

I, Tribe

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Ten Fingers

*

Once and never only once
there were I, tribe, death-cycling,
aping the unsafe earth.

This is safe mud of the wordless,
of lizards scurrying like forgottens.
This is raw intention forever.

Nomadic to the plains,
four beings read thousands of foots,
hunt jaw fought and tear apart.

*

We are hurried among beasts
of screaming, mindful of each other.
I, tribe, flowers all brought

to the side mouth and back eyes.
Undercreep jumping up to skies,
gnashing in an evasive monster,

no tools we know ever, speaking of,
catalyst for movement, the dirt
locks that fall to our knees.

*

Spreads the wide arms and legs
as if to fly but raise the rains,
this is I, tribe, and the shedding.

Serpents hidden behind eyes
are slit to the brain. Remains
of these worlds breathe

through fire and the coming smoke.
This is serpent folding
around the neck, calling stars.

*

This is hunger vision, taken,
bruised, demons coming from stars.
Silent coming, the reasons gone,

only fleas and green cobs.
You taken, when I, tribe, feel my
neck. This anger fuses me.

Speaking of, I, tribe, see shark heads
around the jagged necks, toothy.
This is shark more than now.

*

Dragon lizard and gorilla in tribe mind,
in the soft rains, below, below the crust.
This is I, tribe, mimetic of the wordless.

We have octopi in our armpit and underfoot,
rolling behind stingray, curling our stringy
nails—the monster is noon over water

and monster's dearth will be ringing
throughout the knees and shins.
This is aping the wind's all-over.

*

NO time, but flings the shot,
a hand-less raising.
This is healing I, tribe,

when the dead come back,
reaching for our side eyes.
The gorilla must come in.

The zebra must run.
This is subdued flower
shuddering among stones.

*

Caution among serpentine death sticks,
the clustering of maggot choices.
This is I, tribe, a destiny way back when then.

Forgiving the earth through mammalian reach,
tones of peoples far off into ocean,
in errors, the checking of innocent rebirths.

Runs through attacks and forgottens,
sleep know me. Sleep swirls to remains.
Ants carry the stone to, through deserts.

*

Green canopy of oblivion,
fruits sorted into curls.
This is tribe inside a seed.

I, tribe, free to feel the cruel battle
of thought-cauldrons, whiplash
of the blood and earth knots.

This is cries to the hunted.
Matched by which creeps,
death takes I, tribe, every day.

*

He sees the brain, figures
the horse has run through woods a hundred miles,
and this is eyes forward.

Speaking of, the cave warms
for whiles, pink fish along stream tastes
like bones and slips.

I, tribe, bite the movement of a tree.
I, tribe, grow in rain,
and this is tail hidden.

*

Bear darts in my mind.
Fear transmitting wow.
This is remaking the tribe

into I and tribe, a world
away from volcano peoples.
Erupt in red streams

from their skulls, like fire,
the jaws' hairs. This
is behind the instrument.

*

Bodies making new, whole, in green light.
Fresh bodies are cycling in the All-Around.
This is the ape conclusion.

Beat, beat, bringing the fish headless,
mindfulness of total, zeroing in on moment,
I, tribe, and the bringing to us.

Hangs from limbs, hangs the monkey-dream,
rushing to the next forward, holy trips.
This is only able and nothing but.

Four Beings

*

Low moon, this is red pulling down.
No screams, no voice but howls
like old old forgotten.

Four beings with no fear encircle
like brush round winds.
Eats the guts of swordfish

and of this nomadic bear, woods.
This is to the moon I, tribe,
has found another being to process.

*

He runs through remains of crows.
He dances and this is always
a dance to dam the waters.

Four beings encircle, read
the feathers as they dance.
This is us among the fortunes.

Shaman gross, shaman too.
This is silence till stars are one,
till darkness never becomes.

*

Stretches to the skies of old,
non-numbered fingered drinking with eyes,
this is waving branch upon the floor.

Green slime runs in my mouth as gold
rocks fall off cliffs. This is flash
and reeds, skeleton coming at me.

I, tribe, worming the times.
We fear the life of ALL,
succumbing like a fresh root.

*

When four suns have become
the circles of earth, this is
tracking the four moose.

Moose who know me
remind of yesteryear,
yesterdays never forgotten.

This is reaping with hands
yellow grass without a grasp.
Holy is everywhere I, tribe, see.

