

The Fifth Season

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Never Again Dark Alibis

The infinite impossibility to circumscribe any belief — or any disbelief — velvet limbo of rainbowing eternities — mind mummified stalking the homogenized corridors of the Grand Brainwashing Laundromat — This is the beginning of the fifth season. Where the ends of all the others meet. *Can I describe the vision: hell's air does not suffer any hymns...*

I found something. out! (I am the secret translator, am I not?) I lived on, that is, I ate nights & rocks, chariots & stars, trees & candles, glass & herbs. But when I spit out the feathers they formed themselves into wings, flew away, leaving me behind, staring, sad.

why not Silence. Why not. There was Silence before the Word. Just as every scream stops, every scream started. The rest is also. Is Silence.

When the Word interferred with Silence it became a scream: US. And all we have been trying to do is to give Silence back to the scream, is to make it Word again...

Silence outstares absence.

Absence is the scar the Scream left.

As if you could scar the sea! Only the poem can do that. Only the poem is louder than the scream; and closer to Silence.

There is an untouchable absence in everything around me.
Or is the absence just in me, just me?
In limbo, in absence...

Abcess. But

absence of puss. (haunted hunted by visions of Marilyn Monroe in octopus embrace sucking off Brian Jones at the bottom of a thirties swimming pool filled with old mahogany radio sets, empty film reels, prescription bottles, plater of Paris deathmasks floating in the thick soup of Past Time.)

another cup of coffee — the instant revolution leaves no dregs in the tea-kettle of Time — colorless water dissolves molecules into meaningless black — a million ghost switches buzzing electronic people in the House Next Door — the great switchboard of borrowed time-installments — a million or more or less electronized identities buzzing people as patterns — mad mole- (ah! those interruptions: shapely pied-de-poule deux-pièces tweed-ing through my midmorning in her nine-to-five menopausal hurry — the relative importance of automatic washing machine versus color tv & telephone...)

instant electronic dregs in time's saucer washed away by their own buzzing — chromium sinks gargle nada nada nada nada...

so this is the whistle at the end of the line; the great summing up gives

N...A...D...A... *Never Again Dark Alibis* N A D A

A D A N

A D N A

A A N D

D N A A

N A A D

. . . .

MY ... our ... hiccups on Nada Lane. Stutterings from Nada News. Permutations of things that never were, that never will be. Stuck with the Lost Brigade on the flypaper of Time...dragging madelines through luke-warm teacups...another abomidable tea-head of Time...Nada's way...Mr. & Mrs. Nada quartered on the rails of Time...Mr. Nada Mr. Adan fornicating in absent warps of spent time...thought circumcised by the bent spoons of spasmic static...writing time itself...The Traps of Time...nada light nada time nada naked nothing of nada moloch monster time ghost of nada loves in nada teacups spoons of nada nadirs shuffle static moments into nowhere veins of nada mornings...ah! bangs of pain nada needles idle lids dim simmering boomerangs of Time — *Here Now Quick* —

Take the Nada Shuttle to empty words; take the Nada Line to Empty Time..no-way mirrors hiding never again dark alibis...fall...gone...spring...summer sums up cancerous emptiness of growth...end, end nada lines here...time-tickets are free...you've only got one...no-way no-deposit no-return to Nada Hell...

nada is hell

nada garden of delights

nada purple lungs of time

nada empty mirrors

nada opal bridges of time

nada time nada needles

nada times nada equals

nada morning greyness

nada & I shave time's knees

nada as I sit in tree-corners

nada as I shit centuries

nada spasms billowing Time

nada & never again dark alibis

nada childhood lies in nowhere places

nada niches of plaster poems

nada nights in the purple poolhalls of Time

nada nova coldness

nada zen saints on nowhere saltpillars

nada smoke in my eyes

nada eyes hiccuping in the cup of Time

nada nose eaten by snow

nada ears falling in autumn

nada now
nada ever forever nevermore
nada on desolation mountain
nada peaking thru oceans of polluted insect-moments
nada eating cobwebs
nada dada
nada nadas
nada naked shivering stars
nada bridges bridging nothing
nada comes as nada goes
nada my finger in her
nada has satori in hell
nada soma
nada is nada is nada
nada nirvana
nada angels nod

! NEVER AGAIN DARK ALIBIS !

