

The Scorpion Cycle

The Scorpion comes to you
when it's time to build a home
That you would die to protect

The Scorpion can bite you on your 18th finger
In which case it's important to remember
That you are not always the responsible person
You're not responsible for the content of
This poetry

1 candle

1 glass water, half drunk

1 incense

1 crystal

Dream

The Village Jeweller

A bead box full of polished stones +
We pull out all the opals. Fire opals are
What we're after, orange, yellow, even
Like milk, black bottomed, rainbowing
Under light. He hands me the Jewellers
Eye it's wet with tears I say nothing
A man comes to the door to borrow
The ladder so I move aside the Jeweller
Handing me ring after ring, he is shaking
I wait + his tears run down his face. I
Grasp his hand, hija mi hija, he chokes
The pain of his daughter his own pain
His own love. I wait as the tears pass
Through our hands + I look outside
Into the camino crowded with passers-by
Where the tears gather in a small river
Skirting feet like rocks jutting out from
The mountain side + I wait as it all
Passes as it ever passes + I see from
The clock it's an hour I must go
So we embrace + I fumble with my
Cornflake mouth my straw hair my
Agate eyes not to be evil.

The Village Drunks

Sad surrounded by birds
It calls to mind the halos
Of birds circling the bonked heads
Of bamboozled characters in
Old cartoons. I'm alone
But I have a candle
Can watch it's wick
Flickering witchy back + forth
I can cut
A thick stem of aloe with a steak knife
Trim it into patches
Apply directly to my poor skin
But this will not help me against Phobos
Who lurks, spiriting between daytime drunks
Along the camino, who speak in every tongue
To no one + then suddenly, poignantly
Eloquently possessed to beg forgiveness
Personally please, help me, free me
This cage is madness, this isn't me
Please remove it I know you can
Please can you take it away from me
For 20 meters they don't miss a beat
In time to your grinding soles when
A bright skirted woman shoots her
whole house of dust out behind you
Broom tangent in her hands like a pendulum
Breaking against the back of the stoop

Which is a single brick rested
Into a stone under iron gates
painted yellow against the storm.

The Water

This cat is one cat
+ every cat + two cats
+ no cats equals the tide
She said that's interesting
For some people water
Makes them fearful,
It's chaotic + uncontrollable
It represents all their fears
But now the water is healing
It's nurturing, it's greater than
+ to imagine the tide lapping
Over me like a cat at a plate
Of milk is the most soothing
Hypnotic sense of pleasures
It's love + satisfaction says
The cat as he hunts the birds
Who live in the hollow ends
Of the bamboo infrastructure
In this town, more shelter
Than the trees cut back
By machete, he dangles from
The single rope 100 meters up
Hacking + hacking , shirtless
Shoulders built on repeated motion
Like a wave, water again taking form

Rippling it's power across his back

Ugly, beautiful, sweat like

Raindrops on a window pane

Healing the cut limbs as

More + more sunlight is

Released + dries it all away

How to spot them

In case you're looking for
Some action I know some people
I'm the guy you know in case
You're looking to get involved
In something bigger so what
Are you here for what's your full
Name I was involved in this
Movement in this time are you
Generally too old for that or
too young where are you from
Oh I have a friend there
You should meet her what's
Your email I want to
Keep in contact I'm in
A few squats here it's going good
There's a small squat scene
Not like when I was younger
I was the original squatter in a
Famous squat you probably know it
Here actually it's relatively new
I've been here a while actually
I'm here illegally, don't tell,

So how did you get your visa
What country is that with what
Year were you born what state
Where did you go to high school

The Asset Manager

I'm responding to marketing
Campaigns like there's no
Tomorrow. Did so + so
Win a position at wherever
Because I want to increase
Exposure for their entire
Catalogue now. Were my
Words always so or did
Eros leave me to be satiated
To accept what I have to
The satisfactions of maintenance
A word I learned to spell
Late in life as a depressed
Real estate manager, when
I travelled to apartment
Complexes all over the
States, trying to budget bird
Houses + herb gardens
Playgrounds + more trees
Into the drywall hellscape
I had nightmares walking

