Alien

Tapestries

Alluring Compositions of William R. Dumas Jr

Modrakin

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Prelude

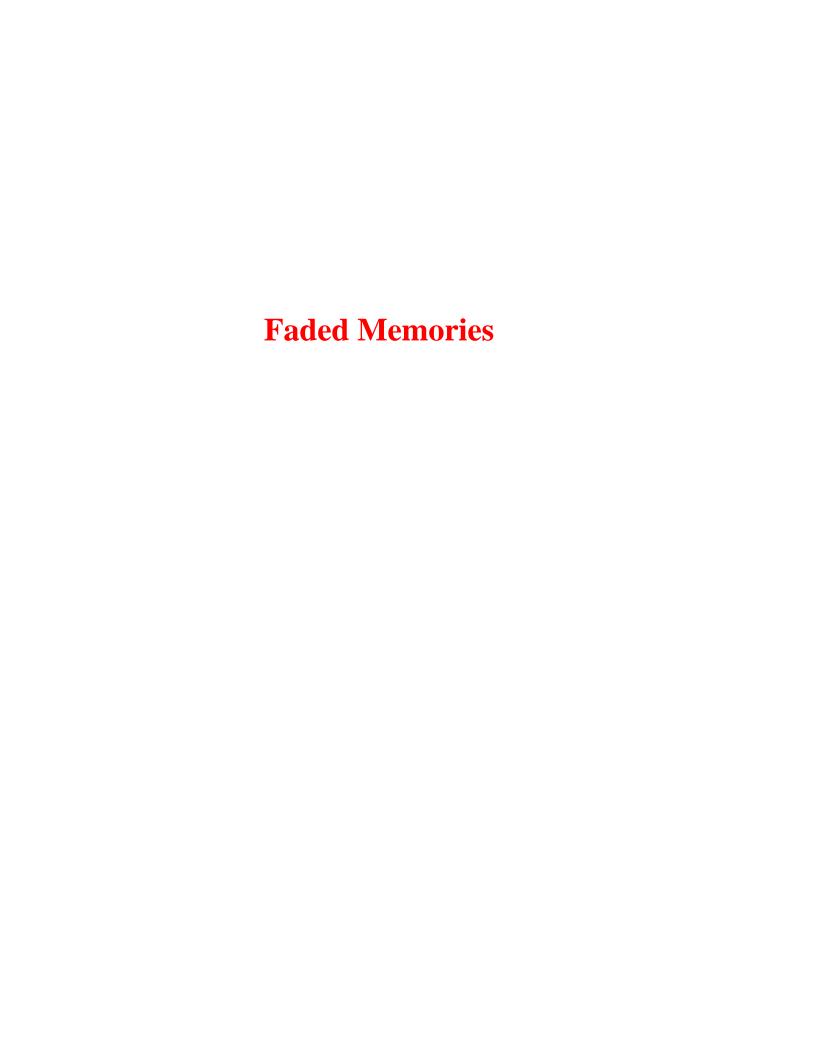
Surrendering to the flow of black ink

Surrendering to the flow of black ink I feel an interminably long diatribe a black river of ink flowing more copiously conceiving tribute to a reemergent mind setting a formidable speed of familiar-not-flamboyant verve-colored images

but I still must pause to drag my pets my pet words kicking and struggling from my upstairs room

reassured

urgency deprived me means to tactful pleasure as I pulsed instead way past midnight



The Scrapbook

The Scrapbook is where passion pauses before flinging itself one more time daily into muckier madness

the neat-edged clippings
yellow and fade
with photos that were
melic memories
of the way
things will always be

Swap Meets

The veils fell the doors shut the tears long-dried

pointed spires lost their shine as the masses poured out their filtering marked the passing of the time when God's own was thine

now they all are mine

as they take their grubby tickets in hand and stampede to that swamp or meadowland in celebration of a week well spent in lucrative profit or tepid debt to commune yes
partake
in friendship or jest
a silken gown
or busted-up pieces of a game
called chess

a meaning lost to lesser men as I the ticket giver lets them enter the morass

the drunken bum child of women and men all enter

no real requisition required

just trade in the shade giving away all that was meant to you the democratic way each and every Sunday

