

EYES IN THE DARK

Folio Five, Edition Four

The ideas and views expressed in this newspaper are not always shared by the other writers and editor.

Atrius

bulletholes in a bathroom stall
foretell my future:
blood wiped on a mirror,
angry red slash
we followed from its source,
lost sight in cool night air;
and rediscovered only as it exploded,
gunshot echoing off stone walls,
scattering dead souls to earth.
only one in a million makes it;
but that one cannot be denied.

local toughs hanging cool on the steps
of a Croatian church;
doing their gansta shit, scattered close
like the garbage lying like leaves
in a barbed wire-protected midtown lot.
they're after the big, big, money,
just like those gansta uptown
in their self-built churches
they see nothing in the mirror
but they see me
because they know my secret name,
and thus have power over me.
but I have the same true name
as six million others.

is this what you wanted,
you and your perversely rational Frenchmen:
humanity analyzed and classified
until I have become a string of numbers tatoood on my arm,
a button on a vending machine;
call is dehumanism.

is this what you wanted,
Watt, Whitney, Edison, Marconi:
this man-machine androginoid
accepting invaders into our flesh so willingly,
making love to pure energy.
it's just a slow-moving bullet
a biological time bomb.

is this what you wanted
you Enlightened deists,
with your high-class revolution?
of course it is;

but it's worked out better
than you ever dreamed:
watching big brother
with the drool hanging from our mouths
digesting trivialized information,
assimilating an imaginary past;
manic junkies flipping channels
desperately, looking for a fix--
I have seen the best minds of my generation
consumed by apathy--
buying that boredom
sucking it down
clear plastic container
reclining on the divan
curtained undersea room
light filtering in as wavy darkness
vomit-smelling butts piled
on the moldy orange carpet
bowing to the blue glow
that shows what you become:
YM-reading mall-rattng
weight-lifting net-surfing
pot-smoking baby-killing
prodigal suns enjoying purgatory
because the pain is so easy.

I have come here to die,
stroking the scars
on my forehead.
but a hibernation is preparation
for more overt action
and I will emerge,
blank, even my true name gone
and the numbers burned from my flesh.

bulletholes in a bathroom stall
foretell my future:
only one in a million makes it
but that one cannot be denied.

— *Invisible Man*

Fog (III - VI of VI)

Part III

The fog around me thins.
A figure emerges before me
wearing a black cloak
And a mask.
I know I should run,
But I stand there,
paralyzed by fear.
He looks me over
And with a laugh shoves me down.
The lamplight above
Reflects off his knife.
Still I cannot move.
He laughs again,
Kicks me,
and runs by.

The fog covers me again.

Part IV

I wander in a world that does not exist
One where light and dark exist together
I walk forward
Uncertain of where I go
But trusting I will get there.

Part V

I jump to avoid
Being hit by the car,
And I end up in
Someone else's space in the fog.

She looks at me
and smiles
and turns to go.
I try to follow,
but it is impossible.

Part VI

Finally I sit down
In a clear patch
Under the streetlight
And listen.

— *Maniac*

Allison's Lament

Little girl at the water's edge
looking for a home
she's cold and she's lost but the clear wet calm
is like nothing she's ever known
stripped to her essence
she's falling in
as the evening spreads it's ancient grin
like an opening wound on smooth young skin
and suddenly something new begins
Poseidon claims her for his own
marked as one for the watery throne
now twice born and tattooed by the night
the blank black stillness brings no fright
the dawn's daughter
steps to the water

a magic surge from deeper within
from this newborn self
its' where she's going
not where she's been
as unnoticed the night grows colder
the clear mist settles round her shoulders
as she sleeps

Pale child with timeless dreams
Where are you going?
Where have you been?
So young and free of sin
but she's marked for a land we've never seen
sea and sand and a far off land
the night has a sure and gentle hand
baby, in the dawn's harsh light
waking with a strange new sight
now years have passed and tides have turned
and the moon swells with the sea
the cycles tound and there's frons on the ground
and the child still isn't free
the Dawn's daughter
steps to the water

something older than time moved her up to the line
where sea meeting sand is like throat touching wine
and a still deeper dream
has her stretching the seam
of the sand and the sky
the Dawn's daughter
steps to the water

water and time in the midnight mist
the fog has kissed
it's all been leading up to this
The dawn's daughter
steps to the water.

— *Kuroi Ayame*

Watcher

I am waiting

**leaning into the open arms of stuffed animal friends
the ceiling spins, drawings of my past jumbled
with grey and white plaster**

dark, so dark

I don't want to see the light

I stir, and sit up

**lassitude leeching from me to the sheets
find some music - the Scorpions
and play it - LOUD**

I am waiting

**for the nothing
to go away**

For his face to shatter

.....

fall to pieces on the ground

.....

and crumble to dust

.....

— *Chrysm*

So he sang in the distance
the figure alone
His heart gorged on sorrows
engraved in his bones
Cast out by his fellows
unloved by his peers
None to comfort hi,mk
nor to witness his tears

— *Lord of the Mind*

Song of the Seasons

When the autumn sun has done its setting,
And the winter moon is risen full,
Then will I tell of all I've seen
And speak the words yet unsung.

When the winter winds have blown away,
And the spring blossoms are full in bloom,
Then will love seize the mourning heart
And bring it into day.

When the spring rains have fallen soft,
And the summer heat is rising high,
Then will fortune smile o'er the world
And bring in wealth and plenty.

When the summer grains are all cut down,
And the autumn leaves are colored gay,
Then will the songs be gladly sung,
And stories told of olden day.

