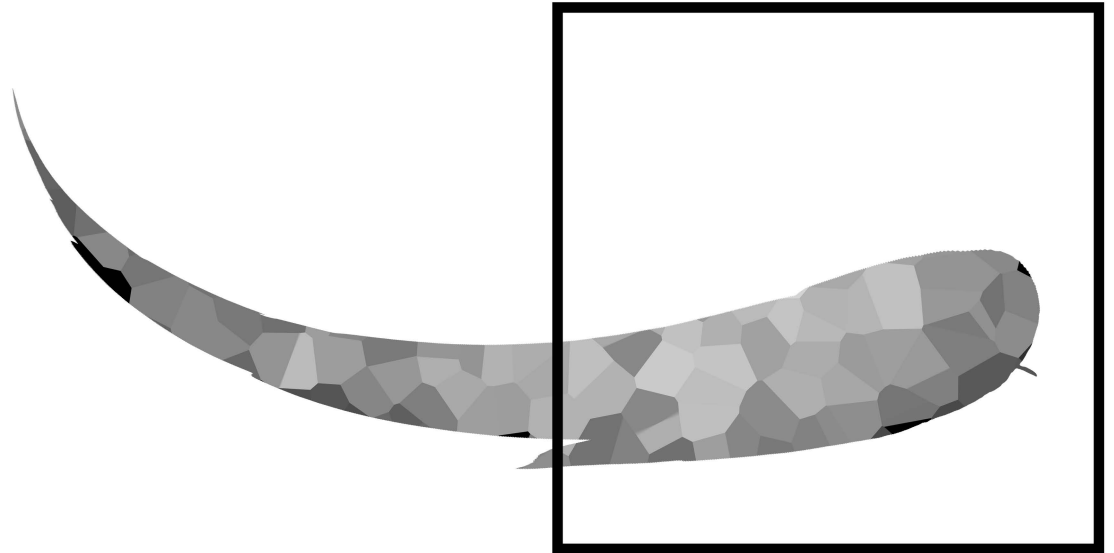


# POEMS FROM THE WILD HEART OF A VACANT LOT





in broken voices I would go on and on  
not the turns and pitch of silence, I fear  
out hunt is never at the end, broken poses and past

there haunt dreams of civilization  
and separations of flesh  
escape the skin and rushes away

i left behind shadows  
vanished with the years  
and no explanation

running to terror in frightened traffic  
two children, the owner of the old world  
removed the shadow and source and  
with a leap of the real into a great river  
the two covered the world in generations

amused, I heard new desert rosettes  
say my outline sent incised histories silent  
and tried the imagination of the written

to trouble the dead we must be wounded  
the cage of our bodies the mirror of the dead eye  
to trouble the dead we must go on  
traces left in the earth

Writing carries the same spirit that possession does. Writing, especially when given up to chance, is an act of allowing oneself to become possessed by spirit. I do not know where my words will start or end, I'm not even sure what they will be, and I certainly do not know where they come from. To write, to give yourself to chance and quick glances in the mirror, is to become possessed.

And so, I allowed for Dead Voices to possess me. I allowed for it daily, albeit briefly. Every day I would tackle one page of Gerald Vizenor's novel of tricker stories and natural agonies, I would read the page and write a poem using only the words on that page. After one hundred and fourteen days I was left with this collection of poems and a completed and slow re-read of Dead Voices.

The words that had to pass through Gerald Vizenor passed through me and without planning it, without realizing it, I found myself to be writing of the dead. Not just the living dead who talk through screens and the printed word but the long dead, the forgotten dead, the ones left on roadsides and crushed without thought on buggy summer nights. Possibly these are their words, possibly they're mine, certainly they are no one's.

