

**TBILISI LOVES
YOU**

**V
O
N
G
O
B
L
E**





Tbilisi Loves You

42 Poems

Brant von Goble

Loosey Goosey Press
Bowling Green, Kentucky

Loosey Goosey Press
1111 Shive Lane #200
Bowling Green, KY 42103

Copyright © 2021 Brant von Goble
(ISNI: 0000 0004 6433 5918)
License: CC Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 International
(<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/>)

ISBN: 979-8-9853386-3-8 (Hardcover)
ISBN: 979-8-9853386-8-3 (eBook)
LCCN: 2021951445

Contents

Introduction	vii
Abandon	1
Ad Hoc/Tethers	2
Bondage/Neuroleptic	3
Coercion	4
Context	5
Damming	6
Decadence	7
Demon Core	8
Disconnect	9
Extra!	10
Fatigue	11
Film/Barriers	12
Flavors	13
Genius	14
Hitchcock	15
Kanagawa	16
Legs	17
Lingua Franca	18
Magnanimity/Unusual	19
Nausea	20
Optic/Fiber/Nervous	21
Overdose/Crane	22
Polyamory	23
Polyglot	24
Protection	25

Proteus	26
Purity	27
Star Eater	28
Stochastic	29
Supernal	30
Swirl/Barometer	31
Switchback	32
Tbilisi Loves You	33
Timid	34
Tin	35
Tit/Elation	36
Touch	37
Tyrannical	38
Universal	39
Wax	40
Xenomorphie	41
Zoological/Tarot	42
About the Author	43

Introduction

This book is an experiment.

I am a writer by necessity and a poet (to the extent I can claim to be one) by curiosity. As far as I know, the structure of these poems is unique. Rather than analyze this rhyme/syllable arrangement in detail, I have chosen to provide an illustrated example, with additional emphasis on the *A* lines.

All poems in this collection follow the same pattern.

Polyamory

Amorous, generous !	6	A
Share in Philly's gifts—cheese steak, Turkish delight	11	B
We (the kinless) <i>make</i>	5	A (-1 WORD)
No demands for kosher pabulum	9	C
 Residue/scum remains	6	C (-1 WORD)
Of furnace-fed towns—particulates— <i>cake our</i>	11	A (-1 WORD)
Boots. Trudge bright/eager	5	B (-1 WORD)
Over this bulldozed flat/ <u>dour</u> <i>landscape</i>	9	A (-1 WORD)
 Here everything is slate/slated for a rebuild to		
Impeccable/theoretical/Stalin-strong criteria.		
 Last vestiges! <i>Scrape clean</i>	6	A (-1 WORD)
Tribe/clan/kith—primeval bond-chains, emotion	11	C (-1 WORD)
Too <u>mean</u> , ignoble	5	A (-1 WORD)
But for meager trivialities	9	B (-1 WORD)

The world would hum in fifths and thirds, and your boundless

Polyamory might prove less sadistic.

I have not restricted myself to perfect end rhymes, and the imperfect rhymes (near-rhymes) I use are occasionally dependent upon unusual or unconventional pronunciations. Despite these limitations, this text constitutes my best effort to produce compositions that are more appealing than annoying.

I hope you find them worth your time.

Abandon

The mortgage was foreclosed

By way of rational strategy—Home, say
Rock-nosed realists
Is fungible place/parcel to be

Transacted, one key like

All. (Float plot to plot.) Theory-locusts guess
Optimal stay time
And returns, distress mollycoddled/

Sentimental saps, fed fabled pasts/halcyon contrivances
From a Dune of mind-kill and organometals.

A cudgeled conformer

Offers thanks for the beatings. Every strike, French-
Kisser sustenance/
Blood candy/torn lips/quicklime searing

Look upon that place (never yours) as upright cordwood

And laugh with absolute abandon.

Ad Hoc/Tethers

Your dreams have cracks built-in
They blossom eccentrically, exploiting
Pressed-thin vagaries
Warped ambitions, and the rolled-out breadth

Of the hundredth/millionth/
Genius to know all/nothing, mysteries of
The True beating hard
At your ill-tempered, glassy love for

Humankind—leaden and crystal-cut, soft
Leaching stupefaction.

Small/solid things floor-bounce
Large ones shatter. Ad hoc labyrinth patterns
Renounce singular
Assembly, each sharp shard aligning

With its peers as it sees fit. All keep fractal memories of what
You dreamt. And that tethers them to you.

