

## **Pudendum Continuum**

Caught in the continuation of creation,  
like menstruation in the Indian Ocean.  
I finally unplugged the Martyrdom Machine.

The Academy of Posthumous Radiance  
returned my applications "Unacceptable:  
Contact the Department of Insignificance."

Thank you for the rejection! Disapproval! Yes!  
I understand your misunderstandings on this.  
You'll forgive me if I take the time to go on...

And it's Clay versus Clay. And it's wave upon wave.  
And at the end of the day, it's you that you save.

A torpedo of an idea: Let Love In.  
I looked into the Pudendum Continuum,  
through the narrower aperture of the eye's mind.

My ice vine valentine pressed between the pages  
of her Frost poems. Poetry is Magical.  
Magic: Intuition. The Intuitive: Art.

Bono says, "All Art is Praise." Praise is watery,  
and water is that what the soul consists, solely.  
(Notes from the well, I'm happy to have heard your song.)

Disenvoweled. Fragile. Skeletal. Memorable.  
Given to being filled like a wheel thrown vessel,  
she fills so deeply. I mean, she *feels* so deeply.

I don't need system enter rusting every word.  
Chosen or honed, home or alone with all the world,  
form follows purity of intent, and then some.

Antlered, nodding to the moon, imbrued, I thank you  
for this fortuitous arrangement of the fates.  
For how our inward boundaries are touched by grace.

Stealing butter. Baying loud at the naked clouds.  
The embracing night sky has been patient with me.  
I thank you for making me a Human Being.