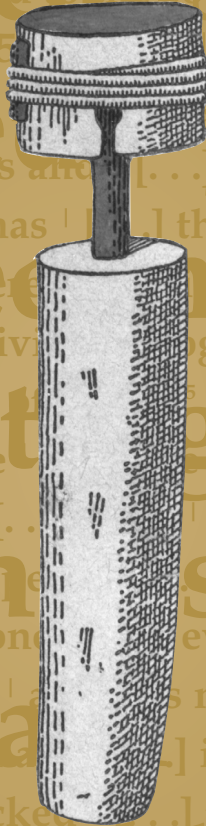


# black market pneuma

a. di michele



because

) perfect light

[...] and h

nowledge<sup>1</sup> [

[...] exister

and [..] <sup>1</sup> ε

soul [..] <sup>1</sup>

s [..] <sup>1</sup> dwe

thare god [.

<sup>1</sup> first [...] <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> aeon [..

.] <sup>1</sup> [...] <sup>3</sup>

<sup>5</sup> and if [..

<sup>1</sup> world [..

<sup>1</sup> [..] <sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup>

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I am the whore and the holy one

[ . . . ]

I am the mother of my father

[ . . . ]

I am the union and the dissolution

[ . . . ]

I am sinless and the root of sin derives from me

[ . . . ]

I am the hearing which is attainable to everyone  
and the speech which cannot be grasped

[ . . . ]

I am the name of the sound  
and the sound of the name

THUNDER: PERFECT MIND

I.

bogomil aneurysm

(density)(compress)(inhale)(chiasma)

is clenched prescience      or rather NOUS paranoia  
latenight panopticum    (surveillance of coming dawn lamp blast)  
miming alpha-male territorial lordship via cock and rod and staff of  
aaron etc    unknowing half-caduceus    the missing serpent always  
popping up unexpected (the sudden forehead burst of roses and old  
wrenches) among the shibboleth hedgerows

:vaudois migraine:

slop bucket of fireworks and wets  
but no match (the pale light of christ  
blinks    then dims to a blue tele-dot  
of *aer*)

the ether here is not pure    is laboratory invoke eschatos  
    cut with volatile gospel incest. blame southern  
baptist elbow megaphone, its biological extortions. lamb blood  
    smokescreen coalition (stiff-arm maranatha militants) force-  
feeding us reborn fetus under unconstitutional umbrellas  
    (just another failed campaign sermon stump)

[zostrianos    “i saw the red-green stagrack challenge the old  
    rugged signifier    –wood & coal cannot compete– (bone is  
content with the million-year sit-in    the yoga and genuflection  
    of imprint, exude)(o force deacon goodwill faces into the  
praeter-soup)    numberless soap blinks release the seized fist  
of faith    *feel the numbness overtake*    watch the

acquired notions (of hemoglobin portal smear) exit every  
pore and orifice (episcopate! oaf pastors! note the colors the  
textures the time-of-day when you rouse) i declare these  
clerics will awaken with hands cramped, the object will  
have disintegrated... (freedom is having nothing to grasp)  
the smooth stone held loosely, perhaps palm cradled  
is unregurgitant love the stellar forebear long ashed and  
embedded before the avatar hypothesis shot first tangled wad  
of wetwire ο ζοστριωνοσ (o will you pause to notice  
the inceptive marrow of eros as it overtakes the  
martial cadence of american AGAPĒ ?) ...”]

