Macaw & Friends
You’ll eat magpies if you have to as one thousand eyes compress
inside a single sack of bones,
one thousand possibilities, for flies have grown angel flaps
so have various masked insecta whose names we memorize by installing taxonomy software in our brains

Looking for being in reticence of Latin,
    nom de plume:
    ectognatha variorum,

    nom de plume:
    mantis religiosa,

poem’s nom de plume:
    mope or mopeum, a sometime pome.
poem’s axe
’s invitation
’s insulation
’s population
’s palavering
’s stronghold
’s sneakiness
’s furtiveness
’s fuzziness
’s blitheness
’s bereavement
’s moodiness
’s rabidness

mope’s doppelganger is not a shadow or a razor, but a film of light traveling through that strange temporality which will save poems, perhaps even people, or parrots, but not whales or other large mammals, not simple filmy beings, not something that chooses to look & not move, not eyes, & not mouths used only to eat, not language as we know it, already “the-death” fabricates reverse illusion whereby nothing was ever born, both without & within, from the perspective of false gods, Macaw, whose eyes were red before turning white, tells us, in the beginning poem walked up to poem & said:

ih
gh
ji
ipo  nnnn
jipo

in that order & shape for Macaw says you could hear the pause swinging, then poem walked back to poem & said:

kl  zop&   one of them wasn’t equipped to understand this

Net Fragment awoke among the world’s ashes where two sisters were singing, perhaps, Macaw said, they looked exactly alike & might have even been the same person.
When Macaw laid down its crest,
when Macaw’s eyes became white circles,
when his feathers ruptured human eyes,
mope wanted a red feather
mope wanted a white eye

seeing itself in interplanetary dimension of poem & tasked with emitting messages:

lllooo llloo0000 lllll00000

when Macaw presented a skull with shiny letters:

h l k p y t

f a w ow mdjsm rkd

ears rested on the side of the skull

hands moved alongside the skull
for Macaw was thinking about a being who would make mope into poem

first there were sounds
glsmwjfo
then there was a conversation

:jkl? Aodj

:saow. A.dm. amdaprtjpf.aoa&?

quicksilver as poem’s blood
cooling inside a cave when mope began to swear: sfsr7r9udsjffnfrf!!
Macaw’s after-ghost symposium begins with giggling thunderbolts shattering stone tablets
Fortify your intent to whack fractured precursors of words
sikl , for example ilmk , for example kil

as mope is not ideal translator,
if Macaw spreads its glossy wings
if buffy
or if drenched in rainwater its wings sag down

Macaw returns to its primordial setting
whispering at the kimono sleeves of clouds
tapping on memorabilia
stepping lightly on the carpal earth from where mope emerges fungi-fresh
fuchsia marveling millennial stare
in Macaw’s wonderful world of rebelling chicaneries
i.e. letters
Druid inside helm of letter,       crust of tee

the purple scavenger, a shepherd

of Nordic birds

numbering the universe
    subduing its strata with

    a tiny wingspan
    tattooed on eyelid

    pome sees
    eats
    hunts

cacophony for indifferent hominids    spasm of sound

“che-bek”    “che-bek”    “che-bek”    “che-bek”

pome’s home is literatim    though
    its beak stains

    discolored
    red poked

    of clearing
        climbing
            through
                disyllabic
                    bird calls

chiseling nectary dots in i’s plurally singular

wheezy,
    churring
        metallically

A pig-like bird,
    a pome pressed
        into being poem
Macaw stretches its longwinded beak bathing in first congenial silence
   reddish underwing over recumbent fog slithering through grey spaces

between leaves, through capped chilled peaks steaming with pressure, or is it
a million scintillating points in macaw’s sexless chest?
the rumpus of voice distilling thunder from world’s uttering

   Is it mope’s dream or pome’s carrion?
   Or is it poem’s macabre glossary of blue primaries and ricked feathers?
   Macaw’s newlywed spring fosters
   a swelling dream of plants, roots
   and water,

   spelling animal yearning & appetite,
   of splashless moonless rivulets in premonition of porousness,

Pecking palm fruits, halving their husks shaped like tongues, Macaw awaits
a mating call. A dwarf volcano spits ebullient letters simulating hail,
touching the near infinity of the world. Macaw buries its bird artifice
ejaculating on sand,
   bird-ooze of creation,

deviance in salt

   of a

   recumbent L brokenness becoming

   open to touch

   if Macaw bathed in circles, if Macaw decked its nest, the last infamous letter
   remained unrecognized

mope could not see itself in it
   pome could not mate with it
   poem could not lick it

   , Macaw’s chestnut forehead,

yet where were the helping animals?

   the beaver? the muskrat ?