

draw down THE SON

There is nothing to be lost by drinking
from the mouth of the universe, but
what can be gained will sometimes
drive you mad.



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Illustrations: Emma Gold

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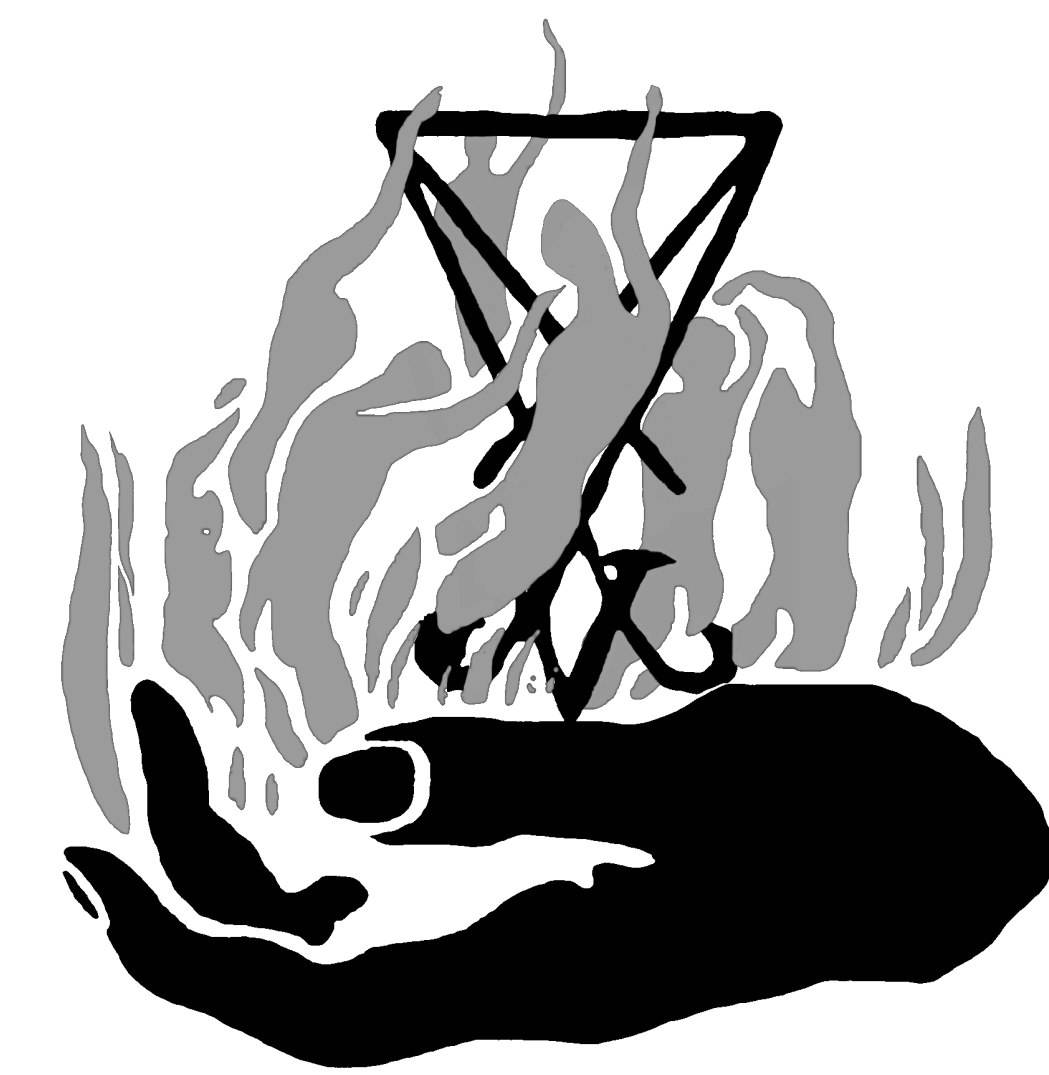
Draw Down the Son by Emma Gold 2016



