

WILL ALEXANDER

COMPRESSION

&

PURITY

CITY LIGHTS

SAN FRANCISCO



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THE BLOOD PENGUIN

“I am the carnivore
the hounded night walker
searching for my wings scattered under glass

they claim I should return to monomial transfixing
to exhibit A & no further

to some
I am six foot & lizard

to others
I am considered a mange lamb
returned from the tropics

I am never given due as to sum or proportion
I am seen as the source of something leprous
as no longer the motive of who I was thought I was shaped
to be

I who live as mislaid damage
as part of pointless verbal ejecta

there are no nouns to ensnare me
to fish up my blood so as to summon consensus

I am never that condition within the fire of conjunction

I am never to be
the human boy genius
the archivist
the bartered child contending with study

I am none of the above
none of the aforesaid compendiums

I am the animist
the vertical lion tundra
the diamond bird who burrows under snow

because of my leaning
I know the stark Egyptian soma

much as would a blinded cemetery scribe

& because I understand
one's basic neural unravelment
I am seen as piacular
as specter
as both standing & freezing
being of some other form
from some other planet

as clinical moray addendum
this contains in itself
blackened scrawl marks from Moravia
from squandered quanta from the Sunda Islands
from quaking fogs from Santiago

they say I suffer from powerful deafening by resistance
my eyes wild & in-ferocious with lapses

the attention span blunted
the astrological paralysis shifted

so they say the unknown is the trigonometric
is the transcended nucleus
the born equational spell
according to the flaws in universal summoning

I am ancient pantomime who cannot grasp
who cannot transgress his inherited Landino

as to Mayan glyphs & squares
I am plummeted
I am simply without the means to conduct my own prism

to take on the culpable mean
at circumstantial limit

I exist through negated practical limit
through parallel sub-causes
without knowing the desire
to seek the enzymes of living

I am without & without & without

I who create doubt & the genetics of perpetual conflict

I could be strange as a human half wrought
who poses himself as Ilario Pozuelos

& what is claimed against me
is not unreasoned
is not the treatise of post-fanatics

instead
it is a curious treatise on circumstantial exhibit

it says
my values are possessed by distance
like someone humbled or plagued by a treaty

my dispossessed senses
described by these methods
under the forms of the treasonous

it tells me I am lifeless blood equipment
that my genes are not useful
that my mind is simply stricken or exposed

yet such a chronicle loses spores in the glaciers
it says
I am of Africa & the sea coast
of Ghana & the Seychelles
of insular breakage near the Azores

yet it states my non-placement
my cavern
my debilitating refuge

not even a dwelling beneath the stars
as etheric camp-base on Saturn

such is the ether climb
the sub-revelation as dialectical cartography
conjoining with the ocelots
swimming across the prisms of Mauritius

or simple flatland in Manchuria

these are seen as soils no known warrior can claim

because I readily announce my resistance
my tone as carnivorous psychic sparring
wandering beyond pervasive death concussives

claimed
by genetic dis-logistics
by anarchic ruin
by Jurassic sibling serosas

I cannot describe by cursory enclosure
external motivation
or any rotary or back-flowing water attainment

it is described as simulacra
as ghost data
as hibernation through pillage
non-specific
post-necrotic
partaking in part as jonquil & longevity

of course the cells blaze
infinity evolves
the monsoons project through containment

yet nothing resolves
nothing forbears & is clement

I exist
as steep electrical ice
asking of myself spells
of pointless dominating fuels

within this agnostic current
I describe
myself as one who's hellish
who's buried his weight with a double insistence
who seems to sleep in a brazen cylinder of peril

then after a pause in listening
calling myself The Blood Penguin
embraced by squalls
by an oily & misshapen blinding”

ON SCORPIONS & SWALLOWS

Not claimed
by the accessible as contrast
or as competition by loss
or mathematic by peril

but occlusion as opposable phylums

minus a dark synesthiesial as rote
minus the axial smoke of a rotted bonfire hamlet

I mean
oasis as savage dialectical rotation
meaning
species as aggressive salt
as curious vertical blazing

in reversed arrayal
I think of interior cobalt swallows
with predacious ignition

a contradictory igniting
beatific with scopolamine

like the withdrawn thirst of the scorpion
with its “five-segmented posterior”
with its “seven-segmented preabdomen”
with its sidereal tail ending in toxicity
“born alive”
active after darkness
culminate
with the fatal sting
of “Centruroides sculpturatus”

therefore
the birds & the ground dwellers mingle in my mind
like a magnitude of multiple nebulas
akin to “Synaceaia”
or “Pterois”
or the lionfish
explicit with the power of fatality

so if I mine from the nebulas
these birds

these fish
these scorpions
I go blank
& seize vertigo
& gain a forthright diplopia

so when I look skyward
a doubled swallow seems to swarm
in a flock of endurance

& exhibits a verdet
an iridescent yellow tree
imbibing insects while in volation
with the reddish beak of the family of “Hurundinidae”
in flight
in their high migration houses
from boreal dawns in the north
to the Cape of Africa in the south

& so I make my imaginal leap
& connect the swallows in their height
to the “Red Jungle Fowl” anchored to terra firma
like the scorpion

with its neurotoxins
like “Buthus occitanus”
unlike the passeriforms
who exceed small birds in speed
not like the Labrador Duck
or the Carolina Parakeet
they exist
like the gaze
which renders the cliff swallows unevident
their withering thermal migrations
dialectically at odds
with electric living collectives

their mud jugs under ledges
less elaborate than the “ovenbird”
the latter’s nest of inner spirals
with its one bubonic open door
opening & shutting
against the predatory sums of roving scorpion necrotics
this fiery movement across earth
then a galling guardian wolf

a guardian
creeping
carried at first on the back of the mother
then relentless
stalking
like the outsized “Panamanian ponerine” ant
“tearing its prey to bits”
or like the “digger wasp” injecting venom into the nerves

I then think
of the Wood louse
the Beach flea
the trap door spider

with the “simple small eyes”
transmitting figments
barely proficient at resolving a tincture
of compound stereopsis

then
the olfactory sight of the common ants of Formicidae
capable of aphid
herding

akin to the swallows
in terms of sphinxian insect singing

& the swallows
in flight across mesas
across the flank of exploding glacier tables
across a lake of random gravel fires

then the migrational zodiac
of the halos
of the helium winds
of the Lapse Rate in the atmosphere
& unlike the previous rocks
neither scorpion or swallow
condenses on any common finality
mingled at anti-vigesimal snappage
at pointless adrenaline breaking

their dialects erased
like a great flooded Playa
not equal
or mathematically orthomorphic
to any judgmental vector

they exist
oddly
like polyconic projections
never central to the fact
of a bare diurnal strategem