

## Wilderness House Literary Review 6/3

*D.C. Lynn*  
**Abraxis**

The curséd lavatory faucet of my tiny Pimlico bedsit leaks with impunity  
into  
a stained porcelain's dead of night collective  
each tiny drop resonating midst the slash-and-burn ashes of 4 am grey  
matter  
each diminutive splatter rendering a new definition to the adage  
'the big one over Nagasaki'

It drips without compunction  
without remorse  
into the freezing darkness of overvalued Sterling  
dropping Nico's velvet knickers beyond the pale of sanctification  
dropping Coleridge's Kubla Khan bill collectors with a .44 magnum Dirty  
Harry anecdote  
dropping the whip on 96 tears of Andy Warhol's sweet bleeding Jesus 'til  
Severin  
gnaws the painless fur of  
political correctness

Close to dawn it drips the Gifts of the Spirit  
dropping its newly discovered prosodic weapon of mass destruction  
zapping the fowl of the air and the fishes of the sea  
with visions of their own ultimate and inevitable  
extinction

As I finally rise to try and remedy the end line catastrophe  
my alarm clock  
screams  
whilst all across Southwest London  
the cod and the haddock  
the crow and the sparrow  
curse the souls of men in tongues beyond  
interpretation

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### The Temptation of Ben-Sira

Come to the land of the free;  
home of the intrepid.  
Where only ink stains bleed.  
Where forgotten image rule and unfeigned legions of catamount  
keep the crags and quarries up-to-snuff in the sandless deserts  
of the Scythian maidens.

Ford the Jordan.

Tread the soil of martyrs where the sick are healed and the dead  
are raised-up from empty cenotaphs  
swept-out every other Thursday by the sundry tongues of men and angels.  
It's just across the river and into the trees of darkness  
where children lead the fathers of men.  
There are no utility bills to pay, tit-less divas rant for free  
and alcoholic novelists never shoot themselves in the head over a proper pint  
or a weekend revival.

Cross over Kidron.

Feel the trickle of anguish round the ankles.  
Suffer the unrepentant mud of relentless desire between the toes.  
Step-up.  
Mount the bank of unbridled sweat-blood derision.  
Savor the cornucopia of the lash, the nails of plenty.  
Talk trash with Severin as they roll the stone away.

Damn the torpedoes!

Cross your paltry little Rubicon.  
Cry havoc and let loose the oh so symbiotic tick-riddled dogs  
on shaved-smooth warlord questing beasts which  
croon un-couched to Pat Boone standards on pristine eight-track tapes;  
canine mud-stick wanna-be's long since thawed-out,  
long since waylaid down on Highway 61  
long since buttonholed

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for a ten minute Camelot tickle  
with a nickel-dime cybersex whore.

Drink the burnt-corn liquor  
'til the vestal virgins run amuck 'midst Bowery streets and alleyways  
whipping the feral calicoes, tabbies and a Holly Golightly or two  
with impunity's jaded cattle prod  
crying "shit-man, fuck-man pooh"  
as they herd the poor  
beasts and bitches  
onto the last Staten Island ferry.

Come to the land of dreams and visions. The grapes are ripe and 'aplenty.  
Canaan can but weep in envy and to love is but to touch the face of Ēl.

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### Bukowski and the Beloit Poetry Journal at Midnight

I am a very light sleeper.

I have to get-up out of bed sometimes  
in the middle of the night  
and turn-on the window air conditioner.

It gets noisy outside.

The air conditioner, however, does have a soporific hum to it  
which covers-up  
the vast majority of the clamor outside  
our flat.

My wife and I live an expat existence in which the decibel level  
of ordinary speech patterns is louder than that  
of English.

The locals are also very nocturnal.

It's nothing to hear people chatting  
in the dead of night,  
or a car horn along  
the corniche.

We also live right across the street  
from the Indian Ocean.

At high tide, the sound of the breakers also  
ameliorates the situation  
somewhat.

It's still winter in the Tropics,  
so that means it's cool.

When we have to switch-on the AC for the nocturnal clatter,  
We just cover-up with a blanket and try to get  
some rest.

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Last night, I got-up again at about mid-night to turn-on the AC.  
When I lay-back down again, I thought about  
the exchange of academic blows which ensued  
at Beloit College  
when their literary journal  
first published some of Bukowski's work.  
When it all went down; some serious noise  
too.

The journal went independent after that.  
It's still known to yell and scream  
on occasion.

I listened to the hum of the machine  
and covered-up,  
wondering if BPJ would ever publish any of my stuff.

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### Pashhur and the Yoke of Hananiah

Things get lost "in the night"  
when the darkness sucks-out memories of all that never  
really mattered in the first instance  
and half the vestige silhouette of mislaid recollection  
that awaits round midnight's corner...  
immobile  
paralytic  
unrealized;  
Golgothaic five o'clock shadow which leaves you gasping  
at antiquated end-rhyme and the forbidden knowledge,  
silently screaming for a redeemer...  
for your own personal little bodhisattva  
who has all the sacrificed-at-thirty-something  
rejoinder  
and duty free face-value response unfathomable.  
This is opposed to  
"at night" when the moon is down and the ghost of John Hershey  
resurrects the bomb and the affected equine of gore;  
wild stallions which run amuck  
in the Hiroshimas of the skull,  
burdened with the midrash of contrition's aggadah  
and saddle sores that can't quite amply suffer the wounds of reined submission  
nor the portent lament...  
the midnight keen of Jeremiah's false prophets.  
Either way you awaken just the same...  
awash in the avenues of yesteryear's infinity  
or you rise,  
you just get-up from the ashes to shit  
shower  
and shave the grindstone streets redundant,  
filter the coffee and feed the cat.

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### **The Wine-Dark Waters of R'lyeh**

*(previously published in decomP: a literary magazine)*

There's something that finds me in the middle of the night...a monster, an  
incubus,  
Laestrygones,  
something.

It isn't Cthulhu, although it does seem to live in my own personal  
Point Nemo.

It treads the waters of R'lyeh slumming somewhere  
in the Lost Sea of the Damned  
'til it finds me in the wee hours before dawn,  
and no matter what I do  
and no matter how hard I try,  
I cannot escape.

Sometimes, I try to run but it steadily and mechanically stalks me. I run faster  
but I can hear its  
footsteps  
catching-up, getting closer...  
and then...the sound of its putrid, heavy breathing louder and heavier in its obsession  
to conquer, to overtake  
to ravage...

I can never really see it, I can't quite make-it-out in the darkness - but I feel its presence.  
I just know it's there. I stretch-out my hand and touch its face. The  
revulsion moves me beyond the sum total of fear.

Lately, I just give-up when I hear it approaching. I just fall. I just  
surrender. I just let it sodomize me into the inner-sanctum of pain until the  
deep, cold waters take me.

I was first brutalized while going through puberty. I thought puberty was but  
indeed what it seemed to be...insipid blank verse and chemical nightmare.

Now that I'm in the middle-years of my life, I know different. I know the deal.  
It's the Scylla of darkness; the Charybdis of despair.  
It's the Bataan Death March into total consciousness.  
It's the Trail of Tears awareness that all reality is  
but brief, passing folly  
and that when you really tear it all a part only  
to put it all back together, it means nothing but fear of the forbidden  
knowledge  
leaving only the solace of the cold and empty waves of  
the wine-dark waters of R'lyeh.