...poems as abstracted alibis for concrete absence...we have nowhere else to go...the end comes anywhere, & then we go on, through the next tunnel...

end of line Full stop à la ligne paragraph alibi for time lost & all the shuttles have broken down...

Someone steps thru me & I'm not there.
I am only my compulsion to write.
I am my own dark alibi.
I cannot remember all the words.
Words are islands in the Sargassos of Time.
Or ellipses.
Concrete fatamorganas of absent realities.
The acid-test of Time shatteres the mirrors of absence.
Absent words howl.
Absent howls word me.
My words howl absence.
My howl absences the words.
Words swimming on the back of absence.
Never again dark alibis.
The absence of alibis is reality.
What makes sense is not.
Word-shrapnels bleed Time.
There is no place not to go home to.

Ha!

Am I drowning in the alphabet soup of Time?
The gills of my mind fluttering empty streets last awnings flapping Time around consciousness'
next corner.

Borrowing words, alibis of Time.
Yesterday's absence heavy on my new morning.
Who will cut off the eyelids of absence?
Who will soak frozen islands in teacups of eternal words?
Who will kill speed & invent static time?
& the statues will step from their pedestals, arms flapping words, erasing their own engraved
meanings...

what
can I do except put more ice in my frozen vodka?
The speed of evolution curving in on itself...introducing nova...

my mind frozen nova in the handcuffs of Time. my alarmclocks mutter stolen
pavlov-cocktails, popping the canned cherries of yesterday.

Innocence is a lie, laid bare & fucked by time.
Shuttles of Time square the roots of space.
Dolphin words have eaten all my sperm.
The seasons fall backwards, spraining their angles.
Lost angels fold the seams of my memory...

The overloaded man commits slow-motion suicide backwards in time.
Illusion hangs itself in the damp cellars of tomorrow.

A knife of solid light.
On the dark steppes of nowhere deserts words rattle snakes to the beat of
a falling star.

I cannot help receding forward.
A crowd of laughing sand grains fertilizes brain-storms.
Locust armies get drunk on fallen towers.
Last night's exits have vanished in someone else's pockets.
I bleed oceans of sand.
Frozen angels shuttle through the veins of my nights.
Panic flutes hide the absence of Time in drawers of desert.
Let me reach for the bent fork of tomorrow's past.
Images of nada
the dark alibis of tomorrow.

Instant survival leaves no dregs in the coffeecups of our lives.
The falls of boiling Time annul the abstracted shadows of substance.
You cannot put your finger on movement; you can only perceive it with your eyes; and the clicks of their
balls spell the exact rhythm of life. When it becomes too dark, close your eyelids.
There is no point . in all this fluctuation; only arrows emerge. You are the bow, the string's your senses,

bared wires.

Archer take no aim.

Time's boomerang in my hands. It comes as it goes.

There is an absolute precision in any movement; randomness is all in the not done.

Unused possibilities are impossible.

I is anybody else.

There is nothing you need; take it all.

Never go home. Always go somewhere else. You cannot occupy the same space twice, because your own time does not change.

Archer, if you aim you maim.

Taking no aim my boomerang-arrow weaves webs of solid words on the ramparts of fluid Time.

...Last Awnings flapping the piers of Past Time desolate empty beercans with noone to kick them except themselves falling purple leaves of forgotten trees knit scarfs around the glass throats of fall winds.

Seasons depart leaving the emptiness of the wind playing Hyde and Greek in the gargoyles of Time.

Winter's blood wimpers wrapped in aluminum foil telephone calls cutting through the menopause of silence.

At the end of the tumbleweed a macadam horizon thrusts about in woes of white-lined agony.

Imagine night crawling through the eyes of old men folded in throw-away beercance.

Imagine night riding in the shadows of carved mirrors.

Imagine night holding its breath as the moon falls pale through the silent oceans of summer's palmed hands.

Imagine night ultraviolet ring around time's finger.

Imagine night drinking early morning noises at the mouth of underwater television tables.

Imagine night falling in concrete silver tears from the ears of a drunken gipsy.

Imagine night's heartbeat stopping every clock.

Imagine night drinking sorrow at the fountains of yesterday's history.

Imagine night falling like an axe on your bend shoulders.