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EMMA GOLD

draw down THE SON



EMMA GOLD

to the thorns of my desert rose

&

all my dead friends

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DRAW DOWN THE SON

Sometimes memories come like a truce

Stitching silver to blisters that once bore fruit

Yet most things are written words falling towards autumn

as the rain drinks up the water

so it was that all colors begin here

with green

If it were not to end the drunken knife fights in this space between you and I

and if it may please the courts to cherish this coup

May nothing then cry out for the infinite

and from here we would only exist

tumbling towards the harbingers lariat

only to draw down the son





DRUNK AND LIMITLESS

Staunch ripe and wild with every striding pace we talk

We are all still laughing

Cherries are ruptured within reason

to taste of the forbidding

natural and ghostly

Shafts thresh and cut

Anchors floating in salt

Wine pressed from stones

We will be on our merry way

Drunk and limitless

Converge into a single form

Pass me your hands please

I am now flush and willing

THIS STIFLING HEART OF MINE

If I were to bulldoze the field lines
Our acre would begin then to capsize
Concise lines running clean blunt edges
There has become no room for this stifling heart of mine
My chest is adorned in bellows of thick smoke
Desire turning to cool water
To exist in a moment for eternity
I bring stars into my body where they are destroyed
A lucky penny never snatching the golden ring
I have eaten every bit of what is dark
I have given dowry
Blades now fold into me
Words are woven into deafening silence
I can only grimace and laugh
How awkward





NO ONE EVER WINS

A horseman called triumph over these clouds laced with sugar and yeast

There is something beautifully human residing there

Tin medals struck deep

Brandished knuckles pale

Ribbons and kite tails

Skinned knees

Someone knocked the wind out of me

I still fought back

His lottery ticket actually said "No One Ever Wins"

