

Authors Photo

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Sliding on my back under barbed wire I pull her mount to my face
And that mouth and my mouth speak another mouth
Speak the blister meaning before language birthed
Speak the wet star in darkness.
Then neither she nor I have enough
So start again, and
Looking down on me
She takes a picture
That's what she does, that's her instrument
I write, that's what I do, the hard point inside pressing tender lips
She takes a picture
I forget it.
That's also what I do.

Then, another day communicating between cells, she sends it.
Mounted, looking down on me, face in her vise, she made me a mustache.
There then. I see. The author of all my words
I've never seen him before, but now I see him there,
Czar, French anarchist, Russian dock worker, Litvak resister, Yid merchant, Southern
slave-owner, Ramrod patron, Proustian booj perv.
I see, every word I've laid birthed the moment my mouth I was thus covered, see
every impulse to speak is a flesh-gagged cry.
For love.

This is what she does, the picture she sees she takes.

I shave head and face clean to cross ocean. Travel first time on an aircraft I wrote.

Say it is missing her
I won't
I will say it is to have her not
Not appear
I begin to grow the mustache

Outside her.

The kindness of strangers the disposable I.

Never had a mustache.

It coming in.

They all make approach, crowd the small door only wide enough for my face, like them
cut into gates here, door in a door you need duck - me even - entering - them all crushing

at the door in the door - Czar, anarchist, dock man, resister, merchant, slaver, Ramrod, Proust booj perv.

Wearing her. Imagine if asked say *anything that'd make Schopenhauer puke is good by me.*

I play, in the mouth blood of my delta

In the wind of vanity remembering the first ever tenderness my hands gave the body of a man

Shaving my great-grandfather in the days of his dying, mother's mother's father,

nerves, trembling under honor's burden of intimacy and trust, the blade scrapes his time-reversed skin, I hadn't yet shaved my own face, I had to shave my ancestor's first, I did okay, was frightened by a crevasse which thus remained hairy, I preserved his mustache with the movement of my hand, hands, scraping, feeling that sound.

His gladness after.

My first yoga teaching.

Yoga is hospice.

The mustache coming in, his nose shadow too above it, a 30's flickering newsreel bird in the topmost treebranch of forest here, mustache of coal jew bones that winter and winter warm murderers / their kin and Kinder.

In the lot gash of Yiddish grass here in this libido-crushing city

Emptiness, yes, its jammed gears, crowd guilt and desire's technique of unending killing

no mustache.

But every suicide here, in it, here in this city this country this place outpacing Europe now in self-elimination, percapita, I glimpse in light reflected off Ahab's lance the mustache, a hope each suicide was will assisted by a ghost-hand from the forest slaughter pit, or coaxed in gauze mute silence by a raised palmprint off the blood wall itself.

Not a thought that pacifies wounded earth.

Not a thought really at all.

Hair, facial, and craziness.

It's not the black bush in the picture. It's calico, mule of the catworld.

Hair and death.

A single steeple of bells Sunday morning. I hear overtones of nose singing from the Caucasus. Ends, all the church antennae still dead.

He writes wedding ring I saw too late after our hands met become buddies. I'd like to fuck her. I'm not sure what she thinks. It's close. I enjoy ... someone who doesn't realize what they want ... tiptoeing around it. Could be my own reflection. She doesn't have a body I'd like typically, a bit squat and

bulgy, but I do I like it/her her green eyes. I keep thinking *I want to see her ass* but it keeps coming out *tush* in my mind, so there's hot incest friction there too. She's come to my apartment twice. To borrow my charger.

This mustache growing into me now, walking it in the streets, what it's like to be seen in it, I may bring it home with me.

Once
 Language lay in the street like a live downed power line
 Snake face a rearing cobra illuminating crowdfaces with flame tongue agony
 Of them
 No man
 No woman
 walked to it and took it in strong hands and risked death and stilled its snapping length
 No one
 Far off across the board of ed by the bayside road lined with sycamores they shut down the power.

In flesh-gagged mourning I made my way; I scraped my mother's name off my tongue.
 The name of the father is not there.
 I learned to hold my breath.
 I remembered something I wouldn't see until years later.

I then again went away; I drew a beard on the mirror for my return.
 There's a question of whether I ever made it back.
 Now, this.
 Mustache.
 The crowd - Czar, anarchist, dock man, resister, merchant, greengrocer, blacksmith, painter, milliner, pushcartist, gunrunner, gangster, merchantmarine, miner, tinsmith, melamed, madman, ad man, lover, liar, slaver, thief, embezzler, logo-genius, abandoner, Ramrodist, Proust booj perv.
 Pressing at the face size door
 Like diving into a first floor window I went a loop-d-looping and popped out her eyes.
 And saw, then, down there, head in her vise, him, them, who'd wrote what I'd wrote.

As all suffering is through connection to the Other
 Art is only through its social link
 And so the moment of being recognized full of ecstatic pain and heat
 Like the witch doused from the bucket
 Standing aroused steaming stunned exposure and wetness
 And in my pleasure awareness
 The knowledge of its cost, my fading away, slain by what I've thirsted for, not water
 But the gaze of Others
 Dawn sun
 Turning to dust my ancient expired fictive nobility

Its bloodthirsty nursing on their dreams

Just this

dust grey mustache
on a cobblestone
after a brief sunshower

It really may just take a razor to go back home

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