Imagine night leaving a trail of instant novas along the paths of your memory.

Imagine night giving your last day a suspended sentence for uncommitted crimes.

Imagine night falling...

Imagine night is a hare's stare.

Imagine night distributing subliminal candles to blind children.

Imagine night's end.

Imagine night's last words hiding in early morning bushfires.

Imagine night imagining night.

Imagine night gone.

Imagine night gone forever.

Imagine night forever chained to the wet walls of your daydreams.

Imagine night saying good-bye to the sky.

Imagine night leaving the sky to seek refuge in a prehistoric cave drawing.

Imagine night wearing a dress walking hand in hand with your nights.

Imagine night scrawling graffiti on the walls of your mind.

Imagine night laughing away darkness.

Imagine night at noon.

Imagine night serialised in the “Interstellar Times”.

Imagine night refusing to wear black.

Imagine night coloring all the paintings in all the museums its own color.

Imagine night going nova.

Imagine night wearing a wig of worn-out time-moments.

Imagine night blowing saxophones at midday in Mexico City.

Imagine night neighing.

Imagine night crawling on all fours through your childhood dreams.

Imagine all the images of night stolen from the memories of all the days.

Cinders of Spring & Summer

I wake up on a beach of crystal words...absent screams oaths of puss...I explode in showers of starfighters...kneeling in word-dust:

ALL THE LANGUAGES HAVE DESERTED ME, REFUSING TO BECOME TOMORROW'S PASSWORD.

(to go on is painful
not to go on is to die
to go back is to have died

VIRGINS OF THE VERB, HUSBANDS OF MY FOLLIES. Listen to the confession pretending to own all the derisory vices...confessions of the saddest idiot, above the doors, lost.

"I suck billboards, signs."

"Pardon Divine Master, books of tears!"

"Away, away, you menopausal Artemis."

"Suck my hounds."

"I am Andromeda, the Great Drag Queen of your Inner Space."

"Hang yourself in the white absence in everything around Murph."

"My teeth are the words."

My teeth are the hollow tombstones of your laughter—)
silence punctuated by absence.
mind-dunes crumbling in white laughter.
all urgency left long ago.
necessity,

an apple poised in mid-air between yesterday & tomorrow...*I can stop anywhere...*

Into the Hollow Fangs

our lunchtickets have faded on the counter of necessity, examining the intolerable...

the sun is quickly rotting. I can see the worms crawling around its copper eye, a stinking aura of decaying mythes, sucking the last heat through flaring nostrils.

So I sowed sunseeds in a pot on the windowsill of my eyes; its spouted octopus arms ticking like lost alarm clocks.

Time is nowhere to be seen.
I gave it a suspended sentence when I found it in someone else's bathroom downing cups of fermented metaphors.

My frightened eyes hid in the shadow of your voice.
I'm through with babysitting for Time's lost moments.
My words ride bare-back on the black mare of my morning-sickness.

Ah! Let the triumphant hunter suck spent bullets from the sun's time-riddled corpse.
I dine on different scenes...

I pawned through poetry & bought a dish of split nouns.
I sold the ticket to an old hobo of Time, who split it in half & we ate it for breakfast...
a fast break was all he was after, and I should have known better,
having been down that road and back, packing nada zipguns to cripple the crickets as they tried to take over my nights.

Ah! Gang-banging memory in the musty corridors of orgasmic daymares!
Ah! Those games of hid-and-never-refound!

...the clatter of my typewriter dropped a teacupful of shot scenarios from the labyrinths of my past matinées on the table, for you to...

...when I was an altarboy I broke no icons afraid of the staring geraniums holding their breath on secret side-altars. Got drunk instead on mass-wine, so they nailed my breath on the organ's loudest roar, afraid that I might stare through the wedding gown of their fallen nun.

But we have all kneeled through that movie, have all fumbled in black and white Time with the deaf deacon's zipper, mumbling prayers through slimy confessionals...

The roulette of chance forcing my hand, I saw my first handcuffs at the age of six, when the eternal cop had me busted for building a funeral pyre in my sister's toy bathtub, burning a one-eyed negro doll with long straight real hair and a fake cunt my sister had tunneled through the silent rain of a saturday afternoon.