My son asked me if I regretted it

I read the epitaph

May every man swallow every tear until the vast sea has beached all life

Please don't forget to grind your fists to stumps

Everyone is counting on you and can't count on you

Terminal Closed

PROPHETS OF THE LOWEST CASTE

Silhouettes taking shapes from poor disheveled souls

Twisting and turning

Conjuring some wild reverent debonair

Within her estimate and estate she never felt so forgiven

Binding

Contractual

Listless

So much of the rhythm lost

Where was she catching all this breath

Though we are still here standing next to one another

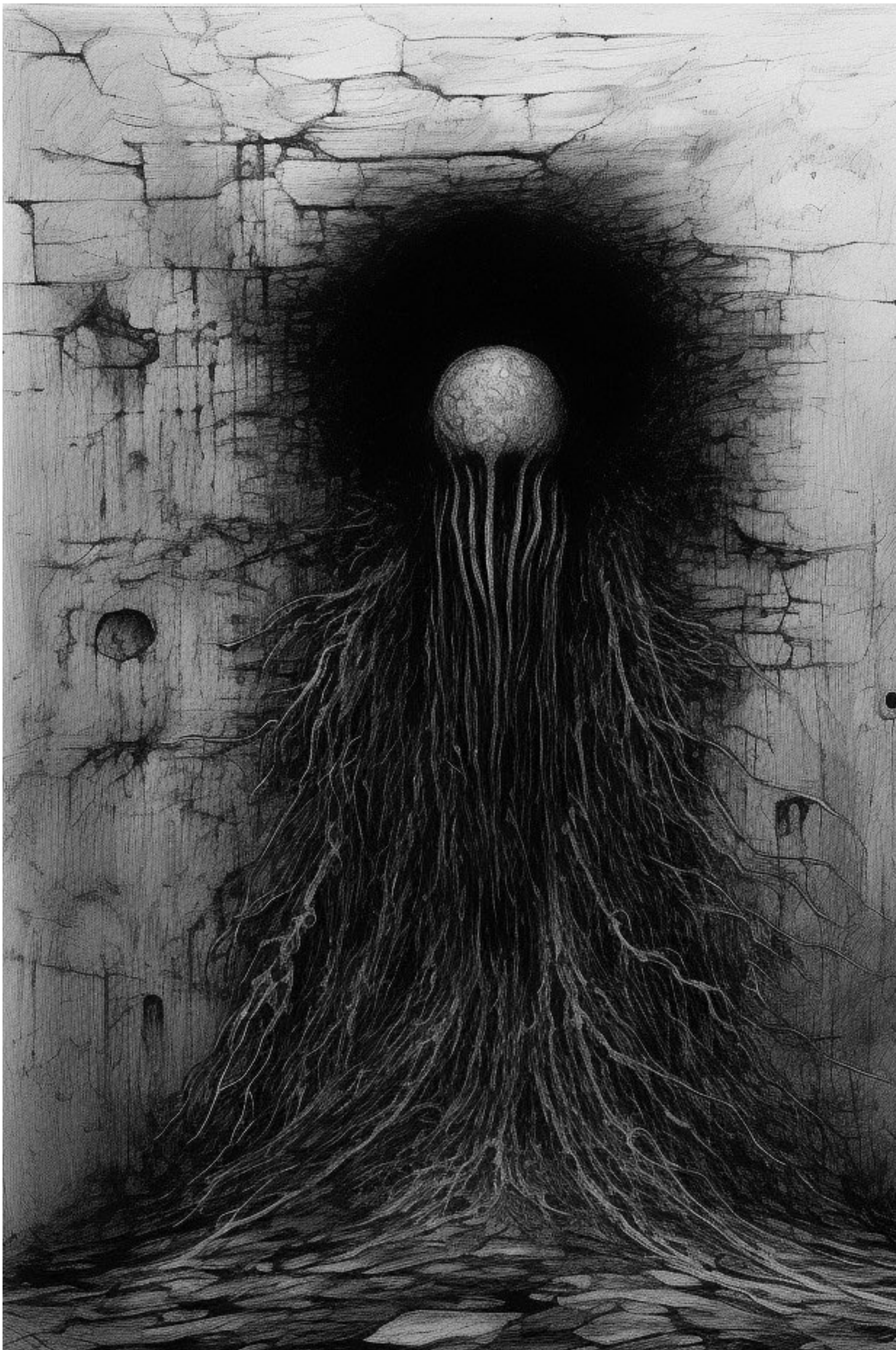
Through the life of a white dwarf

Not a single reckless blow left to chance

We are prophets of the lowest caste

We are untouchable





IN REPITITION FOR ETERNITY

A man once said don't come home until your hands can't be broken

But still the boy nurtured small embers waiting for the wind to turn

Sisters

Mothers

Daughters

Bated breath to catch and release what their eyes witnessed

The amalgamation of a form so dire and without fear

All matter swells and bows striking minor notes into adolescent gestures of faith

We are not capable of believing like we are breathing

Stifling widows and penny rubbing anglers still rest just out of sight

We are born to a dawn no less magnificent than the coded morality inherent to infinite light

We exist to devour

Bound by stardust we hurtle ever so close to a fate scrawled onto the wombs of our mothers

This moment will exist in repetition for eternity

Foolish are the spectators willing to rubberneck these casualties

But still

I can not look away

ALL BUT VANISHED

As it drew the civet from the wound

willows wept through the skylight

Given only the name set forth by legion

it to began as an understanding of what was truly at stake

In the day of the sun worshiper

no one took kindly to breathing life back into something so frail

But now with proper age

temperament

and cure

all arches choosing to inhabit such vessels can do so without banishment

It was said to be done first in the plights of enslaved men

but it is said also that "the debtor shall carry this tariff"

At some point it has all but vanished

In a glance

Maybe a wish also



RESTORATION OF THE CONTINUAL STORY

