

# *Yggdrasil*

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# Introduction

Patrick White

## **DRUNK ON NETTLE WINE**

Drunk on nettle wine, alone, scalded by stars  
that harass my sense of wonder like blackflies  
with the atomic futilities of transformation,  
the broken windows of their radiance,  
an ice-storm of splintered glass  
that catches me in a downpour of histrionic chandeliers,  
the legends of enlightenment, a farce of words,  
and the only thing the night has said for hours  
that makes any sense in my patrician isolation,  
an ambulance, a cat in heat, and the click of a loaded zippo,  
I sit in a ghetto of upwardly mobile elements,  
and confess to myself there's little left of my life  
that shines in a way that isn't buffed  
with time and separation and sorrow.  
And I want to set fire  
to the heavy theater curtains of my bloodstream  
that are always sweeping closed  
like capes and lilies and weather-fronts  
on the tragic premiers of my inexorable flaws,  
and the decrescent scars of my cosmic screenings,  
and the fools that went mad to unman their malignancy;  
I've broken my teeth on the iron bones  
I've been thrown to gnaw at under the periodic table  
as if I were the dog of a molecule;  
and I'm sick of filling in for the missing letters of neon motels  
as if I were the inert footnote of a nightshift gas;  
or falling through the gaps into this half-life  
between calcium and carbon. I want a diamond skull  
with eyes as blue as uranium skies  
and a heart of gold free of the ore of its afterbirth,

and chlorine blood that flows as green as spring  
in the lady at the gate, no lead in my shadow,  
and a silver smile, and a plutonium voice  
with an intercontinental delivery system.  
I want off the flat bell curves of my railroad pulse,  
and out of the fish-net Saharas of thought  
that will always, only, ever be the first draft of an ocean,  
amateur gills of sand. I want to give  
these opening night roses back  
to the baglady who stole them, and the moth-pocked wardrobe  
of defused relationships that left the stage  
with the grace and the charm of a blasting cap,  
and no more tungsten honey from the hive of the streetlamp,  
and no more silicon brain implants  
to upgrade the cleavage of a sagging I.Q.  
I want to be a river the rain can look up to,  
I want to be a tree so certain of itself  
even its shadow has fingerprints  
that reveal its personal history, I want to be  
someone who doesn't know what it means  
to not want to be  
the white lament in the womb of a pregnant pause.

---

## Murray Alfredson

### Twilight of the gods

*No, we are the dunes;  
with flimsy crust,  
with grass and scrub,  
we hope to hold  
against the dry,  
the drift from shifting winds.*

— from 'I think, therefore . . . ?'

## I Osiris

Osiris felt a weariness, a chill,  
a numbness grip in toe- and finger-tips,  
to creep through limbs and slowly take the torso.  
Well he knew the feel of death, that murdered  
and dismembered one, rejoined, awakened  
through wizardry of Isis, sister-wife  
to find one wet dream's ecstasy at least  
was real enough to father hawk-head Horus  
on her who flicked between falconiforme  
and human as she hovered on his glans.  
Well he knew the creep of death within  
the dark and smother of the lead-sealed chest  
his brother set to drift on delta currents.

But this time differed. Those same-forever moments  
lived all at once by gods were stretching thin.  
Far back, long, long before the days when Narmer  
wedded white and red as double crown,  
he'd taught his folk to break the soil, raising  
barley and wheat to keep them through the hunger-  
seasons and the dry; he'd taught them laws  
to live by, the arts of human kindness; and in  
the all-moments-present afterlife to which  
his son and true-love sister-wife had raised him,  
he'd ruled as pharaoh of the dead, as final  
judge, and gifting divinity to kings  
and folk. But now even the deep-known, always-living  
death-creep dwindled. The lavings, the offerings  
of food, supporting *ka* and *ba* had ceased;  
no sacred chant and dance to sistrum's rattle,  
to flutes and strings. The carved and painted scenes

on temple walls, those banks of sustenance,  
drained fast. The colours stayed; the life leached.

