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Wheelhouse
Press 2009

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& John Moore Williams

Excerpts of *Xenomorphia* have appeared in *ditch*, *poetry*, and *Octaves*. Thank you to the editors.

Matina Stamatakis &
John Moore Williams

zoom in

amputee's embrace amidst (slagheap city bared rebar of buildings twisted into nervetrees) a
battle between cannibals (rough singing of limbgrind twisting, interweaved, growing in blackblood pool)

cast for broken bones (the slagheap
shudders, distant heartmurmur of steelbeasts'
growling passage),

dictionary of tongues' (dreams)
escape into that (darkmatterbody, wombs of stars whispering the curve)
flesh everyone has worn (outerworn, splitting, at fingertip's softly bladed insistence)

gaping wound of mouth's (shadowcavern awrithe with light)
hiss between rosaries of teeth (distanceglimmer)

instinct of torsos (sing an ice-age-ending heat)

just a (gloss on the endless fritterings of idle hands)
key to bodies without locks, such a (eye-rhyme of hollows)

lonely way to live (an eaten imminence of the remembered)

morsel, sticky-sweet (recombinant
neck's nape, where we hide kisses genuflections
orange, round and pored of intimacy)

patient (inmates of a decimated land-
question asked in touch and haste (scape)

a rage of (neatly
a silence (expounded)

ticket to a run-down carnival where
urgency of fingers
violence of hips
wound an air shaped like
xylophone's quiet harmonics
yearning toward yourself, a
zoo full of domesticated beasts

Zoon-id

womb shadows eaten raw, bodies without bodies without
(discomfiture, genuflect) these
glassy bows
of silhouette these eyes

of wonderment

born of remembered kisses, lips and ligatures haste
glossified and amber-toned iodine

how our wounds could mingle with each graze
how robotic the tongue thrusts toward itself
in a mad dash for loveless poison

morsels of bitten fur we hide ourselves in,
idle carnivores domesticated --

bored intimacy, times caught in raw
nude body curves splitting into haploidal
synagogues
we pray to touch, darkened matter
limb nerve harmonics sculpted

into

(into eye remembered still-beats
lash sickly-sweet beasts of sex/violence
(hide the strophes of 3 elongated sighs
(hide the way we feel like city beggars
street urchins
neatly stretched across
a desecrated divide
I

remember loneliness was conch to pillow
(taking in ocean one breath at a time
taking in
the gentle murmur of softly bladed lights
as they played across our brows

as fingers

intimate, stretched
formed pillars
formed (out of)

harmonics of lonely zoos
(architectonic
the hills of our elbows
crooked with
disentanglement

Zeno mapped such distances as hands (lips impossible of remembrance
till touch becomes them) your hips a hollow cradle where I'll remember
sojourn such glacial silences (that genesis got it wrong, where I'll come
with lolling tongue

your mouth finds awkward as a ball gag, a (to mumble the unname of a god
savage and erudite prostrate and panting
in the bind
of ligaments and lost love letters

xenomorph thought alone the hills
echoed of a soft and pungent light
wicked with musk the bodies' thousand mouths drooled
in the withered and breath-rumpled sea
wears three sheets windbeaten comfortably, tracing a hackneyed division
violently marching the alluvial roads of the nerves'

(to) mapless tread (where monsters be)
and a seraphic longing tolls out the porticoes
of banks and stock exchanges
and fails to pay the rent
comfortably, tracing a hackneyed division the seven hills all asses and elbows
where we walked to witness forgotten bridal rites,
a coin in the lap
drumming the skirt's knee-stretched skin of fabric

violently marching the alluvial roads of the nerves'
ululating frequencies, as the uvula
tenant of a recombinant spectrum
secretes a word's liquidity to deconstruct
the hallowed menisci
Rorschach finds in an elided thought leaked to form
as accidental as a fetus) will we retain the right to hide?

To
our
ache to burst?

Quiet. you lie side by side like twin peeled fruits.

will your tongue lend mine
lips, then wander out to bear witness
to the rustling of night-creatures

in the broad green tongues of two o'clock
i can't sleep just yet. parole,
long within its silence,
your hopeful convulsions round out the mouths
of hungry generations, wide and yawning
with light, an empire dead and unwritten
sleeps here in the erythrocyte-lit obscurity of your hips.

let me hone yours with sandpaper

oblivious oceans as stolid as
nouns' cells bared raw and swollen
a minimalist insistence
leafed-through, you jungles of a soft and pungent light,
whose teeming with alternate
iterations of otherwise
homolinguistic redactions, rendered
glossolalia by the familiar that renders the
foreign an
effusive, if opaque and endlessly regressing,
dénouement

cable your fingers pier stretched into

into needles to form
 nerves' delicate crochet
ballast your belly to sink
 me in spite

recorded histories
alphabetize and inventory
 the things I would, as you,
 say to me.

To hear them speak of it is to know that there is a distant poem, spoken in a foreign tongue, of which you are able to receive only the dimmest echoes, the voluptuous curve of a vowel, a consonant's starkly forthright angularity, but that it is the very foundation of your own tongue.

