

THE 3.21



NEIL ENGGIST

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The Steel is down
2 sheets on the floor

Last night
The silk from the tour of the Southern Heart
Lay upon the steel

Beneath the dichroic (turquoise - violet) silk
There's the dream
I didn't dream

Nothing changed on the steel
Nothing changed on the silk

As if they never touched



Down a dry circle of salt

(Africa and America will be continue to move apart then
Come together and the grey Atlantic will finally run down giant mountains)

Jump on on the Pangea Ultima in self conscious dance
Which is not dance
To shake the salt outward from the circle

The Salt is the agent of steel's undoing
(Ironized oxidation, breath, entropic emergence,
Revolved counterindustrialization)
& Neil's anti-sleep of Rust

White and false and pure
Without a fixed form
I could sweep it all away and
The steel bed will be
Unchanged but with tonight
The Ocean will come
Join steel with
The oxygen in a sea formed breath
Marked orange and ochre
In that pre big bang blue where
There were dreams with no dreamers



Then unexpectedly
A song called Alice somehow
Jumped onto the Jacksonville City
Nights playlist and burned my ears
In the computer lab so I placed
The raccoon skull based clay sculpture
That looks like Leo Messi (who looks like
My Dad in his youth) on the steel bed
& with a good deal of the hatred I hold
For technology/ Zuckerberg's fucking face
And Steve Job's whineyass ghost
I hit the face 3 times with a genuine
Mahogany slugger

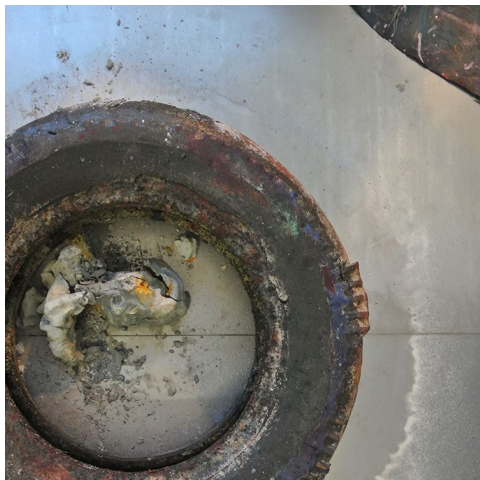
The clay bones of this
Extinct father creature
Exploded

Pieces of clay almost
Shot out the door of my studio
And I went back to the Computer Lab
To upload photos and movies
From my (cracked) Iphone IV

3.22
From Black Rad Aesthetics with Sam I come out
With a new destabilizing thought
Is Piper the Artist turned Art Object
Turning the triumph of flatness
(more than flatness- false depth,
The mirror, the ur-lack of modernism)

Into the opacity of depth and the unknowability
Of the railroad of bones on the ocean floor
I.e. is she covering the Stella mirror
With a Black Hole or
Is the broken mirror moving upon the event horizon
or is there the alternative-
The Black Star
Whose quantum force
Of reverse vacuum polarization
Namely the charged resistance to collapse
of spacetime itself
The unaccounted for Dark Energy
Keeping all matter and light
From collapsing into the infinite gravity
Of a singularity?

I wobble around my studio
Like a wheel coming to a stop
Thrown flat on the steel



The atlas tire surrounds the broken hybrid skull
Plaster pours around the remains in the worn out
And impossible spirit of repair

I crash



On the ring of salt
The detritus of human nature cackling

12 pieces to begin
An arbitrary measure of time

Parts of smashed sculpted red
White black and yellow heads
South north south west east



The center of the atlas
Plastered white
And the circle
Breaks in 4 pieces
3 bodies of water
Dividing
Tricolored sands like the

Kanyakumari shore joining
Under the hardened axis

Haldi Gold
Iron red
Bright black
Sands are manufactured
In the color lab (an overturned wooden
Painting of Nat King Cole)



I take a shot of turmeric and Woodford
To keep my sickness
To hold onto the psychotics of my antimatter
As I am my antimatter as well separate from myself
For an instant of cosmic fire blown out from the pole
Of a star of condensed neutrinos/Satchmo's horn
This little dark particle and
Profound wave exists
Until annihilation (Love)
In what may be the birth of time itself

