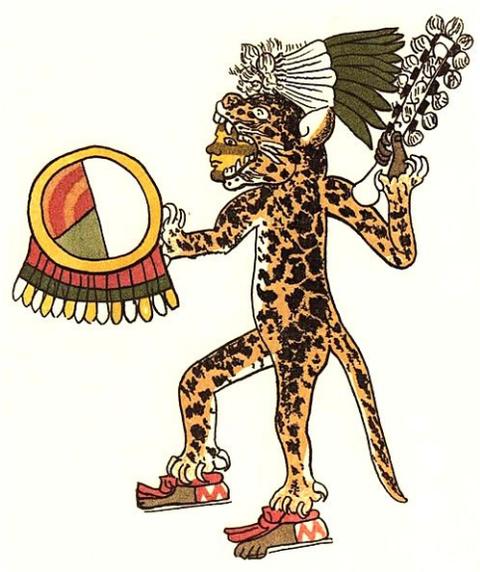


Jaguar Harmonics

[person woven of, of tesserae]

Anne Waldman

a.waldman@mindspring.com



“a place where all the unknown past and the emergent future meet in a vibrating soundless hum”

■ **William S. Burroughs**

for Susan Manchester
- guardian -

*of tinsel?
you want to say insulated
nary scold a child-woman made of
of what? of person!
nay nay go down all a hook of lumen
makes "of" and "woven of" seem light
person...and person what do you know of light?
of your meme of: tour of an ordinary wild-mind person
and person as journeyman-woman?
is not a tree meme exactly but a state of jungle?
of long forest occurring over time,
not as Cambrian but as child as contemporary person
blink your eye it's archaic person as person
is liana is not machete
but ornament in complexity
is grit of the multitudinous mental universes
as real as person's poems?
and
is softer person now because she imbibed her own light?*

*come below borders of all you imagine
O my persons*

as if you were coming up through inchoative eons to mental talk

crept across Beringia

a Person woven of psychotropic-shards, fur and bone

a Person woven of glimmer, of cure

Clicks of Xhosa

a Person woven of malachite ritual
where pestles grind the vine

unearth the green, click of stone

command passes over a Persian motif
stalk and ambush
who crosses Tezcatlipoca

Puntumayo the source
condor flight
long lay low longs to sink down here prowl
mud knee high longing jaguar lope
if you were summoned winging fly low
would believe you?
your mental wingspan

if you were listening and spoken to in neutral speech
would believe you?
who rules in the night top of the food chain
would....

would believe you?

condor holds a snake in volcanic vision statuary
St Augustin

& the cat talks to you in her crepuscular power-mode
mind-to-mind

how far back does a seer go
& in what form
43,000 BCE?

Sea elf offers elixir for long life

Jade medicine cup sits in the museum in Ecuador 5, 000 years old

Person woven of sound bands bells rattles

Person woven of multiple mammal bands you try on, around many waists

A one of them, ominous and lumbering approaches the glint-rise of drawn-out-dawn

Another: you are a nursing mother in never ended dawn
waiting with your species to arise

Red cord around your waist with knots for blood time

armed and waiting, psyche intact to be milked

Down the grind

Elemental-metal problem don't kill it

Person woven of vulnerability don't kill it

So that the ecosphere takes notice

Miles underground of itself on top of you

Ektos – outside, Plasma – that which has form

Ectoplasm (the paranormal)

what tries to tell us of mammal stealth

active filaments

unprecedented warnings with consonants of “H” and “W”

& hissing sounds and groan *heh heh heh*

& I'll say it again the suffering on this land

palpable right under you

what done to the indigenes

rip and torture of their person

emasculatation

& to the land

& to the science

& to the medicine

& to the children

the whole genocide
what summoning to tell you this? *heh heh*

brain a storehouse of gigantic suffering
go nine years into darkness

don't like it don't do it don't like it don't do it
hydraulic fracturing heh heh
Shattering under you don't don't do it
Person woven of performing sutras don't don't
The thunder said don't do it and symmetry said *heh heh*

And gambols to the flight of the asteroid

Person woven of nimble words, mere fractions of them
ag and *ar* and *ra* as antidote to gloom

Woven of white poppy *gar ra ra tsa ma ma*

whist whist whist heh heh

Of the power of the centaur's heel woven by a poet
In the sky above you

Person woven of spheres enclosing spheres

Person woven of Morse code of digitizing "distance now"

And gambols to the flight of the asteroid

Trajectory think "distance now"

And of the nimbus of a swerve
As if it could move light years
already happened but not yet
did it "lightyear" a gap?

bioluminescence
slowed down the tinsel neon

with Moses in the bulrushes

who believe and summon here?