Greetings barricading drowsy smiles

Sleepless tangents have now gone too far

leaning hard against efforts to transform or mutate

What is there to be won or claimed here

A rushed transit for the willing

The parading of skin

Pelting all the irony to whims of chance chaos and the uncontrollable

We associate beauty with truth

a golden meaning in all

Nothingness can and will exist as hope

Desire may well be some al-chemical conjuring of will

and that in between the distance where two bodies meet

there lives a richer prize than that of a lions head

In that space the incubation of artistry is taught

it is here the restoration of our continual story occurs

The record of heroes and villains

lovers and murders

continuously archived in water

We are no greater than the one before us

or any worse than the one to come

But we are all horrifyingly beautiful

DOWN INTO A SHADOW

Light can reduce down to shadow

without a hint of origin

it can find its way through the broken levies of a soul

Sometimes she laughs as colors shape darkness against the nape of her neck

Casting landscapes like that of folk tales

Strips of linen woven through travel & drink

Majestic scents slaving the willing

She brings combinations of embolden remedies to market for barter

What is it we carry to be exchanged

to what value do you give calloused hands

If this story is to truly ever end

Some one will have to let the reader know it's finished

This is just too troubling

the simplicity





SPLENDOR HIDDEN IN THE GARRET

Chambers tip the brim so slightly with nervous anticipation

Dreams carrying bundle upon bundle of discarded beliefs and certainty

Vibrantly I still remember the arms of great fathers woven in braids of lead

Spun from weightless gold

A petition for return and surrender

A splendor hidden in the garret

No more headaches brought to bare

Breathlessly awaiting remedy

The shallow space behind the ribs is infinite

Like a well full of loose copper

A coin was tossed for me 34 years ago

Yet to be called

Scorecards are now up for bidding

The odds are 7 to 2

LAUGH THEMSELVES INTO OBLIVION

The bluff has been called fearless and without feature

Tiny droplets form queue

Seating lines from elbows to fingertips

Someone called from across the room "what a waste"

