

**CLAYTON ESHLEMAN**

**THE LAVENDER FATHERS  
PAREIDOLIA  
FOR DON MEE CHOI**

## THE LAVENDER FATHERS

I am one of the lavender fathers.

We want to find that Stone of Division  
set as a corner in the human wall.  
Our shoulders placed against it would set in motion  
the transformation of temporality into great time.

Who you may ask are the lavender fathers?

We are the why & pale of anti-know.  
We move inside the word wards of an original wetness,  
measure veils stretched over bones.

Each word, a riddle of corridors,  
is a capstone capping *sunyata*.

We once lived in the glyph balloons inhabiting Maya imagination.  
Now we play, as if it were a cello, the Grunewald Isenheim Altarpiece,  
drawing out its mole tones, its Sadean larvae...

Alas, we fathers are a mess. We've lost, out of our penises,  
so much blood. Our ladies, from doing the thorn-pull,  
speak to us only in shred-tongue, & while we are under all that occurs  
we are weakened by non-existence.  
We have lost our cohesive zap as sidereal gremlins,  
we now only act up in metaphor...

And what does it mean to be lavender and not,  
to be something emanating from an ancient moose,  
the tinework of a father, neck pouch as a bell,  
an image of existence prior to being,  
slicing lakes of light burgeoning into green hives, shadowed armatures,  
hydromedusae sutra-stroking through world mind evolving.

## PAREIDOLIA

Around 4 A.M. this winter I often get out of bed, pee, and then standing by our bathroom window look through the leafless branches of our front yard red maple which demethodize the two main door lights of The First United Methodist Church of Ypsilanti across the street, turning them into eyes watching me through the mass of twig-barbed spear-like branches pointing every which way...

The strangeness of this branch-constructed countenance evokes an *axis mundi* specter, or Yggdrasil after Odin hung from it for nine days...

As I continue to stare, Hart Crane's suicide --suddenly now identified as a "sorghum suicide"--passes through... How close we are at all points to the sources that spellbind our psychic reality. Is this church-eyed branch mingle a face of night? Or night playing with my eyes as I filter God adoration through a maple tree's pagan fate?

Each tree is a world tree whose roots engrail the barnacled scoria of the haul.

2015

## FOR DON MEE CHOI

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You belong to none except the gong.  
On to *on* its copper undulations translate into meat—  
the cheek of liberty, Ensouresque crowds.  
Your self behind yourself concealed,  
what Hadic invisibility is being revealed?  
Is your forehead apotropaic from wandering in your face?  
Or did you drop the felted soul hammer seconds before  
the bong?

Cambodia with four million of our land mines.  
Bankers glinting crystal angles.  
You're in Seattle. I'm outside Detroit.  
We're both facing the light show in Club Rapture.  
The planet is an ongoing Rave. Afghan bands on LSD  
while American drones chowder their family bunks

1962: I am bargaining with a Korean whore in discarded  
GI fatigues by  
the Seoul SAC Compound Gate.  
The dispossessed & the poet  
before the closed Western Gate:  
we lack the power to realize what we see to be real.

Its all absurd &  
eerily mantic: the fabricator of our uterine  
scaffolding keeps shadowing our present shade.

You belong to a longing to birth rapids & mares,  
to a rampart on which a *hagazussa* is oiling her broom.  
You look down a cerebral tunnel rotating with escapes:  
all harrowing enough  
to keep you focused on a phantomatic art.

Were you to insert a serpent, might “the lambent  
homage of his arrowy tongue” turn you into a pythoiness  
capable of resetting a cosmogonic dial?

Ransacked by our finite infinity,  
we hover the anima gore stored in testicular vats.