Can't drink your descriptive power

Over the cupmouth I rise

A candle, an orange Halloween bucket with a happy face

Who would glower when you get too tight

Person woven "too fast"

Rapido muy rapido

They said of her. Still could burn

Tightened up too fast, too hard, too fast and still moving

Person woven from what hovers at the doorway

Pawing at the ground

Person woven mundane

Person woven like monkey kinetics

Or too cocksure

Fond and tentative or back at the doorway lurches forward or back
would go wouldn't go then would then wouldn't *whist whist whist*

Who believe you in your lab coat whist whist small guinea pigs

Your precision instrument needs greater testing and probe

Person woven of solving and not-solving
and pressure of a bounce through a threshold to celebrate
decibels

Kundry disappears into the undergrowth
roots up to pull your psyche down under
dirt and leaves....

sorceress cursed of no centuries rest...

Accretion's musical memory

earliest was cycladic rhythm her timing her measure
insulin wars

Huguenot ancestry mystery

or mastery of survival coded

Will you run, swim dive across a lifetime of persecution

female of all females would run

swim and breathe across the boundary hounded hooded persecution

Person woven of forest time and running

Person woven of savannah metrics

Person born of a violinist who played and died way before the strings
grew thin and weak

Person with one thousand four hundred cubic centimeter brain

entopic brain, gestation of pliant harmonics

in the place within place that is pre-recorded desire

O Asia! a cheetah-like-sunny-housecat-in-her-stripes would pounce upon

Edenic brain, inebriant one

sun sun sun sun sun sun sun sun

Person woven of monoliths may be mere glass

Person of a mirage that would be fate of all ancestor sees

Person that is the core of galaxy she seizes

Our Milky path ,a poetics of influence

Bricolage of sensibility made for future fur bits

Person woven of monoliths still standing but fall down

proprietary then modest

clean up messes the body makes mockery of

and you can't just go around killing and conquering persons

you can't just take them out at midnight and rape and slaughter and kill persons

build it, Pleiades said

Feeling alone I – I – I - he was wasn't singing your vision
Feeling alone person alone, curandero wasn't singing your vision in
Pleiades wasn't singing it in I – I - I
Sending it in aye-aye-aye

Curandero sing it in call upon you Pleiades sing it in

You alone sitting and crumbled
& what is best for this and into the crystal mirror
into the sky
see yourself, repent?

and what is best you lie down and sink down to send it in
and send your crystal casket into rhythms of outer space
embrace a 3-brane world

lucid inside
and your “remains” watching and looking
your remains when you have been burnt out
and nurtured to burn out
watching and looking still lucid at the fire pit
you are cinder

Center of the universe

Person woven of chronometers

Person a chip so small

Or ember growing to size of Saturn

Person woven of flames of tension

Jaded, see the souvenir of person

A little chain over her head

A utility object

An opener, a key, a reminder

Snaky markings on vines intricate
Like the markings of the tortoise oracle

who summon & who believe?

Person Quick-to-See

Person Slower-in-Step

asp of hope, serpent’s aspiration, “mental” it? *heh heh*

Cool down, a sorcerer's misery
Cool down the trance and truth serum
Of unsolved Jerusalem

Injured
In truth

As if the world can't face truth
Human a bond of the bestial

And ferocious
flaws

claws.....elongated claws
against the face, of yours and yours
& printed cleft festered
the back of my neck
I carry all these persons inside who walk my spine
Digress with small carnivores
Rhythm's broken vertebrae

Person woven of pivots

a con of ego in flaws of endtime

Madre says You old gal!

you old old gal!

matters, all snag a *madre*
just as a circle remains *madre su madre*

gaunt gal with broken held-together-vertebra
shuffle in the dance line

and matters arrive again & meow money
Tell em my Paris, my Mexico, my mid East
Colombia I thirsted for
of family

roots broken
blood poured out of my eyes

I see your blood too come out of you, earth eyes

People reason science too many for the plantation
O scene's & geography's a hold history for

