Excerpts From: 108 Salt Pillars For Sodom

XXXIV
The Sea is my Lover, I shall not want.
He taketh me with utter abandon,
he loveth me all over at once with his thirst,
he devoureth my hesitation,
in him is my rhythm woken, in his fury
is my weakness strong,
in his buoyancy I touch sky.
Though deeper than his edge I tread
waters of the abyss hidden in him,
I shall fear no evil
for thou art in me, thy resources
spring in my throat, stir in my loins,
in my blood is thy resonance alive,
in my chestbone is thy rhythm planted,
surely vision and meaning shall direct me
all the days of my life
and I shall walk thy surf everlasting unto
everlasting as long as my days shall be.

XXXVI
I thrust my fingers
into the holes of your wounds
to be certain you
are truly God

as God thrusts His Awareness
into the holes of my doubt
to make me know
my doubt
is ferment with Your
Presence.

XXXVII -- for Carol Bergé
Here on this grass, no not this grass
this legume thing rimed with dust and the peace
of the other side of fences,
here inside iron where no iron is
but sky and us,
you lie there and I lean here
though I am lying and you are leaning
y los ninos puertoriquenos
run around us and smile when we complain
of their risen dust,
how you are still and I talk
though it is you who sound and I who say nothing,

here you make me learn to hush again
and the sun can get thru to me ...
and the green ungrass touches my hand ...
and the risen dust of the children
tells me secrets in strange words,
and your hand-hid mouth laughs
at my clumsy stroke
as I swim, naked, without words at last,
in the overflow of your lapping
hush ....

-- Will Inman

Rain Dance

Let's shovel out a song and dance all knew it
Like in the movies
Black fright
Like rain occurs missing the whole point so he got tired

Chocolate shoes pass in the winter
My main ruse is in the mope
Our dumb deaths flop inside our dainties
He is surprisingly uncanny at the whiskbroom, but laughs at me
Learning the effort retort

They cooed some, wildly swaying
Saying what's so damn sweet
Liquor is her price when she sashays she gouged me a long time with fins
Whose foreign compulsion wounded his taint
Elevate

Dance la night

The looney facile gay are de rigeur today (I know it)
The sore oozes vomit up in the ear shut the drum
We'll mash your leman, plunk!

Brokethrew. She's fall off mah ahms Humorit Ewes is full of Pill

-- Ted Berrigan