

# Howling

Peridot Green VIII

Winter 2016

Anyway,

we decided recently that manifestos don't say, "you must" but rather, "I won't."

We decided to shroud ourselves in our favorite art, in our favorite music. Not as a security blanket, but as armor.

By acknowledging the validity of the struggle – the fact of the matter – we can carry on. We won't let the challenge of pressing the thoughts stop us. They buried us, but we are seeds.

We were thinking of these mechanical words, galvanizing and vulcanizing, and their etymological relationship to pressure and hardship. *Galvanizing* is stimulating an object by electricity. *Vulcanizing* is throwing an object into a fire.

We are the semionauts, the explorers of symbols. We won't forget our history of beat wanderers, navigating their understanding on jazz percussion.

We believe in the alchemists, who thought they could make the best from the worst. They did not have the scientific consensus that we have, yet. They were optimists – an increasingly difficult proposition.

Beatnik was a word invented to shame the followers of Kerouac and all, comparing them to Russians. *Beatnik* is still a slur in the Beat community. *Russian* can be too.

We won't let the fear mongering get to us, but we won't ignore the spot in the apartment where the champagne pops itself, either. We like the fun kind of fear.

"We must knit a new world" is the phrase I saw at Basel Miami this year, the most optimistic and therefore absurd scenes in the art world. But I like that phrase, it resonates nicely with me. Knits are cozy.

The shopkeeper sank through the glittering stones,  
Escarpments behind glass filled with meteor dust,  
To find my request, show me the best of these  
Earth's ancient teeth and her munched old lunch.  
"This is what there is to be seen," said he, placing tabletop  
The wet looking olive rock speckled with seeds  
That surfed magma's shores long before  
Fires danced in Hominids hands.  
It simply rested upon the counter  
After wrestling with the weight of the world.  
There it is, inert and perfect as the outer edges of anything  
with cosmos awry within.  
"This is what there is to be seen,"  
he placed in my palm the Peridot Green.

As we all know, the sun sets beyond these walls  
Somewhere beyond these hills the crimson end begins  
Somewhere beyond our horizons shadows swarm  
We become a window twinkle on the night scape  
Somewhere beyond our block, blue buttoned up and weaponized  
Lynches the steps we've built to home

In here we are old and young and howling both!  
In here sheet music flips in the wind  
In here we drink from bubbling glasses and foam at the mouth  
In here the sweet center  
In here  
    Is a man costumed in feather galaxies that orbit blackhole eyes  
        Fingers do the Carole Dance 'neath cloud blouses  
            Pine the nosegay and holiday times  
In here  
    Mosfet Queens stand wind tossed in skeletal fall  
        Secret society symbols stand in sight  
            And her eyes are mirrors over smiles  
In here  
    Painters paint robotically or robots paint painterly  
        the twin painters puppers  
            or paps pug and poodle  
In here  
    The blood red galvanized doodle was  
        Imagined on rocking chair porches  
            Or rainy stares out windscreens

In here

Our ghosts pop champagne corks  
And hang their work in corners  
haunting the feet of floor dwellers

In here

Phantoms veil the texting heads  
Photons flare and red gates glare  
Our shoes are set on Peridot Green!

In here we borrow Allen's voice

In here we Howl!

As we all know, now the knowing is not knowledge it is now a growling growing and wailing. The hatred hunger is grumbling and what once was mumbling is bubbling up up up a memory of what was once is with last grasp and gasp clawing its way up and storming at the gates! Alert all states all your mates! The enemy is coming! Once more the enemy is coming! Outside a fight awaits! A light in the tower! We must Howl! We must Howl! Tell them all! This warmness can throughout! Let not the cold outside seep in and ruin our lovely home! This is all our home!

Howl for your sisters!

Howl for your brothers!

Howl for those who have been silenced!

Raise your head to lovely Luna, my people all

We are a bristled pack and

We are howling!

