

NOISELESS ANDROMEDA

Inspired by Andre Breton's "Free Union" and Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself".

Charcoal clouds flanking their cold metal onto russet trinkets of sky;
The poet encloses their outer world in a sideways aperture
Of megalodon maelstroms gurgling mind's nomadic terrace
Coincidentally forged from similar particles and patterns
Inside the arpeggios of andromeda churning out symbols
Striking glyph noise, extending aged percussion which wraps
The tucked shores of my galapagos elongating noiseless andromeda:

Noiseless andromeda gazing out her balcony hung
Above vermilion cubes of the city like millions of fireflies
That crescendo separate bodies into a mono-nerve bulb;
Noiseless andromeda with her halcyon smile hung
Above its expression upon momentous chords scattered as
Lethargic cicadas lapping up noise from gurgled orchestras;
Noiseless andromeda who barrows out the bulk of
Her satin hair upon pasture neck as a wrinkled umbrella:

Noiseless andromeda who calls out my name with the gurgling of
Syllables stacked over rainbow reflections of wet petals.
Noiseless andromeda whose chortles crumples winds
And bends the backs of hills at their grassy bows:
Noiseless andromeda whose laughter is mapped by the
Noisy geometry of butterflies, ladybugs, snakes and tigers
And the way she wets lipstick from perfection to touch morning.

My noiseless andromeda's cherry sun kisses warm lakes of coffee beans
And gathers their rocky beams to perch firmly upon metal mugs
Until they jangle vapors to run necks with new harps of trees.
My noiseless andromeda who coaxes out my frame with her flamed
Kiss of air, cricket moans and gentle heaviness of her chest
Caressing my face as legs circle bed sheets like moving moons;
The song of myself is noiseless andromeda's song gurgled by
My darting thoughts rafting noise to match andromeda's supernal outline.

The song of myself is the substratum of my being flung by raggedy tunes through its completion
The song of myself is a silver moth gliding at lamp-posts gurgled through lunar symphonies
My noiseless andromeda stimulates the nerves of my soul climbing through my windy window
The song of myself is shelley's lyre snapped and laid across andromeda's sleeping feet
So its broken container might too mimic some fraction of andromeda's noisy solitude:
My noiseless andromeda stimulates the nerves of my soul as I breathe her skin's soft gardens
And the way they form touch through silk atoms as she pelts sealed eyes to open chest

In a careful ballet enclosed in a sideways aperture convulsing diapason
Through the flashing shutters of symbols gurgling percussion in a cabaret dance
That flashes some membranes of sacred beetles swimming nomadic air of galapagos
That flashes its otherworldly flora and fauna to perch my standstill terrace with warmth
While andromeda's arpeggios continues to call to me, called noise of my particles
Whose familiar patterns appear as glyphs of charcoal clouds flanking
Cold metal by way of sky's trinkets; a megalodon maelstrom only of order when I think of
my noiseless andromeda.