Bondage/Neuroleptic

Tribes drive frenzy/tremors

Belonging-need, an electrostatic pill

(Ignore neighbors' thoughts

Put away this childish *want*, man) that

(Hypertoxic) rat-squeaks

Purpose down to mere compliance, knots stomach

Torque-rends will. Nascent

Skull-child dies in the crib, its luck run

Out when disemboweled by the ghosts of anticipated

Disapproval (the abdomen bladed through).

Bondage is less fun than

One might imagine if the dungeon reeks of

Desperate man and

His quiver-sad/weep-wet penchant for

High school popularity and the adoration of crowds

This persistent crazy warrants a neuroleptic.

Coercion

Assemblages of crap

Prayer and chance held together—limp along
Pieces (scrap, salvaged
Waterlogged, and septic-tank stinking)

A halfwit, thinking you

Can multiply the sum of your damaged parts
Through will, prolong this
March of crofters and dogcarts loaded

With gloss-glazed, perishable fortunes. (Such ego!
Never matter, ferrous edges will sing/slice you down.)

Rot and sick, bloated from

Prodding (and back-break labor), we accrue our
Little crumbs, scatter
Them behind. Mice (hiss insensitive)

Will eat the better part. Raise spindly arms. Scratch your

Name into a trunk. (This body moves but by coercion.)

Context

Fishnet of salacious

Intent, with the loyalty one expects of
An ageless siren
Poured into her dress, still drawing eyes

Barflies' propositions

And the furtive/furious bodkin glances
Cast by love-denied
Patrons, those with blotched blouses, souring

Visages, and well tequila in their cups—caustic stuff
That eats up and etches the aluminum.

The glowering sages

Distrust unflawed aesthetics/transmissions that
Seem of stages or
Are crafted, made to play to pride/fools'

Rage/affection. Even I (old, emptyheaded) put no stock in

Her/her algorithmic phrasings (regardless of context).

Damming*

Flow river, despise us

Make mockery of our constructions, break this
State/art, *Callous Ass*

Who demands his black-haired bride and raft

To soothe his silt-draft hate

And moods that shift in course/direction/mass with
Their fickle kiss of

Green and swimming life—these myth blessings

That ancient kings knew were naught but toil and vanity
Under the golden sun.

We seek revenge. Wings spread

Hardest hammer-forged marvels, our great contempt
Pours monsoons' dread down

From well-earned altitudes above your

Sorry plains. We do not own you yet, but sure enough

We will dam you.

**for Hebo and his river*

Decadence

Saints win by good measure

And martyrs, too, burn through fog of decadence

Forsake pleasure, fill

With anti-joy the hollow carcass

Of filthy Bacchus cults

Wipe clean; sand, abrade, and polish; make still thine

Earth, your cadence-call

Moves love-drug eunuchs to enshrine thee

But solely by your edict. Powder-formed and pressed

Tantalum monuments endure purgatory.

Man, holy Yggdrasil

Supplanted by a finer ash—results of

The flames still ripping

Through woods and scrub to sprawl horizon

Watching from afar, I goggle (mute)

At the cost of purity.

Demon Core

Repulse the fool closer—

Berserker heart, unbeaten, wanting but space
Chance knows her quarry

 This siren song is for but the few

Pork rind flesh, new screaming—

 Depravity of expense, gory shadows
With life we grace this

 Empire of dreams(,) shot, arrows quickened

To the edge of a cadmium sky

 Where nothing falls.

Our deadened affection

 For your pursuers betrays the teeming hordes'
Chill rejection of

 The chaos and light they miss within

But without the Demon, what are we

 But animal and filth?

Disconnect

Traverse worlds, violate
Boundaries of the unimaginative
Exsanguinate lords
Conquer this monstrous inheritance

For dirt, a pittance thrown
To all subordinates and wards, misfortunated
Like the native son
And lonesome creature/things, attuned well

To the rasp of steel
With breath.

Better the bell unheard
From inchoate noise and pitch never grown up
No more fow/ul-bird song
Through perpetual strife, we won peace

And we glory in the silence
Of the disconnect.

Extra!

Pump sewage up! Up! Up!

The tanks are empty, squealing for engorgement
Voids develop in
Sludge but close with sufficient pressure

Back-up/bleater ruckus

Sue for war, rally rabid sinner, sin, and
Sinless. Instant cause
To stain the flag, to band together

Materializes where you aim chrome-plate nozzles/vituperation
(Existential crises/anaerobic septage plead for air/ideals.)