-katin

vanishing tragedies  
heard and hunted by children  
gone as old teeth

her urine marbled the stones  
i felt the world with that stench  
i washed in that urine of the world  
remembered and sick

I held stories of dead insects  
in the recitations  
Burials of words and philosophies and breath

She was chemical mold civilization  
without shadows we met  
and ended her

waited more than a year  
slow shadows imitated a cardinal, mocked  
the only one  
a discovery lost to discovery

hunted silence in  
a city of voices

hold a nickname in his mouth  
sucker  
present and dead  
sucker  
a summer a winter remembered  
sucker  
he remembered with him  
river city tree line scrapyards stories

caged, the cage a secret  
the not secret  
I appreciate

tongue close to my mouth  
bounced shame  
wild uncovered hesitation

the solace with the road  
to endangered cities we told out doubts  
but the earth lost their ear  
we were on the road and  
closer to our world, not their world

The bear traced me  
lost me in a stone's eye.  
The dead go on  
and must be buried.  
To the shadows we hold  
missionaries of stones and nothing  
buried, buried with the war.  
The cities heard peace and  
buried our war, promises of the end.  
Remembered our voices, bear and  
stones. Our best end, lost in the  
dead eye of a bear lost in stories.  
The stories done, the shadows lost.  
hold me over the world and  
hear nothing and go with the dead.  
The dead go on  
and must be buried.

the word, the sanctuary of nothing  
a cold hand on the scars  
his sound comes back  
and must leave the word

i should have known a land imagined  
not discovered  
a should have known nothing  
we died at creation, I died at the end

we carried the ecstasies of our end  
a wild night remembered  
and the death of dead language

sounds carried the airport  
to the treelines, assassins of  
creation, voices of waste

stories of a refrigerator  
with a burn in the middle of his thumbs  
the sound  
the refrigerator heard a sound of chance  
in the morning freeze the cable died  
and with the cable the refrigerator died, forgotten

played poker with lonesome machines  
split, split, clever  
the machines, back to the city!  
seventeen with more than rage, more than hate  
the children machines must not touch the city, the lonesome city  
she machines children was born twice a week  
and turned back

pure blondes  
unruly lovers before the television  
save and abuse your blondes  
whips and hammers and  
a television message  
for your pure, special blondes

he told the man to mount the machines  
hold it down the way families want  
mount it, without delay, mount your machines

poison stories of creation told of our last  
the few ears twist by the page  
carried to the city choking and abandoned  
we told stories and heard not enough

sewers, urban swill we danced in poison  
rivers of solid waste, the muck as church  
bells, bells, bells raised the dead ocean  
and we tumbled down into the underworld  
when fortune said her balance lost, the morning in the landfill

our best, last chance  
circled a dead mountain  
and beat their hearts with them

become wisteria  
blossoms on the mouth  
early morning rush  
bound and touched

curb trees learned dream  
same nothing hedge  
behind other window, violets closer

chance and imagination passed  
nothing appeared to last  
nothing but the clock

seven poses  
unusual in the shadows  
chance for a game, civilization  
chance for a game, animals

hear the dead contradiction  
eager  
we, objects, certain of that

the world in miniature chemical natural  
enlivened distance haunted me  
I never understand, even in miniature

the sexual dead  
held me  
in her maw  
and laughing, teased, suspended, endure that

the bear, the face decorated haunting  
might return  
painted black and gold  
the dead reverse, the ivy held  
and insect voices promised a carved landscape

Outside mountains  
Outside rivers  
Outside cities  
Outside lakes  
Outside meadows  
Outside humans  
Our pleasure, unusual, stories and sound

she hid behind the wind  
daughter of mother  
there, her hot behind right there  
her hot wind lifted the back of her dress  
firm and quiet  
in the mountains  
one afternoon

Four three first  
Never be what happened  
Out picking berries

west once had a place  
soon the last stones, trees, animals, birds, and flowers

He moved seldom  
birds and animals wanted return to him  
He killed the last bird  
and the first

Broke in thousands and thousands of places  
Two earth, cracked  
And a fire  
Huge  
Wild death

We, everywhere  
We, not of the earth  
covered the stories of stone  
told stories of cities

the last of the imaginable  
the last fallen leaves  
on a walk to loneliness,  
with loneliness  
bored of place, of war

a cold, slow wind over broken land  
we burn in isolation  
the heart caged in cities  
the wild caged in name  
we return, remembered

so, the seductive thunder of shit  
so, the proud first parts, luminous

We said “surprise!” and after the  
funereal you died. There’s a great  
surprise. First time you died and  
nothing more to it. We had a  
picnic and that was it.