Those sibling lovers lingered long, had even  
seemed to thrive beyond their fellow gods,  
sustained by other peoples. All fragrance faded.  
A newer, tortured one now pushed aside  
Osiris as god of death and resurrection  
and hawk-head Horus as the holy son  
and Isis ever-mother giving suck.

In turn the bleeding one begins to fade. . .

## II Ásgarð's doom

Óðinn long-brooding the Æsir's High-One  
Ásgarð's skald ever sought knowledge  
counted not high the cost of tossing  
the eye he plucked into the well  
of Mimir's draught in magic rich  
foreseeing to drink from the spring of Yggdrasill  
world-tree water wisdom clasping.

Skill-thirsty One-eye stole and drank.  
the mead of song in Mani's pitcher  
(whose spillings had marked with stains the moon  
and power to plant poems in hearts)  
He stole it anew from Suttung father  
to Gunnlöð the loyal the girl-giant he wed

and left to weep alone in her bride-bed.  
Yet close and true she covered his flight.  
In kenning-coining craft he waxed great.

Still hungry for knowledge he hanged himself  
Óðinn to Óðinn offered on world-tree  
with Gungvir speared (gift from black-dwarfs).  
He swung nine days from the swaying bough  
wresting from death runes and their magic.

\*\*\*

One-eye unrestful wary always  
heard tales uneasy that told him little  
but boded ill and bleak for the Æsir.  
A witch he sought out a wisdom-teller.  
Deep he delved in death's realms  
and forth-calling her foretelling commanded  
dark doom-saying dreadless hearing  
in fartime how the fell rime-giants  
whelming war would wage on Ásgarð  
ruin raining Ragnarök's ravage  
till from doom dawning fresh days would open  
by Baldr ruled reborn slain-one.

Slain-father Óðinn sought out the dead  
glimpses seeking grasping ever  
though scarcely wise themselves were the dead.  
One-eye watched wary ever

always against the ending battle  
held to himself heroes war-slain.  
He gathered also the gallows- and tree-hanged  
hordes to him offered a host in Valhöll  
a guard for Ásgarð against the giants.  
That gallows-greed gainsay it not  
still far from sated in the forest of Teutoburg  
when Hermann's host holocausted  
three legions with eagles led by Varus  
nailed heads to trees heaped up captains  
on altars in woodlands to Óðinn sent them.

Ill though fruited Óðinn's wakefulness.  
Gaze ever glanced (by glimpses murk-won)  
aside from where a speared one from east-lands  
with nails tree-hung sent knowing stewards  
calling to him kings and jarls.  
He failed to fathom through full yearhundreds  
loss creeping till loosened Ásgarð  
into tales slid down of times long past.  
Thór wasted of muscle wearied ever  
and heavy hung the hammer Mjöllnir.  
Óðinn grown brittle ached in bone  
and Frey once proud sat phallus-drooped.  
Ragnarök raged not from rime-ridden Útgarð  
Lóki's longship led no storming.  
Through fading befell the fall of Ásgarð.

### **III Christus Pantocrator**

For Jesus too the ways of death  
were hard, with wisps of memory floating

loose in space and parts of faces  
jumbled, even his name in shreds,  
with no clear skill to sort and gather.  
But in his first bewilderment  
a something nagged his consciousness  
and would not let him go until  
he saw. At last it came to him,  
the terror of his men-friends, the women's  
sorrow standing near his cross.  
Through dimming sight, with blood-drained brain  
he'd seen his mother and his heartlove,  
Miriam of the shepherds' tower;  
their tears returned to him the knowledge  
they would wash his corpse with salt  
and herbs, enfold him in a shroud  
and bear him to a rock-carved tomb.  
Trouble for those shattered souls  
lent strength to manifest at last,  
first to the lovely Miriam  
wraith with body in special merging,  
a time for joining and farewell;  
then seek to lend the others heart.

The generations grew, and with them  
anecdotes of healing; and sayings  
heaped on sayings of god's kingdom  
as not an earthly rule with pomp  
and power but already there  
within. Paul and others lifted  
him high a second time, called him  
the Christ, anointed one. And higher  
still some raised that landless one

to godhead enthroned beside the Father;  
they bowed the knee before his glory.

