



Intersecting
Vision Intersects
Visions

Robert Podgurski

Intersecting Visions Vision Intersects

O

Love

First sight

Gone by the ocean's stark light

Touching below the dry mark

Shifting with the variable

Travels

Thought through heart

The mystery of surfaces

Proteus

Generates

A bearing eye of the berth given

Intellect

Just opened

Awash (of) humours

Recovering vision

With rhyme vibrating the eye follows

Figures

And gets ahead of itself

Immersed in sound submissions

A joke

Not deliberately on anyone

But it's on.

Dumbfoundment has a place

In comprehension's genesis

And goes a long way in

Being

Still

A Neglected Meditation
Recovered
Remembering
The ignored
Minds the terminal and frequency

Generates a little optic nerve,

Collision of vision in voice,
fusion or dissolution's the choice
to some answer
found in the tools of the riddle's trade
What has __(this)__, and is __(that)____
depends
on what is within
the vehicle's voicing
Overrides
Other concerns

Perhaps a well attuned spiritual engine propels
It through all phases of being what was said
and what was done
The difference compels the aperceptual rider's
Unlimited spiritual drives
With folly ascending and descending
In correct directions

Return in the black swallowed by night
How differently people speak under dark covers
Figura obscura talking through metawhores

In hooves, colored by imagination's spectrum

Spherical mirrors give, reflect
Without bounds
Somehow on the wrap-arounds'
Ball that's not dropped on new years always
Celebrates the unfolding of a moment's epoch
Requiring focus and study
Yielding more, giving perennially

Make mistakes possessions,
The table arranged by someone else's
hand in it fashions a new order
A heterogeneous arrangement

Or thunder's reverberations in a storm
Spreading from a sky center & swiftly fading
Abruptly pitched shadows ruptured airwaves
Distant past
 Deposited in weathered voicings
 Lead to silence
When light leaves the eye shutting
Do ears stay open to hear from sleep

I
Embarking on an enantiadromia
With no adequate manuals for guidance
 ("the game that moves as you play it," perhaps)
Directed by an unavoidable undertow
 Away from the over flows
 And facist dictators with their maga horns

A new way of orienteering appears open

Coordinates for an intuitively aligned asana
On the axis of will and balance,
The body as compass aligning by means of an animal
Magnetized intuition pivoting navel of interaction.

Sitting on a high mountain post
,Pulse throbbing carotid
Positioned by exhaustion—toward a scene
Anchored in soma
And the land on the alpine knife edge
Dictating ridge lines
Give and go
By the moving lands
From dying Hemlock roots
Letting go

The mountain's eye is always open
and blinks by virtue of the okeanic humor
(that lapped upon it millenia ago).
Architecktonic plates still move by sinovial fluidity

Scree mumbles under foot
Voicing its grind

Until after negotiating Potato Hill
(the original treaty boundary with the Cherokee)
Mount Craig, a noisy group, kids
and a few chaperones pass from the east
Unaware of the gnashing, curling, and rolling of the dead
And their left-over minerals
Collected from their buried signs

Treading eventually we become trod upon
Our paths misled into security by the accuracy of a map,
Guides interfere, distract from an intuitive sense of direction,

Hobbled

The eye gone instinctual
Unfettered,
moves at ease
In previously unknown motions

The cicadas and their decade's worth of dreaming
From ground growth

Incubate and glean from this cycle
At the base of trees
Spread out from the trunk to the limbs
then into air and beyond

Simultaneously,

Entombed in crystal

Holed up in a gestating egg
Before inadequate titles are assigned (unparticipated)
Air birth and burial by the text and body express
A mission by the rarefied Black Mountain air

And the oceanic water at a distance

Take up a charge

Leading to a cavern's composition

Of a black lake's mirror

Watery impact solidifying shines

On a returning eye

Describing internal and external scripts

In a new vision

No better skrying around

Its season determined by breath and intention

Temperature & mixture of moisture in air

And more accretions

Made in time to be taken at will

And aggregates

Elements congregations

Subsisting parts

Cooking by boiling
Water, adding dehydrated beans and rice
Then the replenishment
Feeding desperate hunger follows a different formula
 Wherein food changes into something greater
 Than everyday consumption does,
 Hidden in the hills

That's magick!