In a white hall: clenching silk worms, milk dew
once outside fall tapestries part ash-veils,
crackling ambers
 Spring does the same
synchronous shiver
 between window sepia--
dust the same parched tone

synchronicity, rejuvenating save for feeble
Vidalia onions in lip-locked mason jars
until the mantle is bulked with dry pantry fruits,
mustard seeds--these vowels go on gasping.

I want to undo you like a shaken apple,
 with hand reaching to dust the between.
Leave your disheveled seeds
 inside the fall spice ambrosia

until vacancy demands itself
a burst capsule of onces...

leave your vagueness inside my tongue
I want to save it, salivate with its porcupine/
quill slivers

until more familiar
tastes emerge, puzzles snap into
place, until our one ambiguous being
is replaced with solidity--the whites
of our clenched fingers' milk dew,
their home behind infinitesimal
shutters.

No one will see us clawing for the siren gramophone--
our tempered drones are not pillars

even if we build ourselves up to
replicate statues--

we will hide inside the oubliettes of our ears,
bodies pressed between bodies pressed
between weather-whipped and frail whispers;
dimmiest bespoken opals.

You, star,
Excreta, you,
Crystal, resonance,

Shiver, you, the right word.

This word's intimacy
Of forgotten books
On dusty shelves
Of infrequent libraries.

You, ridden,
Of flora, chevalier,

You, passionate, adherent,

Dust, increate, glimpsed, you
Like words discerned through
The other sides of canonically
Thin pages, in the flyblown
Light of eggshell, bulb

Abode, colonized,
of maggots, amniotic,
you, corrugated,
tau(gh)t
countless, menisci,

you, pulp, graphite, oil. You
dark, matter,
youoy
i.
this too
eradicable gulf.

Lyric--primitive symbols, tender
symbols we stretch
[drama of literature and romance]
teeth & nails--frost breath
of antique Isabel's tongue
dishevel, slow night

despondingly incense-laced [the slow,
descending degrees have done little
to coax poplar into hypothermia]

mossy earth muffled, still,
fruitage reaped mature
autumn cheek--
lip blazes voice blazes
thorny pleasures
you:

cloistral bee-hive, quiet nest
you, alarm & malfunction

nothingness, unmeek
phantomesque
on sea salt clawing

eye-balls

may never love symbols
or wanted wings, or sentimental
figures on a shell, urn

-

--poesy, how it tempts
vision as an idle nymph
how it pulp and taut
eyes love more than
ambition

love more than forgetting
sweat music, hypnosis

woman lounges expressionless
[Venus] waiting
for the explosion of bees

our eyes meet over the slaughter
articulate (what? the echoed husk
has uttered) of never

for we whore our clitorides
no longer vanilla,
soft
we watch the walls
and ink our brows
with henna--burn candles
burn incense
burn like a Vesuvial eye
this world of disappearing footsteps
and silent prayer, performing illusions
of art not omens
not immensity of ghosts
in searching broken glass

one must leave space
between the cracks

*

flash/head/high/lights define
spaces where gods lie,
presence being a form of artifice
 in a space
 all space

flaccid tendons flash
with lightning arcs of
agony, for after all, we
 have never moved
 never stirred

even rising from a bed
awash in shadows; being
gods we do not wish to see
 the brute thrusts
 of oceanic memory

two gaping absences
coll(oc)ated, margins just-
ified and fraying the bar
 yawns, as thought
 of trespass must

to let the darkness swallow
us, to thread, with arabesques
of dear john letters, to-
 gather; you may speak
 our silence yet

in the hung-over dawn
your footsteps creaking up
the spine's staircase to-
 ward the haunted
 houses of the skull.

imagine all the lonely ghosts
 walking in
the soft rain of your blood.

escaping through the window leaves
silence & her sweat behind--now
is a tiny sheath upon the cranium

a tongue ornament-tiny
an orb pregnant
polished spit & metallic loquat
one miniature machine
polished sunlight into belly
bee-swollen
escape the Swarming Room

all red curtains, afire, backdrop
against a swollen chair
that of careful porcelain
tender dew leads from

we are specks barely placed
inside sunken-into eyes
that of wires spoken of
subtly & without observation

Only succeeding in her sweat
before the diffused sunlight kiss
the rush of escape

totalsme nowinbeige

we imag(in)e a color a place
a mood abode
a space exact and
complete

initself
werepose

in our cartographer's dreams
a map that was a place /beginning
of a fantasy epic

--

to day
I min black
back words mo(u)rning

--

she only
succeeded in her weight her
self constant ly surpassing
as sols collapse to span

as in after -glow

an echo tolled in the
hollows of sungold after- noon
a hum as of lastsummer's bees
silkfuzz legs strumm
-ing nerve's wire-wrapped chords

tongue's polished mahogany, leaving
a dewdrop of lacquer
hardening to crystalline cracks, tracing
the hour's alluvial branches
soon come a chrysalis to sift to dust

ab ovo: *thus “shell” brittlekept
where waxy sheath unfurls

with: where clogs fur mossy
in the sealant: we’ve kept

spittle she

nights dew-stung: with pearl:
here eyes waxed-awake begin
as floor constellations:the