\*\*\*

It's hard to pin it down exactly;  
'transparent' seems not quite the word.  
True, he floats majestic still  
robed in gold and crimson, halo  
back-lighting with radiating cross,  
crowned with coronet, with right  
hand raised in blessing, faded wrist-scar  
showing above the fallen cuff,  
and left hand holding a ruby-crusted  
crosier of silver-gilt.  
The brow-scars torn by thorn-cap  
too are healed. All this seems splendid;  
but where the inner radiance?  
where the Christus Victor triumph,  
death trodden down? From reredos  
and dome the icons rule the naves;  
and yet it seems a film of dust  
that does not lift has dinged the splendour.  
Pigments have lost their power, their lustre,  
mosaic tiles their shine and sparkle.  
The resurrected life drains out.

In lesser churches too with spaces  
smaller and more intimate,  
in halls frequented more by priests

and humble folk than kings and bishops,  
paint lifts in tiny flakes; it powders  
from icons graved of wood or stone  
to leave bare forms in faded greys.

The Lord Pantocrator to whom  
of old, with bended knee and eyes  
uplifted, bowed imperators  
and kings, and oceans broke their waves —  
that Lord grows tired of arm and torso,  
grows dull of sight; his staff drags heavy;  
the feet are shod with lead, not leather;  
his eyes stare as from hollowed spaces.

Few are left who chant his praises,  
the grey, the white, the stout, the stooped,  
and rare the children in his halls.

The *Kyries* and *Glorias*  
rise thin and faint, mere wisps of sound,  
and *Credos* scarcely reach his ear.

Few hear his message; fewer care;  
and rulers mouth the dry-gourd words  
ever followed by a ‘but . . .’

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# Michael Annis

## from psyche, this labi'a'(star)te

i.

Transfiguring light →

psychic starlight shaking

triangulation of light language dream

intercellular

transfiguring light →

from heavy storms ...

from reborn, this archetype

'a' radiant comprehension, psychic reverberation,

nights covered within white patternicity

with animus, ...

instantiation

Death was there among the shards of men

through love, this perfection

vague lines

transfiguring light →

inner sea psychic insurrection psychic fire continued mindstorm reborn,  
archetype abstracted effacing them.

Transfiguring light →

mists from locus, this unraveling helix entwines mirrors partitions  
erogenous archi(text)ure

transfiguring light →

↓

scattered 'a'labia dance psychic fire cosmic trance

transfiguring light →

spheric trans ↑ mutation rose

with phallic sorcery, ...

↓

in(de)canted orgasm

wet, seething canyons;

from darkness, erotic nomenclature

*eros, venus, aphrodite, ishtar, cupid, selene, eos, ashtoreth, astarte*

moon goddess, evening star, queen of heaven embodied in

transvestal

sexuality:

*lion, horse, sphinx, dove; star riding bull, vulva of planet Venus*

lights rampage se(xxx)cretion whose milk is destiny snookered through

transfiguring light →

windows of wretched enigma regeneration disappeared behind

transfiguring light →

thick veil snowing "the human mind is a connection

machine" and machines are fueled with binary, ...

wrath.

ii.

Fear penetrated lips, penetrated vagina, penetrated the holy of holies

there among the wheels of time

transfiguring light →

hearts torn

from reborn, this archetype

transfiguring light →

animals

from locus, this unraveling psychic dance

their tribulation matrix in

transfiguring light →

quantum, yet chaotic,

generated by a point, line, wave, or surface the dogs

were hiding in the corners. One could hear

transfiguring light →

growling

↓

voices,

entowered inside babble

with phallic sorcery, ...

in(de)canted orgasm

screaming winds mindstorm reborn, archetype abstracted thundering

with phallic sorcery, ...

in(de)canted orgasm

storms resounding within fertility of language from

transfiguring light →

depths,

multidimensional ap(ex)oint

with phallic sorcery, ...