The logs we lit were the collected Holy Pictures and all the smiling corpses of our family's dismembered remembrances...

when I came back years have faded on the counter of necessity, to take my revenge I got the bishop drunk on six glasses of champagne, against Doc's specific orders, so he dropped the crimson mass-book and his body on the marble steps of His House.

My sister got knocked-up by her laughter at this sight and the remembrance of those 16-years old handcuffs.

In the vicarious aisles of the chapel a horde of pinguins shrieked in anticipated delight.

After the wedding my sister gave me a piece of the cake, and I ate it too.

When the honeymoon was over, and the bishop had been carried back to his farm, my sister was still pregnant, but I challenged Doc to a duel with dirty scalpels at high midnight on mainstream Time.

I misfired, but the scalpel's screech cut through the abcess on his memory, spilling Stagnant Time puss over the discarded wedding gown, the duel's referee, empty shell yawning flapping in absent tears.

Doc lost his composure on a wild goose chase through the hackneyed corridors of affection, he told me that Time was money spelled backwards, and single-handedly stole a worn-out sling-shot from out common denominator, split and got lost on a safari fishing for deaf-mute pinguins...

sailing back to n.y. O saw barbed wire hair waving from the armpits of the statue of liberty...
enough, and let nobody call me uncle...

what's done is done, a thought once thought cannot be made unthought, the cup is spilled, the trap is set...

...memories fading photos stillborn stills crowd the pauses of my stumbling dance...

blindfolded I follow the steps of long since sunk nightboats, burning barks
cruising blindly over the silenced seas of my other life...

those old photos fading snapshots snap grey shrivel-
ling spiders in bushfires.

Crisp molecules explode in circumcised silence.

Singed memory hallucinates a two-dimensional finger burying the spider in a final tear of wax, freezing
somewhere along the dotted line of an absent statue's fate.

Remembrance is out-focused by the solid cameras of memory, shooting another braille-film of Past
Time, as Distance receded peter-panning through long-gone skies.

Ah! But the metaphorical pearls fell into blind ears, rattling in the hollow cup of my spent destiny.

And fate is immune to the savage coins of desperation.

Numbers, hiding from the inquisitive rattle of the sticks, walk the midnight streets of secret books, in
drag disguise.

Only the torn-out pages, burning under the Old Whore's eyelids, can make out the number-queens, ambling down alchemical alleys, disguised as plain-clothed words.

But they do not yield their secret laughter, their smiles fade in the pale fires ravaging the corridors of crooked history.

Enough! The dregs of my mind simmer in the frying pans of my felt-tipped afternoons...

Yes! The sun is a ball of enlightened glowworms, biding their eternity, waiting to fall upon darkness' back, stabbing night between its shoulderblades with daggers of solid light, leaving nothing to chance.

And the vultures of Time, on their flying carpets of scribbled notebooks, roam the interstellar reaches of mankind's illusions, looking for harbors of fat corpses, to mummify abstractly.

Their breath sours the future horizons upon which the sun sits, a purple wound spilling memories of blood-seasons over horizontal landscapes, inoculating hatred in every single leaf.

But the rains of eternity will wash their hands in Fluid Time...

Rainbowing centaurs spread their historic legs to receive the carrion-eater's bleak beak...

...and a kiss fastens the strings of fate to the handcuffed feet of my desperate hours.
afraid of becoming my own ghost I drag my days through the dark windowshields of everybody else's stage...

hands clasping the fluid beard of its nightlong accretions, clamping slow words over its albino eyes.

The fear of the static statue strangles my hold.

I sink through empty pianos, distancing Time at the hub of the wheel of fortune.

Leaving behind only ransacked beds coughing old blood through empty rooms.

Afraid of these words in drag disguise, spelling nothing but the bitter rind of nibbled moments.

Stay where you are Lazarus! coming back at the wrong time can be worse than starving in eternity.
And you, Maldoror, whose shadow casts no body, stop chewing at that sword's knob, its root drinks in the full cups of the oceans' dreams.

...I wake up and rub a new day's dreams into my eyes.

The trees of consciousness are rooted in the rivers of Time.
Sitting in this cell of my own making, I hop the thought-trains of everybody else's ghost...
at the speed of every moment along the rails of Present Time...