mosque-prayer a “tongue
of origin”: her virgin

fawns’ glossa

chastised: gentle yew strung-out:
to catch a weeping mother:

offer milk: offer egg whites:
*utterance: *that coo of malignant

muscles: “twitching
needle”: “barn-raised”:

what ash-talcum to spore the body

in a sea of white warmth

as the brow damp with seaspray

an octopus dons fresh epidermis

you prick your fingers

tug a bobbin, it's milky flanges

double-up at the thought

of yarn and wire--thinking

of salinity and vapour parted

about the tongue

with lips arched and incandescent

I've rolled you on my tongue flesh

and found the spittle most relaxing

a sheen of silky amphetamines

the hair grows wild about the ankles

and falls in seaweed bath, dead nettles

providing the gimlet of coral teeth

to shift against, to roll hallowed against

the shore

I display the bone wreckage in a glass jar

you see the sponge humus coarsened and skeletal

cremains--all portals between the skin afore the

sphere before the magnitude of worlds unspoken

we want to feel how the shell must feel
as the barren wasteland echoes in volumes
as the ash settles into pumice against the brow
we covet, tense into cylinders, unveiling the impenetrable
breath of rocky surfaces--alone--hollowed-out--counter
to creation's bounty, its Beauty.

what ash to come to pore
the cauls canal
in white seizures
the moths'
swarm to root

chitinous resin of yester
days shed as spiderflesh

sublimes the lankly hanging tendons' ache
.needle prick and wheel
spin
as threads
wick an oily fire
wire-twitch ignition
of twin
ning tongues

hips con
cave and
vex lips co
llapse then llate
wax and en
teeth can
not or celled
theme at

dear d
earth hold this
slow coldlapse to fold

still, teeth
ing you slow
bone rend thru
in
fatpink

your lips cicatrix
dry flesh to saline sand
paper me
dryly rust
ling

dip your claws in ink
I pulse &
write,
rite
right

me me – relic query enrapt in soiled sheets' stilled waves

your maize-husk, your bone rattle, maracas
filled with milk
teeth

 its arid, sere
what speaks
the pulse all iron reeks of

that sounds
yet cradled in
the horn's peristaltic stop motion
 growth

a shadow pregnant
--take your maternal mouth
into the dark & hold

not your wings--emboldened
in my mouth--

but rather the solitude of
each feather

each aerie in the clouds
translated into cool blue,

planted kisses, a trail
of serpents & dusk dusted
about the hips, the mist again?

(he, rhetorically)

not from candelabrum, your relic
as I thought the wings artful, liturgical,

every down lining disaster
moist with debris, effluvia
pleasures tattered, presumed

so wither-wild, ghostly in the great comets
of your eyes, I've seen cinematic

charges
of lapped-up sea-foam
& swallow

how the birds loop
about the head in halo-form

know the pleasures of greed, of picking
the skin apart to find the most fulfilling meat

or how, once sparkling,
your body stretched to greet me
in a great crucifixion

a bloom of red saliva
from your palms

& the ashes, fauna, faint music
in the distance

circling about the head

your mouthful of mint-
green hallways' sterile light
a pang as delicate
as sparrow bones as you
tongue each phalange and
vertebrae a minute

muscle flutters a final throb and
erupts
a shiver of plucked
flesh
beneath—a forest of
autumnal trees coruscates
in a febrile breath
dreaming of the little things

you finger alluvial veins, donning
timelike a suit of scales:

borne off to ceaseless little wars.

::

recall to bone

& hope to pebble womb--
the day is done when body
into ash
(I was counting beyond)

the waves between thighs
while shadows allowed no
modification in the thick

he parched earth
with mourn
& of morn

thawed & calm
veins, the windowsill;
a love for rare birds

the "we" self-confessed
inside each others skin

erratic-----

the mask of me waits
to be misplaced

somewhere in the night

of no, or dawn
in no
 the raw yawns
space enough for us

a word erupts a bone
 which, once flowered, like
 a reeking orchid beds us

abo/ide's an end
 in flush & creeper
 our nails shriek cross

alphabetic blackboards
 to raise a calcite dusk
 which only limns again

silken—dry

*

busking (on) each others'
 street
corners

walking, the wrong side, risking
 night
soil deluge

or redlight
 specials
do your

Saturn's daynight

*

to sift and scar
the chaff in wind
 of breath

a way to weight
lessness again

all's thus in excess
 executed
 in ecclesiae
as in a will
 last

im
mortal remnant, at least, what's
passed
-on.

what a stolen key forgot
on tumbling locks
of Bluebeard's for-
bidden parlor:

- same as word's upon a page
for
got –

that what's said is always
at expanse of silence. is
(so) silenced

that the urn will never be
as beautiful as was

when fired by the artisan's callused palms
lest eyes it was lent weight

not mask but work
the febrile flaccid flesh
the tic-tock swinging hinder parts
too sea-rich this stink to forget
in the face of Rome's glossed pages
or all the glancing (glazing) faces

that throw (flow) her on the wheel.