushing loins
the cowardly lioness pukes all
morning plague makes
sunlit cheary tombs
dance and melt as ashes in
summer flame consumed
I chuckle, personally,
it strikes me funny:
so much that we could do
vast empty lifetimes
left unfilled, we do
nothing. Bursting
splendor quickly fades.

occasionally the moment breaks
but lifetimes can't on this be based
all faces like dunes wear away
looking to the sky Independence Day

Fri, Jul 1997, 3:51 PM

6 billion voices scream into the stars
and the stars scream at the galaxy's arms
and the galaxies cry all alone every night
and the universe weeps into a pool of light
and our thoughts are its tears
our cries music to its spheres
all just cognitions within gears
reflecting moments mirroring years
they're not alone;
but nobody's home
the parents of quantum physics
are the sine wave and the particle
who tried to get along on the voyage
into singularity but
neither ever loved the other
they had different goals
and they tried to break through to each
other but instead they got old
and their child came to them as
a twisted question mark
and they made up stupid answers but they
always missed the point
because each forgot it was a universe
alone within itself
and the only thing that joined them was
the wedding ring of Thoth
The child came burning brighter than
either one could see
and demanded an explanation for why
anything should be
and when neither one could answer just
fulfilled some prophecies
trying to photograph every stranger's dreams
perhaps to sell to MTV
And when the dreams got angry that
they couldn't all be shot
they all started screaming out their every
slightest thought
so that nothing was in focus and this
pleased the child fine
who had afterall just gotten drunk
on fermented space time
and the voices screamed it's over without
knowing to what they were referring
and no one even noticed that all their
calendars were missing
so they tried to go to sleep tried to
hope for santa claus
to put some stock into their stockings
and tell them that it's no one's fault
that they were only lying to themselves

Thu, Oct 1999, 5:25 AM

They aren't Her
stars stuck up in a void
it is all I can do
to try to forgive them
They tease me
sharing with her
the traits I like least
cold glowing
They make it worse
so much worse that I
cannot love them
They make it clear
they do not love me
She does not love me
she turned her back toward me
and left me here to float
left me here to implode

Love is a rocket ship
we climb into
when we say "I'm in love with you"
It leaves the petty world behind
sets us free, supports our life

I am exiled from love
adrift in the pure absence of pressure

Sat, Oct 1997, 4:59 PM

Tonight is a Persian night
it has crept in, staining
everything a
silky dark purple,
slowly spangled by sparks
snagged on rippling sand dune sighs
surrounding a senescent moon.
The air is smooth as feline fur
softly scented
by perfumes wafting
from veiled portals
skirted by a golden glow
I stand still sinking
into sempiternal skotia
warming my fingers
before a rumbling roast.
I hear Bedouins mumbling...
There is a snake pit amidst
The summits, barring the path
To Paradise.

undated

Feeling the side of an object hidden from your eyes
is the possible impossible
no more difficult than imagining
that there is no back

I see the tree and in between
the tree and me is energy
all around the tree is mass
sped up to the speed of light and
turned into energy and
all around me is the same
ether it fills me as I breathe
My ears evolved sounds to receive
my eyes strange sights to perceive
broadcasts through the ether to me
and Time itself is flowing through me
my mind exists thoughts to catch like dreams
my hair grows my nails grow my mind changes
more and more the more I know

I am a net through which existence flows
To break my face against the whitecaps
and splinter moments in a crystal splash
To Do by moving my great soft Being
is to see the mirror from the other side
to move faster than the speed of light
and as a bird on winds to take wing and
upon pure ethereal energy fly
But I...

I feel satisfied
sitting still and letting time
flow through me, life passing me by
and seeing frustrated faces sigh
“why won’t you try?” they cry and cry
But I can feel their Other side
their empty, casket, funeral side
which they may imagine isn’t there

I am that side of rustling wind
Death is my invisible friend
I lean against the far side
of the tree that my eyes see
eluding the me who, with mortal eyes,
desperately seeks to see me
I am the Permanent Nothing
I see through everything
I move through myself
I see myself in everything
Everything moves through me
I am the body of Nothingness and
Life is but a dream

Sat, Apr 1997, 3:55 AM

“geometry” — the growing walking stick
the shirt is too long. (Help!) It must be taken back.
everything is madness
untruth & permission
consent. the body(!)
less than
in
death...

