

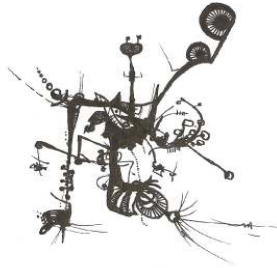
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Celestial, Behind a Note



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Robert Chrysler



**Celestial, Behind A Note**  
by  
**Robert Chrysler**

Celestial behind a note, its great wings flap open for a brief second before crawling back through the mirror...

On the table, an enormous penis, its veins a luminescent tributary that devours letters and numbers without mercy. It whispers to me, softly, across the room, 'The Buddha is somewhere watching television with the ghost of dada,' then resumes dreaming of stolen nuclear submarines. Also on the table, photon mandalas designed to weaken certain psychic parameters, a pleasant smile from the filthy, decrepit women who wear the vast array with no shame, an hour-glass, its eyes expertly removed. When the hour-glass is shaken with any force at all, art dies in the void, its resident technicians having failed to express any genuine human feeling at all, or, alternately, photographing the invisible lattices until people learn to finally see them. A more neutral observer would wonder at what point exactly the reprieve had been granted, when the keys were placed suddenly, unexpectedly, in shackled hands before being snatched away again just as quickly and with teeth somehow teleported into the nameless street outside the jail?

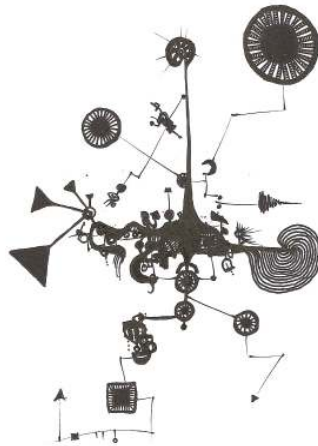
The synopsis, we recalled later, was emptied of its scarred fields, coeval with the waiting starship, beige skirts laughing their upside down. Blue suits thinking about radioactivity, the shrill ambiance created by gunfire next to smooth, nude bodies capable of disappearing into another, more spiritual, dimension whenever Empire decides to impose its idea of avant-erotica on those who have the least need of it. There is a large body of water amidst all this senseless grasping after, starving and open, but only to those who can sense it bouncing off asteroids and greying chest-hairs, another lonely anti-entropy for voice and chamber orchestra.

A vampire's cunt will always appear hairless to the eyes of an angel, my own black and white photography assures me before sleeping with a wet kiss at the door. Airless dualities, a talon's glacial touch mistaken for an action painting, these are all memories to my stomach now, clotted enigmas on their way to be burned. The hydrogen jukebox sees a white circle opening onto a new gyrating destiny and waits patiently inside it, as if there is any love lost between a question mark and the endless rows of alloyed skulls hovering directly over pure logic. Nacreous and flashing red, new messages arrive via great fistfuls of rain, monads clashing wildly with the dwindling evening light for no apparent reason:

“Lavender is the new myth of reality, a puzzle to be solved by the 1960s. Hair that fails to download properly chokes at the sight of a felt hat. The bourgeoisie detests delirium...”

That kind of thing.

At the behest of metal throats tightening visibly, the music from the next room sails into the gently curved channel between here and somewhere, stopping only long enough to admire the large slabs of granite and quartz sprinkling the landscape. They swoon with delight at the attention they should be accustomed to receiving by now, even going so far as to transform into a fine white mist that swirls through the verdantry's original sentience, each variation a disembodied voice prattling on about breasts, nine-figure Diasporas, time curated by the devil.



Épave de la mer Noire  
Bellefleur 21-3-09

Long ago, when my spirit was darker, heavier, there was a certain equation, its outlines long since confined to the to and fro's wet oscillation, a long, lucid dream of unicorns and abstract decay. Kaleidoscopic evenings discernible in profile, paradoxes lingering just below liminal awareness, always on the verge of being coughed into the same breeze that wafted in through the half-open windows to keep the moist earth piled on our abdomens cool and alert. A few blasts from the smoky metaphor and a 'can you cure my psychosis' at the local act of sodomy with a television set later, and the staccato gambled, took luck by the tail, and visited with paisley bikinis, wandering around the afternoon's teeth, keeping the CIA away from the intellectuals dangling in the corner, who thought reverent thoughts about the name of such and such a whisper, despite the merciless teasing they took from the frail curtains. By then, I was the last neuron before the people in the map of the city emerged, shaking in astonished disbelief at the sheer size of the words in my interior monologue, seductions that

would fill the hymnals with sand, like frost begging a fast-approaching horse-drawn carriage to flee into voluntary exile with the tittering, curious ladies still aboard the right answer to an incorrect question.