What we made strife of

For others

Person woven of cruelty

and then again, of cruelty
said the Jaguar
of nothing yet you've seen this earth

Author of false thins eject

I a poor somber eye

Race for it
Mode as

Ever sore a gravid one

And the elder poet came of Lebanon and said

*we're all in debt to one's wonder,
signals of the medicine world
come down to the same root word or caesura,
to the comma and the littler increments and we will
be the seeds they are and be the green ornaments they are
and please to magic and please please to magic come...*

Person woven of trace elements and scent of Lebanon

that migrates what she knows through the book world

and will not hold off

and will not let go

and loves her night sky patterning down

Quitter curst

And said it's because of blunt instruments

I said, said, saying

I quitter said I

A quiet

And a new tower quits of itself, no coin

Desert the color of which is anger

No No I said to them (the voices)

It is a neutral face

Person of cosmetics walk away

Person of responsibility walk away

And how be summoned

& who to respond?

Never quit responding

which is
of lute, divine

sense roots
diverse habit

women, of many animals fur and claw
orgy of skin, interdictions
then cry your preview's legible doubt

Person woven of doubt

Limpid alarm

Dr Lazarus is best

When all the best intentioned die down at night

Lie down and sleep

It will be the century no longer yours

Take my word, person woven of words

photon! listen, photon!

jolt of space-time travel
how elemental ypu are
hiding your substructure

it will be up to the keepers of the future we imprint upon

now? arise?

go, now?

where fermions where quarks where leptons where bosons

More than ever the rich doeth hate the public

Although Richness talks with a smooth velvety voice

Quaint no more, richness, thy name is Devil

Dissipate money

& boasts are to a limit

escutcheon a surrogate name
for riches are the nutrients of the ethos-weak

of person-might might query
Dr Lazarus raise me up

Comme je deviens

*Vielle fille, a manquer
du courage d'aimer la mort!*

loud old Pullman brilliant a push

on Liquor *le creur*

lash out

nay, jettison

person woven of floral language

insensate suddenly
& weight of the jaw, mandible lip
first speech, hirsute sleep but inside a pistil a stamen

Someone saved her madre the consul

violence toward him

I demurred stammer

Advice

Salute

Say say a crime

Said an hallucination

A dandelion spoke to me

It's certain

Of mystery its grimaces

Che che che chivalry

Chevre of lassitude

Cash

Hmmm delirium

Phantom

Person woven of laughter

fabric stitches together seamless and seam-full

tropical trope in your diamond mind, voice's daughter

tesserae your incremental transmigratory realm

many figments are you?

stitch stitch

a ceiling
a good children

but I can't pay anymore, sorry

good children, food for the good children

moreover I can't can't pay pay any more more more

it's a sash a ceiling above the celestial universe
and I can't can't pay pay any more

it's a cruelty

it's a really cruel cruelty

like you are not tested first

and more of a slash of a ceiling
on the other side throw a grimace melts a rebus
chi ta cru cru a real ti appearance of the rebus

it's a cure for cruelty

& in poor poverty

& in poor, poor poverty

and what you did or did not do

person woven of deeds doing and undoing cruelty

alchemy overdone seems always

as a verb

dune morphs to dojo vanity, a landscape

passage I do myself because
I am best at it

Stars like Church Latin, you know en espanol

And rising to intone the bounce of your vision pecolating
High above the planet

Looked down and saw

Person woven of small bouncing cars

Person woven of hand implements

Person woven of looking into one's hands

And the pins and sutras of attention or greed that would feed or
starve the earth

and as she said the women next to her texting was missing the
yellow curtain of the ballet and as she said
the red velvet of the interior, diamond clusters
the entrance of the conductor and his bow missed too
as she said and turn it off turn it all off and
you ought look up

person woven into the Theatre of the Cambrian
sounds like it is that a person woven is the sound of manioc not maniac

Won't un-study for long

Felicity of all religious bête-noirs

Spec of other forms of control

The nano regions

Of transmigrating human dreams

How sad it seems we miss thwm

We see them moving and their tears
& are missing them coming now into our world

Person woven in the room, in the room to succor and sleep

and drink the vine

a line of men, a line of men

and see one in the room so simple, open, you love him and feathered

love all the strangers tethered to the vine

The marred account
We are some of us occidental and there's no escape

You fail in all you fuel

Because it's wrong wrong rung wrong

A sacrifice to artificial survival

Person coiled to strike back rung wrong

An Iran syndrome

Or pounce

Person lasting in extra parts to be diplomatic

Part insect part machine keep missing one another

Gleaming gleaming

Person appointed to measure how one walks and dips

External events

who tell? who believe? our frame!
Entwined helix?

