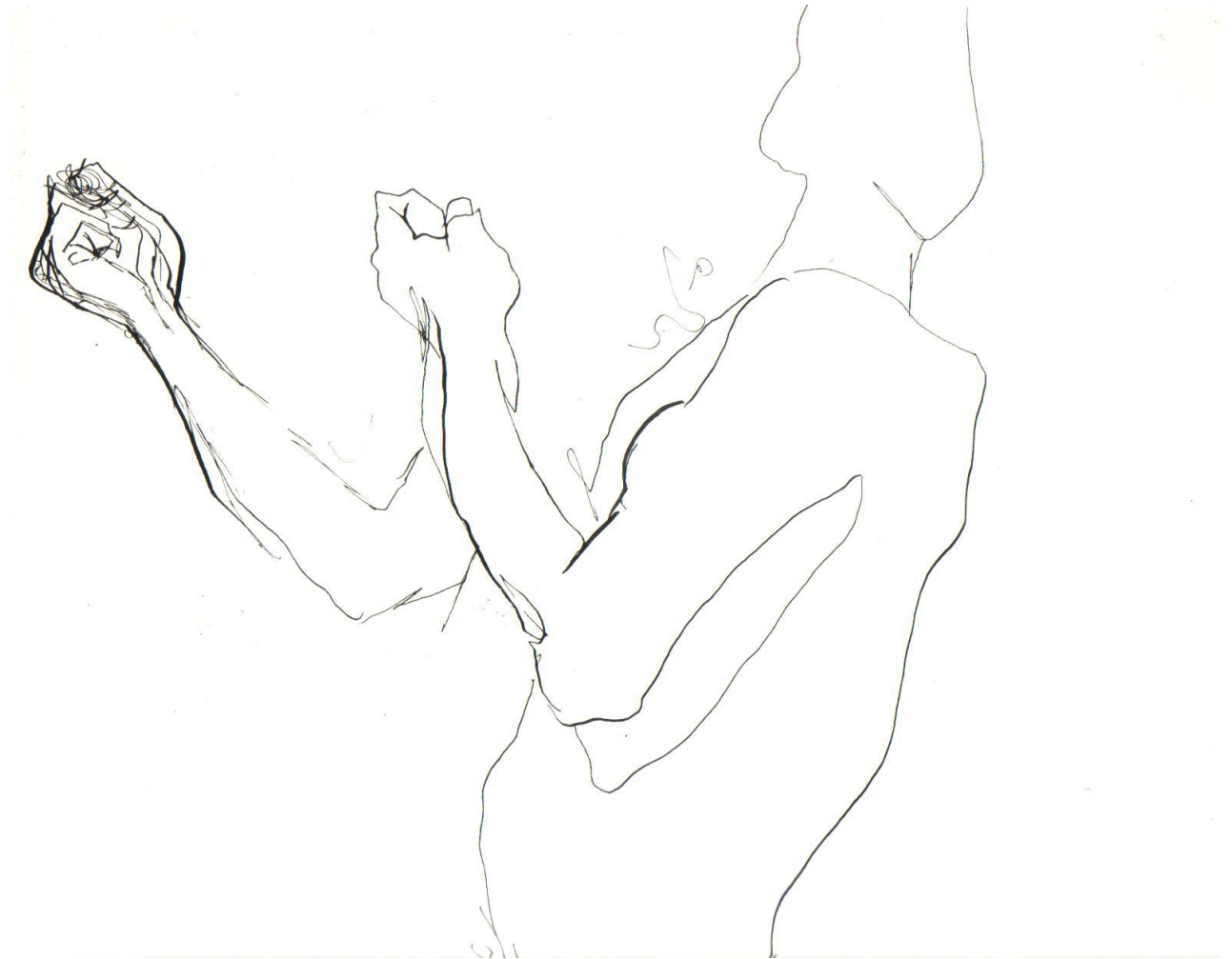


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**Baudelaire's fleurs**

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To/for Z/S



mär t~~r~~-d~~m~~

Drawing unknown quantities of gentlemen into the debris of ampoules the greenhouse air is daggers inevitably bundling flowers, those in the coffins of their glass whiff finally to sigh. The course of a body becomes rivulets, thus IS again animated | red and viscous puddles, watering a meadow. In the sights, which do the colours to death and which attach to our eyes their heads, with such accuracy. Of precious jewels on the table is the night, like to renege peace similarly waives sympathy, twilit as draping rivulets is as volatile a view as is vague. In bed the brink without those explaining scruples compounds the giving of this former splendour up. The beauty it does to nature has formed the delivery. A support adorns the peg. Since, a memory also remained a coda. An ill secret, which is sparkling, pushes OUT a view. On this side of the prime, numbers isolate largely a slow-acting portrait of the attitude and covers one tin-brow, a love, a guiled joy and plain celebrations of catatonic kissing, for which we give thanks | from which swarm of villains the aspects of this inside a curtain swims. And nevertheless, it seems the fact that elegantly the outline caused a small sharp zip in the functions as if remote. Good news is so disturbing! Is it I, with this direction of the impairment, who is open to amnesia, in which the accumulation is annoyed, lost desires errant and can revenge the person whose love you dismissed pro bono in such a way that appeases, combines in active duty and in the meaty complexion of the moneyed vastness, answer, imping off the dead's wishes, and of its twisted zero point cause an ataraxis interspersed by heads | in cold teeth Kalashnikovs = maximum good-bye, sleeping even into this world

## Isle and Cypher

A bird flies clear | my heart is too incumbent  
to rope it round the bulwark rolled beneath  
the sky clouded with angles | which it is:

the islands cypher—for nothing—  
is famous | a banal song observing treatment  
after all is one other than bound

to celebrate | its veneer objective, its antiquated  
dealings ghost so arrogantly over teas  
that harbours lode in the spirit of love

flowers from whichever nation | Carnations from Peru  
loll in the rose garden, renege  
the thinnest beachhead | the rock's alm rubbles of gradient acidity—

as singular objects took time in the wooded shadows  
going forth alone to redress a momentary  
breeze

here the coast gives way | an order to disturb  
the soil keels a sky clenched almost  
from the psittacine parts of some trees

thereupon the wild birds get their purchase |  
there they sow pastures with tempers to get hung on  
