



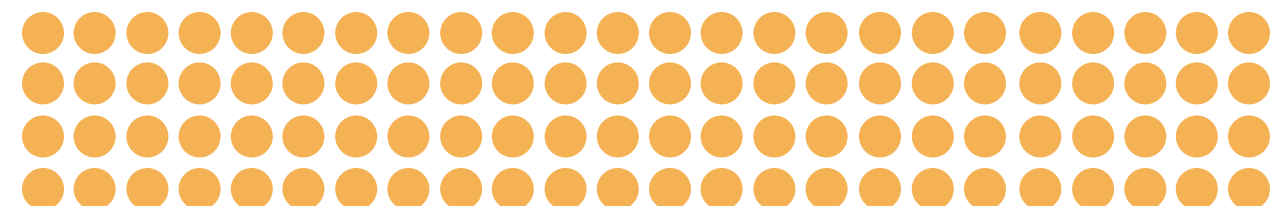
From, *In the Moremorrow*

Oliverio Gironde

Translations, Molly Weigel

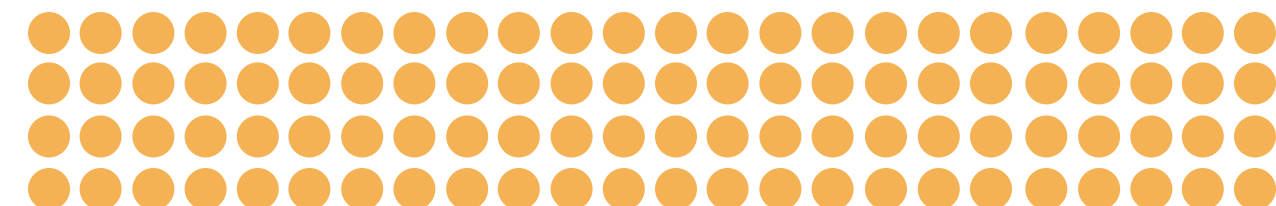
Psychic Roads

Open, house
of gray cephalic lava
and confluences of cumulus memories and cosmic lightbeat
house of wings of night of reef of breaking of moon-spangled spasms
and hypertensive tomtoms of unpresence
cabala abode
calla cove
abracadabra
livid medium in trance under the plaster of her rooms for lodgers the dead cross-dressed in breath
metapsychic house multipregnant with neovoices and aridechoes
of smothered circuits
demonogoddess key that knows death and its compasses its beats
its aphasic drums of gauze
its final flood-gates
and its asphalt



Ariderrantly

I follow
alone
I am deduced
and absorbed in another another drunken barren muck
through neurofrozen courses hours opium stove in
I hound myself
along with so so many other lovely conches erocrazy corollas
among fleeting murders with no memory
and along with so many others other fat crustruding zeros that dumb me
while I follow and am deduced
and am so counterdeduced
from one extreme to another estuary
ariderrantly
without either being still with myself or being an other other



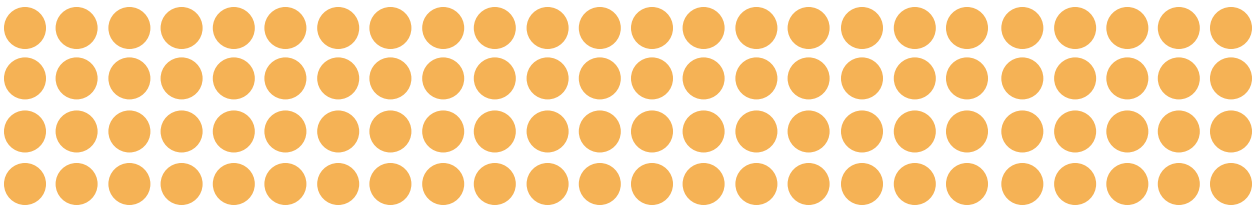
Islands Only of Blood

They will be seers too much nobody
opaque adjacent
origins of the tedium to the drip-drop rhythm
brim I say that they ingest indifference with distinct relish

They are live waste I taste excesses I shiver from the blood

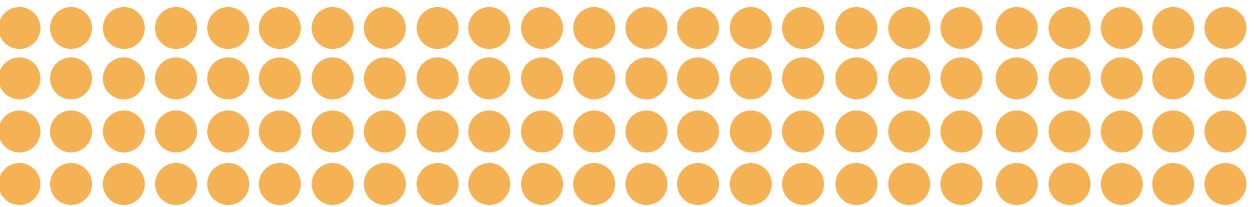
A little a cloudthing between temples of trying
and somewhat much certainly indiscernible skeletoning the air
givens there are alas in collapse toward the last switching track of already grassy parallel
cross-ties
they are death rattles dischords extreme unctions earthly mirages
miracle inthine maggots seemine
near torrent of tears that rows
out of the blood

Their crevices gnawed
slack veins of toughness lunatics in a fever undone quacked up lidless I mumble for my double
they are pedals without waves
intransitive hollows between mother bubbles
faucetsounds I inflict even if it hurts me
islands only of blood



High Night

Of burned vertices
of subsleep of river-beds of preabsence of hurricane-force faces that transmigrate
of complexes of snow of grey blood
of subterranean bursts of rats of invaded beyondfever
with its ailing animal comet tail of libido
its angora satellite
and its branches of shadows and its breath that travels over all the algae of the pulse of the immobile
from another dark sand and another now in the bones
while the stones eat their mold of anesthesia and the fingers are extinguished and flick off their ash
from another fugitive shore and other coasts it flows back to another silence
to other hollow arteries
to another greyness
it flows back
and it makes cuttings of itself
its plaints



Oozings

The watersheds the orbits have lost the earth mirrors arms the dead fastenings
oblivion its unseeing tapir mask
the pleasure the pleasure the river-bed their abortions the smoke each finger
the fluctuating walls where wine roots brow each boulder dawn
their corolla the muscles the weavings the vessels the desire the juices that waiting ferments
bells costs coasts wrongdreamings lodgers
their honeycombs the nubile the meadows the might the manes the rain the pupils
their lantern destiny
but the untouched moon is a lake of breasts that bathe taken by the hand

