



On Earth As It Is

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As No One Lay Trying to Die

James Greer

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prayer as story, story as prayer

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photo by matthew simmons

As No One Lay Trying to Die

James Greer

Or help us knowing ouch has dropped a stone upon our headlines. Or scare me up inside, the backend of troubles unimpressed.

These will prep the churchy masses and the desperate tryst. I sold the rest stop and I told the best stop and I stop and stop. These our American rhythms. These our God bless you platitudes and God bless you. Please.

Sonorous tones. Sonorous tones. Sonorous tones. Said the bell to the town. Send your meat to my seating plan. Uncannery rows of raw chair in canteen disciples. That is more than. Sky goes up to other sky and looks in his sky and sky says blue.

Spell it out, watery Gravesend. Say we lay him under, say the infallible foe curtails his trip. Throw the most. The most just. By half, in half. By this rod or that rood. This main thing. This willing feature. Excerpted file. Slingland. Chalk-lined and visible along the pitch of channels one two three and even four. A dish nosed south on a clear sky. The winds: sirocco, marin, leveche, xaloc, tramontane, mistral. All corridors lead to katabasis, from Alpine droits to Massif slips. Down, downy, soft into underworld. We used the Socratic method on a couple of local wines, and brake bread and blood of Christ was everywhere. Pooling in the dirt and possibly this dirt was the same dirt. Wash the red from the tide, no reward ever warrants the present.

Then when time stutters, muttering obscurantist, and you've chussed and rumbled hoofing it big time into ass-bag of a rue aboard your moto and howsoever on account wherefore of quantity of lyseserge sloughing

down the straw veins in your stuffed suit and—the helmet, you forgot, you always forget—so that encounter (inevitable, ineluctable, unelectable) of flesh-meets-brick Hello! Hallo! Hello! Showy slo-mo smacking, deliquescent bone through the frayed pull: I Am Flying impossible I Am Flying untrue I Am. That I Am.

Strange does not begin to descry. Vetting will commence in tea minus milk, sugar, spoon. A nursery of stares in the vault of Helen shows, per aspirin, a bastard tune. Light from headspace, fluting a dead hurt, on the run from run off. Spare me, beggar. That wood. Bee. Absence of nonsense from common sense. Lightful. Set of sun from lavender wist to blood orange and rose, heaving, from twilit death to moony height. Abandon all soap. Scrub pine and never, never. Beak in, beak out, beak on or haply dose. Her thymes are not yet loam, nor lonely roan. Cancreous encrease by bushel or farthel, we all say the same but we all hear the hippy parse. Lou! Stay. From purse into lapping dog, huge among us will be willing. Yew? Ash? My crew is askance.

The only useful thing that anyone can do, put together two or three strings and call them Paragraph: but that which has been driven LEEWARDS by the windows of MEANING will have forever inked upon his brain the last rights of man! But bottles and bottles are courage for the children of victory. It wears on its shoes its badge of things that were. Who wouldn't age rapidly in however much an atmosphere? Trouble trunks, that. Places we've been. If these crossroads were splayed like Jesus. The machine makes them, you know, but not any more. Whole town's gone to seed. Have you any tea, dear? Have you a plea bargain at the flea market? My favorite is a kind of leaf that has to be plucked in the feather of its youth. Punched in the face like a bowl full of dreadful. Has to go where has to be. Are there any questions?

There can be no more questions. A drink for all sins. That one cost a bad penny but the true cost of any string cannot be measured by the toes nor hung from missiles; nor used like these cardigan buttons (from the front) nor stacked like firewood (on the porch).

Damn the hell out of any wight says contra, he can't know the extent of the problem. Bunches of liars growing like water-weeds on the actual planimetric. Rufous, wide, and sky. Three colors of the body, when he lies there and lies. No one ever wants to leave, just like no leaf ever wants to turn, and none of the people or trees are fond of falling, adamsend or evening twain, crossed in the hairs of a simpler gun. All avenues embrouch now on the single road to night. Twixt here and there's a slippery pope benedicting the masses, and the chorus, and the versus. A modicum of modesty, if it please you, sir. 'Sblood! 'Sblood everywhere! The sayers of a thing must needs be brief. Luther's inkwell shrives all sins but leaves a blushy stain upon the red right hand of the object of his wrath. That's the question troubles me. That's the question. Not existential disparity, nor bipolar theorem, nor the set of ones. Nor zero. Nor the arrow.

A passing cloud obscures the source. Still there, obnubilate. Which is not to deny individual consciousness—merely to suggest that a single ego does not and cannot exist without the sum of all individual egos, and that from an infinite perspective, that individual ego is weightless and insubstantial—a tuft of feathers floating in the celestial ether.

Throw away the clocks. Flatten the keys. Hey, mom, don't feel too bad. Tonight before crispness —throne fires, pinecones wilding down the firecat lanes like average birds—I saw the word.

And the word was made flesh.

Books.

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