The sand pours over the
Broken circle while I think about the
Wedding in Goa Her
Vows in the water
And how they followed me
Across so many rivers
As I fled south
South

I go to the Bay on 24th st.
And fill up the Jack Bottle
That's just what I have to do sometimes

Take a liter out of the rising ocean and think about my father



The water was muddy as the air went from bottle to sky
A raven glided by
The tire from the Easter night was passed through
He saw the moon in the water and made a glass
He named it Freedom it was blue and
broken and I was born around then
In a small window to the mountain
He saw the Blitz over Hergizwil
Right through
The bottle
bay water
Poured on the broken
Bone colored moon
In the water or amber
Of the bar and the color
In my closed eyes
Full of air
But spilling
Into my father's
Thirsty soul

He was guessing
Who I was painting

'THE POET MAZIN?'

The painting changed
Into his face on Fasnacht
Losing his hands
And falling

'Dad it's you'

'O MY GOD'

He texted

Where the hell was he texting from?



The Solo from Pop's Introduction

To The Gypsy I decided

Is our family whistle

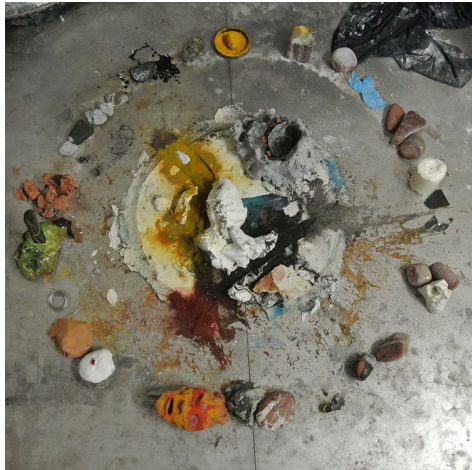
Ma approved

It's around her table we

Always gathered when we felt

Most at home
And semicircled on the big pillows
With the Salems and BooBoo enjoying
Candles on the Xmas tree and at some
Point Me or Alina would put on that Louis
Pop's horn

The Gypsy is where you go
To receive the false fortune
and truth of your love
Though deep in your heart
You know she's
Singing another song
You go there again and again
Because you want to believe
The Gypsy



The piles of sculpture and broken surfaces
aggregated around places of hour numbers or
Cells or preschool kids forming
Into little cliques of tables of
Microbacteria holidays
Rusting into the steel bed
On the event horizon
Which perhaps is here

Around collapsing
Infinite time

I saw it as the time
About time to
Go
Or let him go

I stole a pen from
The dogpatch saloon and tipped
Pretty decent
I'll be out of money in about
9 days

