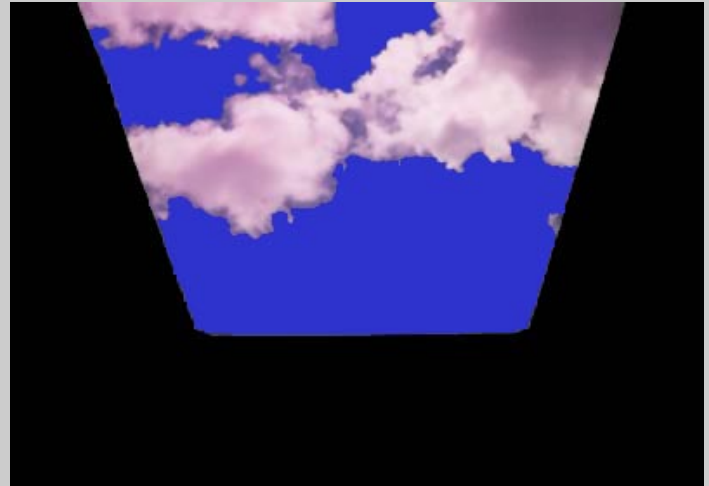


# Public Place

In this public place  
Pigeons move busily  
Through the contents  
Of a man's life  
In this public place  
A tree bursts through an atheist's heart

Lies fly in-formation  
Candid fiction spreads it's wings  
It's deceptive at this angle  
Does truth dance?  
Does truth sing?



A Public Place  
Wire

Still

an ember of memory burns...

still.

deeply red invisible in dusted restraints of marble and earth of which it comes emerging from an impossible womb.



Sense of stifled breath brings panic to a spectral chest. Arms, legs locked by naught but naught, it strains a pelvic thrust up above and twisting wrenches againandagainandagainandagain ahead comes up through the stone laid to lock it all down but as this is nothing of such stuff it does the trick. Insolence against screams of spent cells pulled free from the torso...but in doing so,

it floats...

and finds that it has left nothing behind...all is within. Staring without eyes across, and then down again, this strains face against cutting grains tear fresh along this mouth crease-corners turning gums to shreds and burning ears and cheeks with their rip so and goes down its throat with even greater urge to be up and free. Millions little glass lines its blank chest into intricate criss-cross stitch from which comes nothing torn like paper expose. Again the pelvic thrust and twist till up above it finds itself whole with the choice to let it all go...

it could

NOT!

By bonds only of consciousness decides it without decisions but only by left-over requisitions and resolutions it sees once more...

cross fields all frigid of white-ice blanket and in moonlight fully streaming it makes its head turn up the retch of which without muscle lubricant membered form twists its mouth into maddened smile coupled with eyes behind which is a soul not unlike all humans, spastic and fettered. Air chills nothing like it did even as it remembered and loved nights of like this when winter made domed the prairie sky as air first frozen tight then cracked and shed in great sheets revealing without inter-ruption stars, piercing in distance.



Despite, despite.

And in music of burning spheres  
rhythm turn it twirling into them on tones  
turned upon tails...as of memory, but now so  
such pure and close to what it should...



Gazing down at heaving white ground bordered by trees acclimates to the horizontal so sees it them by the hundreds pressing blindly against the strain of stone to what they so desperately wish to remember...one thinks of brushing its teeth before it goes to bed with a fanatic's lust...one is trying to smell its lover's hair with a frustrating lack of success...their cries turn it tearing across night till it rests a bit in a small town park as lights of cars and undiscernible gibber draws it deeper to shadow. It clads itself in the hides of night, and heads into town.

Down one street to the far edge then out skimming across frigid fields to the farm-house door and through without invitation. Up old stairs to the room on the right and there sees the heaving back shoved into legs spread. In the blindness of the man's breath goes it in and supplants its chance for another and waits...

Sudden rush it comes and it's out through and fighting up as million with it try for the same brass ring till they come to the outer coating and tear it with lustful intent in attempt to enter...raging with desperation and desire to breath again it pushes through as all the rest suddenly cry silent well-wishes then as best they can forget to turn cold and be absorbed as someone else. Dark, warm and moist slow pulse comes and after such ordeals he sleeps in the lost comforts of the womb.