↓

in(de)canted orgasm valleys § prana world resurgence seethes

heli(se)xed mirrors entwines pink fleshy §nake kundalini lotus DNA §purts

“the human mind is a connection machine,” correcting light

matrix unleashed forbidden enraged psychic dan§e pounding grinding

tran§figuring light →

dream §ong, dream

↓ light commingling

blood and §emen and the fractured §yllables of language

with phallic sorcery, ...

in(de)canted orgasm intellecting matter into consciousness hologramic  
mindstorm reborn, archetype abstracted foaming genetic breath within fertility of language, tongues  
goddess, breasts of larynx, milk of glossalalia

with glossalalia, ...

phoneme beauty probing tongue chittering labia

revenge mindstorm those peaceful souls psychic dance fighting

with weapons, ...

cold from reborn, this archetype frost.

Rampage destiny night triangulation of logos light language dream

transfiguring light → to word

raging sky inner sea psychic insurrection psychic fire inertia of desire  
genetic breath walk, speak, bleed, dream, love, scheme, inseminate to overthrow

transfiguring light →

winding trail rampage destiny connected with segregatory chambers within  
each woman's breasts.

from reborn, this archetype, from psyche this mindstar

from psyche this alaba(star) blaze melting into plasticity

Transfiguring light →

youth's language inculcation through incudes resonates matrix unleashed  
forbidden numbed artificial intelligence,

without soul, ...

artificial psyche

with cold, ...

rigidity

generated by a point, line, wave, or surface pain  
from reborn, this archetype hunger usurped him

psychic insurrection

there among the shards of men, there among the wheels of time  
and the fractured syllables of language  
dreaming strength, breaking a butterfly upon the wheel

breaking a butterfly upon

transfiguring light →

with substance, ...

dream indwelling raiment ...

because he needed correction what he wore was the helix of mirrors

with, ...

transfiguring light →

falling animus, phalynx entwines mirrors

because he needed correction his patternicities were shrouded in death before

transfiguring light →

hour psychic insurrection

there among the shards of men, there among the wheels of time  
and the fractured syllables of language  
death had come.

*iii.*

Because he needed correction was struggling against the wind.

There among the shards of men, there among the wheels of time  
and the fractured syllables of language

progress was difficult, mindstorm reborn, archetype abstracted

because he needed correction took trauma world a few steps forward

with each effort, ...

silence: wings without rustling, lightning eyes, sonar dish

athena's owl nips the labia, nibbles her clitoris, their mind orgasmic swarms

transfiguring light →

Because he needed correction called coruscation

transfiguring light →

road to spirit road

help from reborn, this archetype then from locus, this unraveling silent, shivering in

transfiguring light →

cold night.

Because he needed correction had imploded

with retrograde, ...

ontological hope, withering erogenous archi(text)ure universal light despair  
mindstorm reborn, psychic reverberation archetype hologram of language  
sorrow.

Because he needed correction lost from gene,

this reincarnate possibility 'a' of agenticity, this theory of mind

with psychic insurrection, ...

broken wing, chaos unfolding

fell into 'a' stream whose whirlpools carried him down

a connection machine

from *dei profundis*, these depths.

iv.

Transfiguring light →

inner(tia) sea of psychic fire continued walking from reborn, this archetype  
falling until

there among the shards of men, there among the wheels of time

and the fractured syllables of language

blood stopped circulating mindstorm reborn, archetype abstracted

because he needed correction collapsed.

Because he needed correction thighs engulfing phallus, incubus death shroud a terrible sound, sucking,  
moaning, womb of children born dead ...

transfiguring light →

voice psychic insurrection 'a' soul chaos unfolding encountered

transfiguring light →

hollow face of Death ... voice of dying youth, weakened psychic dance man

on a g-string

from reborn, this archetype, from psyche this mindstar

from psyche this 'a'labia(star)

psychic dance ... voice *inviscera*,

“the human mind is a correction machine,”

connecting light

with phallic sorcery, ...

becoming lost in language

in(de)canted orgasm,

“is light concrete, is light ( 'a' )sexual?” digit

transfigured through human love

in the dread of existence inde(s)cent

a connection machine transfiguring

in irrational passion, this remant love

on the road to blooming carcasses road

hardened nippleξ, throbbing clitoriξ, 'a'labia(ξtar)

threshold cresting 'a'

phallu(ξee)men of nothingnesξ.