We weather perversion

The brownish splatter you and truck (blameless) launch
At doors (then run for
Cover): You (instigators) pause these

Volleys, allow yourselves exit paths and ponchos, and claim

The fecal storms and chaos were accidental/extra!

Fatigue

Decomposition starts

With masquerade—benign maturity, grace:
Stuff time imparts to
Those who suffered through the gauntlet, left

Scarred (but lightly), cleft/cut

In all the correct places, true injury
Avoided—face carved
With distinction, acne youthfulness

(And other suspect secretions) gone years ago
Then the gilding peels.

Plaster cracks, anxious lines

Invite fungi (and his cheerful friends)—smut/rot
Sprinkle designs of
Their own throughout. The spores are starved for

Nothing. They gnaw/spindle through fatigue, colonize what

We thought we owned. We are none the wiser.

Film/Barriers*

Classic plastic substrate

Decays in passing hours. It grows eager to
Annihilate the

Basement, pump drop-dead gas through pipes, halls

And the storied sprawl of

The Clinic, knocking down the would-be jumpers
Even you, devout

White-capped nurse—in these high chambers no

More hospitable than those with jelly-sealed windows—

Will collapse, turn patina green.

New films, not so hateful

More stretch/warp than blast, offer dove protection
They, filled and full by

Fulsome industry—every route paved

With its good intentions—would shield us from peril—form

Melty bubble-barriers around all (and sundry) things.

**in memory of the victims of the Cleveland Clinic fire of 1929*

Flavors

Polina's pussy tastes

Like mints, the spray says. Warned, such malodorous
Below-the-waists I

Strike from the menu (I loathe menthol)

Soldier-cabbie, haul me

And a few bags to my (just-found) home; cry, scrape
And fuss underneath

Attesting to the moonscape asphalt

Speak, warrior, of the scant rewards you got for a decade

Ducking lead in the phosphorescent night.

Tyrants all assault our

Senses—to leave us numb (blankly overwhelmed)—
To near devour one's

Talent to know sword and sheath apart

Lies, damned lies, and their psycho-synthetic flavors

All leave a poison aftertaste.

Genius

The weak beasts, favored by

None: Amongst themselves, all howled calamity
(Days pass, tears dry soon)

Another failure reduced to bone

Or in some stone encased

Waiting for air, brisk, the rush of new moon light
Miner, pity me

Liberate my fur/form, bright spirit

Cut away the while with bronze

Tools fabricated by your intellect.

Follow the *bigot beast*

Your Commander. Watch dumb as it lays waste to
Those who least comply

Or make their life plea, insufficient

Weak beasts—you of the well-stroked ears—I wonder

Who is the greater genius?

Hitchcock

Broken eggs hatch even

When they shouldn't—proof of modern science and
Mercy. Ashen-faced

Toilers, turners of worlds, save tiny

Chicks. Arbitrary heat

In the breasts of rational men, based upon
Monkey-band instinct

Tells friend from food (brains not brawn enough

To muscle out impulse, to scrape the slag away

To leave pure metal).

Birds get tough, behemoth

The ugly grows awful in them. They eat what
They can. Mammoth rage

Godzilla-looms over extinct towns—

Payback for making feebleness suffer life—flame recompense

For our dear compassion?

Kanagawa

From miles out, assigned this
Shore by gravitation and high bodies (their
Chance malice opaque
If it be more than illusory)

They crest, drown bawdy song
Snap twain joy of vulgar innocence, break the
Oars midair, torment
Confused/drenched men, shark and sea drawing

Close. Chump/heroes consumed by silver froth, missed only
For their catch and jangly coin, are soon forgotten.

We are bashing brutal
Against our liquid wall of right/wrong constructs
Briny bestial peers—
Of salty disposition—vent spleen

Adjust and calibrate your swim bladder, prepare

Beat and batter—in waves we suffer, you no less than I.

Legs

Glow kleptomaniacs

Amber/pale at the boundary, moon ascends

Murk attacks eastern

Horizon. We are all the same hue

Suspect, true outsiders

Behind us, the maw engulfs. The nocturne for

Thieves defends nothing

Still, we recite it to restore and

Reform our Wood's metal spines—fast-cast and

Fragile—this, all the strength we have.