prior to 1996

He
only wrote about himself

everybody listened he
did it so well he had
such a personal voice it
seemed to speak for each
and they all gathered around
to touch his quilted speech
to stroke his head and
kiss his cheeks

but
now he is dead
and where is the crowd
gathered around
his coffin books
moved on to
another aisle
a new frontier

wrapped in crumbling fibers
he alone forever sleeps

Sun, Jul 1997, 11:08 AM

Forever
Forever is an island
Blind lovers swim to, swimming
Blindly through the sea of time
Who do they hope to meet
Upon the timeless shores?
Some reflection of the time
They’ve already lost

prior to 1996

dust: love: dust

I keep my feelings in piles of paper, like my father.
Piles and piles I put the feelings over there and then
when I see them again dust crowned, dust drowned I feel their absence
as a memory. All the colored paper faded,
all the words misspelled. All the waste accumulated,
all the papered trees are felled.
I feel like I'm drowning in dust, in dust covered tears,
dust pillars, dust tiers, I'm drowning
in tears of dust. All the faded feeling skin, the wrinkled, ancient, gray brain...
cascade of images begins. A carnival of dead events. Technicolor flood.
Papers spill and block the exit, don't come in; "there's spiders."
Dust avalanche. Corpses of happy times... well, happier than now.
I haven't room for my new life, I never threw out my childhood.
Books my mother read to me. How can I replace them?
What would fill their sudden vacuum? Torn love notes of hate and indifference?
College text books teaching me how to be outside of and superior to
human society? Magazines full of insides out; perhaps a new machine?
Is my life worth living if no one is listening to me as I live it?
Who hears the song of a tree falling in the woods?
Other trees, mute mutants, silent sighing of the season's breeze.
I pick up a solid memory, its touch my discarded emotion.
I think to myself "Oh! I remember this! I know where this goes!
It goes inside my old desk, the one now waiting in pieces to be sold."
So much lying on the floor, submerged in velvet powder,
waiting years only for me to value — to throw away or sell.
Who would buy my most personal memories? They generate worthless forms.
Skeletons in peoples' closets they can neither lose nor use.
Of course they are embarrassing I was so naive then.
But without them I am nothing now; better kept and left well hidden
forgotten in exile from myself, build walls of memories to
block out memories which walled up protecting me from them, from then.
I let the dust settle, my affairs; oh, why do I keep adding more to the piles?
More garbage that I do not want? Is this city not protected against such?
Is its mote to be its dump? Dry walls piling up to hide the sky?
Raining muffling dust down over me, here in this parchment tract...
Is this the storm they're dancing for? Over the jagged horizon
the cracking whips of electricity, the great grey dust cloud;
true tears tumbling down to flood the parched and cracking clay make
a thousand green sprouts shoot up and life begin fresh,
over there, beyond this jagged horizon.
The storm won't come over to my vast and arid valley,
the mountains of dust, paper pillars, just too tall. There is to be no harvest.
Paper houses yellow slowly and their words like families fade.
We live dust to love to dust denying by these floods
that there is nothing more than this to say.

Fri, Jul 1997, 1:33 PM

This is Hell?
It's
beautiful...

palaces of frozen champagne
the velvet starless sky
heady with the breath of vodka
as sumptuous as rich red wine
and smiling gentle people falling
down roaring with mirth in the
warmth of plush broad banks of snow
that settles in deserted girth
the world nestles me up to its bosom
the Czarina whispers meaningless lies,
and I swoon dizzily
swirling smears of white and blue
of red and orange, of brown and black
the circus
the trapeze act, the high wire
real naiads flutter in the cool and distant air
long tails, ghoulish grinning visages
aloft in the spotlit heights for spare

I am guided by a vixen to the precipice
of everything and, looking out
into what should be a gripping nothingness
clutching heavily at my heart
dragging at me with fear of jumping,
I see a swarming sea of souls
reveling in red hot hues
kicking up their frills, babushkas
frolicking in each others' arms and
kissing, small children with demon dogs,
smiling in the deepest embrace of freedom
gentle kiss of tepid breezes
void of the human inferno
I lean out soothing my flesh on its glow
without any fear of falling the
hundred stories they madly
undulate deep below
their voices singing seep up like steam
to catch me
jerk me off my feet and
I am soaring swiftly, surely through the heat
above their heads their
robust revelry, they are grabbing up at me
just out of reach, they love me as one of them,
their fingertips brush my brass buttoned vest
their joy bears me aloft in a
womb of wildly sour breath
their elation pushes insistently at my face
bursting through in a beaming smile
in ecstasy I close my eyes
and fly
and sing along with them all
the damned
breathing deeply their flavored scent of
cooking meat flavored with spirits

I awaken drenched in sweat
head spinning
gripped by the pitch black emptiness of
the middle of the night
the frigid feeling inside the skin of
being all alone
I try to return to the sleep I lived
before but I
cannot

