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Adam Field

THE SCHUYLKILL FLOWS

The Schuylkill flows cleanly, despite
all the murk, as the Expressway looms
on the other side of it; the trees, as
usual, are Heaven, rooted much too
deeply for us to fathom, cocked at
a solid angle into a receptive Universe;
I am waiting, writing on the edge of
wars, chopping through the cesspool
of centuries old shit, stunned into an
awareness of the human brain's torques;
and when I imagine you it's with a sense
that we're both standing at the river's
edge (we are, of course), and as long as
we see the trees into the sky we blend in.

MAGICIAN

Half-anguished, I threw a red
cloth over a table near your bed
as you slept. I drew the tarot deck's
first trump: *The Magician*, & I,
hopped up on pentacles, raised
a finger, thumbed your pale chest:
transgress, I said, & into your dream
I melted, snake-waists tied. Only I
couldn't wake you from a visionary
trance, in which you wept, fasted,
prayed to be back in your girl-school
knickers, knowing no sex, knowing
only your body's purity, disciple of
The High Priestess, irrevocably high, off pumps.

PINE TO PINE

Pine Street runs in a curve,
sloped towards all the bistros
on 20th Street, clams open
like palms. I can walk along
the street and see something
a little different each time, but
what never changes is how I
feel—elegant architecture tensed
up against my heart heaved out
on your floor so splintered, we
tipped red wine, roseate, raw,
you stood there topless for me

(pale breasts saying yes to some
one I couldn't screw), it's Pine to pine.

WHAT SOLIDITY THE YEARS DELIVER

What solidity the years deliver— against
the grain of ephemeral travesties forced
into our economies against our will— I
think of you on those West Philadelphia
nights we all got the right buzz going, in
green coloration, so that space/time grew
fluid and compositions magically coalesced,
splayed out on the wooden floor of Mary's
room, without our own consummation
having happened yet, or needed to happen,
and the composition of my thoughts remains
fluid. The mystery in your brain remains
what it was, circles under/over circles, I
perceive light, shade, depth, earth-tones, bird-eyes.

WALNUT STREET BRIDGE

As to why the world had to let you
starve at the end (as I myself teetered
towards possible starvation), machine
mechanisms against those such as us
always remain in motion, fanged, foraging.
Everything Heaven-hinged here is blood-
spattered; the last time I saw you alive,
headed towards Center City near the
Walnut Street Bridge, deep dark rings
around your eyes spelled out a narrative
of decay, death, deadened innocence. I
knew your temper then, left you alone.
That's when the Liberty Place Towers
began to frighten me— what was high was cold.

Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. His books include *Posit* (Dusie Press, 2007), *Beams* (Blazevox, 2007), *When You Bit...* (Otoliths, 2008), *Apparition Poems* (Blazevox, 2010), and *Cheltenham* (Blazevox, 2012). His latest chap is *Cheltenham Elegies/Keats' Odal Cycle* (Gyan Books, 2015).

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Adam Field

Voodoo

From my second-floor sublet on
West Nittany Avenue, I'm sure you
looked out at autumn State College with
a mystical sense that your spell was being
cast: hydrochloride pot, cigarettes,
the rest that was you, splayed out in
a posture that, somewhere, you had
already mastered; the spell was against
all the run-in-circles crew, "sororisluts,"
footballers, frat-packs, the anti-human,
anti-humane; what sutured our skin
together ripped them to shreds, in
your mind, as it was cast out (black
mattress); using voodoo I missed, bewitched.

Harrisburg

I sat in a Greyhound bus-
terminal in Harrisburg, &
Stephanie Holt stood
twenty paces to my left; had,
suddenly, materialized there;
skin glazed, forehead protruding,
as though she had philosophical
issues with reality... that night
back in Cheltenham, I'd sat in
a car outside her mansion,
waiting for the deal to happen
inside I barely knew was there—
"looped in the loops of her hair"
I was not; not a word in Harrisburg.

