

I have almost forgot the taste of fears,  
The time has been my senses would have cooled  
To hear a night shriek, and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
As life were in't. I have supped full with horrors,  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,  
Cannot once start me.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE  
The Tragedy of Macbeth

i

"Shall we take Murphy to the Gravenyard?"<sup>1 1</sup>

(And let him ply amongst the bones of the Gow of Dunsmore?  
And shall we turn backpages to the normalcy of novena novel?  
Styleso. (And please us no more with dumbdifficult verbotems.)  
Yes? And whatif! And shall we leave then and now to the cryptolo-  
gy of Iad and Iass, and the carnal knowledge of Black Widow Jill?  
Wear well your skin, for that's where we had once left off.)

The spoils of her landscaped dusk hang bleak upon this Venerial  
Spring of an autumn; gnarled mourning cypress trees from whence  
our coffin was born are barren, stiff upon North Wind. post Mortem  
manor tower, with it's unshuttered window vanes, moans to Boreas  
in the glowing gloom. And yet we turn. To where and over-ridge  
upon three werewolves howl and Jill Jack o'lantern now proceed  
in the verily vague direction of Hyperborea Happy Hollow, with  
Morphius aloft.

"Come Murphy dear," sings Jill.  
Come Jack and hold your candle still. And while flame flickers,  
wind moan a moans upon distant gravestones, their glyphs well  
obscured by time. Cryptozoology, what lessons here! Bounstems  
undug, a deying florapatch unviolated.

"He should have died herafter," puzzles Jack.  
There would have been a time for such a word to be found upon  
a Gyant's mount. However faint, look here? 'Here lies one whose

name was writ in water', or is it jest? Another where, 'life is a jest and all things show it, I thought so once and now I know it'. Beware Jack upon these tombstone epigrammatics. Where be placenta fresh and breeding shrubs anew? 'Erin Go Bragh!' this Ossianic Finn to whom it may concern in excelsior. And there, beyond 'Sieg Heil!' and it's whirling cross, we fins a curious Factotum's following: 'Blest Be Y Man Y Spares Thes Stones, And Curst Be He Y Moves MY Bones'. Surely a tyger's hart in an players hyde! And with a second-best bed for the Widow.

"Makers of the world,  
Mothers of men"

(A)

"Now where, Knave Jack? Had you just left the ants their own domain, their tracks we'd find, uncover, bare. And evenso, whichamound upon your favorite Galligantus Gargantua?" *Paul of Moscow (Pah)*

Remaining cryptograms are barren worn and to the last syllable of recorded time. Yet all our yesterdays had lighted fools? Which way to dusty death?

"And where do you suppose now Murphy's fled?" cries Jack. "Aho! Murphy Aho!" Again. But flownfled he did and lost o'lantern to the tar of night. When sudden gust blows out out brief candle! And darkness gloves the void of night.

*to grin at  
Hamlet's  
skull?*

"Let Murphy play among the bones, his walking shadow Hyde now seeks," calms Jill.

A poor player, lie berated one? We'll curse him inturn and evermore when he is disinterred upturns upon which mound whose moan to strut and fret an hour more upon this stage. Tale told an idiot?

"Oh Jack, if only a trace. And then? We would be free of these terrible afterthoughts."

But mystery of mytheries begot the rest autocracy, and left upon wingedwinds us beggars all. Come Jack and draw another shivering imp of light to our becommed call, cast here upon the bedrock of meweirthinks ages, now a wrecking yearn. Wear-well, a next and windless night then! Our shades amorph, desire glows upon the many loves of Jill, paingods of Eve.

"Come Jack and touch," Jill bares a breast by moonlight and reclines upon the white Giant's thigh. A bedside whisper, touch her skin. Now stroke her thigh upon this once-again chameleon night. Upon this mound (a Galligantus then?) love's fumblefound and Spidergods preside beneath their worldweb of Star upon the elementals voiced awind, ingested here. Now webs unspin, her bloody hourglass undo, to trickle dew. Touch eire and part her lips. And bite her glowing heaving brushing breasts. Jack fumble love! upon her undulating giving moist of a mantle; arms enfold, while distant spectral dogs call forth the Man in the Moone to bear upon these shadhoed grounds, his bundled sticks laid bare of burden. Come Jack with sound andfury thrust, again! Her lips are sweating nectar, her giving's never done. And hurry yield, thehourglass will end it's stream.

*Black  
widow  
Jill*

*She brings for the  
Flood water  
Crouched on the  
bunbald top of an  
imminence.  
Skull to be pierced  
by a stake  
or a pin*

(A)

(A)

"Oh Jack, and I thought you a dandy!" mocks his Jill, impatient to the sentence of moment, stirs, and rides her beast, her glowing thighs astride, her yearn and urchin mouth will breaking bone, ingest a Jack.

Jill's heaving sweating singing back well arches fore, her buttocks rub hips raw, her vaginate o'bearded ladylips well grasp this Jack's abloody stump. Drums beat inner heart, bones knock, the sirens wail upon a distant hill of a distant Bald Mountain. And fowlflesh as fish is feathered scaled and torn asunder, blood that's spilt and smeared upon the mound. Preserve Jack, Jill! preserve a nuptial conjunct of sol and Iune, call up no Gyant shades, bleed upon ground, nourish the soil, bring barren trees to their leafyflaffy wake upon this barren Spring of a Gyant's grave. And well Jill heaves up as Jack does rupture spores within her bloodred lips to soak, within her hourglass to tell, and caught.

"Oh Bloody sister take oh take those lips away!" moans Jack.

"Werewell...I never wished him anyway," scorns Jill, and rests to one side, bearing fangs to the Man in the Moone. His shadows now slipped criss and cross over face and thighs. A dismal silence passes, hours lost. Come Jack-a-Tongue come Jill forget regret and look no more upon this halolight of night.

"Was it ininnocence?" fears Jill.

"It will pass."

"But the blood?"

"It was blue."

Jack stumbles off the Gyant's mound, grasps crotch awrithing in his pain. A punch and Judy lost to stumble and fore, past mounds unwritten in their silence, and stare starlocked to horizon's heaven.

"Who?" pleads Jill.

"He points a finger from his starry grave."

"Jack, please, no more!"

"O'er where turnleafs in dawning gales that strip the flesh from bone, and oversea a dawn draws wide...He speaks of rust and peace upon the Iron Age," and wanders further still, "His Globe Theater all expired, obsolete."

"But Jack, we'll see another rise."

"Our wishbone moments all absolved."

"Oh Jack, not yet!"

"Another's hungry for his time with you, and waits to rise upon the blood of Virgin Spring."

"Then what of us?"

"Come sister, see. We'll climb a yonder fence of Cinquering fongs and tour Albion Zoo by platonic moonlight! The beasts will prey upon our fancy, that I'm sure."

*Passion*

*PA*

*See 2/13 dream*

*platonic*