I know a place where I belong

Tues, Sep 1997, 7:10 PM

I do not fight it
I am one with gravity
I kiss Isamu Noguchi
we vomit at the politics of art
for art goes beyond meaning
to suggest the feeling of belonging.
Water and light are the flowing spirit
stones stand straight like human beings
Work is conversation amongst the artist
striving to express the inconceivable
In organic rock, soft and heavy...
Let the stone be a stone
it's alright to go in there
Into the stone
Like flesh
the Stone
Heals

undated

All my thoughts are stone
gigantic geolythic shrines
embraced in gravity's possession by
the sifting of God's glacial mine
Each hope I've ever had is stone
edified upsurgence
precariously poised deposits
enduring delicate collision with time
Every belief I hold is a sculptured, tumbled stone
cold stream of consciousness can choke
calendrical current slowly erodes fine silt
gold gilt below tides built young homes
Inspirations occur arcing blur skipping stone
quarried from our weathered throne
sparkling molten tears scarred heaven
now squat in vibrant grassy fields
carressed by gentle wind of season
My very soul would seem a stone
ancient compass magnetized
intersecting limitless
ley lines of reason
I pile them all up and call them my life
pyramids of pebbles upon sand the death-
rattle exertions of desperate moment,
cavernous ant mounds, old termite hives
All my thoughts are little stones
and growing I am like their shadow.

Sat, Apr 1997, 1:29 AM

A Giant's Lament

As I rise
so slowly
growing through the air
my head
penetrating layer
after layer of
thin clouds
It is so very hard to stand
the ground, where
I was just stretched
comfortable and heavy from
horizon to horizon, now
so distant, as lost
as watery memories of youth
the purview pulls at me
wanting to be filled
like a needy child tugs and
drags at me, first on one
side, then on an
other, I am dizzy, diseased by
gravity, insistent in my innards
my depths, the liquids among them
becoming imbalanced
spiraling around, and down, down
I want to succumb

As I rise

I cannot overcome
the desire to plunge

Tue, Jul 1997, 6:47 PM

why do we struggle to cast bedlam out of the mind?
we welcome it in sequence,
it puts us where we belong.
the concerns of strangers face us wherever we turn.
we search for a centralization of location
as sin and salvation occur simultaneously within the
chemical electrical networkings of our brains.
and as things begin to stop making sense
and our brain begins grasping desperately at
apprehension
we are ecstatic.

Mon, Apr 1999, 3:58 PM

Take me back
 my China
take me back to ancient mists
take me back to vast unreachable
 loneliness take me
back to the wonderful orient

Echo sometimes against the wall
 we played at for a while
until I grew and abandoned you
there in vast valleys you always knew
I'd return one day to fall
 to throw myself into

Take me back my China
swallow me forbidden foreign
 sweet and sour sunshine
 I am standing in the sky
soft clouds roll like tanks before me
Open your gates I'm just outside

Take me back my China
We are adrift in imperial blue
nothing between us but the new
emptiness of the stratosphere
weightless as golden silk
my greatest fear is your lowliest hope
 Do you hear me cry
can I raise my voice that high?

Take me back my China
in your ancient echo
hold me as I plummet
 and I can fly

Tue, Jul 1997, 11:58 PM

threw the looking glass
 Trapped in the middle of beauty
 I see nothing
Trapped in the middle of nothing
 I see beauty
cursed to my reflections
of what I think & what I see
 & what I think I see...
through the fractured
 looking glass
 of the Real me...

prior to 1996

c'est la samsara

the mind is locked
like "love" bugs
buzzing, anima and animus.
Ask aloud and receive
in accordance with your deeds
the treasures of Theebes
weeping incubus.
Mea Kalpa. Kali-yuga.
Brahma Shiva.
Kybalion Kaballah.
See through all the blades of grass
while they turn green,
just as the water in the lake seems blue
when really you know it's a mirror.
Vishnu-Krishna Christen a New Fish.
Hear fictitious internal narratives
or accept the fact which cannot be said,
juggling numbers in your heavy head.
Time will tell its tales 'round you
too predictably to bear, &
leave you wonderfully wandering aloud
of cross-rippling patterns everywhere.
We pass through our shortcomings
as a cool breeze through a screen
and achieve all we dream
for the world which but seems.