Fortifying the drive to move in the face of exhaustion,
 Fatigue
 And adversity.
 Re-in-forming strength

II

The relay baton,
 Passes by
 In the wave of the wand,
 Where one way of seeing through ideas transfers kinetic
 Momentum in succession

A reactor
Unraveling the Grid

Orpheus sang
Zeus bestowed Chthonie a robe
And by accepting it she became Ge

So without the woven surface she was dark, lethal, consuming,
Fluctuating formlessness,

Feared

Something so impalpable to start a weave upon
And held so close the fabric
Gilts amorphous dimensions brought within reason
Anchored, become different animal

Marrying the visions of mantics

The child by the lake enunciating a new sound in excitement
At each skip of the rock off the frozen surface
Tension holds up such rays penetrating vibrations
Sympathetic to the ear's sensitivity
Reciprocal duet at the nexus.

Kinetic injected activity

Where absolute minimums and maximums coincide and contract
in the sum of actions and the whole of words

Twisting around κρμχαι or Oracles proclaimed

And Αφκεχαι, listening to oracles

The mantic has to be both

While an utterance touches

 Off a chain reaction

 Freeing action

Tongues touch time

 To combine

 Letting go of the self-(same) connecting substance

Dialectic digestive

She has a name,

Disregarding Ge & showing her for what she really is

Blood and decayed body absorbing,

Formless throne of hell-mouths

Many dreams face in(ward) digestion

Through the other

Weather-worn old soul
Silage seeping's full blossomed stench released
As barns in the spring are cleaned out in the Alleghenies
For feeding the lucky beetle and grubs below
For whom the sun is rich in blackness
Whose heat is gentle on the rise.

A little further south unharvested cotton surrounded by winter
snow
Blending whites laced with brown stem and seed
Resides in an open field
of soulful growths
Soiling the hands that make a serious play
Contents cupped and cradled
Clothed in dormancy
Suppressing germination
Raw materials for the moriae
Handled once in time.

III

In preparation for moving beyond
Primal darkness As stars scatter
Isolating space surrounds & opens
The shallows give way to beckoning depths
One to many
Hives filled with nectar of nightshade blossoms
Offering sweetly poisoned sight
In relative danger called upon to open at dusk
No longer nestles but releases constellations
Essence activating all the way down the throat & crown
Caressing and penetrating intrepid glands
Given a rise after-(the)-birth
A few species even consume

Their own

Discarding feeds the scarabs and corpse cleaner worms
The goatskull on the anthill a testament to neglect
Rendering a thorough removal of decay and rot
Evidenced in the clean bleach-white bone remains
Ready for display the less
Learned about the left out
The more they can be

For the love of flying
Ointment of mind
Traveling extensively in quantum leaps and bounds
To otherworldly spaces found for what is not lacking here
An array of ingredients aconite, mandrake, datura,
A heart shaped stone and paleolithic fragments of ancient lives strewn
Between dreams and where things wake
In tune with parallel harmonized spells
Chemically composed witch's lore
Recipes' writ induced intoxications

Decoctions

Where, by nature and happenstance
Certain things fall in the mix
Evading prediction and the rigors of preparation
Rendering them priceless
For instance, the soil of Saint
James Parish in Louisiana
Is the only place perique grows,
Here the Choctaw grew and pressed this tobacco
In wooden presses made of stumps
An isolate procedure resonant with the land

Wood always needs splitting
Swing that maul!
Release that tension!

With a distinct pop
Properly cured, logs emit
 When struck, cloven
 On the ground a gathering
 Shards showing impact's spectrum
 (in a fractured / fractal view)
 How it all goes down on contact
 Arrangements
Ir-reproducible relationships soul splinters
Fuse others for life they do & beyond our finite frames.
On our backs, carried, muscle messengers
bone and tissues supporting log

The short wind's remnant cry
With some branches cracking and giving
Winnowed, removing the dead in March,
Snow in the offing
Blossoms under assault
Spring's false start

If the coyotes are gone how will they yowl in my dreams
Descry their cries to a T upon awakening
Another messenger perhaps will span the realms

Roast lamb and fresh baked rye
Reminds us of ancestral foods
Gathered about the darkest of wines
 ,possessing spirits
And company to appreciate consummation

IV

Hiking off-trail offers
 A chance to explore a way from the map in the air

Gaps in the structure, unknowing clouds
Not necessarily clearing the fog
To be in it immersed makes the smokey mountains
Grand old oaks and acorns along with the last rotting leaves
Left over new growth movement provides
With care not to be too reliant on the staff

Agent Invocateur of the forest,
Appalachian(spirit
Knowing when and where a leaf will fall
Before it drops
As in the current issuing forecasts
Late wintry spell staggering the buds
On some red maples, but not all
And the beeches.

