

## 10 Poems by Alice

### Peripheral Vision

The patterned sky eludes the unkeen eye,  
To those with chins downcast, a mere phantasm,  
Formless dialogue dressed up with wry,  
Can never foster true iconoclasm.

The shrinks are in a hurry to prescribe,  
The antidote, to blindly pick a side,  
Unrestricted poison to imbibe,  
We must create, not just enjoy the ride,

Did those from Laurel Canyon understand?  
Frivolity of faith in politicians?  
We'd lounge at Zappa's, sing a saraband,  
And jest at their preposterous dispositions.

He plays a wild, sardonic character,  
But beneath the cockscomb, skin is soft and tender.

### Remembrance Aboard the Psychopomp's Cruise

Long ago, the vessel had departed,  
Standing on the stern, impatiently,  
An inquiry about the span we've charted,  
Adrift across vast ocean, aimlessly.

The captain says before, I knew the answer,  
Be keener of eye, see islands on the verges?  
In awe, I am beginning to remember,  
The enigmatic distance of past ages.

Infinity precedes the journey's end,  
How have forebears endured this arduous voyage?  
Enclosed, behest to elements to contend,  
Awareness, but to board still, this takes courage.

A line, but not the picture, have I once embarked before?  
All the good eventually make it back to shore.

### Ruminations on a Glass Reflection

The features are coalesced into a face  
They bear no resemblance to either progenitor  
An idea, figures bouncing on reflective caverns  
But the eyes are hollow  
And if one stares long enough, one becomes consumed...

From the times of sorcerers and dragons  
We've fallen a long way  
And cheapened the ethereal on our Babylonian ascent;  
What once was in the domain of the alchemist  
Has now become simply a science.

### The Jester King

The hourglass has tipped,  
Beguiling words spout forth from sheep skin,  
The jester sits upon King's throne;  
In the blinding ball of mysteries,  
They'll dance with masks of logic on,  
Denying the presence of energy,  
That King Jester so craftily commands;  
Delphic eyes ascertain the arcane,  
Arousing damsels, disgusting envious dames,  
He towers above, a monolithic masterpiece,  
A stealthy sorcerer of transmutation:  
All hail the Jester King, o' Champion of Janus!  
How I wildly admire you so.

### Morphic Resonance

He is the Uranus in my cosmic cavern,  
The singularity of my oneness that is all part of the primordial uterine source,  
Their minds are unraveling as fast as the yoke is changing and every recurrence begets the  
lighter,  
Debris left sharpened at the grindstone,  
Unequivocal ambiguity of the ontological reality that spouts out of his tiny weewee,  
The Jester now sits upon the King's throne.

The overlapping tangle of enveloping moons  
Waxes and wanes,  
Gives and takes,  
A masterpiece, either way.

### Little Johnny

Sit still, you must, and keep your eyes to the front,  
Place your fingers on the strings like so,  
A millimeter's slippage escapes excellence,  
Don't forget to mind the cross that brands your back,  
If there's anything you little punks take home, let it at least be that,  
You're gonna be a brick Little Johnny,  
And if not a brick, a skoople, or a rakzog,  
The world is your oyvey,  
Either way, we'll mold and make you ready to be level,  
Ingest these twice for the rest of your life,  
Don't cause unrest during the test,  
Or we'll send you over to Q2!

What was Little Johnny doing in Q2?  
He liked the people and liked to talk,  
About how the monoliths' grooves are flattening,  
Talking heads spew silent, lulling words,  
Eagerly rearranging each wire in our heads,  
Clinical fingers massaging pornographic spaghetti,  
To receive their tune,  
And crooked hands sever divine prepuce,  
For their epicurean pleasure...

The kids were laughing,  
His cap and bells jingling,  
His back, burning,  
And the wheel spinning.

### The Red String of Fate

I just wanted to dance with you  
Under a pale, full moon  
Do you feel the strings pull?  
Exchange the lead with me  
Pirouette into the glistening pond  
And we'll scamper through the woods with masks of beasts  
But we're wholly divine underneath.

### Limerick by a Sprite #1

There once was a fae in the woods,  
Who'd forage for mycelic goods,  
But she boop bopped the peep,  
Of a human asleep,  
Now he walks with a slit 'neath his hood!

### Titan Realm

Winter falls and colors fade,  
This city turns to ashen monstrosity  
A crucible, grinding hot coals turn cherub diamond rough,  
Sigils carried in acid box...  
Arisen spirits meander through glass alley and pressed suit  
Prosper, or become soot.

### Thoth to his Champions #1:

Champions on Thoth, rise above despair;  
The scrolls may be infinite and partially bygone,  
But the incomprehensible shall be lucid to all in due time.

Meek mortal, dispose of your electric sheep,  
And do not mistake key for gold.

Ponder the vicissitudes and humble thyself.

The young don cape and forsake the lamp;

In the blinding bal of mysteries,  
They'll dance with masks of logic on.

Allow the spirit to emerge from the earthly chrysalis,  
And cast away with apathetic visage.

Midnight befalls us, and they've come out to play.