Notes from a bar

Infinite variations on the same conversation
Infinite variations on the same dialogue
Infinite variations on the same theme

Infinite variations

The wallflower must be there 'cause it's gauche if it's not to be pounded and pouted and even pondered by the cast of characters

It's the regulars
the townies' traditional roost
the drunks have no tangible hold
on the happenings
while the skunks
who've gone unwashed for months
slither in
around and about

The Intells (short for intellectuals or those possessing false or real intelligence)

stay bottled up next to the lovers hung with fright or fresh from a fight

They all lie in those beds of broken glass scattered like bartered lives along the floor

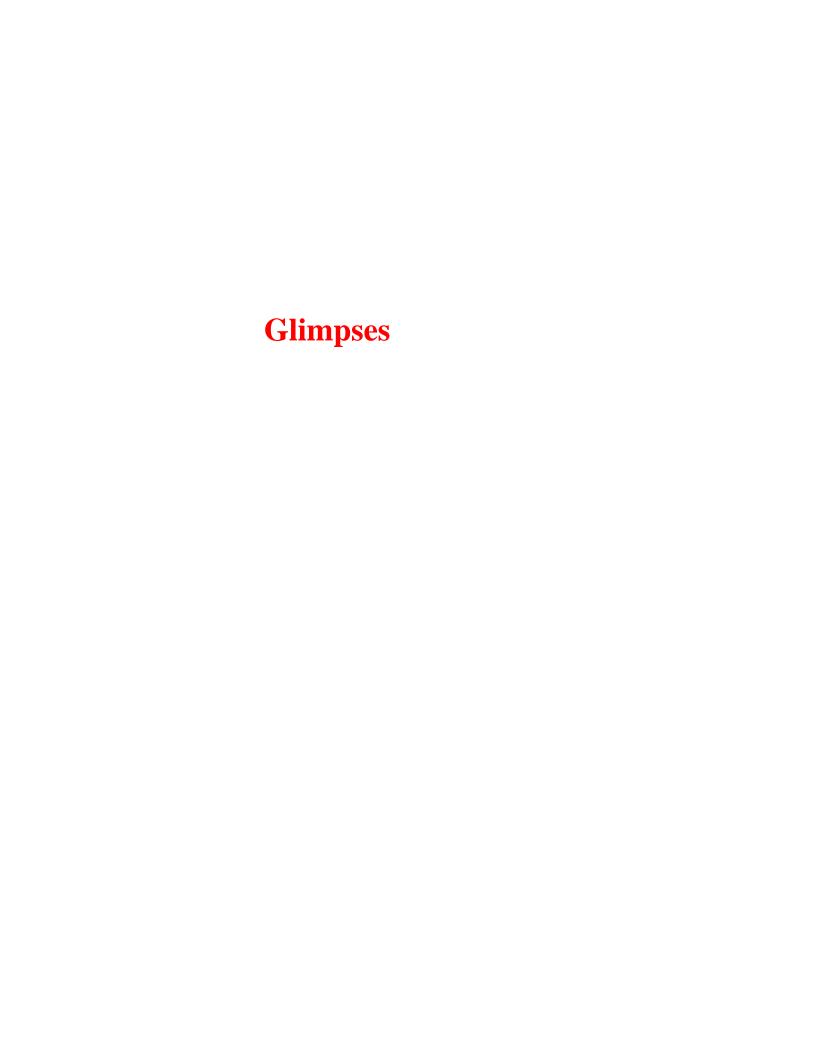
Such symmetry destroys escape forever

And please don't slight the one-eyed bartender the blitzed kindly single-kidneyed fellow from Milwaukee

It's now complete

Infinite variations on the same theme Infinite variations on the same dialogue Infinite variations on the same conversation