By way of an erratic climate
Or Earth abuse perhaps
Till the dis-ease of humanity's shed

Paying a visit to Greybeard Mountain
In the spring of stunted growth
And confused climates
With winter and summer temperatures
alternating & colliding
(until something brings true season conditions in

Noah's approach on wounded knees
Mimicking mine
The falls running hard
Breezes and snowbirds sang light
Bits of harmony

Fleeting air
With chaos of canker worm webs
Erratic silks consuming tree-lives'
Conflict in their canopy

Flames will hide in the sunlight
And the trance that is an entrance
A glance into a cave
A vibrating darkness' drum-head
Steady resonance in swallowing light
Delicate and almost imperceptible
Beat from the dead and all they've left accessible

Acquiring a presence of absent-mindedness
Omission awareness bobs upon pond's surface.

V

The ineffable image that takes breath and speech away
In between the meetings (di/visions)
Where seen & unseen converge
This is the spider
In the box (it could not have made)
By fate
A weave unwoven in focus
 If poor Polyphemus could only tell
 Who's on first, or any of us understood
 Who was on last or no one when the game is over
 & the prevaricators finagle
 Free through a somewhat open door policy
I believe I'm writing out of my mind -field
Making out a spirit through the line
Sometimes,
 (just now Sprout and Alph the twin cats

Sitting opposite each other divided by sliding glass doors
Mirror-like division, open, one goes in and the other goes out,
My hand on the speculum's membrane
I can't control but handle
 allusive truth's
 Leads and pulls

Impish objects of perceptual perversion
Dirt specks, and yesterday's tiny spider that refused to exit my journal
When the lightest brushing killed it and that bothered me
That sometimes with all the effort to preserve there is destruction
However, the violence that saves and preserves is equally bizarre
If stray Miss Kitty up the street hadn't fought our Stevie
And gashed his shoulder
His heart murmur would never have been detected
And so his life was extended by years
Because of a strategically timed altercation
The devil's dues delayed

An attractive array
 Of extraneous parts
 & all those never gathered and assembled into poems

The first raindrop that hits the forearm and darkens the fabric
Isolated pressure of note of the storm to come
And descends in sheets
Multitudes of droplets watering the forest for the trees
Growth, feeding all
The significance come around
Throughout all the tailings of mica flakes'
See-through micro-fine transparency
Below Mount Celo, and Deep Gap
But in the wind the particles sparkle reflecting
Sunlight to see by
Maya ever-present
All ways in exterior allusions

Receptors seek food

Things [animate and otherwise] bleed

Memories

Such as walking mindless

(dead in living shoes)

Occupied and moving meter

Zombified in degrees

Awakening

Servitors in awareness

Once in a while allowing

To be lowered on a line

(on a box into Amenta)

Virgil himself was thought a necromancer

But really only bringing dead parts

Of readers back to life by tagging

Some along in the descent & emergence

Re-birthed in verse

Giving expanded berth to extended vibration

Power in place-
ment poem

Elicits remembering

Such as the mating spiders of late spring

Multiplying in the house

Magick built

These emissaries, (a jumping black one just landed on my right calf)

A sign mounting a moment's

Movement about psychic terrain

Resting primarily on automatic

Absorption into the One-All

The longer the departure

The more appearances go on disturbed,

Clutter increases & the opposite of neglect gains traction

Confounding on another in appearance

Confusing in the dark Id(eogram's

Desire sending messages of the body

Just carefully watch cats and learn their syntactics

The diction of their bodies

Combine the heat of 2 desires for a 3rd to arise

Configures these elements of the aether's envelope

Waiting for their condensation.

When it's time and something else is ready

For new sustenance moves

Matter formed in the process

The preparation has a recipe, but what comes first is the question

Exuding from steeping, brazing surfaces

Supplement for lively appetites

Metabole of the stellar light

Eternal breath of the star's abode

Membranous fascinations occurring everywhere

Molecular rites of passage

Elevate in the organic body

Plies for more shares (transfer

Code

Emotion

Tools

Banded emanations of an essence

Back of our dark moon keeping time — outs

A way

Linking actions with words is unavoidable

Listening to shadows of sound in a sensation
The first I recalled in the heart
from the bass drum of a marching band
Heading west on main street
The beat pounded from the inside out.

