Hot Wax, or Psyche’s Drip

There are places trenched deep enough now in all our hearts for the hot lake of Phlegethon to leak and ooze into: and the rock of their shore is no less hard than in Dante’s time.

(John Ruskin)

Is not the whole of philosophy like writing in honey?
Many honey connoisseurs select this creamy form because it’s so easy to spread.

It’s left a lot of miscellaneous junk stagnating around, and has only a few small active regions, so it’s not at all obvious it will continue indefinitely. After 48 moves it’s been downsized to a probability distribution on the left and a cross-coupled perceptron on the right which, if undisturbed, might grow into a honey farm with four beehives for traffic lights. The wax melts & gentlemen start their engines

in Operation Midnight Climax

on Telegraph Avenue.

Licked envelopes are returned to sender.

Amidst theorems in which punishment was deployed were interspersed axioms devoid of punishment.

Oldest figures of speech revert from the radiant spheres, pausing at Is — to extract Perhaps.

I can think my thoughts but can my thoughts think me & what do they think—if they do—of the debris of my thinking them up one by one or in clumps
as I do?

But what if I were to tell you how that Little Bo’ Penis got the shivers with funky lurking?

Not all of it was erection,
some of it was inspiration

boiled in the Ego of Solids, a zero environs drenched in Lethe, where everything seems like tomorrow again only better than ever and still yesterday!

Meanwhile, parts of what are other than you are sticking out as words,

those Garden of Eden Modesty Leaves, a theatre fitting inside the skin, oh my!

with your solid state charisma detector!

In here, you see, I can even make it with a violin, with a salty stone licked by a cow, with peace & justice & molten metal…

“…keep it simple, stay on course, be enthusiastic:
you are one of a few men of great talent who have an unswerving conviction that you possess

New Revelations
of the
Cellular Pathology
of THERMODYNAMICS & PORNOGRAPHY
— the elastic history of tit for tat is now at hand.”

The old metrical patriarch boasting of spermatorrhea:
“That John Locke has got an Attitude!”
_Slithy from lithe & slimy; chortle from chuckle & snort._

These acts of cupidinous mind-control
the phallic doctor purrs like the ends & the means,
churning away in Tinker Bell’s Hard Drive.

Do you realize how many representations
you’ve stored away in your little nuthouse there?
The high degree of perfection displayed in some of their actions
makes us suspect that

**words do not have free will.**

That there are more wet things than dry things,
more cold things than hot . . . otherwise,
to get human beings to begin to appear
the typist would have to start with a meaningful phrase
— like

“it makes the dungs of philosophy shiver,
it makes the dough of a syllabus rise” —
then retype it

by adding letters at random,
fretfully rubbing
a hole in the head, even while conceding
that the essence of the belief that _bats_ have experience is that there is
something that there does to _love a wall_
in the Something That It’s Like To Be A Bat.
Besides, what if “mere Appearance” is really the soliloquy
of the Home Court Advantage hypothesis?

As surely as many players have found _P to Q4_ a good way
of opening a game of chess, likewise many species have found
“Grow Teeth” to be a good way of opening the **Battle of Life**.

In fact if not act, a human tooth could just as well be
the scale of a fish, the fin of a shark, a buried flowerpot.
Like chocolate bars in subway vending machines
a nerve current visits the shack out on 101
where a virgin mouse is given a urine injection,
and a hormone buzzer deposits each ripening egg
in a nest on reserve at the uterine hotel.