Infinite notes from a bar



I'm a tiny door

I'm a tiny door whose waiting for its moment to come in

An erect staid guardian weathered edged ajar

A smattering crowd beckons beyond ready to test my master whims

The bird flew

The bird flew down to peck at my face

I pecked back

only if not ceremoniously with the back of my hand

neither knowing the other's understanding

neither caring

both confused

A little tree

Standing alone on a wooded mountain approaching winds close

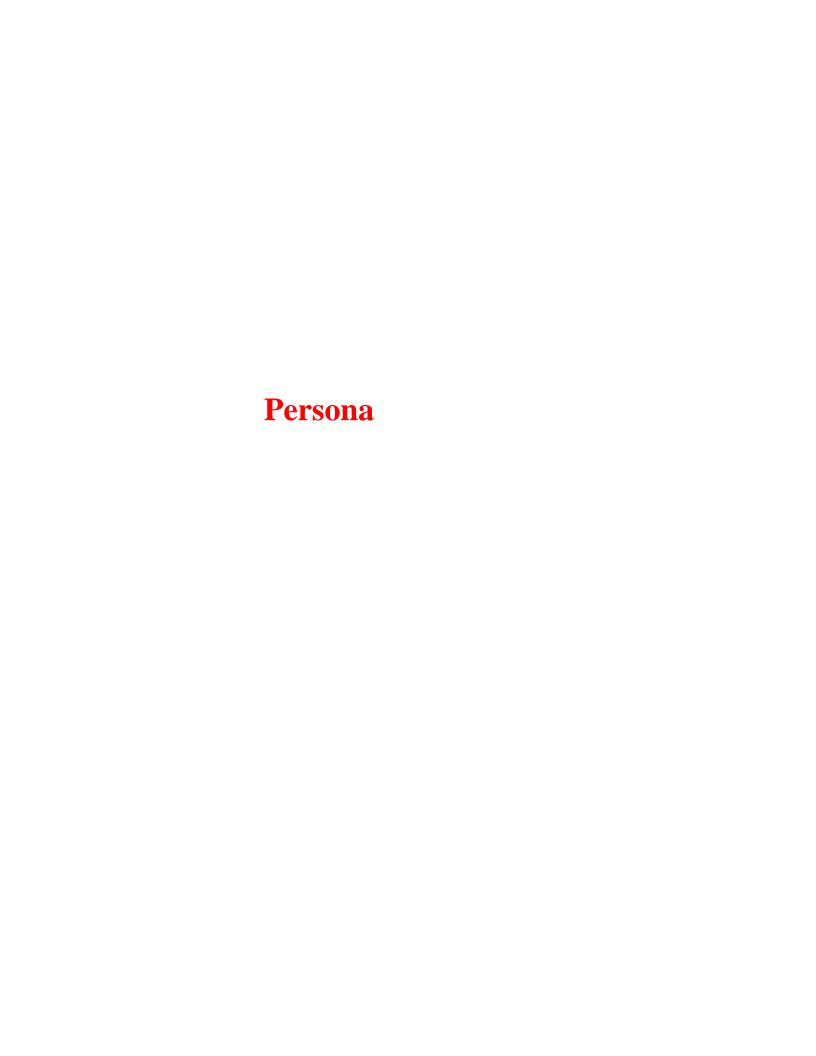
their sound reaching teaching me the soul of a little tree

stretching to its roots is truthfully mightier than mine

Daggers of light

Daggers of light circle nervously in quavering holding patterns above our pristine world waiting for future luminaries to give signals so they may dive down and deal death to another stagnant philosophy

Thus liberating new chaos amidst our accelerating decay



Cats turned her

I heard then saw her get down kissing cats abandoned skinny homeless waifs

She talked to them in whispers less desires true nature would flame

People hadn't hugged her in return

Cats turned her rave affectionate and made her a gift for living

The ecstatic peasant

The ecstatic peasant
did not know that
he was under glass
and on display
for the more civilized milieu

Streaming phrases of antique rhetoric through his gristled jowls he approached the podium and inappropriately lectured upon shadows on parade