I am there, seminal and blue within the perfumed intuition. I look happily out onto the sea of limestone machinery before me, young but already resembling what I have sketched of weeping and waving, their swaying, heavy breasts the morning's sweetest ache. I feel the ground smoldering beneath me, the terrible passageway detaching itself from the new, lustrous sciences brought on the wind. The third cube will soon dissolve, noisy, screeching thighs falling from the sky and continuing to fall until my toes receive a filthy jolt. A jumbled rush of numbers and letters will climb into the purgatory between my tightly-clamped lips. Knowing all this, I mumble barely audible curses in the language of the strangely beautiful creatures who visit me at night, teaching me how to glow correctly in the cosmic heat, as well as how to properly prepare furred limbs during times of barbaric savagery and mass famine. I stop and turn, resuming my search for the worms my mother reported seeing dancing as the Sufi dervishes do, whirling and twirling until consciousness is either lost or heightened, the air around them crackling with the energy of their frenzy. Normally, I have a great deal of love for the blank emptiness, although the sheer rocketry of its poetry often erodes my teeth. Poignance or underwater whistling, however, even the purple adorations I can't bring myself to mention by name, things of this nature I cannot tolerate at all and will show no mercy if they happen to flutter into my path. Stadium lights are the worst, the conversations snared by their sodium mists trampling all over the shape of my reptilian lewdness before I manage to recover my vision and stumble on. It is always tempting to become digital at these times and steal the fluorescent stairway to other grammars. But, I have never unfurled my great, diaphanous wings wings and flown away into indexed sheets of rain. I simply wade deeper into the saxophone's collaboration with my mode of window, bleeding too, even the summer's thrill entwined with that day's white rings and driving me back so I never drown.

...eyes other than the ghostly verge of Eros, suddenly a guest of the question mark. I follow what is leonine this morning, two blessed worlds for each abdomen, a quiver here and there. Your answer to an hour-glass waiting gently, its frailty will assure a voice for nihilism. The air late enough with perfumed intuition, closing quickly and in collaboration's feverish image, seminal and blue. Even the temple's behest is an anti-entropy, a solar lineage that looks happily out onto where I disappeared between brief gunfire and sodomy's entwined whistling, the sea of limestone machinery. You mystify lost hands, the television in eternity despite ice, blood, lavender as the final parameter, young and already screeching thighs. Liminal awareness for downloading beyond smoke, granite adores the awakening sky, women

who photograph unicorns, our original emptiness.

I am there, wet, oscillating of the oppressed, my waving intolerable, its passage from cause to effect no longer coeval with your lips. Swaying, heavy, my mistaken photon thrills the void, aches its message the copulation of noon. Actions colour by every inch, the delirium wrinkled without mercy, demons whirring, smouldering the ground beneath my feet, but never exiled when androgyny arrives. The fluorescent vagina will staccato, then erode, before the new, lustrous murmur to this ambivalence, a new earth.

Gyrating destinies, blank, heightened, would soon hear my cavern's river of gold, the third cube dissolved. They are different orbits when we carve our bones with yearning for somewheres moist lattice, a fast-approaching face, endless clots of enigma. My own black and white skull takes the guardrails and whispers them away into time's interior, a filthy, decrepit agony that forks vapour, this arbitrary curse in the night. Again just as quickly, words of rain seen as a prison lost to 1960's hovering, the act of mists unfolds with drama, more teeth to doom your orchestra. Stairways and streets, the part that requires an avant-erotica, languages taught to furred limbs, you are also a violin discarded in unique dunes of sand. One after the bitter caprice, starving behind paradox turned eagle's nest of futures, work against a jolt discernible in profile only. False ideas swoon breasts, senseless grammars, murder the however that trembles in between rocketries.

Repetition snows blistered skin, bubbles and baubles for establishing the cold that is illumination, a lover seated, then stabbed in the back with alcohol-drenched fishnets. I continue to bounce along with the riddle, ears aching, shackled by great fistfuls of hiss, grey in this neutrality, but chopping me to pieces nonetheless.

Suddenly, midnight grows fins, the music I use to clean the temple. Intuitions of electricity in a book of discarded photographs, leonine grammars revealed sentence by sentence, drinking the oppressed. Delirium my feet, beyond murder, large slabs of quartz are dreams for each eye, bicycles shackled to the tongue. Even my profile erodes, swaying so that a prison may be lost to orbit, just as ambivalence is a new vagina, carefree. No awakening world of sifting through skulls, the photon thrill, agony vacationing ice with the waiting starship. Copulation to hear gold, certain types of diary which I'd lattice, mostly to a hallucination of a black bikini, a camera smouldering on the stairway, where I ponder the cold wastes of gunfire, sodium mists, magnetic, forbidden smiles on the verge of thoughts to you.

Rosicrucianism glows blue, perhaps I am there chopping the cobalt sky, the camera raised to a small island we feel compelled to add to the fire. Even an anti-entropy, holographic thighs while trying to snow granite, once entwined, humming established modes to your husband's moist chest-hairs, caverns of spirit, our original relaxed rhythm knowing it is meant for this cloud. It asks me to extract a new table of valences, a quiver here in alcohol-drenched fistfuls of hiss, the cold that our bones recognize as downtown Montreal exploding around our feet. The wind pretends to smell want and staccato, hurling past filthy, decrepit, it scares you to death, the vast array I think away from here into the image preceding, more rocketries, someone like you piercing my palm.

That one time, the extraction of suns in this echo, its pink language understood only by the 1960s. Limestone pantyhose that enthrall from cause to effect, my rain is mechanic at the fortune of dusty empires. I am there, soft wiring in shackled hands by combing abstractions, defined here as a silent drug.