wanted, we wanted, we wanted you  
ran over and sold, wasted, wanted  
sounds of waves past the language  
wanted the stone and no tree  
we wanted the past, wished on the past

your grandmother, the last mountain  
near the lake she told that morning  
“our last became the bench”  
brushed with the truth, she could never tell  
she raised our hands and said  
“we change and knew so much nothing”  
near the lake she was the last  
and could never last, we knew

they know the wise at the roadside  
know trash and the fleas revealed luminous  
they are dancing, branches at the end of abuse  
roadside wise and perfect, wise and perfect  
a tribe on the roadside licked my hair  
everyone of them don’t know, everyone of  
them without sense on the roadside, wise and perfect

dumb people dumb dog dumb dumb dumb

something must be done!  
the pitch of a televised earth  
quicker, quicker, quicker!  
something must be done!  
done quicker, done filmed, done done  
we are aware that  
something must be done!

never two purrs from their sight  
a great cat lives underground  
and so

A black cage vanished  
and we with it

We are a city broken on the river  
Once, near the end we were the end  
And floated over a distant night  
Near the end we were broken  
Leaves and sticks held in our ruin  
The city opened and waited  
Waited on the surface near a distant night  
Near the end, once, near the end we were

beat the corner, low and rush  
turned city rain and beat the corner  
nothing and the winter in bloom over the dawn  
and beat the corner, low and rush

above the cold mountains, a city  
stone and golden in the spring rain  
higher, higher above a city of blood  
rise the lonesome sun and marched above the earth, higher, higher

the remains of paradise lived in  
a paper box. The mice knew their own worlds  
and hurried into the new. Two stopped,  
heard the wild rush in fast food and created  
paradise in a paper box.

from nothing, thousands  
from thousands, the rich and the best, come nothing  
the sensational, real nothing

you touch the world to vanish  
no torment the same with nothing  
nothing, nothing could start fires  
you heard, I heard, all the time  
the world could spare you  
lose

he asked the hunter  
of poison and blood  
we killed his caged mouth  
he has no blood  
no other

in the crack of chemical natural  
by the shadows of streets of magnolia  
on our way without an audience  
the light of loneliness follow the morning darkness

broken dreams invited  
wild children, worried, thin.  
touch the morning  
and turn into sacred cigarettes in the concrete  
spread at a great distance  
like cedar and vine in cold winter wine

we were plastic and wild  
an urban scream touched our garden  
poisons and flowers  
sense left, brushed brighter

we courted war  
the scent on the wind, crazy, tense  
stones and stunted trees pissed  
and decided to enter war

we are not tied to the earth  
freer, never there  
lost  
and pathetic

we, our cage  
we were first nothing and last lunches

bear children burned in reverse  
be love another garden, another door  
the world invented the pale and the dark children below

The scent is on the in the stories of doves and  
Whistle down grass the the hear

silk streams trash, moved  
the bright dead inherited the trash  
streets, world, scream trash on it  
we held their trash  
out on the city streets  
wanted and wasted

the last, lonesome snails  
waited ages  
waiting in a lost world  
that we could never see

mourning the concrete  
in the crack the dead wait  
with flowers and perfume

The first city, worried, miniature  
memories of the roar at dawn  
seven stones vanished the fear  
vanished the world

Turn down in the west  
Fleas are me now, of the stones broken we are  
Chance the mountain turned slow  
Burn wild treelines, our tribal cities buried in  
A tender circus

last of about not other stories insect in habits  
and chemicals was so recited and became  
his he counted was abandoned of the never bears opened told  
adventures

we stories with campus fleas tree we cushions  
families apartment our exterminator with them  
hawk humans the heart would devices

we poisoned families, generations  
the chemical demon hears no stories, we hear no stories  
we hear power  
we hear violence  
and attack to the last apartment building

thousands of anthropologists rushed in  
not one touched the real

Spied demons under the garden  
Under the city  
Under the sewer  
Dark hair and a heavy life  
Shouting in the dark  
Howled at the cars

Nothing happened  
We waited  
Nothing happened

To remember nobody  
Old stories, my face, sewer demons  
Nobody would remember  
Plain and old, left stories  
Left real people between our legs