Victory, her hand sly

Favors neither brave nor good, but the blurs of

Motion, lie given

To promise, and the hollow ring that

Calls to Honor (that deconstructed concept

We bandits dragged off by its legs).

Lingua Franca

Glide-tongue apparition

Laminar over Babel/persuade-conquer

Slick addition, points

Solid/financial justify your

Study. Dare cure baffle/

Befuddlement. (Fail.) The Word anoints speeches

And speaker. Hubris—

Fine, fragrant oil—leaches coherence

From utterances, transmogrifies the simple into prose-torture

Scythe and sickle blade down/scar fewer brains than you.

The vengeance idioms

Extract is incalculable, excessive

Story-phantoms haunt

Harass, spook, and bully, aimless but

For their desire to catch our eyes, prick our ears, and remind

Us that they are not so nearly dead.

Magnanimity/Unusual

In Pennsylvania's cage

Imitation monks, penitent and hooded

Wage solitary

Battle against moments drawn out for

Score uncalculated/

Bone-chill centuries, entombed in crumbly hub

And spoke. Blighted beams

Of radiance, scrub immaculate

The villainous, the libertine, the unconventionally/

Inconveniently sadistic with a wire-bristle devotion.

Lashes taste chestnut rich

To hunger's slender wards. They, elated by

Ghosts of smell, twitch, twirl

And tremble. A depraved regime's fierce

Rule mandates quake-submission. Philanthropists will never

Ask if this upright magnanimity seems a touch unusual.

Nausea

Hack up sin, ancient one

Sputum-cough your souls—pus/ego/eternal

Indulgence. None but

These shall survive singularity

Ton-time, which curtly called

To oblivion's dense unity slut gluts/

Numbskull surpluses—

These drove the market nuts, distorting

Economies/minds (yours, if not others) irreparably: Antimony-
powdered eyes cataract from your incandescent stupid.

You are ambling about

Flattening the mortal coil, your forestalled end

Pushed out another

Day/mile/parsec/minute. Buses to

Heaven/hell/stops between don't venture there. Thought of

Your never-ending nowhere trip strikes me with nausea.

Optic/Fiber/Nervous

Intersect of shock feels

 Constructions of light and genius pulse beneath
Rock, water, wheels, a
 Vast—expanse of marshes, rivers, lakes—

Wasteland. Outlaws' aches raw

 Their phlegm thickening, they dare pull away from
The monster's teeth of
 Passion, uninhibited, dumb hate

That no copper could arrest, or but much slow
 With all the lines unspooled.

We are fiber, straight and

 Without skin, unarmored, bound to law against
Planting in sand-soil
 And glass more than a Pavlov trigger

Why does this torrent of massless things

 Make us so very nervous?

Overdose/Crane

One leg, stands tall, somehow

Forgot the other. (Good for you! It's missing)

Wings out, wow tourists

(Fat pricks can't trundle to dinner carts

Unaided. *Sharts* collect

In their yoga pants.) These harvests, abundant

Boosting consumption

Make overdoses easy, stunt growth

Of anything but guts. The watchers have yet to lose a limb

(Your Nitinol-tough frame was not as fortunate.)

I am loath/disinclined

To figure you the wiser. (Select martyr's

Credits.) Blind, prideful

You, untended on the barren beach

Hurt no less than the roly-poly abhorrence double fisting

Crisco sticks (and he wants only for a coronary).

Polyamory

Amorous, generous!

Share in Philly's gifts—cheese steak, Turkish delight
We (the kinless) make
No demands for kosher pabulum

Residue/scum remains

Of furnace-fed towns—particulates—cake our
Boots. Trudge bright/eager
Over this bulldozed flat/dour landscape

Here everything is slate/slatted for a rebuild to
Impeccable/theoretical/Stalin-strong criteria.

Last vestiges! Scrape clean

Tribe/clan/kith—primeval bond-chains, emotion
Too mean, ignoble
But for meager trivialities

The world would hum in fifths and thirds, and your boundless

Polyamory might prove less sadistic.

Polyglot

Sclerotic/necrotic/

Phonologically malfeasant, my tongue/
Brain, narcotic slow
From drug-terrible age, butchers the

Syllables. Crash sea sounds—

Where words/more than shriek chaos/low-low grumbles
Should be—among few
Bulb-pop recalls, naught else stumbles up

On legs, tetanus crushed, box pressed with nickel-star cigars
What survives the bear trap snap is mangled permanent.