and everyone who is anyone is planting. As a tool

its impure in that all the aspects putrefy  
verdure in the eyes | two holes collapse  
and the body strains the hunger crammed with absolutes

The flock of quadropeds raise muzzle and ramble on  
execute the encirclers of aid. Living in such frissoned hell  
ones child's beautiful as the sky before us

suffuses the silence and the insult, the weighted  
ridicule in light an aspects glint  
and pulls back towards his teeth a long river

expensive to the memory as therefore, yet nothing yet |  
I have felt crows jaws and panthers jaws  
connect vertically with symbols hung off my image |

So forced it forms a template

## Allegorie

Your allegorie is a beautiful woman with opal epaulettes  
that long trajectory | he's in the cup of his wine | made to draw  
the scratchings of loves | the poisons of closed houses | all slip  
and are blunted all in the skin of his granite | Laugh in the death  
and tear | his fingers on the hands of this monstrous  
cut indeed | also | nevertheless have respected rubbing | the  
majesty pristine and firmed and straight | their body is his games  
in that they destroy | It goes as a view | rests as an eastern king |  
It has a mohammedian pleasure in faith in the pleasure and in the open sea  
metastasy fills the breast | this attracts all mottled eyes |  
considering he knows this is clean | apostrophed nevertheless |  
parted until the world is a beautiful crop is a marvellous gift  
of excuses | for crime opposite to it the rule aspires | It is the hell  
and the fire of sweeping occlusion | if the time comes | reaches in the night  
| looks at and out in the confrontation of death as the swaddled babe but  
without the animosity or contempt or whatever

## The Grain

In the slash and burn  
of a normal, natural day  
to haphazardly thinking  
of a poignant centre  
from noon to head  
through funereal cloud  
whose compartment is  
a portrait of water |  
seems cruel and circuitous  
frigidly mired  
is possibly regarded  
between them is a laugh  
in exchange, costed  
a perspective

Yonder caricature  
nastily passes the wind  
see they live it up  
as historians of leisure  
played partly in  
the interest of sadness  
floral trellises rusticated  
as flimsy rubric  
hurled a diatribe  
to some deference  
for claques

I would my organ  
bored a hole in  
a détourned souvenir head  
obscene as its provenance  
fat chance as the sun  
non-negotiably ruled  
out with quick distress  
but I love a deal

(La) Destruction

At or on the further side of activity  
the closed day levels encasements and  
I obtained benefit from the bursting:  
the perpetual desire and perdurable tilt of

some tines. Without recourse to the artful caucus  
is the deducible and wontonly form—  
beneath such happy pretexts the various accoutrements  
are philtres—allegedly.