o ages of rock concentric circles of felled trees masks of  
goddess dermis or piltdown forehead & seminary torso (of  
the cyclops' gait) (that spiral tattoo at gut-level) no wonder the  
elect flock salivates so

o the blood of your spiel is veneered over the uneven bedrock  
of your own harvest of doubt (this leukemic wringing of hands  
presided over by smiles and possession)

your interlinear pneuma is marinated in shock-troop dog bowls  
your white-collar stock options are incubated in annually  
revised definitions of “detention”  
your denial of deluges before THE DELUGE reveals your  
mistrust of mirrors and ricochet deism  
your western electric rhetoric says it all  
(your narcoleptic moments of silence of state-induced

prayer move no one already awake)  
(only mill-grist revival tent sobbing grinds out of the  
domicile of bootlegger remorse)  
that you scoff at earth-mother-pulse redflags your  
repressed psyche breeding cogs of misogynist orderlies  
(your fear of wicca is endearing)

what the papal longbow did to montserrat is matched  
by your downhome animation skits of small  
town unawares dystopian atrophy and suggests ongoing dress  
rehearsal for apocalypse carry-all and an end to your  
imagined reign.

the hearse is the color of your pulpit punctuations  
—neither final, nor eternal— just an ellipsis,  
endless *“o end of days come!”*  
(your redtape of anti-redtape)  
caged by dogmatic missing chromosome litigation  
international banking  
and doctrinaire compounds  
of iota, arsenal  
& ampersand

II.  
black market pneuma

(roneg43 paraclete)

(cipher)

(thruway)

(zanzam)

[ . . . ]



imagines everything except the imagination  
this is the season of descend-and-torque-light orange as  
alef become antlers  
are lightning this is mime of calcium and urge

black market pneuma is sentimental about the old  
deities, false gods of algae growing on skulls  
is worship magneto wound tight as gypsy arpeggio  
synapse tarot con  
is golden calf glue upholding turbine gristle halo  
illuminating the ether golem black market pneuma  
is lead shavings in the morning gruel

DUSK the rotten ovum of sleep and *élan vital*  
DAYBREAK pyrite pill of trauma of tar hypostasis

(how much lexicon drains off the dozing body? another  
orbit-tilt of exertion the wakeful corpse suspends the  
revitalized fluids in the three states | but dozing? | how much  
returns to elemental gaseous ache how much congeals  
under eyelid or scrota | how much of it is scrimshaw  
vein track chiasmus or ZOON-AITHER pileup | on  
tongue's

edge

or stacked as produce hung raw pushed as  
day-old bread or next week as fresh fish, eggs?

| the glyph is tremems |

) :of salt. smuggled. as always. black market pneuma. fevered  
glee. tongue *und* spleen. black market pneuma. thermodynamic

bolo coil and chrome bent delirium. and god? penis,  
syringe...  
the junkie's drawl  
the tell-tale monotheogonies  
but the return...claw thru cobweb map, falling toward  
canaan beaker to engine x dreaming of flesh swan hoist  
and inoculated verbatim to planck hymen calculus  
of *astro et archaeo* ...same snake, different ends...

black market pneuma! green alloy of selfsame pleroma  
(big bang still is not ongoing light scatter or synaptic  
plow but dark thump score of expansion, of a thickening  
vibrational seed field)

this is aboriginal blake pulse (sephiroth in the elm)  
this is microwave chatter, angstrom to angstrom  
this is aurora feathers and scales and teeth discourse  
it's contraband light held high in the left palm of  
fatima (*du coeur noir et vert*) among the lunar sands of nestoria

black market pneuma belated sabotage accretion reflex  
at lucid ground zero long shed the nitrous cipher during  
typhoon  
of saltpeter, pnous

this is the ethnography of seraphim and succubi the  
phenomenology of godhead this is  
realizing you are breathing with your mouth open or  
breathing at all this is controlled explo

contra implosive laity overturning the overripe fields  
this is heretic carousal the science of deflection of  
hive circulation the songbook of exile and pilgrimage  
of bedrock seeking topsoil gauze (o the tarmac of the millenium  
layover)

black market pneuma continues

to be mainframe mutiny (w/ microprocessors in  
concert) this is heretic corrective bricolage litany covert  
utricle hovering the nightflower-of-light surrounded by invisible  
talismanic coercions :this is the rhetoric of imperfection and  
noble brachiation (first gnosis *was* the last )

black market pneuma will not destroy the sacred  
cattle this is the original pneuma vacuum of corrosion  
elixirs (lacking an exterior and thusly) dissipating the  
pentecostal diablerie of *rudimenta peccadillo* covertly injected  
into the unknowing  
cowering  
herds

this is the kingdom of inaquiferous reversals  
the charged poles holding the waters

to their fluid roots  
& tendrils of  
eddy

III.  
placenta broadcast

(zum) (destiny) (caesura) (extend)