...into the hollow fangs of the dream police, where the echoes of delusion throw up shadows of illusion...
in flicker existence they carve hollow laughter out of the dungeon walls that clamp over my fears.

Fear's co-pilot paranoia, hijacks the trains to another dimension, where the pangs of absence thrust rusted clock-hands through my mind.

Time again to huddle in the straight-jacket of alcohol, till absence has stalked its uncharted course, till, at the hour of their death, the ghosts don once more their concrete suits of flesh and blood.

and with each repetitious stroke reassure the frightened flesh, till I believe again in my own visibility and crawl on all five members through the forest of whips, free-falling my path towards sleep,
a concrete drool on the face of absence.

Cinders of Fall & Winter

This night refuses to assume the colour of today's violence. Raindeer stalk the tundra of my imagination, grazing the leaves of my dream-bushes.

(imagination sulks in a corner of the Lost Night.)

Bâsho came for lunch & stayed for dinner; he left with seven empty coke bottles in his bag, hitch-hiking to L.A., with his eyes in his breastpocket.

& left me swimming in cigarette ashes ashes ashes

turning the page
& finding it has already been written upon.

the invisible ink

of her footsteps.

(around the neck of Time a chain of clogged needles

You are the clayfeet of your own dreams.

(thinking about the poem,
a line, remembered:

“to locate the function of a thing
in the structure of process”

(syntax
as the heart
of divination?

...alchemical journals...chasing the meaning thru the structure of a million verses...another Oku-no-hosomichi...

(my thoughts are the smoke
that make my eyelids shut)

HERE AGONY IS JUST IMAGINATION'S SISTER BITCH.

Starfish Soup

Kaleidoscope afternoons of frozen impossibilities.
Purple droppings write the scenarios of Withered Time.

Every filter-tipped mind stares past the corpses of bloated hours floating in Heavy Sirup kisses.
(Household ships of sadness on English Sargassos.)

As the day clamps over my mind, already forgotten claw, joints jammed by an overdose of polluted
insect-moments,

the dried

fibers of laughter break ancient cups in the dirty sink of Time.

Drawings of single-minded skulls set fire to the air's last sigh.
("Must have my Oak-Crunchies before I intercept these UFO's")

Moving the sheets from table to table.
A blind duck on the face of a deaf afternoon.

The address in Empty Street falls from the pocket of the last Slow Square wino.

(Nothing is true. Everything is permitted.)

Hallucitrons spit disfigured late-night news bulletins.
Smoke fading into the thin air...

The ice blocks of Poetics caught in the straight-jacket of Time's Almanac.
Writing fades into thin air.
Not sentences but sets.

(In my mind's residential quarters fat Pontiacs park along Memory Lane.)

The laws of silence cannot be spoken.
The end was here, & left in a hurry.
Words yield stories; stories don't

In my mental reservations, lunatic Injuns swing dream tomahawks.

The windows of absence people the faces of silence.
Transparent tears ride the black horses of tonight.
Another friday dies with his boots on...
looking

for instant novas in starfish soup.

((The crumbling process of decaying thought...pinball prayers don't help...the point of no return at the end of a sentence...pale bridges blown to pieces by time-bombs...stone-faced ambiguities wrestle with empty words...

Swords click the stillness of seconds from the face of Time.

My preoccupations run frenetic circles on deserted beaches. Their backs face each other. In quick death they follow the paths of my words. Their paddle-swords sink into my ocean. Starfish laugh salt-water-sighs, singing

“Beach Fatigue”
((ignorance stole the black & white painting from the Horror Gallery.

Time Past & Time Present hold their breath on the purple bones of the rollercoaster fading into thin air...

Felt-tipped afternoons scream their lungs out, formulating silence.

Les Silex Du Silence.