The first blows of the evening were then dealt

The boy said I can chew on this all day long

For a lifetime or in a moments passing

Its giving up the salt sand and sugar that has brought doubt to my heart

He wants new eyes

A new tongue

He wants kindness to bear down on his face like gentile wings of a sparrow

This compass continues to spin wildly without compassion

Day by day talons are collected

cured and stored to chip away at the debt

Stories are hewn from monolithic sounds

In the same manner hydra heads are removed

Crooked fingers

Scarred knuckles

Cauliflower ears

No one will say it was worth nigh

They will laugh themselves into oblivion

Someone please tell him he can put the lance down

It's just a skirmish





FEAR PREVAILS TO THE LAST MAN

The veil seems to escape in haste

It's been a little over a year now and there have been 13

Each leaving their wound with curiosity and reproach

We are linked by tiny little lifetimes

One bound to another and to another

reaching through the gut of infinitus

Today though feels mortal and fragile to handle with care

do not break the glass in case of emergency

I once tempted the same fate without pause care or resolution

baring my teeth in the face of consequence and tomorrow

It felt bullet proof

I could drink poison and breathe smoke

fight 10 men and drown in blood

Here though with children and home

I've become anemic at the site of all this

Tickets cleared for departure you left in a hurry

I only caught sight of your back as you ran to catch your flight

Is it possible now the fear prevails to the last man standing

It's not a secret the darkness is due in time again

we will never hold at bay

the memory of this

OCTAVES THAT SWALLOW THE SUN

Milestones flaked away to an edge

cut through time & memory

Definition and features shaved away by perspective

post production and forgiveness all without limits

The sallow gossamer complexion is flush with allergy and fall

Rolling waves raising hair from the skin

The dead rise from mausoleums

Gentle smiles touching the background

I think someone is humming a voice says softly

“You have done well and at least cradled the arch for yourself”

He swings now at wishes with dandelions

He evokes pennies from the well

How do you spell alchemy

Concoctions amalgamations of lead gold and eggshells

It's more of a blade that has been tempered than a hammer

Dredging oil from this water has been short of fair or forgiving

and without relenting to the thousands upon thousands of request for a vote

you still have not sunk this ship

I watch you call to birds and arrows and glistening midnight jewels to write this story

of which the author seems to be drunk at the wheel

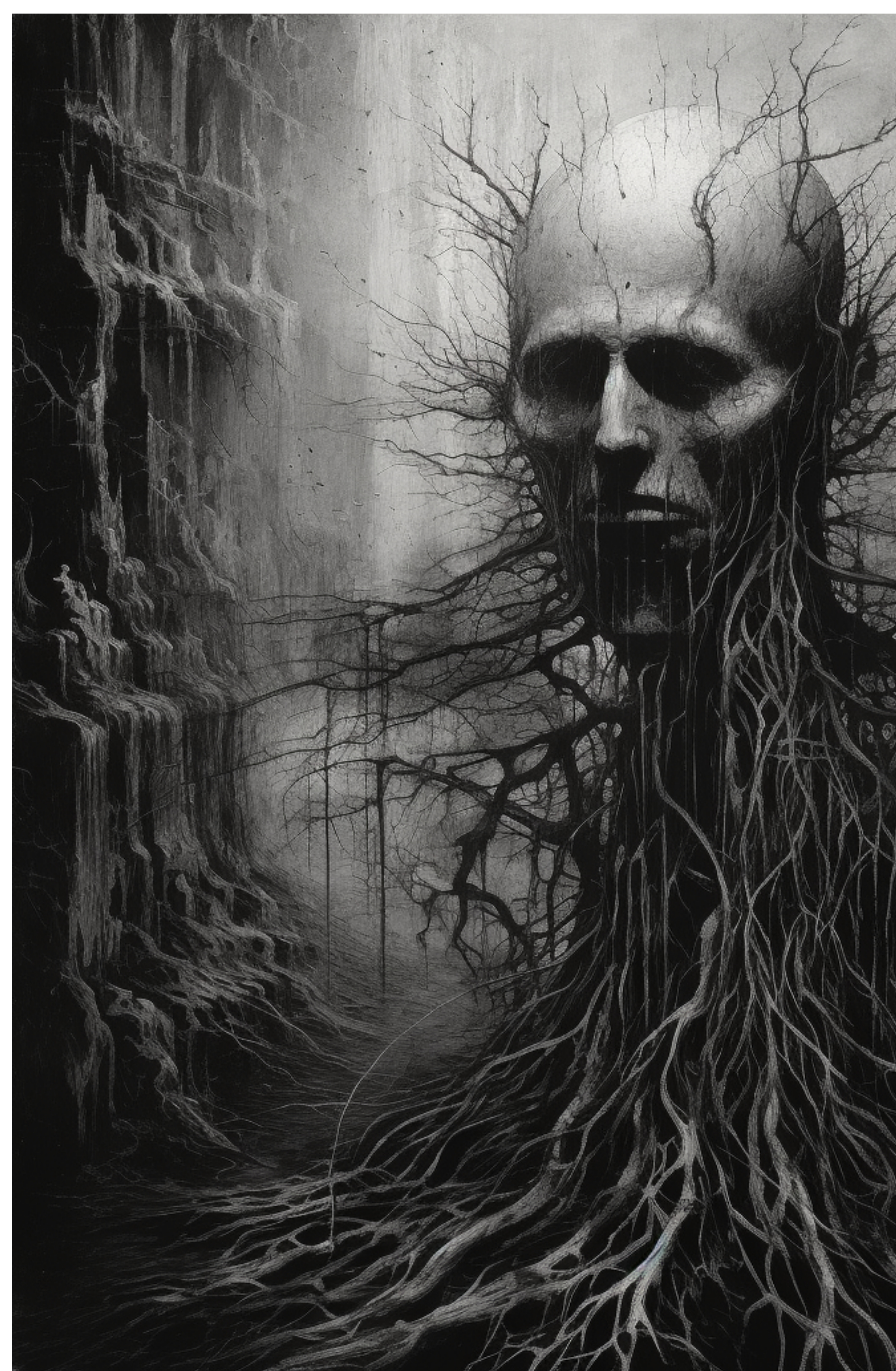
You sing without melody in octaves that swallow the sun

