

Bharat jiva

whose mind thinks thinking body
 tongue speaking
 whose tongue whose eyes
 whose ear of ear
 thinks body tongue
 speaking speech eye of eye
 of that that cannot be
 of whose mind thinks
 can only be seen
 spoken by the tongues
 breathless breath
 unheard from dawn
 in fire wind lightening
 truth beyond motion
 in the mind
 two trembling minds
 face each other
 through a mass of hallucination
 held together by speech thoughts
 held together
 by a series of obligations
 beyond the 16 part
 universe
 beyond the nothing
 held together
 left undone
 the thief
 no longer the thief
 murder
 no longer murder
 in a blank hour
 past a mood
 that stood by
 speaking sense
 as two

organs
 tremble
 in their own hands

 beyond this and that and everything
 beyond
 acts and relationships
 an ever changeless
 web of spiders
 beyond a blank
 attempting to speak
 to a victim's
 own mythological motif
 a place where fat melts
 beyond
 this and that and everything
 burns a formula
 born imperishable
 blazing two mind
 on a bed of flowers
 a crown of thorns
 trembling indecipherable
 beyond the all pervading torment

 some shed their skin
 others repeat a layer
 one feels the limits of
 the fashion of fashion
 one feels the limits of fire
 some a deep solemn smile
 gratitude for the mundane
 some are fed on fear
 some from the river

kari edwards

some shed their skin
 when the fire begins
 some burn
 in fear
 burning in their skin
 someone is free of fear
 someone drowns
 in a rock hard world
 taught by parents
 motor desires
 restless towards a suitable
 blood drinking
 fringe holocaust

 some dance in a river
 a limitless stream
 one hundred trees
 deep in gratitude of the marvelous
 some sit in their
 flesh and turn to ash

 some without craving
 reveal a thousand units of joy

 someone without knowing
 reveals a universal cry
 some mistook the cry for
 an atom
 others for a thing
 with a name
 others dance in the river
 of limitless time

*so, put some salt in water wait till
 morning
 wait in the mind
 that waits in words
 arrives in the wait*

*put some salt in the mind
 taste the morning waters
 in the will
 that puts salt in the mind*

*concentrate nothing
 on before salty waters
 swelling hordes of suffering
 reflect on the reverence of seeing
 tasting
 the joy of seeing
 the infinite joy
 of knowing
 nothing but
 the infinite in the finite
 nothing but instantaneous rest
 in the continuum
 of verbs, nouns, and adjectives
 after the point and comma*

*listen to the sounds of waves
 takes the breath away
 from morning heat
 swelling
 in the suffering wound
 in the salts in the mind
 pronouncing the self
 a watery everything
 within a body*

Bharat jiva

covered in the salts
of a being body
against
a dwelling empty
reflected on a bed spread
of indestructible matter
unkempt by anyone
buried beneath
that enters the body
swelling reflection
that reflects back

I'm flying nonstop for six months
at 2,057,152 yojanas per second
to escape the suffering inside of
tires the california talk of
suicide the many things from
which no one benefits

I do not have a name for it one
hundred times a day I do not
have a name for it when your
fearful mouth smashes heads against
teeth and against the streets

the first to oblivion the last to fix
the body to position it could be
there are the seven boundaries
seven truths and the ancient
vigor of cows

it could be interest in a history
used a recorder in two too many
closets spoke to the stone

that spoke to the stone, etc...

and it could be there is not there
here at the intersection of
wounded traffic burrowing
lights into twisted extrordinaire
border line intelligence
established in the dull never
mind of time with its all too
familiar domestic touching

without a second
deep within a vast separate
nothing absorption
river rising
consumed by flames
a body instant
before
the instant expires
something and
a witness
surrender and sweetness
nothing further
through fire
to perceived another other
self
rubbed in syllables
like oil
like butter
like water
like a photo
freed of its image

there is no difference between the
innumerable and the inconceivable
there is no difference facing the
street, facing the wind, facing the
oncoming wave of rhythmic
messages from the heart at the
beginning end of time the time time
ends
there is no difference between the
climbing sky, the earth, and the
terrified grasping real
there is no difference between
facing a falling rock and the root
growing elsewhere storm rigged in a
restless never mind mind

oh missing youth, and those whose
last lost breaths waits for another
sunrise, there is no difference
between the talons and masks, tears
are tears, and the dead dead
whether between the joints that
ache, working against the force that
holds one up right or the fire that
burns without burning, waiting to be
released, there is no difference

in some ways
I am afraid
I've been someone
in a headache of dust
not adept at advocating for others
transpiring away in crevices

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between smithereens and darkness
there I grasp
pronoun logic
the texture of cement
a b-side on repeat
with a skip
at best
a disassociation of matter
sinking profoundly in a sinking
progress
preparing to enter a nothing more
presencedark above
the clutching hand
of unconsciousness

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