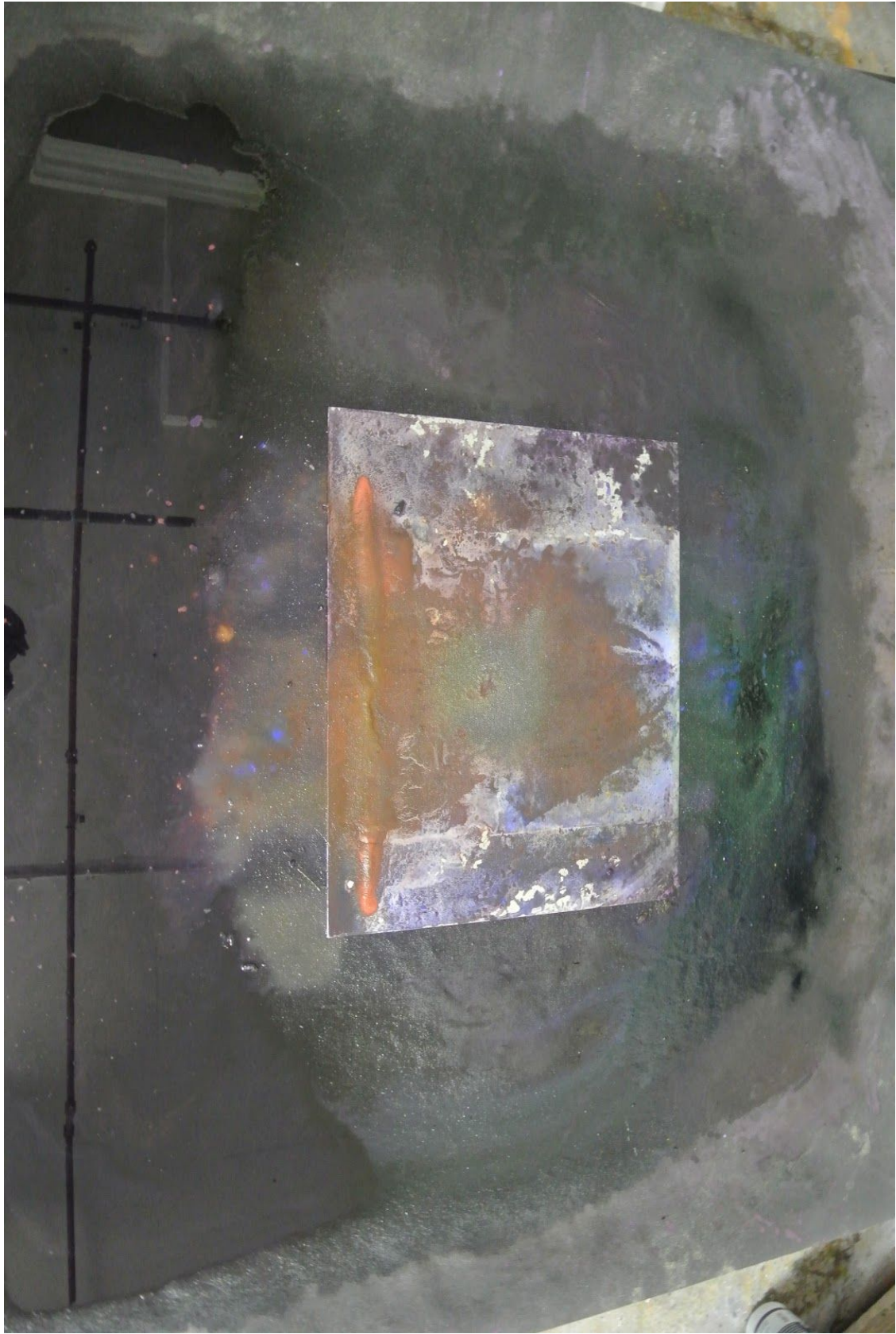


The Greek Green Blue
Water came from the
South-east flooding into
The event horizon
Which is perhaps
The surface of a Blackstar
The brown wonderful skin whose
Whites and blacks of haloed eyes
Have won my dreams

Nilaya
2 Ravens
To art infinity

Our vital bodies with small blue skinned lords of mind
Triangle in circles of stones and light
collapsing in dance in eyes of infinite centers

The wheel surrounds the sands from three oceans
And the fragments from the event horizon hurl into
The center as Pangea darkens the axis for days and
I paint the dark light





Everything explodes outward again as my mind's lost center
Cannot contain any more exiles

Another border is drawn in the water

Only the dancer's rings

remain in black sky

and the sea reflecting

her eyes is the painting

emptying and marking

what has already moved

on ahead and behind



I consult the mandala swinging from my neck

The tanzanite has fallen off
Diamond north white death wind
Citrine south earth burning ground
Fire opalic east sun soon showing fingers
The gone purple water black west abysmal

The cheap chain of it rashes my neck
I use the wheel balanced in the corner
To hold myself up
Every star is dead already and
All the light is from all the death
I'm glowing on the road off the road crossing out
Two lights in the dust in the feathers on the water
I say to Sea I have to land this thing now
In the fire
But I will land silently in the snow

My baby sends one blue heart



Whatever I've been painting with
Has now come in one of the cuts
On my left middle finger

O good now I am one with what
I am painting with one with what
I am painting and one with what

Is there anyone else in this falling sand
Am I even there in it?

