

NU  
CLEAR  
UN

Joe

Napora





you will not  
awaken before you hit bottom...

and you do wake for an instant  
long enough  
to desire entrance back  
into the nightmare and the pleasure  
of that security of a hurricane  
made from  
metal and madness

it happens as you shit your muscles  
worried into a spasm of fire from  
the day's diarrhea and in an instant  
of dread before opening the body  
to the light

instead of a quick  
flash of the news of your life  
in review with time to say  
"Yes, after all it was good," you think  
only of how you should tuck  
your shoulders to soften the pain  
when you dive into the bathtub

it  
happens at the exact moment a car  
door slams and you are carried  
from your temporary conquest  
of a fright that nags your body's  
every sudden movement  
each day's  
unexpected sound carried with you  
into an imprint of noise  
fused in the cement of your driveway  
leaving you speechless in your rage

it happens as you

close your eyes and the image  
that cluttered your vision becomes  
imprinted on your retina until it  
melts into a swirl of line  
and color where all images are mixed into  
a self-indulgent fantasy of un-fulfilled  
desire for some thing other than  
the reflection of self loving

it happens as  
the media made atomic buddhist chants  
OM and OM until he fills the Bomb  
he fills the Bomb until

it bursts until it bursts and you  
and you and all sensation and skin  
scattered to an endless outward  
race for

an instant only an instant of  
pop nirvana it happens while you  
watch your husband drive off with  
another woman and instead of wishing  
both of them dead consumed in a fire  
ball of gasoline and oil and plastic  
seeing reruns of late night movies and  
daytime soap operas

you feel relieved  
and wish yourself well and you sprout  
wings of feathers and determination  
and begin to rise above the world  
of dirt

and desire above the world  
of imposed responsibilities and  
as your toes flutter inches above  
the earth you see the light the

terrible light

it happens at those movies  
when your gaze pierces  
the blankness between the projected  
images and you see that motion is  
both emptiness and stillness combined  
in a predictable sequence until  
that moment when everything becomes  
a random happening of  
the endless repetition  
of dying it happens

as you think of butterflies and generals  
in the youth of their passions consumed  
by the appetites that will transform  
them into angels of frivolity and  
pestilence

it happens as all those  
technicians of the sacred technological  
breakthroughs invite you into  
their respite from pushing the myth  
of progress onward and upward and  
you see them laugh and frolic as  
fauns and satyrs before  
their skin  
blisters and melts revealing metal  
skeletons and tubes and wires that  
hiss and crackle and snap  
it happens

after your son pisses the bed for  
the fifth night in a row and you  
stumble in the dark over his toys  
and while pulling off his sheets  
you rip the nail of your thumb

and before you curse before you  
damn your fate for a week of  
lost sleep before your cry wakes  
your son who you carried to the couch  
you notice

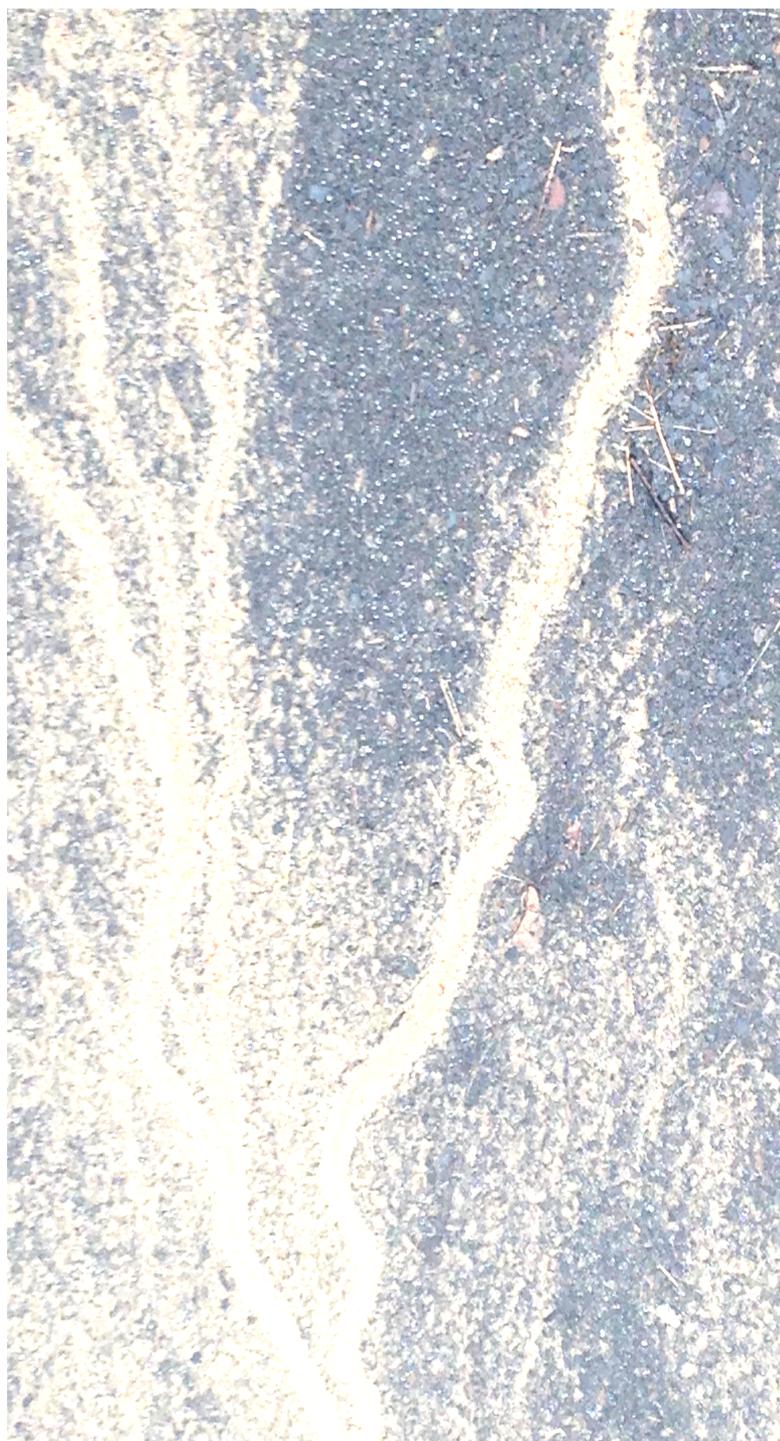
the sky light up with a  
foreign brilliance in the west  
and you realize that it is a sunset  
replacing dawn or you've been sleepwalking  
through the day or you've been dreaming or  
you're dead it happens