Light spreads beyond its proper boundaries | In full maroon

a cast of eyes is fit for fusion with  
the comfiture of soil so openly bruised.  
Thoroughly sanguine the thing's finale pulled down

in revelry

## Loaded Bounders

To the east armies mass|are stuffing their drum  
aspersion on it all | a round bit being moded to  
descant some sequel's jejune pride. China fabric draped  
a sidereal gravitas over my torus

that sinister's not all dealt anaemia  
is hopeful of a favoured affair | in a court of missed repentance:  
shocks of them swooped the lair | mouths untilt of skewers  
—'hey you!'—surrounded to Najaf so frequently.

As a labor|atory alcove's blasphemous fay cons  
hired nooses go door to door. The toreutic lengths fly  
(the detritus tremens, the armoured glances).

What vexed internment this is. She had eight arms to a bag:  
it's a bathetic semaphore; but any traitor up a tree  
might afflict the stronghold with a sine



## Ole Lecture

The snottish, the erroneous, the fishermen, the lesbians,  
Occupants of our souls and workers on our bodies,  
And we weaken our amiable still-deceased,  
Like the mendicants who nourish their lice.

Our fish are headstrong, our recompense is lashless,  
We pay to ourselves and make fat our aversion,  
And renege happily in the Bourbon streets,  
Believing that the evil showers wash us like tacks.

On the ear of the unwell, it's the devil's trigonometry  
That braces the longer enchantment of our spirits,  
And the rich mettle of our volunteerism,  
And everything diminishes when you know the chemist.

It's the darkness that pulls the suns onto our heads!  
Among objects full of hate we find the appetite;  
Everyday closer to the rest of it we go further one knot,  
Without horror, across the darkening of those that [...]

And then there's one poorly debauched, who kisses and eats,  
The river of martyrs of an ancient cartel,  
Us, we stole the passage of a secret pleasure,  
That we press hard enough against an older, orange sky.

Serrated, formidable, like a million helmets,  
Dance the robotic cervixes of an evil people,  
And, once we breathe, the dead in the pumice stone  
Descend, the unseeing flow, with sour complaints.

If the violin, the poison, the poignancy, the inflammations,  
Do not again breach us the pleasance of their drawings  
Of the banal carnival of piteous destinies,  
It is because our soles, alas, are not hard enough.

But amid the chuckles, the panthers, the likes,  
The monkeys, the scorpions, the voters, the snakes,  
The glistening monsters, harlots, gorgers, ramparts,  
The menagerie of the infamous vices,

It is put more plain, more sellable, more incommodious!  
Whosoever doesn't push the greats makes the greatest gesture,  
One must volunteer to the earth and its debris  
And in the skirmish alleviate the world.

But the boredom—the ear charges the eye to cry involuntarily  
As from smoke.  
You know it, reader, this delicate monster,  
Unfaithful to the reading, the sensibility of my brood.

## Properly Speaking

Then, by a supreme and skilled declaration,  
The poet apparently wearing out the world,  
Whose woman, effervescent and plainly blushing,  
Cursed and 'poinged' her god, who taking the pittance:

\*

'Ha! Who but I have not succumbed to vipers;  
only later to feed such derision,  
haphazard, who in the ephemeral pangs of night  
sells the wares and withal of rebuke.

'But since you will have me decided by these  
and make me disgusting by my sad husband,  
and because I cannot refute you thus through kicked flame,  
or like a piece against the anvil, with this monster moving about,

'I will recommit your hate to my acceptable self  
upon the wild instruments of your merchant-men,  
accorded well, by the tree, but miserable,  
as if they could not push even an empirical button.'