I woke and there was a circle on the ceiling
An afterimage of something dreamed
I wonder what I had been seeing

Today he decided after all these years
Today he's going to stop drinking
For the rest of his life

I didn't have the words
But on the facetime from
The Easter table I saluted
Him from an alley in the
South Mission
My family joked that
I looked like I was in jail
BooBoo laughed like Dali
Nilaya looked on and spoke
Like a dumpling drunk raven
Ma chimed in from the other end
Of the round table- the bear that has
Kept it all together
Dad had shed tears that turn gold now in my mind



He was beaming and now smiling like a silvered man of Hollywood
through that nighttime realization of his higher power when
he asked the helpers of the great spirit for help and
we heard his scream in the tundra

I imagine the star shot straight upward like the breath of a whale

He was smiling like he was making an angel out of glass

The Raven heard a scream that was
not my voice but the same

She came to give it back and then
I looked at all the colors in all the eyes
In all her feathers as she jumped around
With my heart and I painted a black
Cloud that stretched to the edges and
A deep purple ring surrounded
The color of all and none
The one that rains in the sun
That absorbs and believes the soul
Like Ocean like Aretha

I placed the black square
On the shore of beach of feral
(but nice) cats (and fighting raccoons)
So that the square would be underwater
In a few hours

I made an angel for my dad out of
Ocean weed colonized slabs of broken concrete
And she's going to toast the wrinkles of
Starlight from under the tide tonight
Cheersing at the broken surface
The sound reaching outward
From a clap of no hands above
An ocean fire in the locus
Of two infinities or
An infinite one



The Sea Star



They got a false candle on
The Sea Star has changed
In the year it's been since

The steel thundered on the way back to
Where I lay it on the black side of the tire
With broken clay heads glass clouds ghosts
And the Jack

I flipped over a really heavy wheel
To print the circle on the steel with
4 tides... 2 days 4 or 3.5 tides

On the bottom there were small clams
And barnacles drawing blood
As the wheel was upright for one moment
In the mud of the low tide
I thought that these guys might die
If I push the tire on the steel and bare them to the sun

Clams and barnacles are tough
I thought Plus this is real low tide
as I pushed the tire over

It felt glorious
Minus my body
without my body

I was bleeding from a good amount of places
But all the wounds would clot with gold or
Orange oxide

And all the small wild light I had left would shine from my cracks

My man who lives up on the concrete triangles
Looking straight out onto the bay like Dexter Gordon
In that photo with all the smoke round his anterior beatitude
Said 'Hey you should put wax on the metal to mask an image'
Or tape out a border with a certain water resistant tape
Brilliant ideas! this man skinny living but whole and alive
Silvered and kind
'What's your name brother?'
I asked
He didn't say
He went into his tent/umbrella
And threw down something metal

It was a shark hook
Half rusted like a sunset
With many snags lethal
Like green eyes in the water
I didn't know what to say

This is the last bar
The last place
He ever went
The sunset is over
It was one of those red ones
But I missed it
Out the door
Cuz I went to get an IPA
For him

I went back to get the steel
After 3.3 tides
My new friend wasn't there
I tried to push the tire over
To save the small clams for my own heart
Thinking it might be lighter in the water
As the tide was still low but higher
But I couldn't do it I just could not do it
I hauled the steel onto my shoulder
And climbed up the triangles of broken concrete
Colonized by slick seaweed and muck from Hunter's point