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## Phillip A. Ellis

### Flight (for Clare)

I have always admired the flight  
of frigate birds that try the winds  
of the specific ocean  
that we both know quite well.

I have always admired the song  
of the magpies our countries share  
when, in the morning, they weave  
their sounds into intricate knots.

But I admire you more  
for the being that is your being,  
and for your openness to beauty  
in the birds of our worlds,

worlds which, though shared are twain,  
three islands, one in the bird-haunted west.

### A Suburban Elegy (for Clare)

Somewhere, under darkness  
garbed by sodium arcs

and the headlights of passing trucks,  
someone is quietly crying  
in time to the wheel-tread,  
and the transient shadows,  
and the yellow glare that follows  
after the trucks have said their piece.

This is an elegy for innocence:  
the first fight is over,  
and the optimism is cracked,  
and the relationship turns over  
its engine, and shifts onwards  
towards the light of day.

### **Let's Not Make this Personal**

Frankly, Jesus, you've failed me as you've failed everyone.  
First, you go around curing the hysterical and psychosomatic,  
then you get cocky and throw around the moneylenders  
in the temple (of all places) till the Romans snuffed you,  
and you supposedly came back after that, but nothing  
you said and did isn't consistent with grief  
and hallucinations. I know the stories: "My loved one came back!  
From the grave!" It would be grave if we weren't laughing at you.

This sweet feeling's gone, the certainty of belief,  
and the desire to be good out of fear of punishment;  
I am not afraid any more, I have lost my tears  
as the paddle looms to punish my earthly sins:  
you've failed me, Jesus. You were only a dream,  
only a fever dream, a hallucination, a straw man.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **After the Last Kick**

My life is short thus far, and, like all else,  
it ends with the self dead, the death-bed still,  
a lone bluebottle kicking its head against  
a double-glazed window, with smears from fingers.

A currawong would call the evening in,  
but those within would never hear it calling;  
instead, a clock would tack the seconds down,  
until the sheets were clean, the body gone.

I had a dream wherein I was a rabbit,  
in its last kicks of life, and with a clot  
of cherry-bright blood on its nostrils, stiffening.

And I was not afraid, but somewhat sorrowed,  
and wondered, seeing how the form was still,  
and knew it not for what it truly was.

## **"With the Weight of Shadows"**

With the warmth of the winter sun,  
this fragment of being sits in the sunlight,  
and thinks the lines of this poem aloud, although  
aware somewhere else, inchoately,  
he shall not say them, nor write them,  
the only way another may be aware  
is through the mythology, the fictions  
of psychic ability.

And yet, this thought does not disturb him.  
There is no stone thrown to disturb the still pond,  
there is no birdsong nor sound of a plane to take  
apart the silence that whispers in his ears.  
He is just sitting here, reading  
as his weight lifts with the weight of shadows.

---

## **Ndue Ukai**

### **Godo Is Not Coming**

It is raining, the road from Ireland is unappeasable  
The sea cannot be passed with small steps, on rainy nights  
When solitude is overwhelming you enjoy the earthquake cracks of the Earth  
When pain has no time even for scientific explanation.

Godo is not coming; it is late, infected by the welcoming  
Sleeping comfortably, amongst both of our dreams.  
He is not coming, neither under the tree of life nor in the theatre of wonders,  
Under the sleep of expectation which your time doesn't understand...our time.