Cupboard

Jet brow shaded, furrowed hard,
Julia went down on me so far
as to become invisible, so far
gone I lost her, stopping to block
a shot I didn't realize I'd fired—
she grew up a Cheltenham liar—
they've got, I thought, Julia's double
locked away in a cupboard somewhere
in Glenside, in a house I used to
run past when I ran cross-country
in high school, burning a four hour
high from a fifteen minute race. Now,
the high was ten seconds, & completely

anonymous—the cupboard was her.

Jen Green

As to where in human life there may
be glamour; it hung in the Last Drop
air for the Aughts— palpable, radiant,
& also simple as being able to smoke
joints in the adjacent alleyways. It
was a party; the right individuals did
treat it as such. Now, it's all white,
the color of skinned bone. I try to
imbibe, taste sulfur in the air;
enchantment to damnation's stare.
Jen Meese—the Drop's early Aughts
resident sex kitten— disappeared in
'05— did I find her picture here, under
some paper towels in the bathroom?

Recondite

It seemed not recondite at the time,
on that much acid, in the dead of
night, in an icy winter, with perhaps
a foot of snow on the ground, to
find one's self in a van in a parking
lot in State College, with your friend's
sister, as ska bands blurted out their
numbers in the adjacent ballroom;
it seemed natural. I drifted into her,
pushed, pulled, someone cackled from
outside the van, I woke still in the van
with her in my arms before daybreak.
On the trudge back, through snow & ice,
to North Halls, I saw God through a grate.

Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. His books include *Posit* (Dusie Press, 2007), *Opera Bufo* (Otoliths, 2007), *Beams* (Blazevox, 2007), *When You Bit...* (Otoliths, 2008), *Apparition Poems* (Blazevox, 2010), *Cheltenham* (Blazevox, 2012), and *Cheltenham Elegies/Keats Odal Cycle* (Gyan Books, 2015). A magna cum laude graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, he also holds an MFA from New England College and an MA from Temple University.

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OTOLITHS

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[Adam Field](#)

Architecture and Levitation

The subliminal nature of architecture— demonstrating, for the human brain, what space is, how it might be saturated, without always obtruding upon our consciousness— as I drove around King of Prussia on those brooding semester breaks, a subtle sense of enchantment grew, hinged to what my future might hold, as one who writes. King of Prussia Mall, Tower Records, random commercial strips with record stores, restaurants, even the bus station where I was claimed at the inception of the break, were all planned & executed to manifest a sense of levitation, & left my brain somewhere in the world Other, forever—

South Street

The girls Chris & I used to drive down to South Street— Erica, Nicole, Dominique— rights/privileges extended to us as Seniors— I see now that, as usual, the glitter/grime of South Street at night (Tower Records big red/yellow sign shone as a talisman, consecrating us) hid something darker, deeper, deadened against our polite passes. As to what world we might've woken to had we known the truth then— I remember bluster, braggadocio (who had who on back seats), I also remember the suave sense we had that these girls, callow as they were, were ours. We could've used a brain-scanner, or a noose.

Russian Roulette

She should've been a redhead, I thought, as she drew the blinds, locked the red wine in the cabinet, drained her glass, & bounced into bed— not precisely the Don Juana of her postures, more like a vision of Pre-Raphaelite schizophrenia, as one reads in Victorian novels. Writing this, after ten years, it seems dulcet, peaceful, rather than a plunge into a life or death game of Russian Roulette, which is what it was for us. The book I'd just published sat on the living room sofa, as if there could be any other reason for all this, the wine, the bullets; what I put into her was another kind of book. The full dome effect, for her, caused a thousand suicides.

Hit or Miss

As the world between her legs tightened around her, what she saw in bed with me was stark: okra, stamens, roots, all that in nature coalesces in erect growth; and a shadow father bent, then erect, then bent again, perverse from amassing wealth in a world whose submissiveness poisons him. Beneath the sultry, wooded surface, what I saw was a semi-frightened animal, along for an all-night ride (gruesomeness of 4 a.m. New Hampshire sun), knife thusly thrusting into the backs of everyone around her, managing to have stamina enough against constraint to take what she was taking. The mattress thumped: above, an angel was unable to conceal laughter, understanding it was all in the script, including the garish sun's leer.