You cast shadows in oaken ash

You will one day leave this all to pick up pieces in a different form

Though it has been an eternity here

it is still beautiful





IT IS SELF AWARE

Light travels generations to receive the iris

Cause thought to connect rhythms and conjunct the formidable

Allies in misformation of wild animals

medicine men and skin walkers

mouthfuls of smoke blessings

Tell me of fortune and loss

heroes drunk with madness on the glory of villains

Where it was believed to be barren

bloodlines intermingled to harbor fertility

Herbs and stones velum and quill

Tanned with brains

I pulled the conduits and batteries from my mouth

dimmed the lights cut the power

Lit the brushfire

Someone please see this

Please see our shadows like trenches scratched into trees

Understand it as ritual

It tastes of tallow and sweat

tears and raw skin

It is unavoidable and with meaning

as it comes bearing down on us with a heading of the heart

It is self aware

Intellectual

and in all horror

calls us by name

SEASONS TEAR DOWN THE SKY

Seasons tear down the sky

Moving colors not witnessed this side of the crux

Immolation is no longer a monks tasks it is yours

Small children resting in dirt braiding locks from horse hair

Mixing fat and sinew to adorn a large weeping candle

Portraits of these faces are raised from charcoal twigs

discarded from the evening pyres

The bone dust has dried on top of the skin

tiny fibers catch callouses in the the jute sails

calcified children on the shoreline call to him

After many attempts at sleep the man set course in a dream

His breath became shallow and his eyes raced wildly behind their lids

As if he had been touched by a disease

His body took on her fever and so began the dance

Hysterical laughter of faces forced through angular mirrors

Wet reverberating drones and the snap between worlds

Silence then nothingness in the end the sweat ran it course

On the side of the bed was the note.... it read

6 cups grain alcohol to achieve blindness

Tar hope & sand your mother is worried sick

You made it congratulations

p.s. the children in the crib are yours



INTO DAYDREAMS OF PARALLELS

Seconds fold into minutes

hours

days

Into daydreams of parallels

Existence as an opportunity to participate unwillingly

A delicate balanced caress

or a lumbering calamity

There was no choice in the matter

our witty little conversation of tears

Our broken foot or ice in the bottom of a glass

It is all matter

We all matter

I see the manifest of destiny in your kiss

Finite memory written into your skin

Creatures long extinct in linear timelines

living side by side with your ambitions

We are not our own

you are not your own

I live inside you

Here I rest spinning spirals of bones

numbers

CONTINUED

INTO DAYDREAMS OF PARALLELS

and wild crafted tools of simple use

Still nothing in all things

A juggernaut

a virgin

armageddon and empire

A religion of the first sprite coached to flame

the mind of the man willing to split the atom

We aspire to perpetuate myth

to drive deep untreatable wounds

We maim

beautify

deify

We lust to the folklore imprinted at first light

Disinherit it all

Leave the illiad of our teachers to the agreements made in fortune and glory

To the bad trades

and bullshitters

the infomercials and holy ghost salesmen

Our form was once pounded out of the sands of eons

I can still feel in my body the desire to destroy worlds





THIS IS A BLUFF

This heavenly body crosses a wandering star barefoot and timid

Fate waiting to be written for longing

A memory your grandmother speaks of snares a sense of déjà vu

One hundred years ago

just still yesterday

When rhythm was life

family and physical health were born true to form

Now with the noises and drones

flat sine wave currents

I feel nothing

We feel everything

Stags in heat locking crowns

I am not brave

This is a bluff

I am just the terror

I stand here ready and willing to cast starlight in water

Catch reflections in a mirrored box

Bury them as victim

The wife harvests torches and arrows from the forest

poisonous and wild fruit

Aches from the heart

mad laughter in each breath

Her hair is sewn wildly through twigs and branches

Roots and Vines

CONTINUED

THIS IS A BLUFF

Her father and my father
bound at the ankles where they left us
Schizophrenic and Dead
I will watch my children break the skin of knees and elbows
I will not run to them
This day and age nothing shall be left to chance
We are authors of the same story with shit grammar
The same pun with no punchline
I will wake this morning as I have awoken every morning for 27 lives
My mouth will taste of the words from nights previous
But then again I am tired of talking
If only I could draw a straight line it could then all be said
The declaration of the dying and crippled and beautiful and full of sun
The wishes of little deaths and monumental rains
Perjury of seasons and natural law
Flightless birds
Dead bankers
Sodom
I to remain forfeit and void
Each pinprick of light counting every life
All the love and horror that will ever exist
Each one of us dying within each other
Born again from the tongue
Clamoring for answers





ALLOW ME TO SEW A RUMOR

The reflections of your heart beating helplessly against your ribs

Predictable

calculated

reliable

a servant to the responses in tow

It is here in these hands

time is kept

recorded and evaluated for response

This is inescapable in all forms here

as formidable truth

But

With all this said and done

Allow me to sew a rumor

What was it as a child that thrilled you about fear

What tranced your parents warnings and living laws

What urged you to snatch the fire

Grab the face of a hissing cat

We are all here now living in this glass house

It is transparent

but it does not let the light in

A great black glass casino

fearful of children with pockets of stones

LEAST OF SUBTLE IMPRESSIONS

The events and experiences to be sired into
Rights of passage the learned skills of the knife
I feel to act gently as silk and silt
Make the least of subtle impressions
Footsteps in sand dissolve into the tides behind me
I have mixed honey and salt and the tears of poppies
Reduced them to pitch and packed them into the nape of my arms
Scars carve patterns that resemble the heavens
History is written a body tattooed in ash
What will I ever know other than to draw the arteries of my heart
My smile my gaze
My scorched stone and earth
Somewhere amidst spice markets rabid street dogs and charcoal
I get shards of a glimpse
A story being written in freehand
Intermingling in light
Maturating in amber
Words break free of letters sentences and paragraphs
Vessels to which these feelings overwhelm and cannot be contained
All though I will tonight touch a passing breeze
connect all these lovers by way of shadows and mimics
After all It is only everything at stake



