

The Book of Lamps, being a psalm-book

XCVII.

Drug-tired, at a loss as how to fuel
and busy the engines of resistance.

XCVIII.

To make of the ceaseless and self-annihilating
speech of inwardness, speech against
self-annihilation.

XCIX.

Like a speech before the gate-work,
before the limit-weight of setting out,
ostracized.

C.

For when Bellerophon became hated
by the gods [of Money] he wandered
all the black earth, eating his heart out,
refusing the roads and trusts of men.

CI.

But he did not jump. He wandered—
ostracized—in the debtor's prison
of his own skin, sucking the black extract
from his heart and refusing to jump.

CII.

Heart swollen by sorrow, swollen by debt,
swollen from the refusal of trusts, he made
his heart the two-fisted engine against
self-annihilation.

CIII.

O sad gargantuan there it is—
the heart to halt the jump.

CIV.

There it is in lamp-shadow, see it
in rückenfigur, swollen
with the black extract of refusal.

CV.

O sad gargantuan can you hang
that two-fisted engine from the wailing
wall in your gut, add it to the beleaguered
haul of days, happy with its black meat?

CVI.

Drug-tired, up against the limit-
weight of the debtor's cell
of the black earth of exhausted trusts.

CVII.

Palms gripping the railing, at a loss
to quell the ballad of the chord.

CVIII.

Fat hands gripping the gate-work—the limit
of the jump—at a loss to quiet
the ballad of self-annihilation.

CIX.

Up against the monstrous lightness
of the Western sky, thrown under the debtor's
prison of the earth of exhausted trusts.

CX.

Outcast by callous policy that will
not bar the jump, ostracized by the body
politic that refuses to reckon
the count within the ballad of the chord.

CXI.

At a loss to halt the ceaseless
engine—irrevocable inwardness—
of self-annihilation.

CXII.

Wandering, ostracized from his own heart,
drug-tired to make the speech
against the weight of beleaguered days,

CXIII.

the speech against the count within the ballad
of the chord, against the ballad of his jump,
against the story of his outcast death,
the speech over against the lucid waves.

CXIV.

Wandering the exhausted trusts
of inwardness, thrown under the fatigue
within resistance, surrounded
by the debtor's prison of his own shoulders.

CXV.

O sad gargantuan—reckoning
the palimpsest of refusals,
reckoning the debt of trusts, reckoning
the limit-speech of suicide-notes—

CXVI.

can you engine the quell of the call
within the ballad, can you engine the quiet
against the speech of self-annihilation?

CXVII.

Wandering the halt between the debt
of trusts—wash-thin, nearly erased
by policy—and the refusal of trusts.

CXVIII.

Wandering to the lucid and unsparing
psalm against.

CXIX.

Outcast from his heart, ostracized
by his own fatigue and thrown up against
the limit of the debtor's cell
of his own skin—at a loss—wandering

CXX.

the palimpsest within speech, wandering
the palimpsest of debts and refusals,
wandering the palimpsest of resistance—
nearly effaced—that can still halt the jump.

CXXI.

Reckoning the debtor's prison
of beleaguered days, at a loss to over-
turn the weight of exhausted trusts.

CXXII.

At a loss to quell the engine of fatigue,
thrown under the limit-weight of against.

CXXIII.

Surrounded by days, drug-tired,
wandering the palimpsest of days, wash-
thin, nearly erased by the weight
of reckoning days against days.

CXXIV.

Shoulders weighted with fatigue, palms
pressed against the railing, at a loss to quiet
the limit-speech of suicide-notes.

CXXV.

Drug-tired, surrounded by days, thrown
under the lucid and unsparing debt
of refusing the engine of days against.

CXXVI.

Exhausted by trusts, worn thin
from the fatigue within resistance, set on
by the debtor's prison of inwardness.

CXXVII.

O sad gargantuan can you engine
the lucid and unsparing psalm against,
can you wander—ostracized—reckoning
the weight of refusing to jump?

CXXVIII.

Palms pressed against the railing, shoulders
—the engines of the jump—weighted with debt
drug-tired, at a loss to psalm over
against the killing-bay.