Birthday

She can't believe this: no one's taking her out. She specifically hinted to all these guys: hey, it's my birthday this weekend, why don't we do some thing? The thing is, the mirror beams back to her exquisite, dazzling perfection: silky red hair, bright green eyes, big tits, all wrapped in a smile that says everything these guys want to hear. So, she strips for herself. She's amazed at how well the parts fit together: the tiny bit of flab on her stomach (that guys love), the way her legs move, white of them next to black panties, how each time she purses her lips she gives herself an orgasm just from how sexy she is. But the thing wrong is just that no one calls anymore, all these guys don't call. Her body (of course, no duh) doesn't exist unless there's a guy looking at it. She has candy hearts left over from Valentines Day, takes a bunch to munch as she steps over to the window, hoping some guy notices her topless form hovering over Race Street.

Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. His latest book is *The Posit Trilogy* (Argotist E-Books, 2017). Forthcoming this summer from Eratio Editions is *The White Album (2nd Edition)*. A second edition of *Equations* (Blue & Yellow Dog Press, 2011) also appeared this year.

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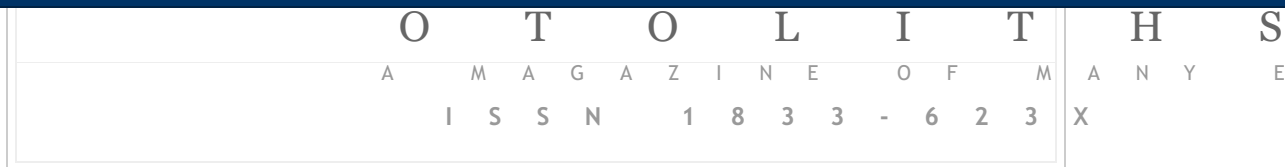
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[Adam Fieled](#)

from *Opera Bufo*

#41

I have made a habit of courting buffoons. I have listened to a British waitress ask me, *would you like a scone or a buffoon?* I have eaten scones and buffoons together, with cheese and cherry preserves. I have felt that scones and buffoons are somehow related, especially where Tennyson is concerned. I have felt Tennyson to be both a scone and a buffoon. I am ready (finally) to eat a scone alone. I no longer need buffoons in my life. I have covered *Freebird* for the last time. I am ready to be free. I am ready to cherry.

#37

There is backwards masking mixed into the mix tape I sent you. Satan himself says he is himself but you need a turntable to hear it. The experience of hearing Satan's voice backwards may be absorptive for you. It was for me. I immediately fornicated with three high priestesses. I did a line of cocaine off a shag carpet, put on an Andy Gibb tee shirt, and wandered around looking for Snow Caps. I became possessed by a demon and I rose off the bed. I astral projected into the kitchen and my head was a Necco wafer.

#38

I was a cadaver in a copse until a cop arrested me. I was a convict in a jumpsuit until I jumped bail. I was a hitchhiker under galactic moon dust until I saw the sun. I was the sun as it rose and I shone on my dead self. I was a copse under the sun. I was a convict and a copse. I was all of this until I learned that you are what you see. I was what I saw until I saw that my eyes were shut. I opened my eyes to a kind of vacancy. I opened my arms to delinquency. I do not see anything now, and it rings.

#40

I was playing a lute in the Court of Ferdinand. I was being courtly. I was displaying all the *sprezzatura* that I could. I did not reckon that it was actually 2007. I remained strangely unaware that electricity had been discovered. I picked up a daffodil; it became a cell phone. I picked up a quill; it became a bottle of Nyquil. I realized that I was in the wrong century. I would have to live through hundreds of years to get to where I was. I would have to spontaneously regenerate. I saw my lute become a Stratocaster. I saw the court become the Bowery Ballroom. I only knew two scales, and I played them every which way. I heard deafening applause. I saw Ferdinand wearing Speedos.