Sat, May 1999, 6:26 PM

There are so many things I want to tell the Holy Spirit
and yet when I catch a glimpse of it, or hear its accent uttered
I am filled with such ecstasy that I cannot find my voice,
I am transported in its arms to heaven and suckle in the world's womb
but in a moment, or if I can talk it into staying two,
it has left me
I somedays want to scream at its absence
"do you really think that I will let you
get away with wiping me off the sole of your glass shoe?"
but when it returns
I forget everything
and am swept away
into oblivion
It is far too wise to be a simple
human yet it suffers so
growing wiser for its crying
how I do admire it though
I am reduced next to it
to nothingness
when it is gone
that nothingness is all I want
and when I think it won't come back to me forever I will
set myself free
in nothingness

Thu, Aug 1997, 8:34 PM

I'm in the muscles of the cat
I'm in a newborn's tearful laugh
I'm in a lover's glistening glance
I'm in every taken chance

Under everything that's holy
are the answers in the back
to the odd questions in math
I'm the compass and the map

Time is becoming poetry read
in all directions simultaneously
until it passes itself so rapidly
it spins your twisted head

I'm the voice in the microphone
I'm the soundwaves that fill the room
I'm retro modern crypto
when you decode me you hear boom

I'm the light that you get used to
I'm the warmth that melts the snow
I'm the feelings that won't leave you
I am everywhere you go

When I say you already know me
that we first met long ago
I hope that you'll remember freely
whatever you wish to know

Sat, Oct 1999, 7:45 AM

Here I am in nothingness

"Here I am!" I want to scream
holding a terrible play I accidentally wrote
and smiling in a dry, invisible rain
under golden clouds only I can see
"She is going to be here soon!
What I am going to do
doesn't matter anymore!
For a single day I can exist in the perfect
world we shared before!"
All my friends are leaving forever and I
couldn't be happier!!
I am going to see my lover smile!!!!
and won't be able to not make her cry...
I am going to hold her head to my shoulder!!!
feel her hair with my palm!!!
She will try to tear me up, and
she will tell me I'm alone and
she will not see the golden clouds
from whence her words will cascade down...
warm tears sure to stain my face will fade
into the warm invisible rain
I'm going to see my lover again!!!

Sun, Aug 1997, 7:12 AM

Nova

Fri, Aug 1997, 4:46 PM

How dare I feel this way
Here i am the wet vast impossible
adrift and biting
gnawing, grinding teeth the clouds
glaring at everything equally the sun
the oppressed Apollo, by night he shines
on the east
to rise
I cannot
for nothing in the name of nothing
ness I can in the name of nothingness
a woman's name
"Nothingness"
her smile, her head on my shoulder, her arm around
my side
A sword should there now pierce my hide
I should be crucified
But now, the martyr, the satyr with no soul,
for he has thrown it up at the sky,
vast infinitely empty lidless eye,
lives in nothing, amongst moving objects that are
terrifyingly without meaning, or need of...,
that move around him... that touch him!!
She lives on
but all that made our shared life livable
is gone
where does it go? No one knows, no one cares to, no one
cares at all anymore,
it is dead, but
unburied
just outside of town
on the side of the dirt road, children are laughing at it and
kicking dust over it, but this is no burial,
this is no honor,...
above them the erect cross looms, towering ominously upward,
penetrating the sky, the air bleeds wind, soft distant cries...
where once love hung,...
"king of the weak" the children giggle
Here I am in the sky, so aloft, empty and hanging on
to nothing, the world spinning below, so distant,
where did she go, my land,
my legs...?!!
Glaring at the strange living objects and crying
hot gentle wind that kicks up the dust
and settles it like crowns on the heads of cruel children.
"How dare I feel anything at all," she screams at me,
so distant,
I am the sun afterall. Without complaint,
It is my duty to shine.
She goes inside, and what of I,
do I still exist...?
No one could ever love this
Emperor of Nothingness.

sleight of a five dimensional hand
When you become the christ
every event around you
 is caused by you
 pertains to you
including all public events
which occur in the background
including the mandala which
follows you restlessly like a pet
ever edging on your levels of
 awareness
and everything has an
infinity of potential implications.
This is meant to be fun, so engage
in it like a game, just let your mind
wander wherever it wants to flow
there are those who switch
“off” and there are those who
switch “on,” then there are those
who will never understand how
to switch anything at all.
They come in as soon as you fear
and persist until you do not,
you must find something worth
 living for.

Sun, Apr 1999, 11:03 PM

In Hell

we get exactly what
we want,
 what in life we
 never got,
 so we may see
just how
 unsatisfied we
would be.

In Hell we meet all
forgotten friends and
passionate ex-lovers;
they taunt and tease
 eternally.

In Heaven

we get to keep
the things we had
 and lost the things
 that made us weep;
 for the Devil,
because he hates himself,
 hates the cries he lives
 to acquire;
only tears drown
 life's fire.
In heaven we meet our
dead families and
everyone grieves
 and grieves
 forever.

Sun, Jul 1997, 7:47 PM



“Those who forget the past are doomed to repeat it.”
- variant quote: George Santayana

“Forgotten Holidays”

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