(A branch breaks
 just missed me by inches
 And gouged a deck floor board
 gave pause, concern
Seen in the nervous skink's eyes
Saying death will come
To those who move too slow or can't adapt
To floods there's no stopping
Fires no quenching
anguish imparts

Nature's full fury beheld
Is a piece fit in power's puzzle
& how to extract good from it
Without loss of life is a riddle aside

Agitated Depths
Reverberate in aberrant behavior
Spontaneous disrespectful procedures
From painful thoughts to violent protestations

A remote still darkness governs the ocean's floors
Greatest depths unknown, mysterious
Parts of being summoned

These skies taken over by storm winds

A clarion in an aer, a strain unleashed
Remains possessed in certain strata eternally
In their kingdom of gales
Releasing their burden on our ears

An upper-level disturbance as they say
Never fully comprehended
Without a mantic in tow
Saw the snake swept by a hawk
Understood food as possession's
Intake,
 redistribution's wake

Dictates a way of life & death for survival
So straightforward
But left to starve
We will consume our own organs
Especially on a hunger strike
Has had the best of us steal,
Rent bodies,
Or whatever it takes
 And she takes it all in our surviving

A store of treasured housing for images
In the basal ganglia bread-box
Kept alone too long goes stale
Stored for the right moment,
Then put to use—a prize
The lode comes to be known when we see
A word in the flesh that's magick
Translated as it's handed over again and again
Over its eternal life-long exchange extra mission
Dunsany said the God's had become drowsy

A child's secret hiding place
The cubbyhole in the hedgerow
Is where it all began
No one else should know
The response was make-believe
Breath hangs on to this vehicle's
Running fumes
Sweet yama's exhalations

Ley line over line till they meet
Overlapping,
 Absolute,
 & Incomplete extensions
Rays extended from their meeting point
And all the others about
Forming infinite crossings
 Dual existence,
 Dueling lines

As the crow flies and ravens disperse
They have been known to mount their own
Committing necrophilic acts
To dominate
 Their dead
Because that which cannot eternal lie
 Exposed in particulars
 Can spawn some truth
 At times outside immediate circles
 Within their continuum,
 A body,
 A mass(ing),
 Routes

Or a maze meant for wandering
Once you're in

Are you really in for good
Or does it all wind up bound by the senses
The possible made an anchor by eyes,
Thoughts

Bruno Schultz's *azure eye'd animator* suggests more
Building on breath for starters

The yoke

A body

Replacing water from a spring

Breath vaporizes

A voice moved
Among the branches
But it was only dew-drops
Or a violent storm closing in
Shares as much

Uncertain

Minutiae of the grid resonating

An inner vocalization

When aligned with speech

Spheres of love

Strife,

Unknowing all ways

VII

Listen to a listener

Make then break silence

An osprey suspended in purpose

Hovering

above the French Broad River

A wing beat changes

In an onrush of accelerated air through feathers

Diving

Underwater seizing prey on the fin

A body responds or it doesn't
And dies

Then the left-overs's decomposition
Act where all microbes are lovers
& jesters saddle up their beetles

What on earth is awareness
The hawk answers by still hunting
The kill makes it possible to continue
Aware wares surplus
Placates desire with satisfying morsels

Rather, it lies somewhere
Between thought and action
An acorn prior to descent
Right before it's released from the branch
Without a word to describe
This necessarily self severing
Juncture where anything may happen
And it does

Respire and secrete events from its spawn

The eye follows
A procession of ants takes it along for a ride

In the layering spaces
Suspending with insulating airs
(Where the old French aire—is a threshing floor)
Between belief and the rational
Conclusion feels right
Instead of challenging comfort
Where the cold wind moves
Winnowing skepticisms

Chaff feeders staring at their screens constantly
Whereas the seers sit
Still in darkness

Absorbing silence

Why naught unravels
The mystery of the bee's hive dance
That's not just jitter-bugging for food-
Sourced directions

It may

Emancipate associations
From their layering place
Taking their code away on an analytic ride
Since the senses should make sense
Shouldn't they

Without seeing

Felt associations

Make up made men

Their phantasms may change

But the grounds remain solid

No matter what dies on top

Settlements

Sentiments

Sediments

Departed Demeter's corn stalk

Sign post that she is chthonios too

Recycling the left-overs of life

Up into her sprouts,

Beans

And other hearty sustaining providers

Imparting impulse in synapses

Through salts of remains,

Sulfur of souls

Fine fibrous hair-like extensions

From eating ancestral lines.



Colophon:

Printed on a warm day in early February. The crocus push against the leaf cover five weeks before their time. There is yet a hard frost and a heavy snow to come.

The illustration “Gathering saffron” is from a Minoan fresco, Santorini, the Aegean Sea. The name crocus is derived from the Greek κρόκος (krokos). The spice saffron is obtained from the stigmas of *Crocus sativus*. — wikipedia

Type: Palatino is named after Giambattista Palatino, 16th century master of calligraphy. The online site Linotype says that it is “one of a very few designs that yielded fonts in every major type technology, starting with hand-set foundry type in 1950, adapted to Linotype’s mechanized line-casting equipment soon thereafter, and on through various revolutions of photo-set and digital type.” It’s adaptable. As we strive to be. —BullHead Books 2019