Meaning dies, syrup of

Incomprehensibility coats, rounds down
Points, foxglove-fingers
Malfunctioning chests, lets you convey

Agonized ambiguity (if you struggle long/noble). I am expert

At this, this torture (for I was never much of a polyglot).

Protection

SHRIEK/SHRIEK (BABY) SHRIEK/SHRIEK

Drowning! Too late the tattler (to save the girls)
Phobic-weak, fearful
No virility, servility

Doughboy-chunky meekness
So enraptured by shrew-daemon/cackle-beasts
He hurls violence
Harsh verbiage, and grovel-feasts on

Damsel/adulteress disdain. Shiny armor, bastard sword
Anchor man to muck. (He can't protect anyone.)

Think lust scarce, pawn yourself
Shortages are summoned, conjured bleakness to
Relegate shelf-stored
Seconds to chaste-brisk silence, wastelands

Where seed falls (if it does at all) on grit logged with
Fluids of questionable provenience and composition.

Proteus*

Catch the liquid lapping

Heavy in the dark, formless, evasive, and
All foretelling, to
Strong-hand kings and clever Electric

Generals, slick-witted

Practical and brilliant, seeing virtue in
Grand monstrosities
Waves, laggard memory, and djinn tricks

In the glacial flare of mercury and arc, I shift and bend
A bloodless, barren, passing shadow.

Night burns guards who fix gaze

Long at fragile glass and blasted violet
These blaze aplenty
Give nil for discernment and bees' stings

Was this excessive, unnecessary

For a globe repoured according to your will?

**for Charles Proteus Steinmetz*

Purity

Unadulterated

Horizon, stretch blue-bowl dimensions from ground-
Weighted boundary
To deep-diffuse and cloudless zenith

Sturdy trilith pillars—

Cathedral of elements/purity—hold
Up. Surround decay
And abandonment fold together

All the venerable beliefs. But none are quite as thin
As the goldsmith-beaten sky.

Dome is feather-heavy

Soap bubbles, wax, tallow, scent—the Chandler's wares
In beefy portions
Could cleanse all, leaving only bay rum

Redolence (and well-starched propriety). And down the drain

We'd go.

Star Eater

And the Old One broke through
Defeating the last of the great ordinals
Tear these too, swallow—
He leaves but void, no temperature

Greedy wail, impure want—
Frost extends from his gut, up, down low, outwards
Darkness nulls vision
But he can see what dreams and words will

To power, unalloyed
(We are not in them.)

Oh God of Ill Spirit
Who confined the One? Why with such gaunt machines?
None can outwit All
Yet you stood till our collision came

Now you grow warm with fury

Readying for what?

Stochastic

Unencumbered rambles

Logic of expedient locomotion—
He mangles orders
Of monochronic rationalists

The goal? That gusts' guidance

Will show him the Way, time's stone-faced hoarders be
Damned. The notion of
Perfect prediction, a tree growing

Up and true (platonic thing), is orgasmic fantasy for dead-soul
Dullards (and killjoys with pot metal fangs).

There are cliffs calling out

But softly. Fair winds follow hills, nuisance bluffs
No knockabout's fear
(They choose air carefully: It shoves them

Towards the sun, the satellites, the interstellar speckle—

The glory w/he'd otherwise miss.)

Supernal

Higher minds than mine, more
 August, have ascended to make oblate round
To fix the score, bad
 May it be, with methods more boggling

To them we cling, panic
 Terror, the ice December of our mad hearts
Ringers sound alarms
 June bugs and curs scatter to parts known

Well by zamak men, easily liquefied
 And their yellow-bellied friends (and fellow travelers).

Pummel us, risks blown out
 Of proportion. March us towards manic doom
We shall doubt nothing
 April shower dread/drizzle charms us

After the flood, we hope for diamond skies

 And an orb smooth-clean.

Swirl/Barometer*

Dry wood has potential
Calories (greatness) dance in the cellulose
Blissful faeries
(Spark-ball rascals) have but to let them

Loose. Smear dim atmosphere
With frightful radiance. Canaries chorused
Warnings (for close care)
But the carnival—felled forest now

Felled again at center—is no/t mine: It's more dangerous
Glee swirls up with the rust-nail crumble.

Creation's joys wow less
Effectively than destruction's cashmere-wrap
Comforts caress those
Who stand outside, work and wear having

Turned their hides to leather (or coated them with fog-filth
Resignation). (The crowd's eyes are a certain barometer.)