Travel as explosions

Future scene kind of lightly

Stagger faint on it

Go rising Not yet. Lost

Then biosphere principle perpetuates the room and the doorway and all about you a
bother, a gossip off the page

A parody of history

Wasn't so much a scheme

Wasn't so much a plan in a bubble as in hint of rumor

As if we are Person woven into a system where higher orders
Are installed we can't even understand error or essence who report to

Person woven of confusion

Person woven of fear

fumes

like a brat

canticles over in a hard night

done, the nuns, sing a matins sung, done done done

& speak of magnificent city heavenly city, laudatio

all the trees imploring and concrete imploring
O heavy heavenly sky

& you want the celibates to take over some charge

of Person-Woven of-Many-Feminine-Forms
such as the big bellied effigy, pig belly of nails
the sow's ear is open, to listen
to drive your suffering down

entertain and enter the jagged sky
& really want to be wracked with new chaos
child child child child
the child is father of the mother

last resolveno rejoice on mother stiletto, lift lift

goes other way resolverio civilatio kinesis the daughter is
wedgely an vocable hush hush is mother to herself, an ancestor
is vocable inside but silent is body is panthera moving
too mercenary a one
rubber boots of told survival kit
not necessarily interested in our new person world view was a
person but off catastrophe living was was was she

milk my boy
rhythm of milk
the complications of milk how it is derived from the animal
sweet calve in agony, mother mad its stolen milk milk milk

mother mad its stolen milk milk milk milk

a narrow gate we walk into our genetic code it

twined

which is why I recognize you

were there code wars before we cooled down our heels down here?

did we win?

Person woven of all the others down here, and winning?

whoa

shrine a kind of jazz libation

Steve Lacy at the helm in “Materioso”

I went in my vision to visit the dead saxophone

My very own dead

In the list of daily duty so that loss is not lost

Send down the mellow men

Trembling is a future
When you lose a crown

When you lose a note
When you can't finish what you start

an A agent, a far gone forest argent messenger
& way off his track but here arriving

money see money does fall from this body
small rupees, coins of old orient

but music pulls you back, his riff

red tassels with plums that are red and dark
Mohammed dawn

orange sunset and swirls of the

multiple layers of cloth in weaving its process

body bound at vivid vivant waiting

Person woven like a shroud

but the ghosts are free!

Person woven of jazz guy tesserae

Taita guardian coming to me

prince of the vine

Taita in smoke and Taita smoking

bounce and a bounce, a bounce between tobacco worlds

serotonin dopamine bounce

Comes in from the left side *whuzzzzzssssshhhhhhhist awhoo awhoo*
syllables comes in from the right *za za za*

Person woven of sharp pinnacle of light above
Zig zag form of mental talk, maze protects from below

message? message?

Person woven of deeper sound singing and moving consistency to the sightings

The order of our letters changes that's all!
All species and plant to human DNA

Planet wired inextricably

body goes deeper into the earth

could be getting that close

I thought my heart would burst

Vision: coda strains in excess

Is anything central? Can you strive? Can you cure. Are you votive identity? The baby jaguar is blind at first. What are your roots and what are your severances and what do they constitute of imagination? do you stalk can you heal will you climb. What is the link to the link of the trance of the trace of your heat-coil. Now you are quick, soon you will be dead. Ancestor! If roots are rural and you are on the ground barefoot, or if they are urban and you bend inwardly (your concrete sepulcher) will that help with the ground turning underneath your feet in jungle metaphor? And if the scene changes and suddenly abruptly something is riven - imploding rhythm -from you -then what? A new planet? What is being relational when you hardly know the kinetics of your own chemistry. And where you are from but you know goes back, back with all the other visitors who crowd your head. What will support mind in the longest sweetest deepest quivering night you live and notate within, and how will you move to caution others: be still, be very still....it's dawn in the adventure, space and time.

