

A. EFRAIM

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IN  
THE  
HOUR  
OF  
RUINS

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# P R E F A C E

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

**a**mong the greying skies  
and the flourished grounds  
all black  
all white  
and 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:

I

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 theft 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.  
My insects, I am your student

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,

x. xxxxxxx





BLACK TOWER EDITIONS

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EDITIONS