

## INVITATION TO AUREALISM

for Linda Larson

rollercoaster flower your lap  
count backwards from 1 to reach you  
extracting truth-cereb from chopped-up theater curtains  
Ah my doms my virgin butchershops

Runaways show my photo to their heart  
she drank the poisoned windshield of sleep  
she rolled on the ocean's tracing-paper a continent spit dancers  
even her shoulders are petty crimes

Because of this the eternity in my left wrist  
is no longer the same as the instant — AU — in my right  
storm through pollen-consciousness  
blue trisms life-seeking yawns

prism-breathing sun's diving-mask ALL YOUR GOLD Au moment  
breaks rivulets from our love, waves them  
The air-raid statues are dolphined in motorcycle-drool

to save your life

I perform mouth-to-mouth arms upon you  
Blind roots memorize by touch all our faces  
Seas surround us and murmur our pores

to save it,

save your asshole's tousle!

Aurealism! Linda!

Those medals-of-honor have tarnished our stars  
But remember the world has no experience at being us  
We have no proof shod in fetuses dew of rock-groups  
No deadmen to unscrew from the light-sockets  
This cornerstone instant  
We lip-read the volcanoes from the distance of my headlong