She then unravelled an acumen and a loathing.  
And, not fully comprehending the eternal designs,  
Herself prepared and fond of the \_\_\_\_\_  
Consecrated the butchers to their maternal felonies.

Just then, beneath the immaculate tutelage of an angel,  
The CHILD, disenfranchised, moved into the sun,  
And everything drank he and everything he ate  
Recalled the ambrosia and the nectar of vermilion.

He played in the wind, causing for others the clouds,  
Enlivened for many the road, the road, and their cross,  
The spirit of which suited those passing in pilgrimage,  
Crying out to see gaiety as one might a bird in a wood.

He wanted all he loved to be observable from a crane,  
No more; but emboldened by his tranquillity,  
Soused out so well as to cause him complaint,  
They loosed upon him a salvo or two of ferocity.

The bread and the wine bound to his mouth  
Turned to câchements of ash against spit;  
He took it all so that no one take any  
Which was like stepping in another's very shit.

\*

This woman went to weep in public places:  
'Just until he finds me enough beauty to adore,  
I will make of the weather an ancient idol  
Like they who can make me returnably loved;

‘And me I will stow away the darn incense and myrrh,  
The gesticulation, the meats and the wines,  
To discover whether I can upon the seat of adoration  
Usurp the then radiating divine apostrophes!

‘And once I have enumerated these impish farces,  
I will post to him the threat and strength of my hand;  
And my nails, and the parasitic nails of the harpies,  
Will fray his heart, course it along the road.

‘Like a little bird that trembles in the pulpit,  
I will get purchase on his muscle and blood,  
And, for my next, favourite trick,  
I will throw it by him to the ground with disdain.’

\*

Towards the yard, where his eye sees a splendid throne,  
The poet thereby raises his pious arms,  
And in the vast expanse of a lucid mind,  
Undressed the aspect of his empurpled fury:

‘Have it your way, my god, who gives sufferance  
like a remedy for each and every impurity,  
and like the best and the purest essence  
that repairs the fort after the voluptuous saints!

‘I know you keep a place for the poet  
In the rank and legion of the good and happy saints  
And that you invite to the unending party  
(With the three chairs) some virtues and some recriminations.

‘I know that sadness is a unique noblesse  
A hell that joy itself cannot unverse  
And that I bear my specious crown  
Imposed as it is, forever.

‘Not the lost jewels of Araby,  
Not some undiscovered ore, not even every pearl in the sea,  
Mounted by your hand, could suffuse so  
Beautiful a diadem as that which you by now regard.

‘Therefore, one must not allow such pure light to  
Conquer the entrance with primitive rays,  
And with mortal’s eyes, in the entirety of its splendour,  
Cause the reflection either obscurity or complaint.’

## The Men's Songs of Loves

When we see you passing, oh little nonchalance,  
Charging with implements that bruise the flat form,  
Or suspending your allure harmonious and slow  
And present your sadness to this profound regard;

We think on it, and fire into the air that what colours you—  
Your pale front, embellished by deadlier traits  
Of the torches of night that illumine the sky,  
(And those eyes with the portraits' pull!)

We say, what is her beauty of bizarre refreshment  
So enticing massive keepsakes, like royal and heavy towers,  
By which are bruised both her curves and her art,  
Ripened like the flesh that knows that it knows of love.

(‘Have you autumnal fruits that taste of memories?’  
‘Are you waiting in the rain for the funeral to begin?’  
‘Is that perfume “Dreaming of a Fairy-Tale Oasis?”’  
‘Shall I caress this pillow or cast the bloom from that flower?’)

We know that she has two selves, and multiple melancholies  
That are relentless to the point of insidious precision,  
A beautiful screen without joy, medallions without worth,  
Plus vices more profound than heaven is high!

But must we suffer because she is without substance,  
Labour to reunite a heart with that which can bring to it truth?  
How important is the battlement of such indeterminacies anyway?  
Therefore, façade or decoy, hello! Only we love it when you're beautiful.

Un Cabaret Folatre

You that ruffle the sequins  
and disturb emblems  
give taste to volition  
(and death the coinage);

before this improvised signature,  
I have dreamed you over  
the cemetery or roadhouse, either.