

CERTAIN PROXIMITY

James RandallFly

Thoughts turn in such quick, clandestine fashion
Aching for release into the thick turmoil
Of some swampy and caged idea
In a drunken evening of a splendid tender clamor

DARK CONGENIALITY!

The pitter pattering tap of my hungry reaching fingers
Beats on the breasts of many multitudes of dripping wet nudes
As they suggest a soothing pattern
As if drumming to the drinking of many sipping mouths

THE TRITE IS OUR BLIGHT!

Clever the time, whatever the rhyme —
Children dance along the back-bone of the alley vine
Ever searching the skies
Growing green in the fading summer shine

STARK CORDIALITY!

The week stretches long, trapped in the throes —
Bringing this today a tidy end of satisfying and sweaty labour!
Finally, we stretch out our legs, and curl our toes —
Thirsty for another dose of the nectar of potential

THE TRITE IS OUR BLIGHT!

I'm told to always be on the verge of a fortune splurge
I'll forever encourage your tongue to endeavor itself down and deep
To reach introflection, and reap the reward that purrs down its spout
From massive calving glaciers overflowing my mouth!!

Suddenly! The striking simplicity of all that we've been searching for
Screams the Salvation Solution!!

The Trite is Convivial — Our Blight, not Trivial

Everything had seemed so fucking complicated for so damn long!!
Now, she breathes her stolen platitudes,
As a delicious dessert served on this shimmering, silver platter!!

The Trite is Convivial — Our Blight, not Trivial

*Thoughts turn, aching for release;
In a drunken evening of splendid, tender clamor*

CERTAIN PROXIMITY

I feel irrevocably stupid! Chaos at the helm!
Undeservedly rich, blessings from every realm!!
The Truth is NOT true! Deceptions abound!!
The answers, eternal — beyond profound!

All question, doubt, and ambiguity is sucked out of existence
Into that pallid Black-Hole of perpetual turpitude!
The Glow of God!
The blindingly bright reality of the vast!
The perpetuity of Truth!
We are SO fucking true and real that truth itself shudders and flees,
Trembling in the Zero void of the Frozen Hell Death of Kelvin!
Annihilated by the reflection of itself!
Truth itself vanishes!! Its Face Erased!!
Wholly Compromised, devastated, defaced!!!!
Thirsty for another dose of crispily cold refreshing nectar of our potent potentials!

God's Green Earth is reduced to the mere mote of imperceptible dust, that trivial
iota that didn't can't and won't warrant mention in even the most scrutinous
dissection at the dive-down spectacle of molecular examination! Oh, the yes of
the big scrutiny! Even ad verbatim, ad naseum, ad placenta, ad reductum and yes
to the fuck of ad infinitum of primordial stew that spilleth into Heaven's atomic
mixture of life begetting alchemy per StarDust ensemble!

Oceans away, tricked by false compassion!
Tides turn, awash in hidden calamity
Blankets of "truth" caress the sick with infested "passion"
Small pox quilts to natives, danger close humility
Arabat Spit in Crimea, oceans apart, certain proximity

Thoughts turn in such quick, clandestine fashion
Aching for release into the thick turmoil of some swampy and caged idea
In a drunken evening of splendid, tender clamor