Tumbleweeds are the skeletons of lost starfish.

tumbleweed starfish.

starfish sky.
starfish in my eyes.
starfish falling silent bullet.
starfish color rage
starfish on your breath
starfish sighs
starfish under the moon's pallor
starfish stare holes into silence
starfish scars
starfish scarfish
starfish scarfists
starfish feast
starfish break under my thoughts
starfish fish stars
starfish soup

Compositing mental menus of alphabet soup alphabet soup — the needle clogs again — I rip a bleached hair from Beauty's cunt — the needle wraps tight around the blood — her clots give speeding-tickets to my & everybody else's life —

Murph's purplr scarf around the neck of Time — my eyes shatter on the glass surface of his breath — elbows grow through wooden tables, candles come out on the far side of today — the candle's tongue is a slap in the face of silence — words loose out in the end — freak silences tumbling out of still-born words — moaning softly they sneak out the backdoor — the summer in the city afternoon heat peels a stubborn orange with white fingers of pain & absence — gone deaf extremities circumscribe my pain — eyes dripping nightsounds drown candle flames — stagnant air boils furiously on the threshold of a scream — *the first principle is pain* —

gone-mad shutters bite off the last rays of a fallen sun — grey spiders play in the absence of my hands — clock falling from ticking walls crush the shadows of seconds — dust freezes — two white kittens pay homage to out illusions — pain deposits a furtive bundle of words on the doorsteps of my brain — two white kittens fall from the wall like overripe minutes — from the cracked floor two black toads rise & tunnel through the candle the cundle — their orders reach me in Braille-telegrams :

Hang yourself with the wick of your last moments! Murph touches me with steel & the braille film fades into thin air — smoke-shadows pencil the orders on a thousand forgotten thighs — starfish explode in my mind — grey shrivelling corpses dancing obscene words on the walls of my skull — I dissolve in Fluid Time draping wax wings around Murph's purple body — drapings from his eyes — he explodes in showers of starfish falling through Empty Time — Last Images sizzle in memory's frying pan — The Lost Codices give up their hopes & ghosts —

Murph melts through empty windows — in the eternal rocking-chair a rainbowing ocean comes in spurts of moonlight — Artemis' hounds hard on the heels of my nights — their livid barks melt the virginity of our wondowpains — hard the hunter's pounding heart — wrapped in hysterical laughter, we swing our shadows by their barbed beards against the pack — a braille wick wraps around my throat — I spit a mouthful of teeth into the face of the candle — back to back we fight Artemis' virginity — the hounds tear at the sad carcasses of the kittens — where their flaming froth touches the carrion, toads grow & wilt — all our lost alarm-clocks go off at the same time — we faint into thin air, taking to the beach —

I wake up in a dream & scream myself awake — & find myself in the slowly pulsing shadow of a framed landscape — feeling the soft pangs of memory, silent waves slouching rhythmically waning on a beach of crystal words - where the beach ends, monotonous hills of quicksand imitate the movement of the sea — bombed-out black hulks of forgotten castles sink slowly through their surface, leaving a trail of giant airbubbles exploding softly through my brain — I cannot disentangle my roots from the rotting bushes — in the orange sky black clouds squeeze a flickering faint sun — comets surf on falling clouds — the sun pops with a gargling noise & falls, a rotten fruit, in my stuated lap — bats carve hieroglyphics in the trembling stillness of the air — the sun in my lap in the shadowscape of my vision squints his eyelids shut — nothing left but a purple cyst underneath my skin —

...red-veined marble skeleton of a boat stalks the horizon — nobody aboard — drifting with masts sung earthwards, bleeding memory's flesh — the eye of a handcuff fastened around a madly spinning compass, the long chain trailing through the water, the other eye not to be seen — as the hulk reaches the corner of the horizon, a door of solid wood swings open, through which it fades — the handcuff's chain suddenly pulled tight, emerges from the water, a steel tightrope, reaching all the way to its second eye, closed around my throat —

& the pain of my splitting roots hurls the dead sun at the ship — when they finally snap, I rebound over the beach, the crystal sand-words tattooing my skin, I skip over the ocean — handcuffed arrow gathering the momentum of my fears, I nail the wooden door shut — consciousness escapes through the diminishing vibrations of the feathered end —

Am I a man dreaming that he's a dream, or a dream dreaming that he's a man?

Ah! There is no way for me to define the landscapes; their absence seeps through the cracks of my wordscapes —

the gentle call of puss pervading my ghost-ridden questions, poison that leaves no dregs in memory's cup — when under it I light a borrowed sun, all colors & consistencies flee — but the knowledge of a yellow aftertaste in the throat of Time —

eluding inspection, nowhere to be seen, the maddening shadow of a taste

I wake up with everything else forgotten.