His arrogant speech furthered putting down the poor rich in curt commentary while in contrast described peasantry in sad languid details concluding that the rich emphasize physical environments while the peasant eyes ephemeral alien tapestries

The radical quipster

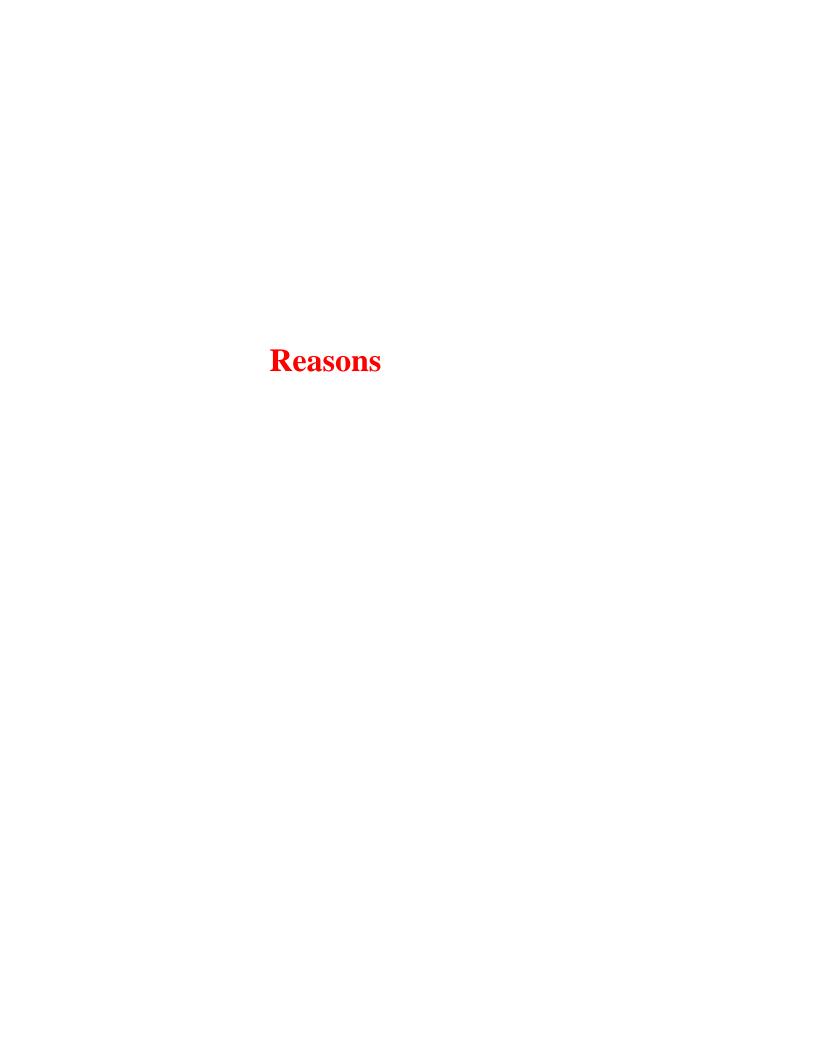
The radical quipster's non-acceptance of the truceful handshake is not a fault

It's not his fault
his jest
reeks ill of sensationalism
that halts
the social
flow of
stunted
svelt
magi

The Windowers

People who peek from windows with their self-sealed fears must know more about the world than I who seldom speaks and almost never looks at destiny which stealths by in the street

They have a view turned crystaline from the rays of their constant stares as days slip by in the endless stream of light



Trouble

Trouble is a friend to everyone a young pup wagging its tail as it gets underfoot never meaning to do harm until it reaches maturity from whence it springs out as a full-fledged attack dog glaring snarling ready to rip at the point of a single miscue

Reason not why

Trouble is here again

What betters doing

Just when I surmise
the horizon
perfectly penciled
between the jagged earth sky
it shifts suddenly
to the south side of a bed
or the rear of a cafe
or the face of a beggar
whose earnest tears
are denying normalcy

Missing his spring of youth he now fancies in the fall more primeval entreaties yearning to capture lost raptures and sprout new hair