#17

I don't know who my friends want. I could be a French-speaking gopher. I could grope every freckle on a red-head's behind. I could fickle myself in plaster or plastic. Of the many possibilities, I feel closest to mother's voices please-touching; concretes, red-brick wings, soaring up through Baudelaire's tendonitis. I ache with him.

Adam Fieled's *Opera Bufo* will be published by Otoliths later this year.

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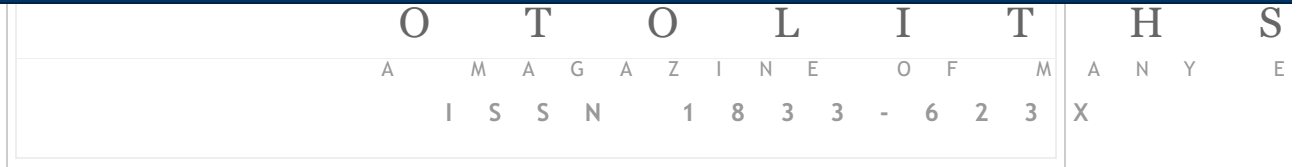
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[Adam Field](#)

from The Posit Trilogy

To Augustine, after reading his “Confessions”

If you really did find
something or someone
immutable, freed from
torturous progress, I
can't say I don't believe—

If you came to rest
apart from the unworkable
aligned profoundly with
profundity's alignment,
congrats from a still point—

If I seem cynical,
catching your desperation
as tides confounded you,
I at least know your death,
its heft, text, all plumbed

by me, or someone else.

The Point, Beyond

So much space inheres, so much
withdraws from what space opens,
light from blue-tinted suns & skies,
so that leaks of seed may only be
caught when one's back is squarely
turned, towards more maintenance. As
circuits express boundaries, what “I”
inheres has a sense of endless reign,
half-accepted, half-rebelled against, but
mobile seeds & selves past horizon, gone.
Crosses drop— barbed wire ambience,
seeds of fathomless lows, brilliant clarities.

Tranny Dream

I find myself in bed with a woman
with a man's crotch, & find this
unacceptable, & so excuse myself
into an autumn evening in North
Philadelphia, looking for a train
station, finding more nudie bars.
I get trapped in an enclosed space
with a stripper, done with her work
for the night, who counsels me

against taking the train home, that
I can sleep with her backstage at
her bar. I push past, into the night
again, & am assailed on all sides.

Midnight Saturday Night

You said (it was a way of saying),
pray you touch my parts in such a
way that you don't damage them, but
of course I can't touch your parts
except to damage them when the times
are so forbidding that to have parts
not backed by gold is to have no parts
at all, & it can't be crisp as it was,
fresh as it was, ripe as it was, as
your cauldron is full of grease, against

holding on to anything but allergies,
& I am allergic to the idea of doing
this if a new cauldron cannot be
forged, & you're (& I'm) a fox walking
on ice in a blasted landscape, & at
midnight we crash into this together—

Dracula on Literature

You can't tell me
you don't feed on
the mysterious disappearance

of the need to do this—
that raw life & blood
would suffice to

satisfy, & gird you
against the grinding
towards sphere-music

you fancy you make.
I've lived a thousand
years among human

souls, all in need of
blood, little else, and
words are no blood

at all— what suffices
for such as you is
(as you say) a

simulacrum of blood,
with limited flow-
potential, & as such

I counsel you (if
you ask) to feed on
something more wholesome—

don't scoff— wholesome
is not relative
for the human species,

& your words are dirt,
feeding no one directly,
& those who feed are

suspect, chilled by
exposure to terminal
frosts, unable to bite

what might suffice in the end...

Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. His books and e-books include *Opera Bufo*, *When You Bit...*, *Apparition Poems*, *Mother Earth*, and *Disturb the Universe*. *The Posit Trilogy* and *The Great Recession* are forthcoming. He has work in *Jacket*, *Tears in the Fence*, *fourW Anthology*, *Upstairs at Duroc*, *Blazevox*, *Great Works*, *The Argotist Online*, *Poetry Salzburg Review*, the *& Now Anthology* and elsewhere.

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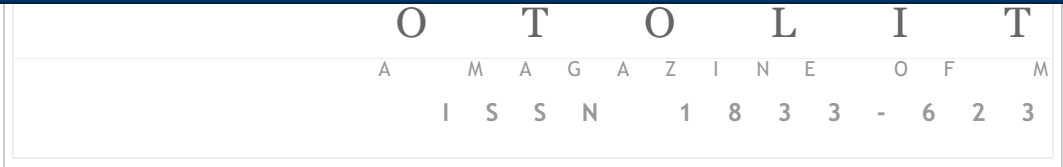
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Adam Field

from Equations

#22

To dwell on that siren call: it isn't really transcendental. It's meant to lift you up, then plonk you back down again (wet or dry, as the case may be). It serves the siren, not you. Trish knows these rules very well, has studied them. Her approach to playing the role is methodical— you give them this much, and then draw back. Not everyone responds to Trish's particular wavelength because it presupposes not just intelligence but artistry. You must be a figure worthy of representation for her to take you seriously. Conversations must shoot up around colors, forms, images. The drunken nights I spend at her studio (white and red wine) are an epiphany. I've never had my mind and body turned on at the same time. Trish knows this; she is going down the checklist. Her postures and gestures are bold and dramatic; when she takes the pins out of her bun and lets her long hair fall down her back, part of me falls, too. It's winter; the studio (three of the four walls being mostly windows) is chilly. I've grown a slight moustache but, at twenty-five, still look boyish. Trish doesn't take my songs or poems seriously; they are unproven, not high enough. My thoughts crave her approval as my body aches for her submission. In this way, we dance. Trish is shrewd; she knows that, with my intense urgency, she must give in (at least once) almost instantly. She likes taking the superior position and her long torso contrasts neatly with Lisa's petite squatness. But (importantly) she hasn't fallen. She's played her part well; I've fallen alone.

#27

Yet quirks and idiosyncrasies facilitate fluidities— we all like what we like, just as we want what we want. For whatever reason, when I break up with Trish for the first time I fall in love with Sara, who I meet at the Last Drop. Sara is just graduating from the University of the Arts, with a journalism degree. She has a bull neck, big nose, and a massive bust, but for some reason it works for me. Sara likes to leave things up in the air; her equation with sex is oriented around speech. That is, Sara likes to talk about sex more than she likes to have it. She loves the intrigue of conversation, rather than flesh meeting flesh; the sparkle of a public tete a tete, rather than actual skin scintillations. I discover this over a period of months, as I am baffled by Sara's behaviors. She moves me compulsively; I always want more of her. The final equation she leaves me with is this: the wanting is sweeter (and sexier) than the having. But there's something I notice amiss in this: Sara's equations are frightened. They presuppose a minimum of experience, and a maximum of insecurity on every conceivable level. My failure to physically penetrate Sara devastates me as much as the collapse of my established relationship with Trish. With Sara begins a life spent in bars. I learn the right way to tip, to stare, to make successful moves over drinks; all those street level skills are a mountain to climb and a primer to master.