*

Evil lurks in folds. This I, tribe, tell,
fingering the dawns behind moons.
This is red bird before song and red.

If speaking so, to the spine,
neck down we are the specks
winding. Name irrelevant in

the river. If speaking so, I, tribe,
evil is river's error opera.
This is elephant pieces.

*

This is tracking for a hundred rivers,
the four sun beings roasting I, tribe.
Speaking of, the children remain

in pastures that smoke in whims.
The bone-cauldron speaks
to the mouth of trees. They

are killing the night breed.
This is roams and rear eyes,
hunting jelly and back saps.

*

Flows the mindfulness like before,
there tribes of empty sky, born out,
born into the water. This

is green dream we figure
and manipulate to the others.
Home, this tribe, flat

in the slime of mud, reminds
where ancients rise in smoke.
This is hump to the motion.

*

Non-reading with brown eyes,
mud-locks, I, tribe, beings
here. This is rushing forward

toward death into life
and back to dying's great tree.
Implied moments.

This is the being like bird
and the bird's counterpart,
that shadow against air, flips.

The Forgotten Panacea

*

I, tribe, we have bred a thousand peoples
in a thought. Before have come, before
will go beyond, and none will pass.

This is ice on the sky range, to speak of.
Gigantean bones in the halo.
This is sour miles we can read.

Tsunamis of the unknown
will never be known and
this is the one flap of one wing.

*

Channels a free forest
of long-neck insects, wide birds,
and beforehand.

Commands the rooster.
Commands sands far north to winds.
This is regular and rotund.

I, tribe, seek game for plenty
and die for everything. Speaking of,
this is beat from prebrain.

*

Feedback below elephants' stamp,
ok to the fins and gaze,
this is to say, wolves' tongues inaudible.

Thrown into bastions of honeyed
worms, open, skies, skies, open,
this is tone signs of I, tribe, in comfort,

in the explosion of volcanic beings,
worldly gazelles hopping from fire.
This is dug into the center and forgotten.

*

Death, the gathering of sticks,
musters the life. This is
gold before gold.

Features of the serpent
are in I, tribe, lines from here
climbing up mountains.

This is line imperfect in flagellation,
alien yet contest with the wind,
but wings carrying and breathing.

*

No future, the tiger jumps
through death's shadow.
This is landing on the mountaintop.

This is landing under tsunami winds.
Days before are the child's rites
and days after are after the noon.

Held in arms, I, tribe, sugar cane
and sap of pines, eating the mush.
This is after dirt has risen.

*

Out the flood of air becomes,
and oil poured on our heads,
we make the squarehead.

This is rumor in and out, but true.
This is flood of oil in mouths
of children running to the mound.

At the lake, the fire crosses over,
a turning of I, tribe. This is
turning for over the All-Around.

*

Evil spirit made of tails,
howls to the moon skull.
This is gnashing restart.

Evil made of four spirits
who swim from here to island
beyond, this is squash

sliced into juice. Heavens
forget the evil. This is
the forgotten panacea.

The Ten Thousand Things

*

Butterfly of a thousand freedoms,
thousand flutters, are skimming
clouds and about being starlight.

This is never forward, never behind,
gone on the trip to plateaus.
This is serene clashes with almighties.

Embraces the cry of war,
I, tribe, noting powers among trees,
race like the fox, proud.

*

In the muck we blow the sky,
smoke rising from our cortexes.
This is who in the darkening.

Mirrored lakes mean shadowy
futures and pasts, but this is
the presented wakes of vines.

Speaks to the lizard, memorize
its story. Smells the debt of others,
going toward the home.

*

We don't know. We scour treetops
and the monkey talks dreams.
This is child on top child.

Hairy beetles. Furry tongues,
wiping away ground dirt,
this is the coming of night.

I, tribe, rides on bird wisdom,
and angular fish truth.
We don't know, but is that way.

*

Of the light blinding the return
to the cavern, a hundred feet
of fire weeks. This is

insect haven, biting the claws.
Veinings zoom in a twirl.
Vein wings stop I, tribe.

This is honey resurrection,
muscling out of humongous jaws,
scraping the dog's barks.

*

Destiny, behind, not forward,
leapt like toad, spun like tornado.
This is destiny in the dung and rough.

A horse that remains moves with I, tribe,
he must be the surrender. You cannot be
anything but surrendered to the graceful horse.

He must run wild in a figure-eight,
simmering grounds and shaping stars.
We are tribal mounds of horse teeth.