54. Black Dragon Year

The heart measures in blood everything that happens.

— Ramón Gomez de la Serna

The dragon stays stuck to lampposts at the boundaries, but *looks like a mountain lizard*. The ancient poet stays in the ear, but the ink he pisses is invisible. Emptiness stays in the river drunk on wheat and reflects back what we thought was dumped in the thick of a December Wednesday. The Black Water Dragon sits in the Black Walnut tree but the last leaf hangs on as if w/ fangs. The old poet sings of the world *that lies beyond the human* but gets no taste 'til death. The heart stays in the chest but appears at night as a constellation orchestrating movement of silver-colored blood that gains velocity in water years.

The politician stays in the middle & the middle moves so far right can't see its shadow can't tell the poem from rhetoric can't feel blood when it gets past the hat can't pass the hat to the campesinos and the amnesia gallops in to start it all again in animal rhythm impervious to grief.

Scorn stays west of the left ventricle the poet says and sees it stuck there unable to mutter anything but GRAHHR or muuurrrrffffffffff so writes a poem that becomes a series of poems that becomes a house and a whole slum of them headed for the same plight (evening) stuck in the shithole of his imagination up near the top of the monkey puzzle tree next to the Octopus paxarbolis to wile away the January afternoon hoping not to become lunch for Sasquatch/lost in the dust of a library archive waiting to return in another incarnation or vivid hallucination.

The Black Dragon waiting for the poem to end

burns the bacon to a crisp.

12:03P - 1.12.12

After Xi Chuan's Somebody and Li Bo Questions Answered