

Gentle Amoghasiddhi

By Tyler Pruett

Up from the mud
Clumps of oil clot
The gash of your invisible tail

They sent me an encouraging
Comment instead of coldly
Rejecting my work

My inability to create
A satisfying flow regenerates
Electricity

On a tin
Christmas
Tree

&

They quit to tend
To their personal projects
Like the rest of us

Bulbs trace action
Freon culls
The knotted fray

Brought to blood
By the teal motto
Singed above the threshold

Snow lightens fierce moon star
Blots a shimmer

For the final bomb
Filled with goose down
And seafoam grays

&

The father freaks
His skin ailment
Of breeze glass

Glass breeze floating iotas
Above the weathered
Skin for prism rashes

A dead frog
Glinting in the sun
A mother of pearl belly

Stone street stories
Of nobles on useless scrolls
Of woven, nuclear sludge

Leans red liquid
To drip on ragged
Flag dyed with bean

&

Stretch over wet
Meadows of the astral
Plane rebels

Blood red
Royal purple
And coward yellow

Team colors wrap
Around leggy
Black gray with chartreuse trim

The outfielder beams
With pride
Elephant charm attacks

Not one less
Than seventy-seven
Shades of plum

*The outfielder beams
With pride
Elephant charm attacks*

*Not one less
Than seventy-seven
Shades of plum*

&

The mollusk Neanderthal
Hides behind an obelisk
Monolith

Donning
Mantras
Holy threads

Snow lemon
Sorbet
Almost entirely white

These beats
Reflect the decay
Of culture

&

A crappy
Mushroom bleeds
To roses

To cascading bursts
Of cherubim reflections
Scant

I dare the licky nice
To nicen up the river
Of fire water

We all burn paradiso
The leaves of whom
A dread never rakes

&

Lobster or crab
On smooth hewn
Pine boards

Of Wyoming day in western
Sun drenched
Meadowside

Back into futures
Unknown cast into aluminum
Foresight

&

On the fifth day of April
In the year of our creator
Twenty-two ninety nine

Summoned by voices
To the forest of light
Where powerlines

Span
The remote
Hills of Cushnoc town

Below these humming
Lines a clearing
A thin swath

Of knee deep scrub
A thin footpath cuts through
Directed by the voice

Of Dracula
Lord of the bees
Flanks by acquiescent

Angel of thorns
Oh to a cabin,
A one-room camp,

A front porch,
A woodstove
In the center of the room

&

I believe in Umsaskis
Where god eats yellow
Sky cake

His golden teeth
Never fall out onto
The green purple lake

Wherein silver hornpout
Basque in sculpture bays
For young fishermen

To pluck them
From the white oxygen
Of fluid weeds

Wherein worms sup
With robed gods
And spat on her Vickers

In groan
Upon a hill
After hill goes down

Wherein smooth upon mud huts
Or faeries to warm the pi
Of bamboo fly rods

Point up to the heights
Of ideal hell
Nary cold flames

To keep ice warm
Whereinsoever heaven
Spews frigid bloods

On the brown sands
Of Kasserine Pass
Into elvish forms

The dot, the farthest shores
Of an Allagash
We once knew never before

Silken ash still warm
From last night's
Campfire