**September’s Search for Duende**

(After Lorca, for Peter Ludwin)

The search ends when the

duende is encountered as the reason why a bit of bile

is stuck @ the base of the throat clearly

not

a muse or angel but a

power says Lorca

and

not an angel of protection or a latent antepasado

a lost ancestor to shape

behavior for the preservation of the strain ((the strand))

it

is not madness per se but

a reason why the ear-slicing madness exists the

struggle what makes it so. What makes it so deadly

and fierce the push toward homicide re-directed yet

not a path per se

a notion or

concept concept what triggers the itch no skin-scratching will cure.

It is the fire Artaud knew

burns the cells like a memory of crucifixion

the muscle memory of a spike

blood with no avenue to splurt implodes and marks a soul

like a nuclear tattoo or

powdered

glass in the jar we thot was sugar-filled.

That freshness wholly unknown

it requires a living body as interpreter

exhausts all intellect

that ultimate metallic quality of death

it coulda been an aneurysm it

rejects measured rhythm the wild river pours its own path

all the cows stranded on the last patch of higher ground.

The duende is what creates the subtle grimace as

sweet as prolonged uncertain childbirth the

geometry of destruction

one force of nature mother didn’t tell you about

has pushed men to madness and Lorca

learned duende scares the muse it may be

that sound behind you when the forest is on fire

it is the force what compromises your grip on the cliff a rock

breaks off from under your foot and duende

with the taste of your heart in your throat duende is

all smiles that you never see the

styles you break from the moon on a moonless night’s incessant tug into

the blood-filled dawn.