The heart beats before it is even a heart—*punctum saliens*!
Collating any set of characters from the operatic repertoire
with those of any Victorian melodrama
would illustrate The Mating Rule just as well
as the abnormal function of the endocrine pancreas
in genetic & experimentally induced obesity in rodents,
the collective weight of puberty in the little rascals
& their gynecological monomanias educed in the *Bulletin
for the Association for the Study of Internal Secretions*. If you can
squeeze a little pituitary heroism out of it
all the better the best! where the Ego,
that chemical distress, dreams on of “myself”
& the Unconscious—now wasn’t *that* a dustdevil?!
Whatever they feed me, however they fit the nozzle
to the steady gaze of the concept, whichever side of the
similar millions of telegrams, bulletins, super-
scripts & footnotes of sense, instead of this particular
subjective radiation of emotionally expansive colorful settings
multiplied by the *volume of the psychodrama*,
the Mystic Fountain, bubbling and panting,
the universal experimental dune-buggy of all the senses
percolating amours in fashionable distillations
with detailed instructions for watering emotional succulents,
the puddle of elements astir with a bestiary of enigmas,
& the opulence of sight
rustled up in the bow-wow,
poo-poo & heave-ho theories,
with their precise inventory
of detached participles
living in BLISS
with explicit Nouns:
Describe the diagonal
in which you are implied;
double the flames
& arrows in my breast,
for languishing is sweet
& burning’s best.

It always takes two
to tango: one as sand
& one as foam.

And other expulsions of gusty sighs.
For the object is infinite
and in action most simple—a gentle
admonition of pebbles & murmurs, a verdant gurgling
in a squashed pile of nucleating cells purfling the murk—
while memory kneads us from either end or even both,
as æons gone by were a single loaf
& the dough was still moist & a floury dust were about.
For Mother Nature is always first at the Patent Office.
The garden of eden gender modesty leaf is still intact.
That ivy bed is a water museum. The Principle
of Sufficient Indecency (a perfunctory
drizzle in the abyss) cornered her attention span
by force feeding Analogy with bulimia of Images
pouring the water of the Picturesque
into the wine of the Sublime.
Meanwhile, as always, after hours druids are
hosing down the maze of my fuzzy symptoms
and your fuzzy optimal control equations. Hot
diggety for the impeccably self-conscious equilibrium
between oxygen in the earth’s crust & Us, what with our
20.2% carbon, 9.9% hydrogen, and scarcely a drop of
aluminum or silicon, nothing at all like the Real Thing
with its trademark logo gleaming from the bolt
screwed into the side of his head. Taking pains with his pleasures he flunked the test of time. I wouldn’t otherwise ask you to know about “streams of electrons” unquote rolling through compulsion; narrator baffled by a kink in space; its allegedly divinely aggravated landlord starring as The MATERIALIST. Something about hammer & nails & bashful pious glances. Why else would Amor be called “the insensate boy”? His hopes are ice, & glowing his desires. Nothing useful or interesting happens until Heat does makes its descent from hypallage, hyperbaton, synecdoche & catachresis by means of hypercatalectic epedium—or, epigrammatically put, your run-of-the-homespun over-syllabic dirge … so Actaeon Bicuspid Thermador with his thoughts (those dogs) ravished out of himself by so much splendor, gently suffers, patiently burns & constantly perseveres, fearing that its hurt will heal, fire be extinguished, chains be loosened, & not a dog-gone thing he could do about it. Mankind was clearly no longer the delinquent carnal bulletin’s cattle-prod of the universe; being besieged by the most demanding doggerel, its encyclopedic guesswork taken into custody by dogmatism, that masterpiece of Hellenistic spittle. In the hagiographies of the Cynocephalophiles, every good boy deserves a neotenous wolf, a primal unit philosophy wants to come home to on every spore, riding some autoinseminal breeze past concepts dogged by doubt, through daft and dotty dreary drivel designed to drive you to drink, making drowsy dumplings of dull deities during a dyslogistic discourse on duopsony. But whatever the argument was, he didn’t buy it. Sure, it was warm and moist, almost yielding to the mind’s tongue a sweet salty hard soft heavy weightlessness; then in an instant it changed, as cold as the puckered end of
his icy rubber sack of cracked ice attaching special “passions of the clock” to
the waxy imagination the dog always recognizes under the master of the
forms . . . . the chalk cue had been thrown down and smashed, & everywhere
there were tiny footprints. “Spunk, dahlink,
ve tried to kom to you but de force vas not stronk enough”

