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COUGNAC, 2007

The mutilated man shall mount the mammoth,
shall mount and
shall enter the mammoth's head.
The man's head shall pierce the mammoth's brain,
the man's head and mutilated body
shall become the mammoth's animating soul
and a lance shall now spit mammoth skull and soul.

This is how we get into animals,
how we project ourselves as versa
into the vice of animal stone.
This is how we lance our otherness
onto the winch of vice versa.

The self,
pupa run through six times, penguin-finned
in its mammoth head
chrysalis.

The self,
a hybridizing amoeba jerking to
its wounds,
peering forth from its mammoth
cradle as if
off the planet's edge.

580 Janus Head

What a drop

25,000 years compose!

What a Fall

from man exterior to mammoth

to man lodged

mutilated in

this hybrid head.

TECTIFORM

Only through my breath do I behold this world.

Solar semen fills our universe: sun rays, saliva, honey, crystal, quartzite, lutescent animals.

There has been only one real change: the appearance of being.

Image-making unlocked the interlocked: imagination as separation and re-scanning.

Separation created loss, loss duplicated deluge, spurred crossing back.

Paradise

was the first “projective verse,” not “over the rainbow,” but beyond the first Lethe, to envision uterine absence on our mother-of-always: rock.

Tectiform: first “house,” to engrave a Font-de-Gaume bison with dwelling. Symbolic life. “Roof” by which the sky is “raised.”

Transcendence: uphold the distance between kinds of being.

Who is to say the stars are not slain animals? May they not also be the heads of beheaded deities?

As if the night itself is sarcophagus and we, the so-called living, are in pause between closed-eye vision and primordial remove.

XIBALBA

Here they come, the more-than-less-than-us,
the toons
under us, creatures draped in feathered morn,
in bowlers, stuffed jaguar-tail crowns,
big-eyed skeletons bearing god copal,
Katzenjammer Hero Twins,
Smoking Frog, Curl Snout with lots of eyeball jewelry,
Jiggs and Lady Xoc
(pulling Guantánamo through her tongue).

Speech clouds with funnels, grids of glyphs.
Funeral pot rollouts: Maya “comic strips.”

Through White Bone Snake Gate,
Sea Hag, Water-lily Jaguar jostle, slice.

One Blowgunner, his nose is phallic, with hot dog fervor.
Over bound Sweet Pea, Bearded Dragon lifts his axe.

Skulls with sunglasses embedded in their sockets,
cornsilk flowing from their pates.
Walking tableaus with bloodstained scarves, enema bibs.
Supernatural space is red.

“I am timeless!” the jawless Gump executioner yelps.
He misses the Maize God’s neck. Ejaculates through his fontanel.

Now, who is that belly-bulbed coyote, ritual noodles
 looping his skinny thighs? He's pounding stuff bubbling before his paws.
 Was he your momentary
 escape from the human fix? Behind him, caked with enucleated eyes,
 a jaguar nagual turns his head into a mirror.

Harp of an upturned infant. Have you, as Whimpy,
 strummed burgers from that primordial bow?
 Only the Jaguar God is intact, in circus mayhem honking his spots.

Chopped up anaconda, stacked into a throne.
 A cigar-smoking firefly sambas by a rabbit scribe.
 Lopped heads sweep up into the blackness as evening stars.

With goose-dragon power, I sounded my conch
 projecting all its seminal Naz,
 for the Spaniards were right around the glyph
 knotted in homophobic madness,
 shaving their mothers, milking their dads.

Alice the Goon. Stingray Spine Paddler.
 Monkey-men copulating in sud pause syncopation
 their lips cut back.

Xibalba, the dance floor under America, under the range,
 forever vital in caricaturing us, divining our vows.

Give me your claw bundle, Walt Whitman,
 your Maya hypodermics. Let me feel what came up in you
 as these ghosts milked you, yes, into existence.
 High on enema coffee, have you a Starbuck hit for us this evening?

Or are you now Otherworldly,
a Xibalba denizen, decapitating any young poet
whose neck is not bandsaw strong enough to dance your blade?

In a whisper, Walt pointed out Dante, a senior male,
sitting on a low branch. “He’s an Itzamna look-alike,
balls hanging out, that’s his pose—
he has large white nipples,
his toes are extremely fat and huge.”

THE TJURUNGA

begins as a digging stick, first thing the Aranda child picks up.
 When he cries, he is said to be crying for
 the tjurunga he lost
 when he migrated into his mother.

Male elders later replace the mother with sub-incision.
 The shaft of his penis slit, the boy incorporates his mother.

I had to create a totemic cluster in which imagination
 could replace Indianapolis, to incorporate ancestor beings
 who could give me the agility
 --across the tjurunga spider's web--
 to pick my way to her perilous center.

(So transformationally did she quiver,
 adorned with hearts and hands,
 cruciform, monumental, Coatlicue
 understrapping fusion)

Theseus, a tiny male spider, enters a tri-level construction:
 look down through the poem, you can see the labyrinth.
 Look down through the labyrinth, you can see the web:

Coatlicue

sub-incision Bud Powell

César Vallejo

The red sandstone hand lamp
abandoned below this proto-shaman
is engraved with vulvate chevrons—did it once flame
from a primal sub-incision?