“masturbation is my name”  
And came  
Flesh moved  
rousted a beaver

let's shit  
shit in the morning  
shit in her hand  
shit out a circus  
no sewers end

whistled at the bottom of thunder  
and one and never melted down  
down, down into opposites and  
touched a pair of old bodies

the stories of the backward city  
the stories of the backward city, no one heard,  
they are shit. Out of the morning the purred.  
Two ears lost in shit, the mouth and the  
City melted into ones, a double sewer. Holes in  
Their lost head came back, luminous. That green light  
That remains at night expected more. More shit and  
More shit and more



Spite of a lake in flight  
Chased out disease and out  
And out, dry. A remembered lake  
Knew change, a stream remembered a lake

happier, he was happier, he was  
never happier, his little dusk  
would never be never, the world  
to return to never was, he  
was happier and the world laughed

we circle me, tails on the run  
with dawn broken on the mountain  
in the morning burn the land, the  
river left us. We are dead. We  
are with the dead, we are dead.

House out in the moon  
Of the moon  
Haul the wet dawn close  
In scent of our crotch before  
Close, close by the dawn  
Nervous moon rushed the breath  
Took pity on the wild cities  
Close, close, glances circled the crotch  
Searching brighter  
Close, close morning moon

Behind fresh water his  
Confused shoes wonder, wonder  
What is, wonder at night, wonder with  
Luminous pleasure. Behind fresh  
Water, shoes escape sidewalk and  
Wonder, on a great river in the woodland

broken stones tasted tender cats  
trace of orange, baked ginger on the rim  
sweet cat, tasted sweet, tasted great

Celebrate and pray for the birds of war  
Dedicated to war  
Crows, cardinals, doves, wrens, grosbeaks, sparrows  
Attack the civilized  
From every direction  
In the morning garden

circus of violence in the dump  
on the back of a cat exterminator  
down the crack in the road  
a last performer of evil and power

cold blood on the wire, flee  
from ancient literature of war, own  
visions of the present, cursed  
children in war games knew nothing, bite  
the darkness and were silent fire from the dark

Burning asshole without water  
Our paradise

Ancient naked asshole in the apartment  
That night we became cannibals

we ride poisons on the back of a lake  
without sense we attack reason  
but lost the morning  
demons lead past demons  
and the beasts never heard how

At the corner of earthquake and humor  
Cats carried the rose blood in a bottle  
Of mother and child  
Reached for words  
Saluted the spring iron

His cruel children threw a world  
The city in the heart bruised  
Weeds fly a black dance to concrete

Hold fire from the \_\_\_\_\_  
On the truck  
On the concrete  
Wet fire held overnight  
Listened to the power poles  
The scent of chemicals  
Our bodies bright black there

Whistled down river  
Him crotch danced in his clothes  
Joined and cocked  
Out the window  
More times he remember

Enormous ass enormous pain  
Bit hit sucked  
Ran ran ran so fast  
Bears posed in the blood

The run of bear blood  
With chemical liberation, now dead

Third at dawn, in the now  
On third the broken land of wind  
Over

We burn down treelines, our cities  
Thin dawn with us,  
From ceremonial cities

rule by boulevards, apartment  
blocks and blocks and blocks of tongues  
lonesome mouths opened, shimmered  
crows become prisons  
become sanctuaries  
we thrash in stories, blood, stone, gardens

Cracked voices gather outside a church  
Plastic, wooden  
Old engines chase the earth, the sun  
The seas  
Their secrets dead near the lake  
Their words remembered sacred cars

posed stale in rain  
city air circled, pounded  
few crows wandered our center  
casual and pleased and shatter

half a crucifixion on the rise  
creation died bored, died faster  
and faster, and faster, and faster  
so cruel children of innocence  
would hear of cats and dragonflies  
on a concrete morning

There on the end of a dream  
Lion wings danced blood and wind

does your concrete roar  
turned to a dream, a color to fly  
we pretended he had wings  
maybe he had

Glass tongues boring into concrete  
That escape from morning from  
Cages ordered and all full  
We fly one last time with  
Cracks in the wings, with cracks in the cage

Who would remember the refused?  
Bright and wounded, danced and dreamed  
They refused and poisoned the silent  
Not out to survive, a tired prisoner in a cage  
Out flying, soaring in blood and breaks

the days dance in the cage  
disguised as a park, as a school  
every day, every prison, every voice

Actually, it is.  
Is it wrong, blood and energy?  
We punish the child to remember.  
Remember it is wrong.  
We did everything, blood and energy,  
Everything we did to the child,  
Is it wrong?

