

## Lullaby Lay of the Lifted

— “mu” one hundred twenty-third part—

His dreaming head put on by departure, a house  
moved into, a plane gotten on. Piano mallets  
hammered his ear, a tolling he’d have given his

arm

to translate, chime deep green grew out from,  
urge that he wanted, verdure. Late planet lush  
without the toll we exacted, we the philosophic

posse,

we the anfractuous crew... We the andoum-  
boulouous onslaught, thought so hard our heads  
hurt, hair fallen away like leafage, dropped  
hint’s heaviness, dread. My own head fell away

from

it, put upon by splits, time’s toll anfractuous  
too. The man who had been standing keeled over,  
too tall to be seen only an instant before, heavy

cloud

cushioning his jaw... Who was he and why was  
he there they were asking, the mnemonic envoy  
we found ourselves a part of, we them taken off,

taken

over, they the excluded we we might’ve been.  
Who was he we wanted to know, why fallen, why  
was his name Bloated Adam, why was it said  
his head moved ours... In remote lore he woke

up

vomiting blood, signs in his belly of what was  
to come. Or he dreamt he vomited blood and  
shook himself awake, the book of what came

up

the book he wrote. A knife to the stomach it  
seemed... Bloody or, if not, oblique, efficacy’s  
return inefficacious, dream’s leaning brought up

short.

One version had it he looked at his legs and felt  
sorry, looked at his legs and fell. Rage was lost  
efficacy’s offspring, myth we grew up with. Oth-  
ers had it otherwise... Some said an uncle’s death

ex-

plained it, his the head in the clouds that fell from  
the clouds, rain its breaking up, the new way  
of it, a blessing they believed it to be. Bled elder

of

whom rain and mist were the remembrance,  
ever after that coming down, bled munificence.

Wet

emolument. Revenant  
remit

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The fallen man fell short of the fire we camped  
around, hovered above it, a low-lying mist.  
Adam Evaporated we heard it called, reminiscent  
myth in whose cloud we congregated, annals  
of  
a whatsaid we wandering tribeless, ever on  
the outskirts, sprung... We counseled ourselves  
don't be sad or we said be sad but unafraid,  
blood  
rain fall though it did, rank beneficence,  
myth in whose diminutive light we went round  
and round, recriminant, ythmic demur... We  
said  
a whatsaid we and what we meant was in the  
end it would all abide, blood rain lift, a pinched  
hem  
left unraveling, red eucharistic  
mist

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Was it something someone made up we wondered, could anyone fall that far. Twelve by twelve ells the hole he'd have made on

im-

pact, a square for some reason no one could say... Twelve by twelve ells, twelve by twelve anagogical cubits, ancients'

re-

doubt it seemed. Myth of the fallen, made-up telling the telling made real, myth of the lifted, rhythmic remit... I was there

to

take my place, as were all of us, all to take our places, there we were. There was a box the songs came out of and there

was

a box we'd all be in, death peeking out from one of them, inside my slapped head owning both. Twelve by twelve

the

tale of a mouthing made real, deep kiss

known as consequence, mythic Mr. Nine by Nine... What did these numbers mean

we

were wondering, slapped heads rung with wonderment, sleight of hand, slip of tongue...

A tall tale born of rotgut swill, fumes no

one

if not Pneumatic Adam, a yarn someone had spun eaten away at the edges... All of it only sortilege, all only anyone's guess, all

what

anyone knew not knowing better

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He was of the Clamshell School of Bone  
Remanence, magnetic draw he drew down  
from heaven, intent he'd make heaven  
home...

Mum was the word no matter he fell, no  
matter we lifted him, no matter the screw  
turned in his jaw. Whatsaid hearsaw, what-  
said craw, no matter what law lay broken,  
way-

laid we we  
spun

## Lay of the Lifted Again

— “mu” one hundred twenty-fifth part—

“Let the parts congregate and grow,” we  
rolled over mumbling, dreamt encumbrances  
real as we awoke. As though we were so  
much  
debris to be carted away, as though “as  
though” were unreal, mere wish. Not since  
Anuncio lay busted up had it been so  
clear...  
Sunlight on ice after a storm, everything  
sparkled, “But Beautiful” on the ubi-  
quitous box. Lit by shipwreck we’d read  
and  
so it seemed, rhapsodic resolve as it all  
fell apart... Abstract music abstraction itself  
made more concrete. Boxheaded exegete,  
box-  
head ennui, box-had-there-been-one’s be-  
quest. We gave a loud shout, beginning to  
be there again, the inconsequence it was not-  
withstanding... There was a we we were on  
our  
way toward regardless, no utopic otherwise  
too utopic, a we we would eventually be. “Let  
the parts congregate and grow,” we got up  
insist-  
ing, a shout so loud it lifted us, our feet left the  
floor, no matter it might’ve been mental at  
most... It was an abstract, inaudible ring shout,  
the  
inner walls of our heads the track our feet fol-  
lowed, loud in some way that wasn’t there yet,  
a  
sense of it yet to  
come

•

Late counsel came our way asking who were  
the we we meant. Everyone we answered,  
emboldened by slogan light. A chicken-bone  
pic-  
colo, emboldened by the wreckage we clung  
to, chirped in the attic above... The Upper Room  
it could’ve been called or it must’ve been we  
were  
convinced. Grist, geist, gospel. Gospel, geist,

grist. Came out columning the rafters, piccolo  
insistence intransigent, "Peace be upon it," we  
said...