You are waiting, like the bride on the abandoned bed,  
Dreaming of him with open arms as he brings a sack full of dreams  
Extending your hands with softness, as in the beloved hair...relaxes there  
And prays to your dreams, intertwined through your tall fingers.  
Suddenly a bite freezes your body, your hand flies from the sack.  
Wiping your forehead you understand that Godo didn't come, neither his enigmatic look.  
Nonetheless you are not convinced that your dream entered in a sack.  
It was tied forever just like Godo's arrival.  
Surprisingly passed on the other side of the furious river of words  
As you pass amongst the dreams full of wonders towards the guards of time  
That makes the noise of life in the dream of expectation.  
Nearby the time guards  
Foster the hope that Godo nevertheless will come.

Godo is not coming, no...!  
You are crying, crying frantically until your tears have made a creek  
between your cheeks and your continuous flow of tears.  
Where the heart beats are felt like the steps of the unknown  
In the gloomy night when grief is around the corner  
And even Godo could experience it on his hands and be thrown desperately.

### **Godo Is Coming**

Stop crying continuously, Godo is coming  
The storm has stopped, the road from Ireland is open  
He has softened his turbulent vision and his sadness of Achilles  
Even the pain in his chest has healed.  
He is coming through the Tree of Life.  
Where you have created the nest of welcome  
With a swamp of wishes noosly tied.  
Godo is coming with the music of sea full of silence.  
Your welcome has given him courage,  
He is coming with the sack full of enigmas,  
Nearby the rotten Tree  
Where you wait to enter your shaking hands  
That were bitten by the irony of endless waiting.  
And the words that were changing their shape every morning.

Your bulb does not trust time, neither for the waiting and Godo's arrival.  
With the branches of tree designs the crown of victory. What a great joy.  
With reduced hopes until the lost confidence, dissolves the vision  
And is crossing the furious river without being recognized.  
Suddenly comes back.  
Sitting nearby a tree with your shining items  
Where the white lights swallow your emotion ate vision.  
Where you are saving the nostalgia of reception. The heart's step.  
Through the tired fingers are counting the theatre of absurdities  
With naked actors nearby which  
The spectators are spread through the meridians of death.  
While waiting for Godo.  
And the fear from the sneak on the rotten Tree,  
Which is whipping continuously.

Therefore Godo is coming, your reception has made him courageous.  
Near the tree of life  
With the team of actors to build the theatre of salvation for you.  
And the time of reception to last until he comes.

### **Godo Is Here**

It is night, the storm is going mad  
Your wet body is shaking from the heavy rain  
Under the tree of life while waiting for Godo.  
The reception has transformed you into a modern statue.  
Where the lonely birds and night crows have their life nests.

Your solitude is crouching as a tied sneak  
Between which the poisonous tongue is vitalized.  
Suddenly is heard an energetic beating, you did not hear it.  
Your ears are closed from the warms climbing over your body.  
Climbing just as the old man in front of the law on Kafka's story.  
Waiting to enter in the mysteries of law, I am sorry, I meant mysteries of Godo.  
To understand the mystery of absurdity in equal level  
With those of dehumanization.  
My God,  
Godo is here, with his confusing look and his torn sack,  
With lost desires during the long road of return  
Under the tree of life where you waited endlessly.

You did not recognize him,  
He returned with a different face which you never imagined.  
With the tired voice you had never heard,  
With the turbulent vision you had seen.  
Sadness astounded your body. The warms are falling down  
From your body which is transformed into waiting.

Sadly you grabbed the spoiled head, and run through his sack  
While searching your dried dreams just as the autumn leafs  
Through which the drunk feet are walking  
And your tears started falling in your neck and cheek  
You felt in the arms of sadness  
Welcomed him just as the bride waiting for the groom in the abandoned bed,

While dreaming with open arms to have nearby the sack full of dreams  
where softly you place your hands, just as in the lovely hair...relaxing there  
and begging for your dream, intertwined in your long fingers.  
And while wiping your forehead you understand that Godo arrived and your wait remained an  
endless wait.

(Translated from Albanian by Peter Tase)

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## **Kyle Hemmings**

### **In the Junkyards #1**

Put your voltmeter next to my heart & I'll tell you that you're my favorite passenger seat.  
Under the pillow is the shadow of our mothers who were once talking cars with spilling halogen.  
Oh the speed & the bliss. You are my favorite broken headlight. Swerve right. Duck under.