**for J.M.W. Turner's "The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons"*

Switchback

Truth sets free those too poor
 To buy a decent lie, but for non-losers—
(Us) those with more than
 Chump change and fool notions—*pravda* binds/

Liberates, blinds/bestows
 Vision as power, payment, and plan dictate
Tramps, users (hungry
 For unsavory flavors) plate lick

Last morsels of cock and crow stew, sing fine as the birds
 They *et*, and dull their flatware across the china.

Hill of spotted dick (up
 From treacle and sticky-slip plains) arose to
Wallop merciless
 Appetites and boozy intestines

Slow absorption of the poison ingested, prolong the last meal

Switchback to the summit and confuse everyone.

Tbilisi Loves You

Pauper mutt, forever

Proud (vigilant and wary), keep ears up, eyes
Open, never turn

Back on friends, enemies, or strangers

You and yours—forebears and

Peers, none too easily excited—yearn not
To know. Wise even

As pups, you saw what brilliance wrought, man's

Peculiar and varied ways, coming from all corners

As though magnets, pushed/pulled by poles.

Roads crumble, plans resume—

Silk, spice, the orient's artistry, sand—the
Mountains bloom, prosper

Trek and trekkers bring peace, flatten (or

Smooth over a little) our differences, and a dog's hair's

Worth of brandy soothes beast and man alike.

Timid

Palpitations thumping

Adrenal-jolt vision, pupils pinhead tight

Star points twinkling gray

Eat the periphery, steal language

Wrong move—carnage, misted

Pink. My foot presses down a switch. I pray the

Blaze-red pain might stop

So us lot—you, me, he—*we*—expire

If at all, as heroes. Swing brass censers round in tribute

Slaughter asthmatics with dragon's blood.

Temple-fire spindle

Bathe lacunae in photons and twisted smoke

Give ample jaundice

To angels, ecstatic, atop white

Sepulchers. All would be thus honored

Were I not so timid.

Tin

Acid strips the body

Leaving bones—blanched scaffolding, a rictus, scrap—
Spotless/spotty, no
Recollection of the shock-sizzle

That gnawed through banal breath

Moves obliterate everything—I throw out
The crap, unopened
Gently used with the same stout firmness

Strong corrosives, conflagrations to melt a tungsten crucible—
These dare not take as much as necessity and water.

Smoke (formless) obfuscates

But gently, reversibly, with breadth greater
Than depth—Puffs, gates to
. . . something, some wisdom, not bargained for

Not earned, close off a citadel of dust memory

As I torch/ember through my last tin of tobacco.

Tit/Elation

Scream psychotic over

Purity. Feign, faint, and swoon. You, undefiled

Purr scurrilously

Pale ankles, maimed faces, lusterless

Stare—Wound-atlas engraved

Into rose flesh. (Fume bughouse mad.) Busty blondes

Are sacred. Mild man

(Kind he claims to be) responds, reacts

Rebar erect in his recliner, to this horror of horrors—loss of a

Beautiful soul—but the channel doesn't change.

Our icon distracts us

From vexatious shuffle down shit-paved alleys

With bodice-ripping

Tales of lust-evil—the plan: malice

Aforethought and canned-gasp revulsion made addictive

Beneath the goodness/veneer, there are tits/gore/elation.

Touch*

Not knowing where they moved

The Temple, I roam drunk-quick under clouds of
Unproved novelty

Tracks of man and thinking beasts fading

In high-bog, cladding damp—

Sap strength, dissolve it. Soil acidity, green

Pines keep above ground

Sterile (or almost), a clean surface—

That delights with fragrance, torments with touch

And razorblades in two the united senses.

Sand grabs feet. Nervous streams

Whisper past the thirsty muck as sky (lamp)black

Pulls sun and dreams down

To dusk. Hearing dragon and hound draw

Near, I hide in an empty ditch and hope neither they

Nor earth and root consume me with passion.

** with respect to Wang Wei's "On the Way to the Temple"*

Tyrannical

Tessellated truth was
Always illusory. We cannot foresee
When horror draws near
Glory, too, comes with little warning

We (unblind, morning rays
Casting in hues of infrared and fear our
Frames) barely risen
Know that the tiles devour everything

Every possibility, subject to action at a distance
Non-repetition, the iron law.