Some sort of ritual we were in without knowing  
it it seemed. Knowing it not so much as sensing  
it, the seeming, "Peace be upon it," we said again.

Gos-  
pel, grist, geist, prolegomenon. We were on our  
way... We would gather again the promise went,  
prophecy we took heart from. Gospel, geist, grist,  
gambit. Gambit, grist, geist, gospel, nth emanation,

n  
minus one... No day without number the chicken  
bone intimated. Grist, geist, gambit. Gambit, geist,  
grist. Time ticked away and we with it we admitted,

the  
piccolo would have nothing less... Geist, gambit.  
Gambit, grist. A morning song we made of it, mumble  
though we did. Geist, grist, gambit, guess, guess

the  
chronic note we bent as we needed, we the stubborn  
con-  
sort, everyone  
again

•  
 The place it was we were in was knowable we  
 were told. Where we'd been and where it was  
 we were going were knowable too. The Adam  
 Kad-  
 mon had fallen, sparks flew. The chicken bone  
 hoovered it cocainelike, scooped it, makeshift  
 nay, Kirkic nose flute, reed and rush one again  
 we  
 hoped... Words didn't go there we thought, won-  
 dering was it that or that they were already there,  
 them already there as we ran after. The piccolo  
 sec-  
 onded our thought though, words not there but  
 on their way the same as we were, soon-come as-  
 ymptote, soon-come colloquy, soon we'd see it up  
 close...  
 What was the it late counsel queried, knowing we  
 were sure but wanting it spelled out, a wish we'd  
 have obliged but we let fall away, soon-come com-  
 ity, soon they were asking again, what was it we'd  
 end  
 up all that close to... The Day of the Indefinite we  
 called it. We knew names headed there, got there may-  
 be not. Knowing coaxed emotions whose underside  
 we  
 were, a soffit somewhere we hung from. So it was  
 or so it went or so we said. "Those eyes, that nose,  
 that mouth," Huff interrupted, an eked-out rhapsody  
 on  
 its way. "Her hand rummaging under my shirt," he  
 pushed, "pure polity." Thus would it be when we got  
 there we gathered, endearment's weal come true... No  
 mat-  
 ter the weeping world tugged our coattails, it wasn't  
 what we expected from Huff. No matter a heart beat  
 under every chestbone, no matter how much it proved  
 it,  
 this wasn't the Huff we knew... Only one moment  
 among many though, no sooner was it there than it was  
 gone. Spot flow, spot feel, spot colloquy, spot soffit  
 our  
 mood hung  
 from

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A sexual buzz but for a moment. Sex wasn't  
what it was. Our prayer we'd have called  
it, our resolve early on, coifed and conjoint  
polity  
led by loins, led by what we took to be loin-  
light... So Huff said, beside or beset by himself.  
Brushed against himself, rubbed off on him-  
self, smelling himself Sophia said. He was God,  
Sophia  
said, or a god. He would play dead when he  
lay dead, he would lay lifted. On the way to  
the alchemic city he would lead the way. A  
god's  
god, a god without God, she went on, raving,  
talk  
to be taken back  
later

•

In a subsequent life they would meet as the  
crafters of Chem City. He would sit on a  
chair, she would straddle his lap, a certain  
smell  
would accrue between their stomachs... "On  
the Way to Unbounded Splendor" they  
would name it, the scent they would collect  
in  
vials too small to see, sweat so circum-  
spect they'd float, sweat's anointed, the pol-  
itics of which would at last be clear... A run  
of summoning so sublime they'd cross over,  
labor's  
lot leisure so etheric it would be, soon's ever-  
lasting address. "Huff and Sophia," we fell  
back marveling, "who'd have thought it, the  
erog-  
enous pradesh they lay imagining or would one  
day lay imagining, hope's true country come  
true?"... Millenarian advance, millenarian receipt,  
Huff  
having to do with wind and what wasn't there,  
dropped trousers, lifted skirt... Millenarian love  
song no matter it seemed otherwise, *New Blues*  
and  
*Gospel* on the box, "If I Had My Way," the city not  
yet  
alchemic struck  
down

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Mad at the world, he wanted to be dead to it,  
some lost, light-summoning province's  
bailiff, way-made-out-of-no-way's architect,  
At-  
tar Pradesh the awaited expanse... "Let slogan  
light lead the way," he took to insisting. No  
way would we not get there we chimed in,  
the  
alchemic city the just world would be. No  
way would things not fall apart on the way, no  
way  
the parts not congregate  
and grow

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Music we could smell was afoot, funk one with  
flower, something like funk we could see.  
The lay of the lift lay upon us, a likkle sonance  
our  
reprise teased out... An alliterative leap it was,  
maybe all it was, romance to revolution,  
polity's reciprocal switch. Spot polity, we fell  
back  
relieved or let down, fell  
back unsure  
which