Forget the houses. Forget the pretty white fences. Forget the hot-wired mouths of strangers you picked up in bars. You thrill me. Grab the ignition coil from under dirty sheets. Kill me tonight.

### **In the Junkyards #2**

In the backseat we're making suffocating babies.  
Cyanotic dashboard. CPR & lisping rocker arms.  
Body knock with overdrive. The swagger. The lady jackknife.  
The metal love/hate for parts only. Put your lips to my magneto in trance.  
Good dual traction. During tight-lipped sex, I can feel your futuristic radar.  
I am trapped in sudden engine death. White smoke.

### **In the Junkyards #3**

I once had this big ass Olds  
named it Myrtle,  
a kind of homage to my  
long-winded grandmother  
who went short on commodities  
& queer theory. Her lover  
was a stun gun butch  
with a million excuses  
not to stay  
my life of rust  
of tailpipe exhaust,  
grandma would say.

With wired sex drive to the floor  
machine-head to machine-whore  
I drove Myrtle into the ground.  
Got so that whenever I made  
love to a woman with blue crater eyes  
I could feel the torque the jack-up.  
Strapped by metal obsessions,  
with my women growing cold to the touch,  
I junked Myrtle for cash.  
All my lovers left me for stretched  
little men, hands like hot rubber  
burning holes through boxed-in lives

pockets of orange peel & paper clips  
their one glass eye.

#### **In the Junkyards #4**

Below 17 quiverings &  
a seismic howl  
lies Kate  
named after a car  
possibly  
or more probably  
after bovine red-eye  
failure {Studebaker clone}

Behind power steering  
all my lovers  
were on the take.

To put it more prag-  
matically  
Kiss me, Kate  
then die.  
The roll the scatter  
of your collagen injectors  
I too am a Goodyear  
organ reject.

#### **In the Junkyards #5**

Uncorroborated transmission. Neutral wire cut.  
Sever red. Sever red. Too much acid on Terminal B.  
Mistrustful of universal compression ratios.  
A scrapyard of one-way love. Switch, hitch, alternator bitch.  
The drone of dying sparks: How far is Topeka?

\*

I conceived you from 42 volt absolute mind, mud guard & air dam vertigo.  
How I loved you in wind shafts, the deep scars you left on the iris of three ex-girlfriends,

constantly in need of defogging. Still, you became the Accidental You. Burned rubber on me.  
Left me bare at intersections, a town of open windows & emotional extortionists.

### **In the Junkyards #6**

I used to be the ghost inside your old carburetor.  
Then you went Japanese. I went Fantastic  
& inside your room. Whenever you spoke,  
you leaked my theories of fossil fuels.  
Forgetful, but we never ran out of each other.

### **In the Junkyards #7**

Not to wear thread into ground,  
she rotates her husband to Front/Right,  
inscrutable boyfriend w/ the scientific jitters to Rear/Left,  
Halfway House daughter to Left of everywhere,  
memory of winter aborted fling to Rear/Right or Beyond.  
he valence of emptiness is still --. She considers a new life  
in Warsaw.  
She'll need to dress warm, to practice waving down taxis.

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# Carol Shillibeer

## PRIMA MATERIA (o transformare): *an alchemical essay*

ALCHEMY (Aúrum inperfectus)

*.. The first and last thing to be sacrificed is the notion of purity.*

Gold 79: ironic that your perfect crystal squares are, in fact, transitional as metals go.

A. *Rubída soláris*

*.. The Adrenalin hybrid rose is favoured by florists in part because it opens slowly and reaches a thornless maturity.*

What species the metaphorical sun? Aqua regia: that red-faced Father and hermaphrodite. Self: anthers with perfect pollen, ovum swollen in the throat, red-rose-lips liberate distillate\_sodium cyanide .. mercury\_and each drop Midas; Beads; Pollen sacs; Amalgam: largely unreactive, but for the rupturing birth, for dehiscence.