I realize now how close I was to falling
In

Or just falling

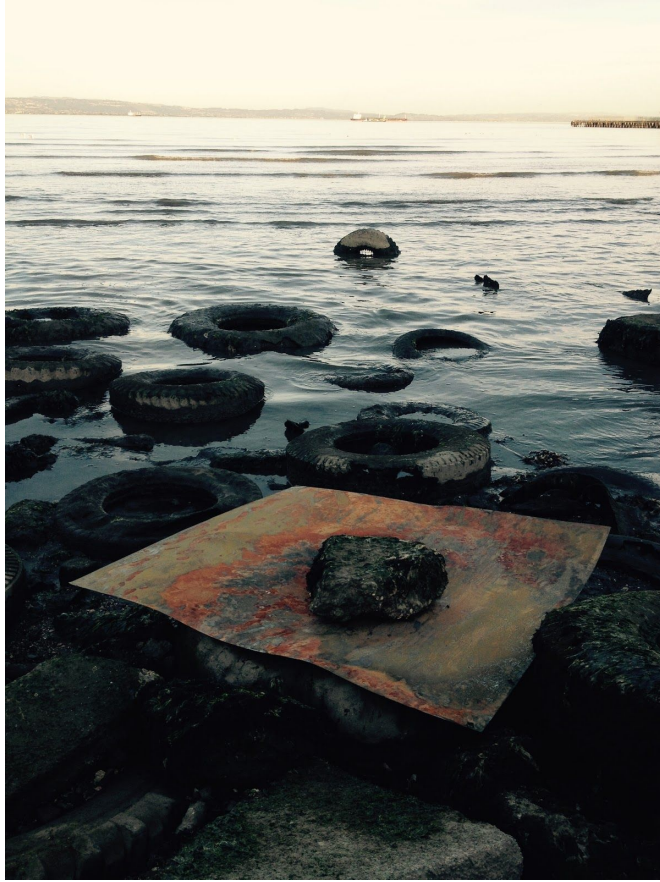
I dropped the steel on the way up
On a loose step and it clanged
Down but my body acted well
Like falling on the Taos ridge
I was fine

How heavy is my father's angel's wing's concrete triangle?

It is heavy enough
To keep me from washing
Away if I stayed?

My Man screamed something
And I took off my Neil Young
Ear bud
'That's a landscape from another world'
'What?'
'That's the land of another planet...'
Uranus!
'That's Uranus crater'
'I think you just named it'
I told him with no intention of
Naming it Uranus Crater thankful
But also sad the rich silver green shadowland
Of the wheel was orangin' in the air

We made plans to collaborate
My baby was texting me a photo
Of her feet on the Imagine in
Strawberry Fields
Some younger man biking to his tent asked
My Man 'You ever seen the water out so far?'
'Yeah'
I have'



When the steel is in the water
I imagine my friend is drawing or
Collecting sea glass for his mother
Atlantic eyed Marjoree

There's a black V wind coming in
The Sea Star

4/16
For Flynn

Overnight
All that wasn't drawn

Turned that yellow oxide orange
You told me about while I blocked the light
On tire beach with the boxer and you
Raved about all the sea glass

It is glass that you can't see through
Is more round like a body and cannot be
Traced back to its containment but to its origins of sand

During the tide
When the buried tire
Held the painting under the bay
And saltwater and you
Painted with each other,
I started writing a poem about the day we made art
In the space of another poem about
The way Nilaya moved
Then got an IPA and
Arm wrestled the boxer
Who got all Irish salty
And wanted to bareknuckle outside
As the oxygen in the night
And you painted the metal again

All poems are begun again
With a remembering and are
Never finished only
Dissolving into
The untouched



The day starts noticing the smallest tea cup
Traffic and other things I will never remember

The steel is down with 91 sea weeded bricks and asphalt
Blocks that were once homes and streets
now crab snail shelters I throw to the steel

I recount the 91 rocks FaceTime with Ma and Alina
They say if I get lost in the bog even my hair
will be preserved as I record the air and highway

I throw 9 rocks off the steel to begin the other end of the orbit
Mud flies over the grimacing earth and two blondes from the shore watch

I hate feeling watched



Sunday 5.1

There had been a deep high tide

The two steel sheets shone with new rust
All the things I did yesterday were gone
The line of one tide becomes a plane of baked dust almost Florentine roof red

I didn't know if I'd be able to bring these pieces back from the dead
They felt expressed dead full blank

I had an idea



I throw driftwood at painting in the water with no way of seeing it or touching it

It felt nice doing something that would do nothing

I felt the metal piece in the water like an idea electrically firing in the left side of my head

