

Bloody Rainbows

P.M. Williams

To prove to my beloveds that poets still exist

Acknowledgements:

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Contents

4 Portraits	1
Adjunct	2
Al-Jah	4
Always Never	5
Apparatus	6
Automatic	7
Being, Let Go	7
Braggadocio	9
Butterfly of Death	11
Caught Up	13
Color	14
Contra	16
Cry Not	17
Crypt	18
Cyclothymic	18
Denial	19

Dorothy	20
Early Day, Step Away	22
Examination	23
Flirting with the Gods	25
Follower	26
Forever My Mother	27
For Miles	29
God Forbid	36
Green Prayers for Akela	36
Indifference	38
Johnny is a Rainbow	39
Judgement	42
Lord of the Future	43
Mealybugs	45
Mishddbu	47
Neglect	48
No End to And	49
Ode to Teddy	54

Off 55

Our Knowledge 56

P.O.S. 56

Passing of the Hero 47

Pastel Cape 58

Phoenix Spit (in IV Parts) 63

Poet's Blood 67

Promise 68

Read Between the Lines 71

Slavish 71

Stage Left 72

Skyrax 73

Stand-Off 74

Starting Free 77

Talking Out of School 78

The Glowing Conception 78

The Guys 79

The Pit 83

The Sky 84

The Souls I Possess 84

Toxy 86

Tributary 87

Via Dolorosa 88

Where Life Resides 91

Whole, Holy, Hole 92

Wish 94

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4 Portraits

Booming gray raindrops on waterfalling black-streets
A fearsome torrent of Nature's showery, insane laughter pours down
Falling upon a hurried school-bustle
As we trust a soaking, sopping wet school guard
With her hair dripping off her head, sadly
Funny seeing half-moon crosswalk helper, honestly
But Mother told us not to smirk again
Because half-head is the one that kept us alive that one day

A way-too-friendly enters the glass cage completely uninvited
Half-past the middle ages wearing thin, quickly
Friendly enough, I guess
But doesn't respect the dead
Blabbering about her unmasked obsession with aesthetic possessions
Comes out of ill-informed left field
Speaking loudly to the gaping hole beneath her nose
And in all of her misguided mirror-education
And cock-crazed negligence
She collapses
Afterwards standing tall stating
"I'm a talented artist as well - how dare you tell me otherwise?"

A flash of sweatsuit profundity enters the crystal colonnade
In the middle of paid-off deserve-it-nots snotting around
Guessing that God still blesses Communist Custodians
For sneezing the Holy Germs of America's Shining Sins!
Sweat Man, with his pride-polished key ring
Reflects and warns, waits for things
Stands there ready to unlock the door to the eagle's minefield
Bless him back with your view of the Bomb, I say!

Our carpeted communion got completely soaked
By a fallen cup of cruddy coffee
Originally sourced from the harp-touched coast of Kawaii
<They care not that my sip was rejected a long time ago>

Lastly, forget not the recovering knight whose teeth never sleep
Those ape-like chompers that scream out upon cold touch
Vividly recalling distant preoccupations
Concerning the way it was before being transformed
Into a virginal laureate whose speech mutates
And forms a living scripture
Dripping freely into mindless crevices
While the others are too exhausted to digest
The image of the patron saint with his long trunk snoring in the closet
Always reminding me to take it easy

“Just take it easy, brother”

Adjunct

Blue moon jazz blue tunes in New Jeru
It seems operatic October's still standing still over the hill
Stained glass-beaming turquoise rays
Also painted a pooling shade of pallid pink
Accompanied by a low-glow of faint memory panacea
Fading in a flame-leafed frame made of dying rosewood

For precocious piles of autumn archangels
Gliding high above
Soaring, whistling, twisting
Hovering over hairless heads and honey holes heavenly

Headed over to the knowledge cave
Cruising to the beat of the grapefruit groove
Where intellect collects and connects
With a mango neuron-blast
And becomes a quaint side-project

Fool-Guy started the new school
Finally arrives, oddly
In a sad flag-clown uniform, sickly
In a sad state, sadly
At a sad school, really

Where the Old Professor had been locked out
Sufficiently knocked out
Shut up for good
Gone with all his ooey-gooey gumption and good-natured gaiety
Not to mention all those grumpy gummy bears dutifully and beautifully
dispensed on a daily basis

Now he teaches televisions how to turn themselves on
And how to engage in monotone monologues
With micromanaged microwaves

Manic
Money-thirsty
Always dizzy with a unique instantiation of insatiable greed

The words he spilled forth in front of us
Are all the things he ever said

The new Flag-Teacher wants unwarranted neon-glow admiration

Yet gets no respect
Made to feel ashamed