This is the oldest aspect of this tjurunga, its grip.

Recalculating.

When I was six, my mother placed my hands on the keys.
At sixteen, I watched Bud Powell sweep my keys
into a small pile, then ignite them with “Tea for Two.”
The dumb little armature of that tune
engulfed in improvisational glory
roared through my Presbyterian stasis.

“Cherokee”
“Un Poco Loco”
sank a depth charge into
my soul-to-be.

This is a tjurunga positioning system.

We are now at the intersection of Coatlicue
and César Vallejo.

Squatting over the Kyoto benjo, 1963,
wanting to write, having to shit.

I discovered that I was in the position of Tlazoltéotl-Ixcuina.
But out of her crotch, a baby corn god pawed.

Recalculating.

Cave of
Tlazoltéotl-Ixcuina.
The shame of coming into being.
As if, while self-birthing,
I must eat filth.

I was crunched into a cul-de-sac I could destroy
only by destroying the self
that would not allow the poem to emerge.

Wearing my venom helmet, I dropped, as a ronin, to the pebbles,
and faced the porch of Vallejo's feudal estate.
The Spectre of Vallejo appeared, snake-headed, in a black robe.
With his fan he drew a target on my gut.

Who was it who sliced into the layers of wrath-
enwebbed memory in which the poem was trussed?

Exactly who unchained Yorunomado
from the Christian altar in Clayton's solar plexus?

The transformation of an ego strong enough to die
by an ego strong enough to live.

The undifferentiated is the great Yes
in which all eats all
and my spider wears a serpent skirt.

That altar. How old is it?
Might it cathect with the urn in which
the pregnant unwed girl Coatlicue was cut up and stuffed?
Out of that urn twin rattlesnakes ascend and freeze.
Their facing heads become the mask of masks.
Coatlicue: Aztec caduceus.
The phallic mother in the soul's crescendo.

But my wandering foreskin, will it ever reach shore?

Foreskin wandered out of Indianapolis. Saw a keyboard, cooked it in B
Minor.
Bud walked out of a dream. Bud and Foreskin found a waterhole, swam.
Took out their teeth, made camp. Then left that place, came to Tenoch-
titlan.
After defecating, they made themselves headgear out of some hearts and
lopped-off
 hands.
They noticed that their penises were dragging on the ground, performed
sub-
 incision, lost lots of blood.
Bud cut Foreskin who then cut Bud.
They came to a river, across from which Kyoto sparkled in the night sky.
They wanted to cross, so constructed a vine bridge.
While they were crossing, the bridge became a thread in a vast web.
At its distant center, an immense red gonad, the Matriarch crouched,
sending out
 saffron rays.
"I'll play Theseus," Bud said, "this will turn the Matriarch into a Mino-
taur."
"And I'll play Vallejo," Foreskin responded, "he's good at bleeding himself

and

turning into a dingo.

Together let's back on, farting flames."

The wily Minotaur, seeing a sputtering enigma approaching, pulled a lever, shifting

the tracks.

Foreskin and Bud found themselves in a roundhouse between conception and absence.

They noticed that their headgear was hanging on a Guardian Ghost boulder engraved

with breasts snake-knotted across a pubis.

"A formidable barricade," said Bud. "To reach paradise, we must learn how to dance

this design."

The pubis part disappeared. Fingering his sub-incision, Bud played

"Dance of the

Infidels."

Foreskin joined in, twirling his penis making bullroarer sounds.

The Guardian Ghost boulder roared: "WHO ARE YOU TWO THE SURROGATES

OF?"

Bud looked at Foreskin. Foreskin looked at Bud.

"Another fine mess you've gotten us into," they said in unison.

Then they heard the Guardian Ghost laughing. "Life is a joyous thing," she chuckled,

"with maggots at the center."

OCTAVIO'S LABYRINTH

A dream tonight of coupled images
whirling in the circus of an empty eye,

hurling themselves
against themselves to become themselves:

a forest of magnetic needles under my lids.

Everything is a door:
elephantiasis with its violet legs,
bougainvillaea's
thousand magenta stars.

I opened to the pot-headed, lordly and deathless hybrids:

chockablock
animals and gods.
O the breeze between! The shiver of
organs lifted out! Vase
monumental, to be filled with
solidified light.

All named gods are to be found in
the cracked-apart mouth of the buried Mother.

Stairway I descend,
a sleepwalking sewer,
to where the wind
mangles eagles

and an albino bat studies
 an octopus clock's
 tentacle-tentative time.

 The hour rests
on a chasm of charities.
No one ends at himself.

(Ideas ate the deities
 the deities
became ideas
 great bladders full of bile

 the sanctuary was a dungheap
the dungheap a nursery
 armed ideas sprouted
 ideas idiotic as deities)

Freedom is
to so intensify the instant
that one lives *forever* as one lives *now*.