

## Chapter 14

### Seven Poems from the Utopian Hollow: Diary Notes of 2000–2005

#### I'm Into Your World

Mi pesano gli anni venturi

[The coming years lie heavily upon me]

Ungaretti

I'm into your world but not entirely of it

Not into the coil of writhing serpentine lies

Hissing with laid-on charm from TV & PC monitors

Eternal Truths of claudicant metaphors

Murdering en masse with the invisible hand of smart bombs.

I know the acrid sweat of the on & off Filipino labourer

& more intimately the smouldering rage of the scribe

Impotent to stop the lies dictated into his mind:

By your empire moulded, its stamp burning

In their brain convolutions & their muscle flesh.

What may i do? With eyes wide open

Steer my paraplegic wheels

while the nightingale

Goes on singing as if all were right  
Into the thrilling strata of the planet's air

& i await the dove  
Of a differing Flood.

6400

(We Shall Behold)

We shall behold our love lie down  
Like an evening  
In the streets singing with the firefly's shine

& when bells suddenly ring  
It shall be  
A different morning.

But why do i sleep badly?

6400

Ex: Fudō 2000

To Predrag M.

Headnote: Fudô = esoteric Buddhist godhead of wrath, irate aspect of Enlightenment: blue-black face appearing amid flames, sword in one hand and rope in other hand to cut off and bind evil passions. – Please observe the deviant stresses on the <i>s in ll. 2 and 7.

What poems, mind of mine, may you now sing  
When corrupt desire rules the ex-communists  
When massy murder brainwash & whoring enlists –  
Few are saved – their lust for easeful things?

What hopes may now be found to grow new wings?  
We in our youth, emerged from bloody mists,  
Saw Fudô's sword in hands of antifascists  
& the people's rule a real thing,

Wrathful & kind.

Now i let my country go,  
Murderously after false gods a-whore.  
When surgical verse cuts deep it is to know,  
To find at understanding's furthest shore  
Why poison invades the brain's every pore.  
Yet every poem encodes: I loved you so!

### Three Doctrines from Heine

3.

Red-eyed bloody business weather!

One-eyed profit-ordered town!

How i wonder when – not whether –

Earthquakes rise to break you down.

11.

When we lie together in post-coital bliss

Don't ask me about Yugoslavia, how grand it

Was, how come it got pushed so bloodily amiss:

There are good reasons – i cannot stand it.

I beg you, leave Yugoslavia in peace

Don't mention world banks – NATO – elites – bandits

Don't call up traitors or errors, just give me a kiss:

There are good reasons – i cannot stand it.

One i loved in those bygone, far-off, beautiful days

Now calls it “Serbo-bolshévik”, our youth's season,

& sighs for more civilized (European) ways:

I cannot stand it – there are good reasons.

5.

For on this rock we shall erect

The Church that works from downside up

The Third Age church of Holy Bodies

Both personal & congregational:

See: hunger, killings are not needful

The pie in TV skies deceives

Give us today our daily sweets

Give us down here the sacred hearts & sense.

Return to body its merry pump

Rid of the fat that has enclogged it

The overeating brought by hunger

The ulcers caused by profit slash & burns.

Return to brain its hormonal bath

Disturbed by wolfish enmities

To people & birds & beauteous trees –

When heart & brain work well, we shall be saved.

If you, O masters, will not let us  
Be saved, entirely we must  
Remove you: profit is the fat  
In bloodstream, profit brings the early stroke.

Your lying church will be dismantled  
Our Earth at last inhabitable,  
Polluted eyes may see no godheads  
The cleansed may go to many-coloured stars.

When holiness meets wholeness  
& the people absolute,  
Washed clean of Class Division Sin  
We may aspire to the cosmic Lute.

6-700

### In The Ruins of Leningrad: A Medieval Allegory\*

Counterproject to Elder Olson's "In the Ruins of Macchu Picchu"

What Hope had built, cruel Greed has spilled

– Witness the city of Ilyich & Peter –

But what Greed's unbuilt, Hope can rebuild.

Where are the mountains of starving & killed?

The dead of Yudenich, Yagoda & Hitler?

What Hope had built, cruel Greed has spilled.

The hunger for Justice walks forth unstilled

The hunger for bread makes Her still sweeter

Greed's power unbuilds, Hope can rebuild.

Between Greed & Justice, what grain will be milled?

The outcome's uncertain, balances teeter:

What Hope had built, cruel Greed has spilled.

When Winter has stricken flesh to the hilt

Struck flesh will strive to unseat her

Greed cruelly kills but Hope can rebuild.

A counterpower can also be willed

To Death Love beats a countermeter

What Hope had built, cruel Greed has spilled.

A sterile mule is Greed: Hope can rebuild.

\* Or Beograd, or Sarajevo, or...

311200

### Reading the Secret Treasury [Hizôhâyaku]

The deranged in command of armies do not know they're mad

Blind people leading the nations do not see their blindness

Reproduced by deep class interests, they're in the dark all their lives

Dying time & time again, they take revenge in killing others

At the end of their deaths they've forgotten there was light.

8402

### Aequinox

The victories & the defeat in the lowlands are behind us

The defeats & the victory in the highlands are before us

What we need today is embodied reason, & a caress.

13305