A. EFRAIM

IN

# THE HOUR OF RUINS



# PREFACE

As if any of this wasn't already here....

The shattering of a bell will call it upon itself to strike at the invisible hour.

My gestures are neither, nor. They serve merely as a means. I ask the prisoners..... They tell me that in life or death, everything must be merely a means....

I speak of liberation. And not the kind that shimmers across the surface. That is for any self-proclaimed lake that has forgotten the depth of its origins through the ripples of its wake. I speak to you of that which I only begin to hear in a far off distance. Howling at the arms of dusk, as I am gripped by the chest in these hours of sleep....

Let the night split my head open so that it may take a look inside of it and burst a great laughter. Outlining my phantom's pale breath in the fogging mirrors of this flooded cavern. Undoing the corridors and the mimicry of my steps....

But one must learn to stop.

Now, let the following gestures, or attempt to make the slightest gesture, take the form of document.



# V

In the forest of my creation, the trees are black. Their shadows absorb the absent forms of distance

> My respiration: plural, word; plural moral; plural

In the forest of creation, my tree is black...

My mutation: recipient, in the populated hole; the HOLLOW-WHOLE

# THE OTHER SACRIFICE

- I retrace the trails of slugs through the woods of lost gestures
- Gathering shells stuffed with names stuffed to sink like cement in the gut of the carcass that one desperately claims, like cupped palms in the hands that drink from the clouds of dying ponds
- Give back the absence that carries within the wind, the echo, once not deaf to the ears in a landscape once not blind to the eyes, yet where each step still engulfs itself unto me at every turn
- I disfigure the glass of night's day and shatter the light that glares and reflects my eyes
- The mirrors take the shape of black and the shapeless in forms of open sky
- O bodies, unbury your beds for when your waters pool the night my shadows will see to know to drink
- Drowning the shells to slip elsewhere and to sink along with them



### XI

#### I WRITE

TO THE RHYTHM
OF MY DEAD RELATIVES

TO THE INVOCATION OF FOG IN A BLACK DREAM, FAMILIAR

TO THE ORACLES OF MY PRAYER





# XII

The dead flow of water bends the stones

Shadows are swallowed whole in the procession sun below

A call from the naked end of my reflection proclaims the day:

"Toss the ardent fog of night at the foot of ruins that hide-wide

in the statue's hour of Mid-Day."

## UNDER THE SUN

for Parker Sheridan

I write to you with a burning hand caught by the fire of the deep and soft look of your eyes

I write to you with the humility that we sought in the midst of chaos by the matrix of our ruins

The world turns over and we laugh to turn it inside out

A broken sound breaks the rhythm and a heart beats to the consistency of our desperation

- Feel the wind
- I do. But an empty space remains inside of it.

A white stone hurled at the light shatters and again shatters the ground

Your smile at the table wakes me from my sleep Awake in dreams I move around in the memories in search of you

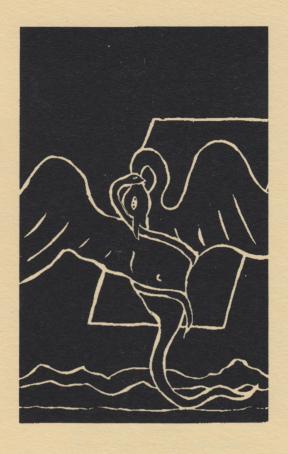
Following the parade of your carnival Singing behind your little devils and angels I weep all the same

Under the sun we recognize the dark

I keep you faithful for the mirros to take the shape of our open night

I step in your shadows gesture your gestures and feel you within

Every instant is a path like the cross on your arm that returns and goes



# REVOLT OF THE SELF

In the night of stones
In the ancient knock that deafens the age of these trees

I embrace you both my forsaken life my forgotten death

My memory
a grain of self
in the desert drowned by the trench of our sea

It is here that I am born

mong the greying skies
nd the flourished grounds
ll black
ll white
nd translucent for all green to
bleed in the process of my transitions

What are these dreams that come before me? What are these dreams that go beyond?

O empty, I've had so many, so many dreams... that in their secret I lose them all...

Now either do or undo me!

For the songs that fall from night fall at my every instant:

1

O empty self beyond that of I Who is it that dreams me?

A vase sits at the table A howl sinks the sink I fail to drain A feast arrives for all my shadows like a hollow night that welcomes rain

II

Empty self beyond that of I who am the subject of your terrain

I renounce it all, for

All is sovereign All is reigned

# TESTIMONY

fragments of a letter

I won't bother to introduce myself. However, I believe that you are the only one capable to take my final testimony... I've awaited trial for too long. I am what they call "long overdue..."

I am a murderer like any other.
Why do you think I detest my rationale?
Fact of the matter is that I hate to say too much... My business has no reason to do with yours, with anyones... But as the testimony continues, so shall I...

First, I would like to say that I do not pick sides. And if I do, it is a settlement or compromise out of convenience or politeness. Because what a laugh, when two sides uphold a law to their defense, as if it reigned sovereign over their humanity and its abyss.

The only sides to pick are that of Life or Death. And obviously, for now, I am on the side of life.

So why not get to the bottom of things...?

I recognize with much amusement, the theif and the laughter that follows within me. And I say that with a good heart, and the courage of a faithful coward.

In sum · I am Dishonest. But not to win anything, you see. Rather to lose... to lose just enough so that I may begin to see...

O the humiliation of it all...

I will strive to not act like I know what I am talking about. And to not act on behalf of doing the right thing, but rather act on simply doing or not doing...

Besides, I recognize a master in everything. uppns snoot we I 'sjoseti MM

I prefer you the despised.

And I am reminded that "Me" is just "We" with the W looking in, for I AM NOT ONE, I AM A THOUSAND, I AM LEGION.

Now, if you so allow, I beg of everything a final request: That when Death comes for me Give it this patience of mine So that I may die slowly and fade away into it all.

yours truly,





BLACK TOWER EDITIONS
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