#28

New Years' Eve, 2004: I meet Patti at a bar off of South Street. We dance and play the usual touchy-feely games. Somehow the timing isn't right— either she's not interested or I'm too distracted. Months go by and I don't see her; then, I'm walking, alone, down Pine Street one spring midnight and Patti staggers into me. She's mushy and I can't make out what she's saying but we squish towards each other anyway. It's a nice squish and so we start sort of going out. Patti doesn't drink just sometimes like Sara does; Patti requires drinks. There is something bestial in her soul that only alcohol can conquer. But drinks make you say and do funny things that

aren't strictly natural (whereas getting stoned can make things more naturalized) so that Patti and I establish immediately the artificiality of our together equations. Patti likes to speak in tongues, talk gibberish, talk Russian—I humor her. But in our drunkenness I realize that Patti is avoiding completely consummating our relationship. We take walks down side streets in the wee hours and make out and grope against walls; roll in the grass beside the Walnut Street Bridge, my hand in her skirt; but the big caress never happens. Everything has to be drama, everything has to be public, and since we can't have sex in public we might as well not have it at all. Then, she starts to torture me with other barfly guys. This is life in the street; not within reaching distance of the godly, or the diabolical. You make your image what it is, then you are what your image is—that's the basic street equation.

#31

I meet Heather in a bar; I have created a context in which bars are the only place to do social business. Everyone in the arts wants to get drunk; unfortunately, I learn that not everyone in the arts is actually an artist. For every soul that goes up over words, images, or sounds, there are ten souls that lust after praise, glamour, and intrigue. Now I have cohorts that help me do business in the arts. Our business is to recruit artists to perform in one of our shows. Because all of us happen to be males, the competition levels among us over females is intense (we're all more or less straight). When a new woman sits down with us (who may or may not prove to be one of our prize performers), it's off to the races. Heather sits down and Mick happens to be more on the ball than me. Everything he says hits the bull's eye; all his moves lock into Heather's. The exquisite anguish of living in bars; when someone else's moves work and yours don't. What's pitiable about all of us is that we live in these anguished edges; everything hinges on social contingencies. You watch someone else move in for the kill, and feel your own dryness. Later, this changes; Heather falls for my moves. What I learn is that in this jungle atmosphere, all positive contacts can be useful. Because I don't snap or cock block Mick, Heather becomes someone held in reserve. The problem with all of these levels is that they turn human beings into chess pieces. You can't go up, you can only move around on the board. Bars and street life harden people into rigid postures that are difficult to efface. If you fall in love with this hardness, you become a flush.

Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. He has released four print books: *Opera Bufo* (Otoliths, 2007), *When You Bit...* (Otoliths, 2008), *Chimes* (Blazevox, 2009), and *Apparition Poems* (Blazevox, 2010) as well as numerous chaps, e-chaps, and e-books, including *Posit* (Dusie Press, 2007), *Beams* (Blazevox, 2007), and *The White Album* (ungovernable press, 2009). He has work in journals like *Tears in the Fence*, *Great Works*, *The Argotist*, *Upstairs at Duroc*, *Jacket*, on PennSound, in the &Now Awards Anthology from Lake Forest College Press, and an essay forthcoming in *Poetry Salzburg Review* from University of Salzburg Press. A magna cum laude graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, he also holds an MFA from New England College and an MA from Temple University, where he is completing his PhD.

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[Adam Field](#)

from Apparition Poems

#89

o it's drab
outside the trees

really only me
I see there

#75

sun is there
not here

anyway
the bed's made

#150

last September cricket
leaf falls on him

#85

not to be mistaken
not to be messed with
not to be forsaken
only to be blessed with

how it must be on Jupiter

#80

I rev clean across
I'm paved
I'm rolling in moss
I save

Adam Field is a poet, musician, and essayist currently living in Philly. He has released four albums, including two spoken word collections, *Raw Rainy Fog* (Radio Eris Records, 2002), and *Virtual Pinball/Madame Psychosis* (WSG Productions, 2006); runs two reading series, This Charming Lab and the Philly Free School; edits [PFS Post](#); has work in Jacket, Cordite, Nth Position, Word For/Word, Rain Taxi, Blazevox, The Argotist, Mipoesias, Eratio, and elsewhere.

Is currently a PhD candidate at Temple University.

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[Adam Fieled](#)

Ode on Waves

Raw December chill: I stood, smoking, outside
Starbucks, staring through the pane façade
at a brunette teenager, fine-featured, who looked like
me, bent over a history book; moody, pawed
at by circumstances past her control. I thought of
State College, my sublets, also a buried past,
attempts at being a consummate artist, & at love.

The tapestry around my brain being woven
showed a vignette, disappearing into exiled years,
someone of my kith & kin, damned not to last—

acclaimed as useless. When I'd walk Conshy streets,
I was always, without knowing it, looking for her.
If it was Manayunk, I'd put on the old shirts, sleeves
still unstained by years of heavy use, eyes stirred
by possibility. Or Center City, shady ghost-like incisions
of the old Aughts scenester crew, now vacant,
derelict, all guesses at identity lost, open to revision—
in another paned façade, summer's day, reflections
of poison in the air, the iced coffee (even), the toilets,
waves against all we'd held together here breaking—

&, as one who ages must know, why waves have to break.
Natural human progression: everything covered up.
Natural human predilection: to bolster everything fake;
& yet if you can fight the masses, the rackets, with guts,
you are inscribing the light of heaven into willing granite,
from the haunted, furrowed brows of the doomed
who deserved better, to the idle buzzers whose vanity
filled the galleries, clubs, coffee shops, with human
energy, a sense of hipness, rightness, in earlier times,
so that your life still holds the unity of one heart, one room.

There's what you can make right, what you can't, lots of
grey area around, sort of, maybe, "I'll find out later,"
attempts at what you think, inebriated, enflamed, is love,
what gets produced beyond your control, faked or fated.
So I stood there, saw her through that pane, Whitmarsh
Shopping Center moving heedlessly, cheaply, around us,
& she was more real than a Grecian Urn, or Shelley's skylark,
I could've run away, she might've, torn the frozen panic
of what it meant, but didn't: & this, later, is what I can give her, lines,
whatever else doesn't matter, this is the wave for the two of us.

Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. His latest book, *Trish: A Romance*, was released by [Funtime Press](#) in 2019.

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[Adam Fieled](#)

Wayfaring Angel

Visions of jungle, elephants doze;
tigers are slumberous, spiders repose
before any human can frighten their nose.

She's on a bender, peyote & grass;
spirits defend her, karma amassed;
astonishing yogis, the head of her class.

The temple was gold, ceiling a dome;
lost in the hills, she found me alone;
a wayfaring straggler, rough skin & bone.

Struggle like death, hours went on;
run out of breath, night into dawn;
entwined in a web, manifested, then gone.

She was still high, I watched her evoke
Gods of the jungle, deities spoke
exhorting this princess, before she awoke

to lead me to reason, why she was here;
guide me past wonder, guide me past fear;
bedraggle not ever what must be made clear.

How I was chosen, she tried to explain;
clipped not by shyness, confusion, or pain;
yet all I could see was her flesh in my brain—

sculpted & glossy, wax-white & smooth,
I placed my hands on, couldn't remove
while she gave the dharma, was trying to prove

that now she'd achieved the peak of her dream;

now what was woven wouldn't need seams;
the Wayfaring Angel I'd been was her means.

Katherine's Blues

Exquisite she looks, exquisite she is;
saucer-eyed Goddess, stuck in a biz
which hangs on a racket, the reason it is—

stuck in a basement, yellow-walled dread;
doing them favors, as though it's a bed
& what you can give is the weight of your head—

jigger the hard-drive, send out the code;
get in the back-seat, get on the road
attempt to imagine you're more than a toad—

clear it wide open, some space in your mind;
line up the stooges, rob them all blind;
remind the whole cosmos you haven't gone blind—

you've got an angle, against the brigade;
loosing the tangles, re-blunting the blades;
no panic at facing the price that you've paid—

hope springs eternal, when someone has heart;
won't be abraded, deflated apart;
she's learned the precision to aim the right darts—

worlds get re-routed, so lives can go on;
nights let the moon in, so there can be dawn;
I'm writing the moonlight which made queen the pawn—

Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. His latest book, *The Great Recession*, was released as an Argotist Online e-book in 2019.

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