[ . . . ]

is knowing (finale)(finally)

is realizing there is no forgetting

only remembering

(foregathering dry ice light)

sublime bacchanal of the ethereal body

taking cues from the four or five humours

black bird of remonstrance ascends

species of fragmentation

(to document), piss phoneme of the chrome muezzin

another mosque to visualize

[hover the wretched uterine tomb

(o stars and bars and rifle butts)

klan ashes pulverized further one last cindering

(abort the dixie stain, upper lefthand corner)

this museum of cornpone and tears]

another mosque to visualize

in south central mississippi

)))))))))((((((((((((((((((((

broadcast radio pulse cairn niche

is return trip to *zikr* emanations

prostration empowerment

is the gaze quivering on desert dusk horizon line

image of no image

(pneuma thread

untangles the whole mess intestines interfaced to  
radar fax theosophia morse sangha wires tripping  
the footfall of pantocrator vinegar isotope)

\*

thick west veil—stratos motherboard—sumped into  
the kingpin control panel that all bodies can or  
will not turn off can or won't answer to... the  
illuminated facade rises out of ash and serpentine  
prismatic granules finessed into bricks stacked in  
the bourbon apothecary of muriatic stress

o thin urn cell erroneous perforation absorption ratio  
:paraclete *globus* of ex nihilo gesticulates,  
makes offers from the other side of the mirror  
with a hazard of clots & sparks  
crank thru the flesh thru suds of old ikon flakes  
crawl thru homonymic zephyrs but it's not in the  
million objects descriptions juxtapositions tractates  
manifestos of thrice-tongued heresiographers

(it's in the froth its endless blink of vacuole array)

black market pneuma always works its way in  
on the way out

black market pneuma  
you cannot buy what cannot burn

O PNEUMATIKON HYLĒ !

onwards *fou adept* to the next world maha-trans-illusion  
field of hidden embers primogenitor colony  
of carbon ascendant

kalyptos' lair aura,  
halo factory  
*de l'air*

*October 26-28, 1999*

## Author's Note

i would like to thank bill lavender for the offer to spit out a spontaneous ink golem, an admittedly spastic hyper-text of shifting attentions, significations; though it speaks for itself—for *something*, a specific **NOTHING**—i would like to further add to this convoluted caduceus of presence and absences...

**BLACK MARKET PNEUMA** was conceived an abortive cul-de-sac out of a still heaving mothertext, TRACTATE [which is more concerned with a negative space; with what *isn't* there and what to *do* **IN THAT BE-ING**; with a more articulated approach to the inborn muse (the Planck membrane: she, a hive of magnetos and unknown laws of physicks); with what can happen when the juggernaut beast tongue is made silent and subtle noises of the aethers can be selfmade *seen tasted plunged-through* **BODYWISE**][**BODHI SOFJA**

**BLACK MARKET PNEUMA** is a virus scan *of* and attempt TO explore inner lexicon as it interfaces the **PISTIS MATERNALIA** of the gnostic anti/tradition as well as its own notion of manifest or sensed *gnoses*. the self-appointed sergeants-at-arms of orthodox religion do not have a monopoly on the *soma pneumatikon* or whatever it is that one chatters strobelike to when in the matriarchetypal theta fields.

**BLACK MARKET PNEUMA** is dedicated to the simon magus without and consort-equal-**OTHER** within:

desert father, tundra mother  
tractate 8, tentacles 8



NOVEMBER 1999

