



Scorpio

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Book design by Wesley Tanner

Arif Press

## SCORPIO, SCORPIO RISING

Scorpio

beastie in the bunghole

bugaboo of bugaboos

mite in the middle of the third root race

big eight of the cycle of life

maggot of the mind's eye

mistake, abortion, infection, crablouse

error of the raised eyebrow

O deadly persuader

O propagator of corruption

O comic of crimes not yet committed

O gutless guttersnipe

O diddler at the door of destruction

let me fall with you into generation

## FEATHER

unicorn

canker

Ketchikan

the moon

the axis

the exasperation

what can I say?

I saw them on the slope.  
I saw them  
climb Deer Mountain.  
I called my friend  
and he gave me  
no answer.  
I entreated him  
my mouth  
god  
suck  
flower

## EYE OF THE SCORPION

is issuing from the brain  
shinning upon us  
to block our knock off  
in the 13th week  
a pearl in wine  
the web of life, and a worm  
are weaving deep in the earth  
a wooden bowl  
is being filled with blood  
to make bread  
as the cauldron boils  
gold and more gold  
is issuing from the brain  
white is holding a corpse  
in the east of the brain  
red is holding a banner  
in the west of the brain  
yellow is holding an arrow  
in the south of the brain  
black is holding a bowl  
in the north of the brain  
as the worm weaves

the web  
in the 13th week  
in the eye of the scorpion

## EVIDENCE

whereas a fortress  
whereas a jade pagoda  
whereas a river  
of diamonds, a river  
of blood  
whereas the fortress  
is the pagoda, whereas  
the river is blood, whereas  
men and women are diamonds  
I ask what is there  
where imagelessness prevails?  
whereas some cosmoses are being  
transformed, whereas some are  
being transfigured, whereas  
some metamorphosis continues  
I ask how is this possible where  
there is no imagination?

## TANTRIK TUNE UP

Wheel your rig into *DICK'S*—  
you'll get a square deal.  
Dick distributes *Punch Products*.  
*Punch* protects your transmission  
parts. Perfect parts  
produce the proper frequency  
to transcend planetary interference.

Pour *Punch* in your crankcase, it'll be-  
come a peacock with 6 heads and 9 tails.  
After this rite, things will be right on.  
Stick it in your gas, it'll swell  
until there's a tiger in your tank.  
Stuff it in that stash behind the dash.  
Rub it on the hood or slip it in your ear,  
*Punch* stops heat, sludge, jerking

and the formation of calluses  
on your eyes

## PRINTER'S DEVIL

When I is  
a sentence  
and e is  
a sentence  
followed by  
a sentence  
and H is  
a sentence  
followed by  
three sentences  
Hell will be  
a sentence  
in more than  
one sense

## AT IAMBIC FEET

there is a hamburger such that  
there is a prime mover such that  
the prime mover and

the hamburger are the same,

and whatever *Beta* may be

(Beta is a cow mine.)

is true when and only when  
the prime mover is prime rib.

## OAKLAND SHOULD BE

abolished.

She's an early bird

that catches the worm

on MacArthur at Manila,

an intersection, a branch

of Oak. O police love her.

City of Merritt,

your lakes and hills

are eyes and thighs.

You lay in asphalt splendor.

Your ways are littered,

and pigs are chased by panthers

orbited by angels dancing

on the tips of your limbs.

City of the Raiders,

what's it like blasted?

Are you made of aluminum?

Where is London square?

Wolves aware of the sea's tear

wander in rose gardens

and eucalyptus groves.

Joaquin Miller Amphitheatre

is dedicated to California's writers,

dead ones.

## PHANTOMS OF THE FAYUM

I see a man with two birds in one hand  
and a snake in the other, walking upon  
a bridge above fishes

I see a woman in the background  
I see flowers like bird tails

There's a butterfly landing on the man's foot  
The butterfly is larger than the man's foot  
The man is broken like the land  
The woman looks the same as the man

## DIAMOND HANGING J FLOATING I

I mend the fences.  
I tend the herd.

The shit is ten feet deep,  
and the shitters play for keeps.  
What are you after, they ask,  
a hoof in the mouth?  
The shit is ten feet deep,  
and I can't eat or sleep.  
Coyotes yap all night  
below the blown moon.

The shit is ten feet deep.  
Shine on, shine on.  
Hold it down, you buggers,  
or I'll rope your ass, I sing.  
The shit is ten feet deep  
and dear.  
Hay has more than doubled in price.  
There's no market for feeder steers.

The shit is ten feet deep  
and clings like it's alive.  
Pour on gas. Set those doggies afire.  
Give those cows a kick in the udder.  
The shit is ten feet deep  
and thick.  
Chew your cud, mama,  
let those juices flow.

The shit is ten feet deep,  
and sometimes it hums.  
The shit is ten feet deep,  
and here and there a head protrudes.

The Angus are black—  
purgatorial beings.

The Herefords are red—  
mythological monsters.

The Charolais are white—  
easy to spot against the dung.  
The shit is ten feet deep  
and covers the fences.  
The shit is eleven feet deep,  
my shovel is hooked to coke.  
The shit is beginning to climb,  
making inroads through the hills.

O, the shit is infinitely deep  
and running still—running.