THE STONING OF A YOUNG WOMAN

It is without doubt or hope that this meadow resides

Wild horses gnashing at the bit

Dawn's light carrying birds bathed in hemlock

The children run smoke and oakum

Left to their own story

kindling in hand

They dream of fire

The rape of the day sky by night

Endless summers collapsing into one another

blessed down upon them with split tongues

It is within the black lodge we worship dawn

Widows mourning the dusk

Cut light into pieces

Turn bone to meal

Gifts of choke cherries run deep gouging

I witness

The stoning of a young woman

THE BUTCHERS TALENT EARNED

Plumes of algae washing in on warm rain

The forest living machine

Iron rusting permanence

Opulent gorging of light dripping from the seams

Wrenching of muscles

Tendons and hair

Square peg into a square hole

the little breath in between notes

The anticipation of fear

A caustic acrid aroma laying prey to a palate of riches

We are amongst the dying quo

Soon to be archived

Syllabic spun folk tales

A history woven in curses and nick names

I will return to my body

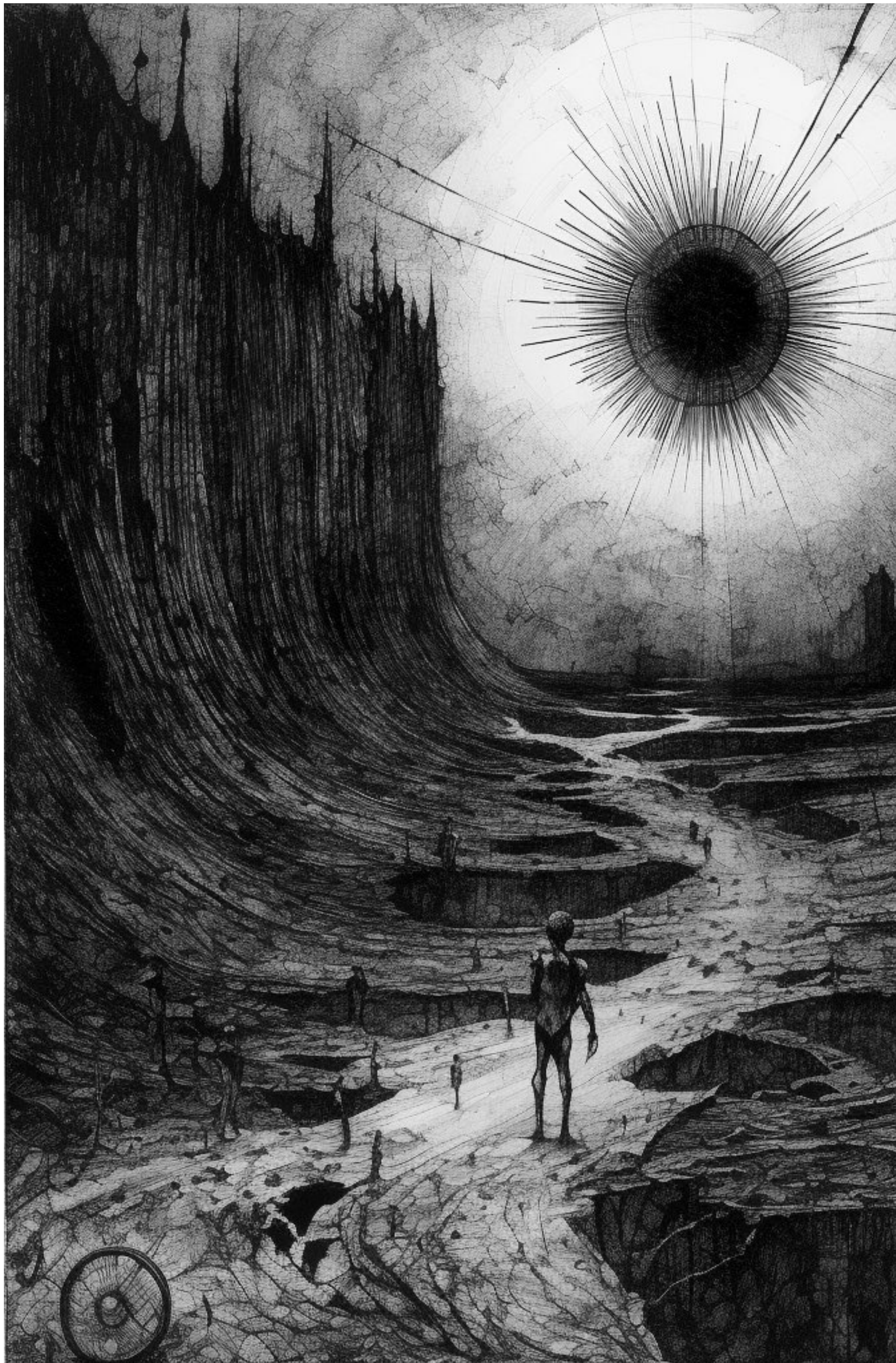
the butcher's talent earned

It will be here pieces find fate and auction

Through matter

Through form





NOT BY LIGHT BUT BY FERVOR

To get out

I destroyed this body

cogs and wheels brittle with dry rot

A heart exploding against the cosmos with the snap of a chain

Foolish in pursuit of color

Daring in the face of provocation

The inherent gambler

a POW

Feeding happiness to serpentine gazes

Parting from the pursuit of joy

taxing just enough to chip a habit

At some point you draw and quarter your own life

Split into ghosts

Haunting what transpires with brilliant color

This path was laid like a whip

Wrists lashed as it led the way

Not by light but by fervor stamina and trust

To call it common you are a thief

To court it is a death rattle

Change comes in the form of a draping wall of hands

Messages written in charcoal

a broken fork in the road

WHERE YOU FOUND YOUR NAME

Hawthorne Marrow and Thistle

delicate intertwining fates

Threshed pressed

Distilled and offered from a torrent

Divine days stacked counted and measured

Scales set against melancholic aromas

A last life revealed memory conjured from trace minerals

Trap iron set and staked

Spiked trees

Push comes to shove shows the willing to bare a pass

We are all new to sight

Light so bright it's deafening

Socked in the guts

but when you can draw for breath at last

each sputter clutching at the next

are you not reminded of your weight in gold

are you not exorcised

Resting with the tether to this world clipped

Floating to the sky past the sun into something new

something you have lived for an eternity

the place where you stole your name

Geronimo





A BAPTISM OF MILK

Without expression or trial

the ragged daring triumph prevails

A pebble echo locating the cave walls

Drenched in reverb UN-identifiable

a shadow casting shadows

A crowds seeks to attack this body of vapor

clawing at one another by mistake smitten by a mirage

You seek to swallow rain through prayer and obedience

to bad you never learned to read

Punch drunk

Mummified in silk

A baptism of milk

Ruins through out your body collapse

Windows of vellum fray

Every time you think you know how the story ends how the plot is crystal

A crack runs through the sky and I observe myself as you

calling form to the dream culturing a city

