

“Bear In A Labyrinth”

Welcome to the great whirling life festival.  
Don't be afraid to think, don't fear saying.  
You cannot escape the carnal carnival  
the bear within – the bear without.

Our violence advances with science, our morbidity  
a sweet tipped tongue tasting every novel snowflake.  
There is a grotesque capital for every action  
a shamanic economy for each mood. Listen. Don't be prude.

There are people in cages for acting on your thoughts  
there are people poked, prodded, stripped-de-sanctified  
for money and Foucault's psycho-pharmaceutical complex  
your taxes – are deep red lashes, on an individual who dreams.

Makeup, cosmetics, hide scars in our aesthetics  
yet wolves and tigers wear theirs proudly, they piss openly.  
Our consciousness is the classification/accentuation  
the zoo and sacrificial altar to scry mirrors.

Bubble upon social bubble a universe, a self-risk  
do you want safety and freedom, or slavery  
authoritarian hyper green slime monopoly  
steroid cameras, second class citizens, invasive panoply.

Will you watch as a voyeur while your  
Van Gogh garden freedoms – the First Amendment  
and Fourteenth Amendment are ravaged?  
What government is charged with domestication  
of our spirit? NONE!

Bear within, bear without  
Don't forget to tangle with your beast  
remember to kiss love's honey suckle lips  
grab time by the hips dancing on Freudian slips  
Lex Talionis – Law of tooth and claw, base lead to gold.

I want to disturb and perturb you  
bite inspiration into your flesh – I am the bear  
you must weather your fears like Leonardo DiCaprio  
you must initiate yourself into the grizzly cult.

The bear sniffs your quivering legs with primeval nostrils  
it-he, they, them, her-notes your shame, foreign to the bear.  
You and your pathology.  
Like a shroom séance cinematographer it smells as a seer.

Sex, sex, sex – man is a sovereign being  
woman is a sovereign being – shame again...  
further scents of prudish puritanical notes  
pedagogy.

A woman's body is "her" body, she is  
her own goddess – equal to man.  
Are we too shameful to repeat these mantras?  
Do you shiver on sanguine nights feeling  
the bear's fur on your inner thighs?

Our insatiable call to the wild.  
Each of us camps (a star under stars) in the  
underground forest, each of us peers into  
the multiverse where knowledge is androgynous.

A lair perfumed with pine cones and seedy,  
seedy burial dirt...dig in the dirt  
it is commonly complex – it rests, retires, and grows  
not just a dirt for dirty criminals and prisoners  
it's all over your hands, in your secret zoos.

Bear within, bear without – in you.  
The Minotaur, sacred infernal corridors  
“Bear in a Labyrinth.”