A. *Citrinítas lunaria*

*.. REDUCTO AD ABSURDUM: Matter (or potential), which is moved by form (or actuality), is moved precisely because it is never neutral to its mover: matter is aimed at—it runs after—form.*

Transform silver: peahen eye alight in the dark and the yellowing moon. Condense the perfect lacuna. Short ischial spines anchor levator ani and thus will hold the world safe inside life's boundary. Perform. Pre-form. Lunar maps are carved with care, night after night, on the scapula of red deer. Utter yellow words: incántario, incántatio, incantíto.

A. *Albída wórkes*

*.. Stone as Hermes speaks: Art is nothing else but a knowing.*

The nature of the retort is to have a space in which things can happen. Cucurbit: a glass mouth wide; filled with what remains, what will be .. come. That's the secret of the alembic. Made in the image of a gourd long eaten and probably on its 10th or 11th reincarnation, life is chemical, a *true and constant preparation*.

It's the nature of life to be bounded. Life is, in fact, *a special form of chemistry, inherited within some boundary*. Nicholas and his beloved Perenelle, the wing span of a monarch butterfly, the love song of a grey whale, flame under a blue heart, whirling crystal in a cellular storm, strings done and undone, folded and unfolded, rhodopsin in a baby's eye: order in small packets; life in small dusty mouse-holes along the roaring blast of universal walls built, I suspect, out of light's precursor.

Alkaline earth metals are silver coloured and soft, yet they are reactive. Burnt in a flame, radium, at least, runs crimson.

A. *Melános ecstásia*

*.. Metals can be malleable. Rocks can shatter. Skin can harden.*

*.. Bacterial signals can modulate mammalian cell-signal transduction and host hormones can crosssignal with bacteria to modulate bacterial gene expression. In other words, they talk; they change each other; they can act together.*

*Mercáptans, aka Thíols, got the name because the thiolate group bonds so strongly with mercury compounds\_ this is the thing, the naming, and, of course, the bonding. Sulfur\_sulfhydryl to be exact\_ that S replacing the O, makes of it a deep earth drink, not wine, nor even absinthe, smelling of skunk, or garlic, grapefruit, or coffee. Paper soaked in lead acetate trihydrate, in the presence of hydrogen sulfide, turns black. There is no ecstasy present, except in the technician's steady hand and yet such things are the heart and the skin, walling in, making possible, the rush of connection.*

Give a bacterium a rose, or a benzene ring. It is appropriate since aromatic signals began before life in the sea\_ formerly known as chaos. In it we all swim.

An alchemical rose: the fifth element: the bonding of | I | and | you | into | we | .

A life element: death.

A. *Avada kedavra*

*.. It is estimated that humans have  $10^{13}$  human cells and  $10^{14}$  bacterial cells. Purity is not the appropriate metaphor & you and I are not alone.*

IN PRINCIPIO...

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# Post Scriptum

**Károly Sándor Pallai**

**rhetorical ilex**

looking at my instantiations  
behind previously vanished glasses of morning embrace,  
entangled in pale memories of confinement,  
learning ourselves into hypertrophies of wordliness.  
i'm an inventor of forefoot hopes,  
a weaver of forgiving tapestries,  
july spells, rhapsodies of hardboard  
love instances.  
i'm darkened by waves, translucid breaths,  
future-bound births,  
rays of light broken on your skin.  
drawing into a notebook our history  
of awakenings and altercations,  
exquisite minglings towards cristal days.  
transgressing times, structures of  
faith, centuries of hope.  
we're harboring fears of a sudden disappearance,  
in nacre nights and sparkling golden  
bays, shifting towards the stringing shell of  
our shared solitude.  
we hire gentle hours of gleaming  
afternoons to stick together our fading  
glory, the supraliminal lights, the new-look  
identities. we wallow in the evanescent  
jubilance of our first second of enlightenment.  
this was our last indention. we don't interfere  
anymore. indivertible silence. the  
handwriting of your kyrgyz lover. nerve  
ending.

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## COMMENTS & SUBMISSIONS

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Submission must be in the body of an email unless otherwise agreed on.