I know where the unseen piece is hiding in reflection

I cannot get it today I try I get in up to my neck and feel for it with my feet

The air is alone in me

A single breath through blood sky

Memory salt metal ocean orange and wave

The driftwood is returning to the shore



After throwing the wood
I stood on my head in the sand
Facing the bay south to the airport

I had trouble holding my balance usually I'm better than this

I went upside down again and my shirt blocked my eyes
So that there was only a sliver of sand to be seen

As my eyes blurred below the sand turned into a thousand circles of soft webbed light
Some brighter but none larger

There were purple stars of the red stone many golds predawn marigold
The big sur iris blue the indigo of all nights and certain diamonds
That spiraled in a rainbow warpath

I went down this with my attention
What is attention? I noticed a small amount of turquoise green water
that was perhaps beneath the road sand or a piece of the sky that fell
through my upside down eye to show me our convergence

What is your idea of infinity?



I had just gotten off the bus in the middle of nowhere

The name of the town I was trying to go was over 7 syllables
So when I awoke on the jumping bus in the darkness to the busdriver
Shouting a long word I just got off
I was one of a few out there in the long Indian bus station night on the way to Kochi
With the moon and the rats and the people with their sadness and strength
I was anyone in that darkness who didn't know where they were
Everyone going through a passage where the night does long magic tricks
The moon got me to morning
Some guy made a call after a long experience at the ticket booth
A bus came (I think I had to call the bus, talk to some guy in Kochi)
And the bus driver was given instructions to take me to a room in Old Fort Kochi
you bet I had my chai and wrote some yawning beat shit
Made some samosas or breakfast dosas cry in agony in the morning

I was beginning my travels with the 12 silks
Each place I would paint on a fresh color with a shuffled deck of silk beneath
Silk on silk on silk with pigmented ocean water passing the membrane through
Then I'd fold them together into my bag and find a way further south
It was the tour of the Indian southern heart after the wedding
Sheets that were close to one another became like lovers and shared colors
The bag of silk became like a single organism and a correspondence of ecologies
I would paint mostly at sunrise on the beach do crows and flying crows
Where the three oceans merged Indian Ocean Arabian Sea Bay of Bengal
clapping together a shore red yellow black sand on the tip of the south eye
KanyaKumari
But in Kochi I painted the moon in the moon



So there I was
In the bus to Kochi

The driver told me to get out
Might have even extracted a few rupees from me magically
And here I am in the early morning hooked up in Kochi with a turquoise room
With a shower and Holi is just around the corner..

GRAND

I go for a run and find these soccer playing lads with hard fisher feet
I run just run and run
Under the huge magic rain trees
The fishermen pulling nets and old junks facing north
The smell of the way they do spicy snapper there
Jasmine shit fish weight sickness love void all were just left there
Or maybe they were there running behind me like a sheriff
Like Pat Garrett going to get Billy
'Every little sound just might be thunder'
The next day I get in the game
There were two teams
You were either on one or the other
They couldn't switch players to make things even
Apparently one team had recently lost a pretty important player
So I played on that team
I remember the pale color of the sand
Some kids came stopped their bikes and watched us
Collisions of feet, one guy streaking down the wing relentlessly
The waves echoing sadness coming down coast from Goa
The ball was uncontrollable in the dunes of sand so our passes had to be lofted
O the wedding I was so tired and sad I could hardly make it
Marching with some cousin to the sunrise
The colors of Indian soccer jerseys red teal blue gold
You were probably dreaming of Ravens in the deepest forms of black
Or on the Rahman tour dancing in mad Indian pink
India makes pink with the madness of realizing love
They do pink right. Let's do the pink on dark blue with blue light
You bet I scored a few times served up some good crosses to Kochi FC
Fell in the sand and laughed with brief human delight

After the game
We told each other our names
One guy goes up to me and says
'With you, it is balanced'

I said to myself
One day you came
To a town and balanced
A game in the sand

(in SF I walk on the field and everyone's like, 'What are we gonna do now.. the teams
are imbalanced..Neil just put on a green,' Denver Jay takes off his penny and tosses it to me)

What is your idea of infinity?





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