Unit after unit worth thousands
Uncleaned, furnished every one with
A single bowl, a mattress on the floor
Inflatable furniture, tied-up bags of old
Take-out, what was I
With my packet of boxes to check
The same for every room until one place
One for every building, one place
Would have beautiful furniture
But crowded, the future of someone's
Two story house together, a nest broken
Into twigs + stuffed into a precut
House shaped slab of dough +
Baked, glazed, sprinkled + I would squeeze
Between the oversize dining table + sofa
Check the balcony for leaks
I was never jealous of anyone again
Because I became certain
Everyone was depraved + vacuous
The only walls were to hide nothing
The only windows were to be blinded
Keeping imagination from peeking through
Dying, turned swiftly to a basketball hoop

Her Spanish lesson

I can watch a wasp looking for a home
A bird in a faraway tree
A swarm of those bugs that rise up in the hot sun
In the middle of nothing like a school of tuna
The birds cut through them like killer whales
I can play with Irigiray + talk to angels

Where is the shell school
Behind the basketball courts
In front of the vegetable stand
Ask the old woman working there
Where the social centre is
She will answer 'right here'

'I was born here, I should
Believe in my culture, but I
Don't. I believe in Western
Medicine, if you have a problem
You should find a good doctor.'

The love poem

During penetration I am
Drawn to wits, look out
I say from above, thumbs
Pressing into the sternum
Look out I'm opening your
Heart chakra. I laugh but
They are enraged in the
Moment our eyes grasp
My wrists + pull
Me apart, tumbling me under

Tomato sauce

- + splash of olive oil in pot
- + half onion chopped low heat
- + 3 pieces garlic, chopped coarse
- + wait, chop mushrooms, zucchini, something you like
- + black pepper
- + when the onions are clearing add what you've cut
- + wait, stir from time to time to all a bit cooked
- + 500 gram of tomatoes fine chopped whole as you wish
- + fresh basil
- + dime sized pile of salt in palm of hand
- + quarter sized pile of sugar same
- + simmer covered low heat min 30 min taste for bitterness

Eat with pasta or bread

Should feed 2 or 3 enjoy

Good with a side of carrot salad

- + grate carrot

+ dash of salt, oil, juice of one lemon

+ stir

(Adjust for size

1 carrot = 1 person)

Fear of Intimacy

You've never been in a third world

Country. You don't know

You have to take a stick

With you when you walk for the

Dogs. You have to throw

Rocks, even carry some rocks

In your pockets sometimes

Stop

They're coming

They're not coming. They're

Around. If they come I will

Tell them to go

You can't just tell them to

Go. These dogs, you don't

Understand. They are wild dogs

They are not like your pets

They don't listen. You have
To show them
I show them what I show
Them. I never have a problem
I say hello mi Amor. I say
Welcome + they never
Bother me any more. Dogs
Are like small gods of
Boundaries. If you have a
Problem with the dogs, you
Have this problem with
Yourself
Don't start with this esoteric
Bullshit when we're about
To get mauled by a pack
Of stray dogs
You're very afraid of dogs, deep
Into your soul + you also
Think you're going to take
Psychedelics + unlock the
Secrets of the universe so
Don't try to tell me about
My esoteric nonsense, it's just
History and there's no reason
To ignore or should I say
There are some people with
Plenty of motivations, desires
Intent on discrediting, ignoring
These parts of us but their reason
Isn't the collective one
The harmonious ones no

Their reason is fearful

Territorial controlling an army

Go, go say hello to

Those dogs. Go work your

Magic or whatever

Well now you've upset them

Convenient

Eh, also convenient for you

I guess

Tryptich

I have to get a tooth in

+ dig from there

The way one fuchsia flower petal

Flutters down from the incandescent

Top of the tree, hindered by other

Flowers by branches by leaves

Buffeted by the breeze a lazy

Tumble sideways without sound

Launching another petal or two

As it grazes their nests until

Everything is on the ground

Slowly + underfoot

What is the bird with the
Blushing chest + the slate
Grey breast + why did
It fly away so fast

Why did this piece of palm
Fall from the thatched roof
Catch in the uppermost
Branch of the tree at such
An angle that it's silhouette
Looks like the long tailed
Bird of paradise, black against

The azure sky

The smaller the bird the faster
It moves which is why
Hummingbirds a symbol of joy
Move faster than light itself
+ these two yellow sprites
Won't stop spinning the moment their
Glad hit a branch they spring
To the next + so forth
Claws first hearts last
One up one down what
Is this game spinning spinning

Are you my lover or are you
The personified aggregate
Of all my troubles brought

To meat + dangled in front

Of me all big brown eyes

+ fur + small paws oh

This is a street dog