

**Macaw & Friends**



c d e kgj l  
m n o p t u  
v w y r x z

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 :op& 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:  
llloo llllooooo lllllooooo

when Macaw presented a skull with shinny letters :

h l k p y t

f a w ow mdj sm 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. amdadprjtjp.aosd?

quicksilver as poem's blood  
cooling inside a cave when mope began to swear: sfsr7r9udsjffnfirf!!

Macaw's after-ghost symposium begins with giggling thunderbolts shattering stone tablets  
Fortify your intent to whack fractured precursors of words  
sikl , for example ilm , 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 ?