

“Dying to Love Art”

Beauty dazzles the dull dust fatality of Life
beauty in form-formless beauty, the excessive Tantra
elevated, invoked, experienced in mystic dream metaphors
the infinite words, interchangeable-doors—the Titan-ART.

Merely working isn't delicious or magical-it's tactically fragile
as we approach Shakespeare's undiscovered country
refugees from a “life” of ER rooms, unnatural tech light and
wilted transactional roses, constructed poses-without eyes.

There's places, a place, a state-of being, seeing, doing
in tumultuous spasms of imagination, a divine fascination
a bender called ART-high heart, highbrow, high octave light
overflowing moments in a stroke—of luck, brain bleeding,
interdimensionally learn to fight.

On the most vertical throne healing or in pain
that spiritual alchemy ART waits like subtle slivers
cosmic quivers-traumas thorn, a nurse's honey lips
a bright meaningful bandage, a discovery ceremony
wrapped in enigma.

There is more ART in love and desire than is real
ART like love is unreal because it is sacred excessive
average day transgressive, ART is “too” real “too” possible
a colossal-sanguine, sentient, cerebral, socio experimental
limitless here is fundamental.

Tangled in debate where your essence goes, what can you
leave...many worlds, novelty people aura, a tripper's
log I believe, crystalized like blazing Moldavite
in a Mephistopheles fall
only a rising flash paradox answering ART's call.

Have you really faced the gorgeous insanity of your desires?
How intense do you mire-a swine swallowing pearls
a divine wind swallowing wine-the universe unlocking secrets
curling its toes, piano playing nodes...it explodes-deity nectar.

Primordial gods, poetic riddles, adventurous fetish
inspiring days, the out of body, the festive emanation
all ART's domain manifestation-pen or paint, willed
consciousness is feverish, divergent, unglued taboo.

Listen for a moment everybody-how will you convey
the diamond question mark, everything felt
infatuated chords at play, what is a song?
What is a poem or movie-the half filmed memory
in your mind.

Your secret friend is ART, your secret Love
mystical impossible pouring out star essence
remaining, enduring, vibrating artistic presence
like your best reflection even in its sorrow
a bedside inner-self guide, hospice friend, immortal tomorrow.

These words, these pictures, these encapsulated gems
how can I break through the other side from no pulse
creating to show total death is false
as I haunt caressed book spines, paper lines, seer like cinema.

I'll tell you that this ART will kiss the ashes
of your past, awakening golden zeal of your soul
because ART speaks through every belief
like life speaks to those dear whispers in death.

We here who gather around the bonfire of building beyond
water color baroque, poet shaman
bigger oceans
surpassing common, formed ponds.

Feel—feel like crimson fire, face the canvass
bring that to your relationships, your state halls
bring it in your bedrooms, your wee hour inventions
summon and embody your aspiration above mountains.

I'll leave you now as I'll leave you later
poetry and prose over flowing Bacchanalia,
a Dionysian dance over death, the loss “into” cross-
pollination. Spring desire, autumn aura fire sign
in winter cold, as interdimensional last breath start.

Endless manifestations, endless gratification
where each malady, obsession, despairing confession
each folly, each mistake, each omnipotent fling
sets about-“Dying to Love Art.”