[mindestens die sprezzura ne qu’on pouvoir]
The voice stopped. Descartes felt a crawling galvanic fear
flow over his scalp. The wiring must’ve broken again.
There was no time to rip it out. And the blood thus entering the heart
passes through the two pouches; and the swollen centrum
pushes open the six little doors; and the naked eye
prunes the cardiac heat, the Quip, daunting
the Muses with their Winde Instruments
that sound by art. Underneath this hill are called organs,
there being a Hole out of which singing & chirping &
moving by force of the Water Pageant a spectre appear’d
whose ancestral vertebrates packed a portion of their
saline environment into Parnassus, wherein the fluids
of the nine Muses truly seep from the highest mammals
down through conjugate parameters of rent & volume,
true steady states, and Moving Equilibria.
The great eurekas that make up our patent
to the title of Civilized Man
are digesting the book in a new edition
of THE HUMAN BODY at this very moment.
One scholiast listed 929 variations
though not all could be performed
by a single couple.
It looks wonderful at first
but when you look again
it’s all gone,
only the smear remains,
only the and or but
— only the poor old dog to its bone.
And so you have heard once again
as though never having heard it before
of the manner in which a man, confined to the sense of touch,
purports to become a beaver, an adverb, or a door.
For my part, I mark the time by taking up again
the book of *Stag Lines: An Anthology of Virile Verse*,
reading once more of The Stag and Eve,
of The Stag Murmurs To His Mate; of Wedlock’s Woe and Weal
or The Stag And The Scarlet Stain. The Convivial Stag,
The Minstrel Stag, The Stag in Merry Mood . . . The Questing
Stag yes, but “The Stag at Sea”?  

These ferocious metaphysics of courtship forlorn
do paralyze the fancy with adamant alarm.

But the Crises here are excellent good.
The midnight door in the daylight house

pries open a toolkit of private parts:
pugnacious opulence magnifies wit,

fondling gluttonous Grief
with lightning Fiats twined in bliss…

A little wind, a small puff, a gentle gale,
a cool blast of ample dribble
condones the brewing Starrs
tossed about in a Cloud
like Doggs in a Blanket.

Just you try to burst Proto-
Plasmic Bubbles like those!

Philosophers have been wrangling
for thousands of years
about Free Will
in the want ads
of *The Cortical Arrow*.
According to the amplifier and the stupefier—not to mention the signifier, congealed in *Unparalled Varieties: Or, the Matchless Actions and Passions of Mankind*—:
—as to wit:

Perspectival Adjustments by the Conceptual Boy
is worth a thousand words, of whom this one is only a fuse.

“Bunkum!” his interlocutor exclaimed.
“There’s only one admissible materialization of these immense outer beings,” as he sank his bulk into the moist trickle of antique ceremony that brought these whopping old nature gods down as foamy strips of tide-sucked seaweed might, as foamy strips of tide-sucked seaweed might . . . fitting the universe into young boys with devoutness (they are weak but he is *Strong*); heated to bubbling over with Priapus’ bawdy doctrines. “Do you have any inkling of how many impulses you’ve tucked away in your little nuthouse there? As if it were as easy as all that, structural coupling with a surrounding medium!

Consider now the infinitesimal size of a nerve cell and you will have some conviction of the number of hands through which your grimy little
message must pass before it is abducted by the semiotic roundhouse where the switchboard Pornometer operates with a simple transmission requirement: that you recognize all the — call them — WONDERS OF NATURE.”