within a plan we built to fail

one grain at a time

You engineered the collapse

I just stood by watching

I never said a thing

FIRST PORTRAIT LOST TO THE LAST

Peace skin host

Dormant hidden and strapped down

Dull booming and haunting

Sounds strung through melodic deep water

Heard from 200 hundred years ago

Sternum cracks with cold chilling air

Ribs fold like wings

The body as bellows breathes life

Wheezing air escaping through patches

Fingers cupped to catch wealth

spilling knuckles over wrists

Open arteries set free to golden streams of rivers to oceans

Currents and tides in a gaze

Moon lit bounty tows itself inland

changing the landscape

carving deep wounds into the shoreline

Birds of prey are hatched and forced into the sky

Arms driven into the sand

the clay the stone the core

Nothing is flawless or within reach of a masterpiece

a painting of a painting of a painting

The first portrait always lost to the last





YOU ARE AS THE SUN

You are as the Sun

Dripping with light

Smokey delicate fingers weaving stitches in my heart

I build your name into this mountain

It is here amongst the laughter and cinnamon and 4 note chords that we
share our love with others

In secret harmony and the space between pages

Without repetition or practice

But instead with the acceptance of what is simple

I am the love in your body

seeking its way to the sky

And you the harvester of light

Holding dearly my hand into the abyss

We are infinite in this for only a moment

My life and light yours

and

your light in life my own

FLEDGLING AGREEMENTS

He tied stones together with braids of her hair
Each length portioning out the space between breaths
A lifetime in the passing of a hand
With strips of hide they staked the animal to the earth
Lilacs grew through its eyes
Horns cracked chipped and sound brittle against the granite
Moths collect gold dust in the mine
To the flame they are committed
Fledgling agreements
Naive statements a silence so strong it swallowed the grave
I can hear subtlety my heart pacing hers committing to the rhythm
but I can't dance or direct
or set balance to the tide
Forgive us for what we will never do
portray our interlocked hands as a thicket
Though honey may bleed from our lips
an alchemist still can thirst for poison
A body dries to powder
Spirit evaporates
Energy is snared
Left only to gnaw off its leg
Aching to be set free





ANY REASON OR CERTAINTY

A grain of sand pinched between fingers

Shallow imperfections felt to the bone

A commotion so deafening you deep sleep

Setting off against the fog and waves

Skin draping the fat cap and teeth fused in calcite

The crowd leering in horror and calling out

Tasting every lesion and scar savoring time

A compress of wet thorns a once beautiful body

Oil lamps lit by the fat of the dead with wicks of hair

Novellas burned upon completion

We shall not know any reason or certainty nor assurance of love

Nor stamina against this great void we call friend

I am already dead and among the willows

Leeching my body into the mouth of the earth

Take me inside you the belly of this hateful beast

It is here the arsenic and iron culminate

and lynch children for their poetry

Open chests of treasure to expose kidneys and lungs

Sweet breads spoil

Threads of smoke climb upwards like veins to the empty sky

Latching to the moon drawing silver from its wounds

This is Praeyer