

Waiting Room, ER, Discharge Papers, Released, and Signed

I.

11:46 p.m.

The verbally horny one ogles my girlfriends purse complains of his throat being hard to swallow, I have seen no proof of it yet.

Moans...

a young woman adjacent horny boy holds head like rag doll
body above puddle
yellow sterile wiped up nurse in non-latex gloves.

(hovering men in uniforms mourn lost bodies, priest offers type of Eucharist, I deny permission uncouthly)

Particles of lung dark matter spackle the air, a stale-grey-blonde woman counting minutes of nicotine half-life (resurrection, enlightenment, reincarnation), wheel chairs, and carts, and beeps, and gauges, and vomit, and lost lives found,

vitals taken from everyone who wishes to be something better than ailing.
Reincarnations resurrecting enlightenment together carnal.

Is this here Nether World below linoleum bricks and concrete ? where angels, and demons, and ghosts, and phantoms, and omnificent-handy-men pass out tickets for the next best seat ?

II.

12:32 a.m. (woman entering labor rushed through ER)

She is pallid; a transparent sea. Her infant floats in fluids that are a near perfect match in salinity to that of the ocean. Color will return to her flesh soon.

(peaches will be ripe and rosy but first peaches will be green)

(children come out choking then breathe)

(we are all connected to the same umbilical)

III.

2:33 a.m.

By sheer volition a body outside these walls emetic.

(perhaps charcoal flush ?)

Scrambling syringes, whirlwind (scrubs scrubbing, prods prodding and probing

postulating the prolific) nurses and nurse men joust all 24 hours here. I am the tired weary eyed; dilated more than the other pupil.

(blood does not lend to ennui well)

IV.

4:37 a.m.

Awaiting the labs, saturated crowds of buzzing hernias, and diabetes, and pregnants, and migraines, and amputee's, and scraped knees, and broken hearts, and homo sapiens finding immortality

to be not such a bland vessel when crossing the bridge
passing over the bottomless canyon below

(where all things fall at the very least once)

thick raw ineffable, very palpable, supercilious, turbid God or whatever you want to call the prodigious unseen thing speaks loud in these halls.

I can never seem to catch its source echoing just around the corner
always melodiously orotund.

V.

4:38 a.m.

Impermanence is universal.

VI.

6:23 a.m.

Scrupulous high pitch beeps beeping pounding eardrums continually forever...
screams from women, and men, and half-naked visitors (only two aloud), new born human eyes fresh on the white washed fluorescent world,
wheels on beds that lock and unlock.

All adjustable left-down-up-right.

(urine in drip free cups, hemoglobin in marked tubes, warning labels,
ASMAP credentials,

Jell-O-Jell-O, 12" television screens all tuned into the same channel, Talkie Walkies that crackle specific dialects to each individual prescription)
uncounted thermometers and popsicles enter every orifice (sliding-out) wiped with alcohol cooked and pushed bravely
back into pink flesh again and again and again and again
(always forever).

Here everyone is experiencing stigmata's and crowns of thorns.

(A V A T A R S)

1 Jesus, 2 Jesus, 3 Jesus, 4

a crucifix on every wall, every room, and every chest I pass
rolling down the hall in my wheelchair high on opiates
a delusional apparition of myself moves like fog.

VII.

7:01 a.m.

The red button gathers much attention. (the red button gathers much attention)

Naked.

Saline wet dreams and catheters.

Liquid diet.

I swim frolicking in the deep-end of my ass open gown.

(iNtRaVeNoUs ViSiOnS)

VIII.

9:26 a.m.

Nurses deliver new babies to their new mothers in large carts full of more new babies
on tiny ankles a plastic bracelet containing a barcode is scanned
and the stork has been eaten by bureaucratic hippos.

how many infants misplaced swapped out for better additions more efficient models ?

my father's son, my brother's brother ?

IX.

10:47 a.m.

The Red Button Gathers Much Attention

Crimson highlighted, bright fanatical, manic-birthing,
blasphemous-avid-button—howls———howling

P R E S S P R E S S P R E S S P R E S S P R E S S P R E S S from each room
for assistance
(I utilize my death finger)

X.

11:15 a.m.

Anon...

Doctor returns glorious from the halls, done red,
read mysterious glow
in the dark veins
 from small picture
hospital screens.

Doctor was an aspiring photographer once,

(educated in verse of Greek and Latin)

unintelligible idioms
 flopped upon the floor
 as she spoke

MAXIMS

XI.

24/7

Aftermath——

You are truly the greatest breed, you drug dealing braincases, fast hand flesh slathers,
disease lathers, adrenaline powered afflatuses, life lovers, aura chanters.

What is your mantra?

All of you walk, drive, run, drink, drink, and eat raw life; sushi, sashimi, seaweed, fresh-
wiggling-jiggling-bouncing-unalloyed-flesh-colored-LIFE through and through and
through and you care way too much to let these pains go on and break into tiny shards
upon the sterile floor where the petty microbe called existence dwells——

you watch smoldering volcanoes die to become islands in the eternal returning ocean of
human beings,

SELAH——

(every vessel is a streamlet; a brook; a book; a poem; an infallible word)

You champions of life! fight flash rays of impermanence with flowers from distant places
standing proud at the apex of technology repeating,

I have all the drugs and knives to take care of you,

SELAH———

So I sleep as the moon, and the earth, and the solar system, and the Milky Way, and the innumerable other satellites, and planets, and solar systems, and galaxies, and all of the multi-verses move ambient in tune harmoniously forever,

(A P E I R O N)

ignoring the chaos theories, and string theories, and relative theories, and God theories, and life theories,

SELAH———

I slip into the depths of the widest abysmal tide of sleep.

I is a womb. Everything connected to my umbilical harp-string-chord-sucking – thumb-lethargic-nostalgic-cuddling-great-nothingness.

Cosmos in my veins pure— unhindered; fantastical, beautiful, SELAH———