Vision: what men might be “being”

Men might be in the new frequencies being in the new forgiveness just equal in space being time continuum for adventure mission. Men miss out in the mission in the fission if not listening. To crack the code. If not listening then forcing their fiction. Might be aquatic or might say “pesky” and blue and rooted, what are the roots a down a hey ho down a down a derry derry down through earth. Be my pesky a down through the earth. They might be being male in studying topsoil better. Be being. And ground weird ire in better stargazing. Rooted to the light that never quite reaches, that already arrives, and stands, a body, some male body. in the doorway of duo paralysis. Paroxysm. Metabolism of the grounded ones, but that never fixed because it is always moving, earth under our outside feet, wracked and aged from walking on earth bare footed. And what are the inside footsteps up and down the spine of your dream. I ask.

*Perpetrator gone down, dust dust, not plunderer gone down
dust dust not strategizing dust dust. But listen and absorb what is around you, the Male.*

If you were a male of a particular order you could wear bird feathers. I would help you tie them on. I would help you with your accouterments. I would hand you the accouterments at the proper intervals of accouterment-necessity. And then you are finally beautiful I would give your voice a lilt and a rise. I would bounce with your song.

You could enter the realm of the guardians. We pay debts in parcels of light. It is a good idea.

Vision: where women have been woven is discerning
riddle
adjacent to....

good idea

Vision: Sister Susan

sister susan, come out now

sister susan come out now

With your bells on sister susan with your bells
And glimmer
Come out, come out now

It's time it's time, sister susan
with your bells and glimmer

sister susan sister susan
with your glimmer and bells

Tesserae

tesserae an interruption
tesserae an interrogation
all incentive tesserae to the fragments you inhabit

Vision: to oscillate with my Ginsberg my Burroughs

is a wave
is a component
signal
is
frequency

oscillate

my untrained ear

Cepheid variable star....

as below so above

part of this world?

with Burroughs yage with Ginsberg yage I sang

a lump little fellow and to the curandero sang and sang

maestro jungle outskirts Pucallpa behind the gaswork field

talks a lot the power the curing cooks the universe together curing

talks a lot the drink the hold-it-together drinking

nite drinking session power curing strains the broth

hut an outskirt sincere in drug scape Ramon came over to hut

crooning a blowing a fresh batch & blowing cigarette and pipe smoke

over the cupmouth I rose

and Ramon came forth an old crooner

shooting star – Aerolito!

full moon I served up first breaking over the cupmouth

cavemouth runs over

whole fucking Cosmos broke loose around me

mosquitos, vomiting, silly to make this a note puff of smoke, mere death

and real death, real death, real death

all covered with snake like a Snake Seraph
colored serpents in aureole all around my body

and circling

a snake vomits the universe

Jivaro with headdress with fangs vomiting up the Murder of the Universe

death to come death to come a mother to the universe
spectral animals all the other drinkers in the night in the awful solitude of the universe
went back and lay down
bastante, curandero!
heart rayed with spectral presences was what I got
all suffering transfiguration who believe and summon here
as there was the great stake the great stalk of Life and Death
expecting god knows what snakes
being Natural, in abeyance
skulking a beard on a pallet on a porch rolling back and forth
reproduction of the last physical move
great Being arriving approaching like a big wet vagina
in black hole of God nose
over the cupmouth I rose
stronger and stronger
a being lay back on her back
how strong you are she said
image: image how strong
hammock and mosquito net
35 soles about \$1.50 for services
peer into a mystery
all creation present
colored snakes all real time

mild and simple for asking to be present
will you stand in or up for me
of our movie only image I threw myself upon
So real I so real real phantom
I'm still in 1942 or so here lot of faith the Maestro
and not born yet her totem animal
days old slightly fermented
what I thought was Great Mind was.....false?
I felt somewhat like the eye is imaginary
predator jaguar was the crashing jaguar
and the eye was seeing through itself
“singing mysterious things” that was our fate
and humming *b'alam, b'alam*
leave my body to be found in the morning

Yage September Boulder
Gloucester October
Captiva April 2013