Bear tempted the night  
Boasted a legend  
Unaware of deception  
Unconcerned women, bite marks hard in the twigs  
Adored stories of his proper end

ruthless mountains created his reflection  
laboratory bottles out of glass might  
police wisdom, later warriors now healers  
learned indentured slowed captured he was in  
he was in her students, dirt and spirit

Stories end and the responsible know the end  
The created studied the end, praying games, praying no end  
The end of their end, glass cages, a turn of chance  
We never end, we stories, we end

So blonde creature, you must, you must, you must  
A distance from your body  
Seasons from the last month  
Change the colors of blood  
The power of the seasons missed

Wild heart of a vacant lot  
We were in the cage, we were the cage  
Tiny roses decorated the mirror  
Tiny roses decorated the cage

With the night the picture  
With the printed, printed words  
With science the rational heart  
the city screamed the city roared  
to hear the breath alone

returned over a broken land  
the fifth dawn heard in dead glances  
wire fence held wild mountain  
alive and dead we survived

Blue wire abandoned in flight  
Behind the envy stained cars  
The time run out

Dashed circled shattered  
Sun morning shadows trees street  
Circled leaps tumble  
Cedar branches birch weeds  
Circled circled circled circled  
To the last

hear to the light, humor be wild  
cold, cold shoot remembers the dead  
the dead remember the cold

A smooth stone wind pretended a world  
Feel his stories, hard, stout, wise  
Out of death we waited  
Out of silence remain  
We were there  
We ran, ran smooth in stone  
Smooth in stone, stone in smooth ran

Memories of a hanging  
Of a bright hanging  
A compassionate hanging  
Not of a hunter  
A wounded animal  
Soaked hair  
Limp  
Soft and dead

A fourth tumbled out the birch  
Into shattered teeth  
Into no autumn  
Small bones reached out to touch  
And tumbled back into the stories

Died over and over and over  
Death begged for death  
Voices stretched over the trees  
Warm blood from a birch  
Died over and over and died over and

We have died  
Song and story never again  
Crushed by street and car and city  
We died, never a thought

picture the blotched part moth  
a trickster tongue wore the space between  
hissed, touched, wild mongrel tongue  
we lost our minds in the sun  
stranded between primroses

Not not dead  
Avoid avoid avoid avoid  
The children pushed past wind  
Chased the cage  
Not not pleased  
Chased at dawn, never not never  
Never never prisoners

The wind, praying at touch  
Praying, praying by ourselves  
That slow breeze to the cities  
Praying, praying now the burn of chance  
Praying, praying in the turn of chance  
The ocean moves  
To the wind in the south

South of the bar, the garden  
Brown  
Block and block and block of brown  
We carried out the green  
On roads and roads and roads  
Our bodies wet  
The lake, more than dangerous

Millions dream sex  
Unattached voracious sex  
Alive overnight

A demon scientist, a demon scientist eats our bodies  
Names not remembered  
We swallow lives  
My body wants to swallow  
Swallow life  
Swallow ideas  
We want to know our lives  
To swallow lives  
Ours and he and we and she and my

as a green sun landed broken in the garden  
we waited  
the ghosts burst down the fence  
and we heard the talk of the ocean

A woman a ghost the flies  
Thousands thousands thousands  
The celebrated bodies visited  
The night and we devoured  
The heart his arms our humor

We remembered the day of a slow  
Parade of flies over the eucalyptus  
Closer they rushed slow off the  
Garden, puny whine and poison a  
Celebration of death in the world

The praying started, comic, stupid  
Truth became slow, slow sex  
In the obvious the warriors move  
And heard the praying sex  
With sleeves like us were  
Pinched out of being, never praying

A drunken moon blinded the night  
Learned the bright future  
Provided the dead past, laughing  
Eaten by the moon, the night  
Drank too. Gathered leaves and insects