— *Darkstar*

fear of winter 2 (seduction of dionysus)

fear of winter once drove us into caves, starving down to bones in fear
of the cold white end of this soft planet
one blind sun icy in a hard clear sky, bright, now we winter ourselves
down year round trying to get clean again like they bathe the body
it's the only time fresh air ever gets up to NYC
trying to clean these mutant paws we dirtied in slush and blood
we never get out in the woods no more
and it's not right to be stuck up there in winter where they got him
wher you got yourself, not when yr not yet real and no air or room
to breathe and scream
remove all contact, no pity taken, fuck
it all
I'll just go walking in winter
these type theatrics do sell, but I want some oldtime tragic drama now,
to lay down with dionysus and never give a shit no more
oh, i'll take you on
by taking you in
I've known enough demigods and deoms that locked me in this town.
lay down with this lone child just banging away with cold fingers on
type writer god thing, warm me on sleep-filled wine. drug me, burst me,
lat it on me dionysus, I'm ready to be
born
I'm ready
take down all gods, animals are alone, I'll get up and split before D.
wakes up and I can't stop spitting these bile empty phrases
It's nothing but empty now
I'm going walking

— *Kuroi Ayame*

she was saved

special education
song-and-dance,
confused two-step,
in hats and chaps
like Doris Day at the rodeo.
fat, loud, scraggly hair--
but they look so
 mistakenly happy,
uncoordinated bunch
lurching across tanned-out
auditorium stage.
"o johnny, you're such a redneck!"
when the blower growls
and the lights go down

stepping off a bus
into proudly fake hotel lobby:
there is motion, energy.
beautiful girl, sweet girl,
what are you doing in my dream?
"o right near you--
 Hackensack. help yourself
 to some pizza."
but in lightning flash
I see her flower-stained room
set against age thirty-five,
still sedentary-moving,
still waiting.

making love in the shadow
of a nuclear power plant
whose existance I denied
for two years;
now this unwanted child
will come out
physically deformed, too.
driving route 100
left, Pablo Pio center
right, Jake's flea market
sucking in the despair
like those white fumes
rising from the
concrete bunkers.
they call it Limerick:
"there once was a man
from nantucket;
then he was
 no more."

I have ridden that bus
and seen the rows of faces
so infused with hopelessness;
a quality strangely absent
from these play-acting adults.
a shaft of light cuts the darkness
and we see:

Janitor,
Lawnmower Man,
Waitress,
so mistakenly happy
just to be doing
 something.

hours later
I am on that stage
getting the good citizen award;
is it forced irony
or mere coincidence?

 scene:
busstopwaiting w/
hard flaking chairs
watching the low-rider
STS through dirty window

 scene:
aura of aftershave around
suit-and-tie by mall entrance
w/leather phone holster
going to play cowboys and indians

 scene:
moving van in front
of already-forgotten
dead man's house

we never remember
exactly when we traded
those cloud-capped visions
for MVCC and restaurant management;
we quickly deafened
to the unending movement--
revealed, we quickly
pulled the wool back
to preserve that
mistaken happiness.
the rain is my blood
wahing dead skin
to the pavement--

family vacation
to Atlantic City.
play the slots,
ride the coaster,
rape and murder
silent pigtailed
in a bathroom
but haven't you thought
maybe
she was saved

— *Invisible Man*

I float on the breeze, alone in my thoughts
Seeking solitude in memory, relief from the pain
To cloak the mind in darkness
To fool it for a time
A little dose of paradise
is all that is mine

— *Lord of the Mind*

for H.

I. Raven

the piece itself, listen
curved, fluid & cruel riding the rough loving grip like a pet or a friend
choking & shaping old light into something new and terrible out of Yeats or Revelations
and then the motion, the strike, the initial touch of the tooth that's always waiting
behind lover's lips
the thrill of contact then
pressure and
tearing
liquid pools sliding on the blade, blurring the city night into a gruesome fisheye tableau
a neon sign scream pulsing and lurid, all pictures misshapen on the slick fluidity of steel
a puddle of faces clotted in the infinite spinning eye of this black bird
the classic pattern of a dark wing sweeping, spilling, a supernatural wing splashing a silence
onto histories written/forming
onto pavement
onto sharpened night senses
onto a tap of lost and losing flight and a tap of language
bleeding out of fading breath
drowning romance

in new texts on the concrete
and the regular grinding tap of the broken and reshaped cog in the American dream machine
that mechanically pulls the child's hand to this grip, the child's spirit
and battered nature
into the knot, the fist, the unforgiving hold silhouetted against brick
almost past will
and caught
in the amber of too many years and too many in this place before, tens of thousands of voices curling in those slender fingers frozen around
the familiar & even friendly blade.

2. Taka

taka and all your names
this is one thing for you
priestess, huntress, goddess queen to slave... how many times have you held this blade, and how easy does it rest in your fingers even now
constellations gleaming in cold stell and dancing in the eyes of your dark horses
along with you dreams
they close in on you, cold to the bone at night and biting, muffling to close out any call
too many voices end up as indistinguishable from a deathly silence
rhiannon can you hear me
rhiannon have you heard me
rhiannon
will you be able to hear me
the last time
or in the end will the dreams be the only voice...
flames don't last, & warriors were never trained to rest
and children
some
were never destined for the usual toys I guess
how much have you sacrificed
little sister, and how much even now can you tell?
here's what I want for all your names, & listen:
bought baby,
gypsy girl,
I want to see you dismount from this black horse of your nights and release yr whitened grip on any & all blades of form and spirit
growing past your prime for once, gypsy, in the moonlight
I want to see you really dance
slowly
not to shake out a call or stave off death but just
to dance.

— *Kuroi Ayame*

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