—: “So this is, what did you call it? a public record with private parts?”
—: “Yup, & private parts meaning, and moaning, their odds & their ends.”
—: “But, wonder of wonders and much of a muchness: how does bliss gravitate?”
—: “I said nothing of bliss: it’s this & that, these & those, kernel & husk & fruit of the loom.”
—: “I see what thou mean’st: a lewd promenade
of pumpkins and bushels and juice.”
—: “Indeed, with bleeding hosts & mystic lactations.”
—: “D’you mean, sirrah, to imply the slobbery jaw would feel nothing but a trapezoidal tingling in the foreground of the phantom claw on its ghoulish nocturnal visitations to other parts of the entirely relieved silhouette of the clarinets now canceling out the archaic irritability of the flutes, leaving the bass clarinet — that old retrograde m-m-member of the clan of woodwinds — all alone in the Dark Suppose, puckishly developing the photographs that Nature takes upon her secret plates?”
—: “Not at all! By no means! Notwithstanding the bigger they come the harder they fall, the gigantic bubble of the immensified gesture of the multiplied man doesn’t necessarily have to be splashed all over its own personal past or paste, before it nods off and gets coldcocked by Pluto with the wingnut of each next word that comes to mind.”

In the vocabulary of our scienterrific prognostications:
the stick, sword, candle, syringe, hoe, spade, spur,
the chimney-brush, needle or billiard cue
is entertained in the basin,
basket, lantern, packsaddle,
cooking-pot, cupboard, shell or shoe
& this is called planting or digging,

* If only the wingnut of each next word that came to mind would do to me and mine what them and theirs did to you and your’n!
bending the bow, shooting the arrow,
doing laundry or mending a pot,
polishing armor, sifting flour,
riding & dancing & playing pool,
weaving & scoring, climbing a tree
—or if all else fails: declining verbs
& parsing nouns.

In the views afforded by this optical instrument I saw many extraordinary things I had never observed before. I took notice particularly of a roundish body, obtuse at the end; large, purple, and very fierce; long, robust, and made for leaping, its gratuitous velocity astonishing;

its passion absoringly magnified
in copious ripples, not without swollen neck and bulging eyes, imperiously directing its frenzy at the sinister grotto, where the coordinated nibbling and polishing is about to compound the diabolical coordinates of the sulky splendor burned into its rind, panting and chuckling and neighing, chafing and swishing and blubbing, exposing the wanton spectacle’s foaming extracts
with a swelling legation of suddenness
a slo-mo moneysht vertigo
brimming over with Grin & Bear It

In Wonder’s Little World,
as you were about to repeat if necessary,
even the beat of her heart
is set with expanded leading in larger type.

So I ask you: is not the whole of philosophy like writing with hunger?
By turn epic, moralizing, or humorous, but almost invariably
on pastoral themes, in praise of a benefactor?
We should have to admit further their autocatalysis
for initiating and maintaining metabolism & excretion.
(How do you get meaning without getting blisters;
How do you get honey without a balloon, said Pooh.)

Consciousness isn’t completely by plelely by plelely by chance. Accidental immersions in the human point of view identifies two “black holes” — the subject and the beloved.

When the female gives the male her fluids this is called “The Fierce Recitation.”

So every sugar nucleotide in DNA corresponds to RNA as Roman face type to italic.

Give me your polymers, your proteins, your primeval soup.

Nothing was like this before, and now there’s us!

In the garden of the paradise of the animals, says the wise Solomon in the dialogues of the Kabala with the horse Pegasus, “Whoever creases knowledge increases sorrow.” There are options like take-out dinners all up & down the evolutionary scale, Dorian and Hypodorian both, Lydian, Hypolydian; Phrygian, Hypophrygian; Mixolydian and yes, Virginia, there is a Hypomixolydian in the plagal mode.

All the shapes may be viewed as ‘slices’ of the natural gamut. Bacterial marauders must have left their genetic teethmarks inside our cells. In real organisms like Paris or Wichita Falls bipedal posture preceded swollen heads. Sexual proclivities announced in B-flat “Cherokee” are engorged by diversions of tempo warming up a riff, during which one of the two micronuclei is sent to the partner in exchange for the partner’s life.

Tiny carnal apprehensions glaze the brainstem like sleet. The honey connoisseur has grown accustomed to biological urges as living musical motifs.