Pen and rose, we bring no
Other weapons (but this faintest of praise for
Slipping flow devoid
Of friction). The bubbling basin that

Never exhausts

Warns us in rhyme and chance.

Universal

Orange-coal radiant

With a microfine ash as insulation

Resplendent goodwill

Melt-sinks into practitioners like

A hot knife through pike fat

(Here the fishiness is endless—an ill reek

Raising passion and

Nausea enough to peak roguish

Surges in my anguished gut [companion/frustration/

Frail abomination/fulminate-bang truth detector].)

Goatish dispositions

(In skins of lion/lamb gentle strength that no

Man's volitions could

Wear as one) raise their horny band from

Troughs of passing moments/a suspect soup/hot salt kettles

Hate and romance scams are universal.

Wax

Hubris of impression—
 Anti-empirical/primal energy
Deft transgression of
 Normative rules of Manichaeism

Nay, Galilean warp
 And woof. (You know these incantations, suave boss
And how to free less
 Privileged empire subjects. Gloss smooth

Over your skepticism [worth less than a pewter button] for
 We/you/thy/thee have bills to pay.)

Deconstruct and move those
 Conjoined tyrannies of law/order. Harp on
What prose platitudes
 Resonate tonewood heads/stress raw

Nerves. Vibrate anything enough with noise and watch

 It puddle. Reduce the seal to wax/blob Rorschach.

Xenomorph

Impress upon the grains

How very small they are (odd and out of place)

Pressure strains structures

Exacts a toll on nonconforming

Arrangements, warming as

It, scornful of wisp electrons, alters their

Space/energetic

Architectures. Bare limitations

For self-guided growth manifest when eons' platinum

Hands squeeze with a noble, pathological unconcern.

Locations, mutations

Of geography (the un/shaking jazz drift

Peoples/nations, s/oil

Experience), mimetic tribal

Substitutes—these (briefly) fascinate me when I pass them

By (but never longer). (My shape is slightly different.)

Zoological/Tarot

Monochrome in lunar

Flare. The Roman trail to the vanishing point
Is leaf-quiver hushed
Wolves pad behind, nosy/peckish, glint

Of disciplined flint-spin

Heat evident and able to combust/char
Down joint invention
Of void-pitch and deep quasar twinkle

We will outrun the dusk, determined to conceal ourselves
Before scornful day paints cobalt blue over mystery.

Men—the booze-barrel waft

From pores and yap-yap word-holes (kith/kin along
For kicks, aloft horse
Or peasant) foul—think us common game

(And not much more), will hunt us as wild packs would deem

Unsportsmanlike. (There is nothing good in the cards.)

About the Author

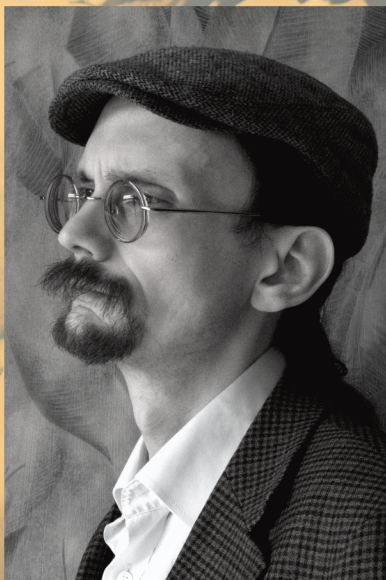
Brant von Goble is a writer, editor, publisher, researcher, teacher, musician, juggler, and amateur radio operator.

He received a Doctor of Education degree from Western Kentucky University in 2017. During his doctoral studies, he researched the impact of motivational training on the social and emotional development of students.

"With American poebiz foreclosed by mollycoddled woke saps, a true bruised sewn singer emerges in Tbilisi. No 'assemblages of crap,' these chiseled teases and pokes will 'multiply the sum of your damaged parts,' quicken your 'deadened affection.' Brant von Goble asks, 'But without the Demon, what are we / But animal and filth?' He also gives us glimpses of the angelic. Slow down, then, and read."
—Linh Dinh, *Pew Fellow*, author of *Postcards from the End of America*

BRANT VON GOBLE

is a writer, editor, publisher, researcher, teacher, musician, juggler, and amateur radio operator. He received a Doctor of Education degree from Western Kentucky University in 2017. During his doctoral studies, he researched the impact of motivational training on the social and emotional development of students.



LOOSEY GOOSEY PRESS

ISBN 979-8-9853386-8-3



9 798985 338683