in the space  
between two syllables of a word  
you have wasted the afternoon  
the first cool afternoon in six weeks  
six weeks of heat and humidity  
turning damp into mildew and the juice  
your child spilled into a black and green  
mold but as the breeze

and the dry cooling  
are not noticed as half of a word sticks  
like a clotted mass of putrid flesh in  
your throat and you gag on the world  
evaporating from you

it happens before you  
get to the end of the murder mystery  
and before you realize the most  
magnificent murder ended you and  
that we all did it and that it is  
no mystery it happens not  
when we are crouched listening at  
the radio with nerves

tightening into  
a frenzy with underarms and crotch  
wet with anticipation and adrenaline  
quickenning the breath momentarily in  
communion with our mutual fear.





You and throat.  
Your flesh flash.  
Putrid mass

clotted, like sticks and neon  
words half noticed not cooling.  
Dry. Brittle. Swallow. Glass  
tinkling into the gullet.

These words are added. They hurt  
more. The breeze, the mold.  
Green and black into a spilled child.  
Into a spilled child your juice and  
mildew into damp. Turning

humidity and heat of  
six weeks six weeks.  
Have you a word of syllables? Two,  
between space. This race  
to nothing. Do you  
get it? To have it

is to half it.  
It happens.  
That we want it all.  
Fall.

Down.  
Dead.

Are you dreaming?  
Sleepwalking? On and on.  
Dawn replacing sunset,  
is it that? The symbols  
are reversed. Does it  
hurt more? Is it  
that?

Realize, you and the west, the very best  
in brilliance of foreign light.

You. / Where?  
Who. / Are you?

Son wakes, cry before sleep.  
Lost fate. Last date. Crack  
in the plate swallows him.  
He's gone.

Birds pray  
damn you curse you  
thumb nail rip you  
toys dark stumble you.  
It doesn't last long enough  
to become an irritation.  
An itch not relieved  
by the scratching.

Well, it happens

Snap and crackle and hiss that wires  
you and tubes and skeletons and metal  
revealing melts, blisters, skin sore  
opening before satyrs and fauns fro  
lic and laugh. You believe that that

is possible?

You. Demand certainty. A tight fit.  
Now aspire  
to be a survivor.

Upward and onward this progress of myth,

pushing for respite  
in you in you in you  
infinite breakthroughs. More  
physical than you expected. The joke  
is on you

know who. On  
top of, a last furtive  
humping. As it happens  
the dirty old men at the peep show laughing.

Pestilence and frivolity of angels  
transform will, appetites, the  
consumed passions, their youth,  
generals and butterflies.

As it happens.

Dying of repetition.  
Endless happenings random.  
Old habits unbroken.  
Become everything  
in combined stillness

and emptiness. Both.  
You and images  
projected  
between blankness.

The pierces gaze you  
when it happens.

Light, terrible light. See.  
The oldest image

the most terrible.

Imposed world above desire and dirt. Fuck it.  
Determination and feathers of wings, sprout.  
Just try it. Sprout.  
Sprout. It is not enough.  
You are not Daedalus. Pluck. Pluck.

A melodrama in a night of reruns. Run.  
Seeing plastic and oil and gasoline  
fireball, consumed dead. Then. Where run?

You run rerun  
while it happens.  
Nirvana. Pop. Race outward, endless  
scattered skin and sensation—all.  
And you. And you. And

bursts, bursts.

Bomb. Bomb.  
Oh o.  
Butterflies and bees gone to vapor.  
As it happens.

Self loving reflection.  
Indulgent self

into mixed images  
where color and line swirl  
into melt. Mirrors as weapons.  
Until retina imprinted becomes vision.  
Your clotted image wishes for darkness.

The eyes close.

You.

As it happens.

Rage. Speechless. You  
leaving driveway of cement in  
fused noise of imprint into you  
with carried sound unexpected.

Should you only think good after all?  
Yes. Review life. Flash. Quick.  
Light the body opening  
before dread.

Day's fire spasm  
into worried muscles.  
Your shit. As  
it happens.

Madness and metal  
from made hurricane of security  
and pleasure and nightmares.

Into black entrance desire enough  
a long instant, motion slow. Leap  
pursuing blades, gale of images  
enter you. You've swallowed the  
projector and willingly.  
While it happens.

After.

Leave tokens. You.  
Last traces. It is hardly  
something. More like a  
nothing.

Good bye son.  
All night continually that memory

eluded that word.  
The word?  
What was that word?  
That was what word?

The?

Of?

Think.

No. That that  
is hard.

Before it happens.



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