The captain is the human will, manning the small helm of reason to pelt back the snipping fret of doggy impulse. So that the heart the mind, the spirit & the soul have joy, pain, cold & weight in their control. The bulk mechanics of aggregates; the detail mechanics of individuals. Predators
& sexual partners: How do you tell them apart?
Come now — things that partake of Genesis and Change?
Is this really psychology
or are you just pretending?
As if it hadn’t been one of those
colossally disorganized cachinating political spectacles
without which humankind cannot bear very much
— how did he put it? — a surgical glove puffed up in my chest,
prophylactic autopsy sporting with a phantom limb
by means of emaciation & pallidness & fainting & shrieking
inhaled through the body into the mumble of attributes.
This is biology’s Purple Prose. Report back to the lab will you,
the clones have started weeping & they’ll have to be drained.
Don’t lurch into somnolence now;
this skittish, scherzo-like section will soon give way
to a dominant chain of trills, for love is not a low,
ignoble, or unworthy motor, but

Who sets his foot

upon the Amorous Snare
Lest he besmear his wings

Just you try and refute
the electrical invasion of the body snatchers by finnegans wake.
The authentic disputes, the pornomimesis
between what art discloses & politics made to pursue
depends on describing its submissions
to the stupefied assent of a reader
drugged with bewitching words. For as you know,
the real is perplexing only in connection with the immensity
of the possible, under the immanent supervision
of the temperature of history. Otherwise known as
Old So & So.

One by one the gradual alibi
spells its name. Art is an optical
drain for the eye. “I am”’s
a voyeur of grammar, but soon after Freud
applied those knockout drops, temptation
was never so ignorant
till death do us part;
“his heart’s so brazen a puppy of Eros
he doesn’t know when to get off”;
we do not yet know if we
were mistaken or are mistaken,
had been—will be—or was—
for somebody else. On the 7th
row the grin disappeared
& only the pawprint remained,
in lightning or in shooting stars,
in drops of seawater, rotten wood, or milking a cow.
Leaking illusions from Newton’s skull:
“a body’s roundness alike as an Orb to Another, plus It,
that’s it! an Orbit! Where is it preserved,
& when does the be-body become round again,
where does the roundness become from? …because of the mechanism
of the be-brain of which, nothing was otherwise ever known
in the intangible domain of the conjugal police
— doing what, you’ll have wondered out loud
to the very chicken of the paradox
of the meltdown of ordinary behavior,
starring Lloyd Byron as the moral record of Plant Life.
Related issues have dealt with the following topics:
Christians in Camp; Pete Goes Home; Marksman Pete;
Pete Meets Gas.
Two other filmstrips—“Introduction to Language” & “Anomalous Bliss”—
extend the presentation in 46 other nouns, 13 verbs, & 12 prepositions.
These presuppositions are designed to coincide
with real men
in the surprisingly short period of eight weeks. Along with
who you are, from who you
wanted to know
how it got that way from:
be
been
going
gong.
A thorough thespian thinks things through.
Ideas are ways of gargling the mind. They thaw
only as long as they modify — only as long as they
You Know the Name Look Up the Number
only as long as they know they exist.

The bottom of the barrel of the heart
is spattered with brooding.
The oodles & oodles of writing in honey
suffer not the pesky bulletin of sense
lest sense be thought.
Sense be thought. My aim was to include
everything I knew I thought about, abstracting it
from everything I thought I knew: the movers
from the shakers . . . an ordained imbalance
of zip & pep . . . the sound of a flute
swollen with stars. I undertook merely to expound
whatever I knew about light. Then, as occasions arose,
I added something about the sun. I affixed the planets.
I blurted out earth. Comets & cosmic debris ensued.
To get human beings to appear through a random mutation of genes
I began with a meaningful phrase, retyped it with a few random errors,
made it longer by adding letters, reordering smaller sequences
into a renaissance of nervous ticks, swelling the proportion
of careworn emanations as in “Socrates is voluble
therefore all men are mortal”; dosed the phrase with morphia,
chloral bromide & chloroform, gave it a punitive shower,
bleached the spoils of rapid evolutionary transit,
plotting the exact distance between upright posture
& starstruck dog to wolf, as man or woman excited by rain is
to the likelihood of monkeys becoming writers
of Elizabethan blank verse: