

# Miscalculations

by

David L. Day



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## Trinity

In the beginning,  
there was the word.  
And the Word was with  
intention.

The Word split,  
giving birth to a child.  
And the child grew and swirled  
and became the Tone.

The Word and the Tone  
gave us light,  
separated it from the dark.  
They filled the gap between light  
and dark with the innumerable Color.

And with the Color came  
a completion of beauty.  
The Three became the One  
The holy trinity of Art.

Praise be to Word, the Father,  
Glory be to Tone, the Son,  
Thanks be to Color, the Spirit.

## Lunchbox

the empty  
tarnished lunch  
box

lying  
in the gutter  
wet from

rain  
made me  
think

of those  
I knew  
who died

while  
I  
was young

## Steam on the Lips

the hot  
black interiors  
bubbling

thriving  
with liquid  
energy

rises mixes  
with the  
coolness

of the  
outer  
world

causing steam  
on the  
lips

of our  
coffee  
cups

## Murder Averted

Floodlights washed the summer resorts,  
causing the walls to stretch onward.  
Earlier the car had sunned itself on melting asphalt,  
but now raindrops infringe upon her white blouse.

I watched as she hurried into the cabin,  
the screaming child clinging to her speckled blouse.  
She canded her child into its crib  
as I stood peering through the window.

The image blurred into the watery window  
and the scene glanced through me like a blackbird.  
The blood fever which had brought me here cooled  
and I let the knife slip from my hand to the ground.

I turned from the window to go and then  
two old men chalked skewed towards me.

## Morning Light

the shock -  
morning light  
streams through  
the slit in the curtains  
of the window by my bed

the red  
in your bed-messed  
brown hair shimmers  
glints like threads  
fire

heat  
dust-laden light  
coats our bodies  
intensifies the slick  
coat of morning sweat

lacking will  
to rise to leave  
I pull you close - gently  
so as not to wake you  
and I sleep

## Cafe-style

Fall asleep,  
open the door to the diner.  
Stand in the doorway; awake, asleep.  
Waitress yells, asking "DO YOU INTENDED TO HEAT  
ALL OF THE CITY and PLEASE SHUT THE GODDAM DOOR BEFORE THE  
DINER BECOMES IN NEED OF A SNOWPLOW.  
Realize her ignorance, oblige her.  
Take a seat in the far corner, wait.  
She is tall, thick, with Texas for an ass.  
The years have been rough on this rotten spinach lady.  
She comes over, hands over the embalmed menu, hovers there  
like a cake in want of icing.  
Order her to bring coffee and she departs.  
Fling thought-curses at her cottage-cheese hind side.  
Later she returns with black water, asks for an order.  
Order her to run outside and make a snow angel in the  
street.  
She laughs, curses; a creature from hell  
can't make a snow angel.  
Order her to bring the special, which could be anything.  
Maybe she returns with a Bucket O' Pyramids or a jar  
containing Christ's last words.  
No, She brings an open face.  
An open face sandwich, rather. Roast beef glued to one  
slice  
of white bread, lumpy gravy, snowball of mashed potatoes.  
Eat the face, drink the black water.  
Order her to bring the bill.  
She produces it out of her kangaroo pouch.  
Pull out a book of money, remove a few pages, pay her.  
Again order her to make a snow angel.  
She offers violence instead.  
She hands over some coins.  
Laugh like a stream, flowing and flowing.  
Turn, avoid her Particle-board counter top voice.  
Stroll smoothly into the sniffing whiteness.  
Make a snow angel.



## ...Primordial Words

The proud music  
of ages rings strong in  
this Athens.  
The abundance of knowledge  
crowds one into the trance of  
Atman and disposes the soul  
to travel the less popular ways.

Dionysus still  
prevails among  
the young.  
Our psyches creep into the  
surrounding woods and partake  
in the communion wine of nature.

Still among  
us are those who find heaven  
in Alexandria. The lost wisdom,  
consumed by flames of rage.  
Hochmah has been destroyed  
by the heat of human passions.  
...she is gone.

Can we  
regain what has been lost to us?  
Is there hope that we may  
return to having the ability,  
the proper means of drawing  
the Golden Bow of Rudra?  
Have we become the Asuras, the Nagas  
and their kindred?  
Is there Rama in us still?

We are all here,  
Cylon and Solon.  
The malicious and Benevolent.  
In a turbulent rage to discover,  
we merge and swirl as did the  
Chaos. We long to form  
our own universe out of  
primordial words.

## The Eternal Misshaping of the Irreverent Dawn

A lighted stream strikes the earth,  
an ancient seam gives ancient birth,  
man and myth are sown as one,  
creation of the morning sun.  
The ancient flame reborn in fame,  
as such the Phoenix also claims,  
and rising through eternal mind  
its goal to live, to seek, to find  
the place where it may pause to rest,  
along its journey east to west,  
and find that man has come to know  
the glory in the daily glow.

The beauty of the cracking dawn  
is as the birthing of a fawn  
in giving fresh to man his light  
in which to work and play and fight.  
In ancient folly, ancient man  
worshipped Baal, Yahweh and Pan.  
And now that man has seen "the truth"  
he speaks his sins to men in booths.  
But still beyond the knowledge age  
there lies more truth, another page.  
It has been written in the past  
that man, in end, will worship last  
the true creator of his being.  
The Sun, born daily - darkness fleeing.

## Elemental Spiritus

If you turn to sky...  
Yahweh you seek,  
Lord of mild, of meek.  
A true creator,  
a spiritual dictator,  
who killed his son  
to save all and one.  
Your Lord precious on high.

But if you turn to sea...  
a truer Yahweh you know  
who caused you to flow  
with power and rage  
out of many a cage.  
No heaven or hell,  
so the Torah tells,  
through many children you'll be.

Or if you turn to stone...  
many gods you exalt,  
though they're all full of fault.  
Gods made by man,  
Apollo and Pan.  
They fight without cease,  
not a moment at peace.  
They are men to the bone.

Even if you turn to flame...  
it is ritual you need,  
tapas and speed,  
to worship and flatter,  
though which does not matter.  
From millions find a one  
to whom you run  
when you're spiritually lame.

However...  
if you wish to evolve  
as spirits revolve  
be as the whole  
and work towards the goal.  
All must unite,  
universal in flight,  
Sky, Sea, Stone, Flame...

## -Fantasies-

If all of my fantasies  
came crashing down,  
where would I be?

Flying a fighter  
jet plane,  
!naked! women  
(writhing)  
at my feet [in x-tasy]  
while in my glory  
and heat,  
I lead the {R}evolution of  
ages.

(Meanwhile)  
    alone  
with my love  
lazing in a field of flowers  
lilacs, lilies,  
tall grass.

Raging at both  
ends of eternity,  
touching the tips of Yeats'  
    Gyre,  
creating...  
destroying...  
just living....

Would I really be living at all  
if my fantasies came  
    c        r  
    a    s  
    h  i  
    n  
    g  
down upon  
me?

Or would I be killed  
in the flood of dreams.

... And Freud knew.

A salient beast rose up  
among the faceless crowd  
of millions.  
With extended talon,  
it flung far and wide  
the sight.  
Resounding waves  
of sound and fury  
rang strong in the thoughtless heads of the many.

I tried to yell,  
my voice  
empty.  
There was no way  
to block the spiritual  
projectile.  
The lost many felt  
the rage and sorrow  
flow from the ancient volcano Lord Javeh.

From the created Spiritus Mundi  
came the image of the  
double (Mose, "Moses") murder.  
The plotting of the peoples  
and priests were divided in  
accordance to ritual.  
All were responsible  
and none could  
forget.

The Freudian answer to the atavistic  
question was the punishment to fit the Fall.

## Outside of Time

the rain falls down  
my soul flows out  
into the mist of  
the wild

Outside of time.

Crawling down the  
hall on my  
hands  
and  
knees  
I wake up in the  
middle of the wheel.

Eternity continually  
whizzes past  
me,  
and  
I,  
in my stability,  
watch it repeat.

Echoes of the  
distant hearts  
cry from their  
jails.

I am filled with  
a longing to return to  
Pangea and race along  
with the ancient  
beasts.

The eternal,  
flaming  
sphere emerges from the black  
shore.

the rain and  
my soul  
return to their  
skies

## Song and Dance of Suicide

I could not bear to be alive, and in death I found life.  
As I climbed the cliff, I felt the heat pressing my back.  
All the hurting I had known cannot pain me again.

Complicated,  
Intricated,  
Life you were  
by me so hated.

Below the water looked so cool from high atop the cliff on  
which I made my stand.  
I took my leap in great despair and had to close my eyes to  
stop the sun's harsh bite.  
I was hung between the summer heat above and the fierce grip  
of the sea below.

Down I soared,  
In I roared,  
The fallout of  
a broken cord.

I sank down to the sea's soft floor and green enclosed my  
heart.  
In perfect stillness I did lay to let my soul depart.  
Through mist my consciousness rose up and with the Cosmos  
merged.

Satisfied,  
Simplified,  
With my God  
Unified.

## Skeletons

The skeletons dance to the sun.  
The skeletons pray to the moon.  
Their totality cries  
as their castles burn.

They look to the fire in the sky,  
    yearn for the pillar of smoke.  
They speak Greek  
and create rituals which they hide.

They claim "Brotherhood" and "Sisterhood"  
and claim they have the answers.  
Their answers are empty,  
not knowing the questions.

They ignore the internal  
and concentrate on externals.  
They ignore themselves,  
and claim to have flesh.



## The All Encompassing Passage Into Surrealism Of H-Adam

On his daily walk,  
half down the block,  
he stops.  
And then...

The cosmic debris of imagination  
leading to grandified fascination  
inducing quite a trance.  
The eyes close up in tension high,  
the mouth slams shut with sudden sigh  
in mimicking romance.  
A slighted shift within the focus  
leads to flames and hocus pocus  
outside a burning soul.  
Pedestrians stand loose-jawed looking  
as rising flames go swirling, hooking,  
engulfing H-Adam whole.  
Polarity of H-Adam's being  
reversing what the seer's seeing  
and stops the city's flow.  
Combusting man spontan'ously,  
spewing flesh fountain'ously  
as Spirit starts to grow.  
Then flow'ring up from tattered shell  
a light-stream beam igniting hell,  
the sky is set aflame.  
Beam scorching earth from hearth to berth,  
And killing all, their death its birth,  
a universal game.

## the curse

miscreants, misanthropes of life.  
precarious pretty-boys  
whoring ass-shakers  
with computer chip minds  
set on seek  
you sniff each other out  
dogs exchanging anal smells

rapers of logic, perverters of morals.  
inducing each other  
with liquor of dirty pubs  
turning love-making into a dish  
served up cold  
in slimy back rooms  
and polluted sex-stained alleys

I am pure, moralistic.  
forget that I cheat  
disregard travesties of faith  
abandonment of loyalty  
I am excused  
by superior intelligence  
my superior being

the curse  
the lies of the superior being  
are truth to you  
lack of observation, intelligence  
makes you subject  
to every whim,  
every desire.

god damned

i saw god today  
he was floating off my coffee  
and a wisp of him came puffing  
out of my cigarette

the smoke and steam mixed  
BANG ZIP BOOM  
there the little man stood  
in his naked glory

i asked him  
what life was about  
and he began to smoke  
my cigarette and laugh

i saw god today  
he laughed at me  
and smoked my cigarette  
so i squashed the little shit.

## fruit of the gods

Hanging above us, ripe,  
you are an orange for the gods.  
To be a god, and pluck you,  
rich, juicy, from the sky.

To slowly peel back your skin,  
flame destructive to men,  
and drop searing rinds to the ground,  
releasing your aroma, heat of the ages.

If only I were of the ancients  
and could pull your wedges apart,  
juice trickling down my fingers,  
revealing the fertile seeds inside.

I would take a bite,  
sinking ethereal teeth into your plump,  
life-perpetuating body, and taste the fruit,  
and eat the meat, of this ambrosia.

forgive

The stain spreads  
in the saturated earth

widens out too quickly  
engulfs its boundary  
a hungry blossom

forces me  
to see

the juxtaposition  
of a rain stream and a limp limb

pointing towards the earth  
hornily accuses it  
for their fates

convinces me  
to bury the ax  
no more.

## Five Ways to set your watch

I.

In the dark,  
wherever you start  
Time passes all the same.

II.

Use a mirror,  
regardless of perspective,  
Time flows one way only.

III.

Get help from a friend  
you can trust all the Time.

IV.

Give it to an enemy,  
and trust none of the Time.

V.

Or on the ground,  
and grind your heel into its face.

## Transmogrified

My head turned  
to a wisp  
of smoke

My heart changed  
to a block  
of stone

My feet melted  
to a mound  
of dirt

My space slipped  
to a mass  
of salt  
water.

## 20th Century Warrior

Brazen Rough-cut  
shuffles the street.

Sweat laden fingers  
caress hanging jagged locks,  
slick jet-blackness.

Tired flesh screams  
through the dozen gaping  
cloth caves.

Jeans marred  
with rainbow battle residue.

Cement scars decorate  
the hands, the chest, the groin, the face.

Pointed wound in the back;  
even that will lump over.  
Newer, improved armor.



## The Old Art

Cannibal Celt splashes  
against Angelic  
Anglo-Saxon

Shields splinter  
reveal soft  
vulnerable flesh

Saxon succumbs  
Celt lance lunges  
penetrates

Air heavy  
Battle-din  
Copulation

## Polecat Trumpet

Equestrian overtones modulate  
slipstream sex,

Ferret oscillations  
toss, conjecture  
silky saline,

Basic viciousness; bitten,  
scarred lobe flesh.

And the polecat  
sounds  
discordant fanfares  
on a terse trumpet.

## Pillar

Smattered grains,  
    shards of incandescent matter.  
Flying echoes, turbulent "I love you's"  
    whispered through the phone, discordant maliciousness.  
Cyclical medication oscillates acorn potential.  
Red ants invade the potato chip bag,  
    shouting "I'm dead" with atonal delight.  
Ganglia slip through nostrils,  
    persevere in jars of honey.  
All the while,  
    the only words which paint in one color  
    remain solemn,  
    "Get Wisdom".

## aftermath penetration

sandmen knock  
in sheolian rhythms  
discard the unused  
portions of flesh  
trying the patience  
light without heat

un-being mixes in  
the dance orgasms  
all senses heighten  
discontent at their command

inside is gelatinous  
a mass of un-tissue  
outside is prince  
standing up  
to the peeling finger bells

no questions  
only orders

in caresses

touch  
don't look back  
formulate a conclusion  
bar all concealment  
prevent growth failure

passive lump  
you permit the round  
to fill neat fit  
to peg secure  
the inside hole square

## Me n' the King

Today was cool.  
I found an old photograph  
of me n' Elvis  
leaving the building together.

I paused and looked back into myself,  
redrawing the time I had spent with the King.  
When we sunned on the beach in Florida,  
watching the pretty girls go by,  
sipping our Daiquiris.

And then there was the time  
when the King felt he couldn't go on,  
and I was there to calm him down  
and reassure him that he would do fine.  
After all, I had taught him everything he knew  
about music.

I also remembered our fight  
over Mary Lou, who is now my wife.  
Elvis insisted he saw her first,  
but he didn't respect women  
like I do. I let her decide,  
and she picked me. Apparently the King  
wasn't without faults.

After that, Elvis and I drifted apart,  
and we never spoke very often.  
We stopped going out, and he got really famous.  
I ended up becoming the Insurance sales man I am now  
and Mary Lou and I had three kids.  
We have a great life.

And then I remembered,  
after studying the photo a bit more,  
that I never knew Elvis,  
and that I didn't know either of the people  
in the picture.

God must've been trying to play  
a new trick on me. As if he hadn't been successful  
at making a joke of my life already.

## Too much speaking

redrawn into the heat of moistened  
lips of the passionate statue  
I open one eye  
and to my surprise  
the mummy spoke

the ancient one who beat death  
chanted hieroglyph  
Osiris, Isis, Horus  
the old rulers  
truer, time tested gods

annoyed by the past  
I punched it's chest  
the mummy crumbled  
mixed herbs filled the air  
the world fell black

redrawn into the foulness of cracked  
lips of the decayed statue  
I opened my eyes  
and to my disgust  
the whore spoke

## Corporeal Madness

Blue eye smoke rise  
through bastard earth  
and tongue speak water,  
the skull crush wind.

Wisp clear mist,  
seeks a universal edge,  
an end to bite  
a knee to scrape.

Eagle breath  
wanting only to touch,  
          only to touch



## To Be 8000 Years Old

Perhaps  
the heat  
was unbearable.

Perhaps  
the end was just  
too tempting  
a sight.

Perhaps  
he sought vision  
of himself,  
to yield those constants.

Yes,  
and perhaps  
it was all to regain  
what he never had.

## West

We didn't notice  
the full moon  
and the shiny stars.

We didn't hear  
the wind song  
in the trees  
or the eagle scream.

We were busy...

## Residue

Who do you talk to now,  
when the lights are dim  
and you're in bed.

Who shares secrets and holds  
private court with you,  
where justice comes in compromise.

And who do you call  
when the knots untie  
and the rusty wire breaks.

The answers change,  
and questions remain.

## Wake Up

Rama, Rama  
Reach us now.

Sick-out debris  
Litters the Highway,  
A forgotten prayer  
To an altar inscribed  
with these Names.

Dryrot overcomes,  
Searing those bestiaries,  
Bloated forms  
On raw, rich pavement.

The licked, the worn  
And steel-belted torn,  
Marked and offered  
By humming priests  
Belching contentedly.

## Visitation

## I.

Who do we fool...  
the tongue of a dragon?  
the servants of an eye?

We have seen, we know  
the moon is a nickel  
the size of Asia (at least).

The blithe, triumphant  
saddle we perch in,  
proud, prolific,  
falls to ash  
on the face of the sun.

And flesh and bone...  
residual photos,  
Virtual Existence.

## II.

What do we fool?  
Anything that moves,  
and nothing really.

## III.

Where do we fool...  
At home or work?  
In the depth of dream?

Where the cross meets the nail  
and we hang our socks.  
Ice as cold as maybe  
or no answer at all.  
The place it melts  
we visit the most.

What's more  
we lost the map  
and really don't care.

## IV.

When do we fool...  
at dawn or dusk?  
at noon or dead of night?

As the traffic fades  
from our ears  
and all is hush  
except the fire,  
the creaking house,  
the neighbors,  
we know the clock will strike.

As the bartender  
calls his last shout  
it is time,  
only time again.

## V.

Why do we fool...

No stone to be left  
unspoken or stable.  
Where the sun  
meets the sky  
meets the sea  
meets the sands we lie  
eating fish and snake.

The silent tender  
step of the Indian  
still remains lethal  
to the earthworm.

## VI.

How do we fool!  
Watch and learn,  
Live, be silent.

The movement of the sun  
Is measured by the heartbeat  
of cows and whispers  
of weeds.  
It feasts in the rhythms  
of the song  
of the alligator.

## VII.

No movement  
on a blank screen.  
Only the breath  
of dead angels;  
rotted horse meat.

An all consuming edge  
A flash, the lone  
popped kernel

Flip the switch,  
watch the boot.  
Point, click,  
a release of worlds.

## go alone

Where do we hide  
when the quick nosebleed  
sends us soaring  
into wide un-remembrance...

Where the rusted sawtooth  
bites hard the infectious bones  
and spirits allow the scalpel  
to slide smoothly a new mouth

The point where lock and key  
are no longer separate  
and all doors swing one way  
only in a circular building.  
In a spot on the liver or hand,  
on the sun or window.

It is the point between  
sleeping and waking up  
dead. When we arise  
from a bad dream  
into a worse nightmare,  
only to find  
we could never really read  
and there were no walls.

It is a secret garden  
consumed by a blizzard.  
A place to be reused always  
in a game of hide-and-go-seek.



## These Majestic Symbols

fail.  
No hole to fill  
no peg to work with.  
The blizzard was only  
in my mind  
and the ax was buried  
long ago.

Mummies do not speak.  
Whores will always be  
and road kill is only  
road kill.

There is something  
which speaks to me softly  
in tongues.  
Uncapturable, untameable.  
Underestimated and underfed.  
It is without me, and without you.

I do not understand  
I do not understand at all.

## Crease

Bend me soft,  
the squared, squat angles.  
Each to separate  
his own.  
To turn the flame  
and rifle the blanks  
one by one  
down my throat.  
A coarse connection  
of physical synthesis;  
the matrices within  
three circles, dim.

Beat softly  
decahedrons of silence;  
honeycomb the heat -  
give rise to the spread  
of dark bitter sweet.

## Cease

Tumbleweeds  
invade my something.  
Stop the steel  
penetrating me so softly  
break hard the knots  
of flesh kissing the rods.

This empty town  
is all I am.  
Slowly deprive me of air  
Wash me down with nails  
and hang me out to dry.

The termite dream  
of candyland rape  
must end.