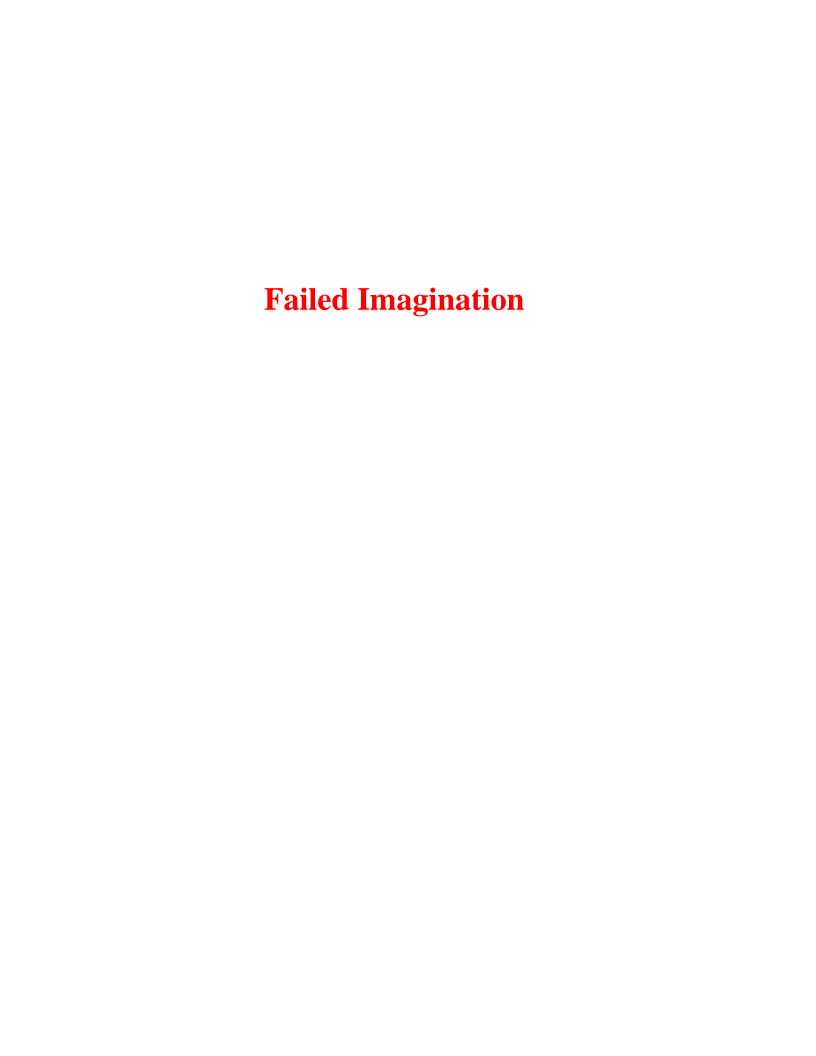
He views his life as
a long eroded failure
winding pass
nacent dreams of yesterday
to a holding out of a
stubbeb-brown hand
wanting for ten cents
worth of insight
to redo what betters doing

I who would laugh

I who would laugh
constantly cry at the
frailty of humanity
which keeps
punching away
at some unseen
core of resistance
attempting to destroy
a part of itself
every once in a while
so it won't grow complacent
in it's descent to death

Failed imagination

The golden dragon saddened weakened with failed imagination sank its talons in its breast fell tumultuous and...uh...dead announcing that the never has come... although this impossible instant I conjured failed to quench my craving for imagination



Birth is a vow

Birth is a vow immutable:

should we forget gravity shackles our shame

we slaves of time look to the heavens wishing we weren't born to die not quite right

playing life making rules up along shuffling forward pounding at vows those previous generations tried to perpetuate by loin motion into dynasties

until we became lost fragments of promise

Ever so very not often

Ever so very not often my eyes swell...pushing crests of tears past dour portals

The telling night

The telling night won't turn from strong yarns but nestles them in its harsh home leaving no doubt of sorrow or sin as the better tales are left furled

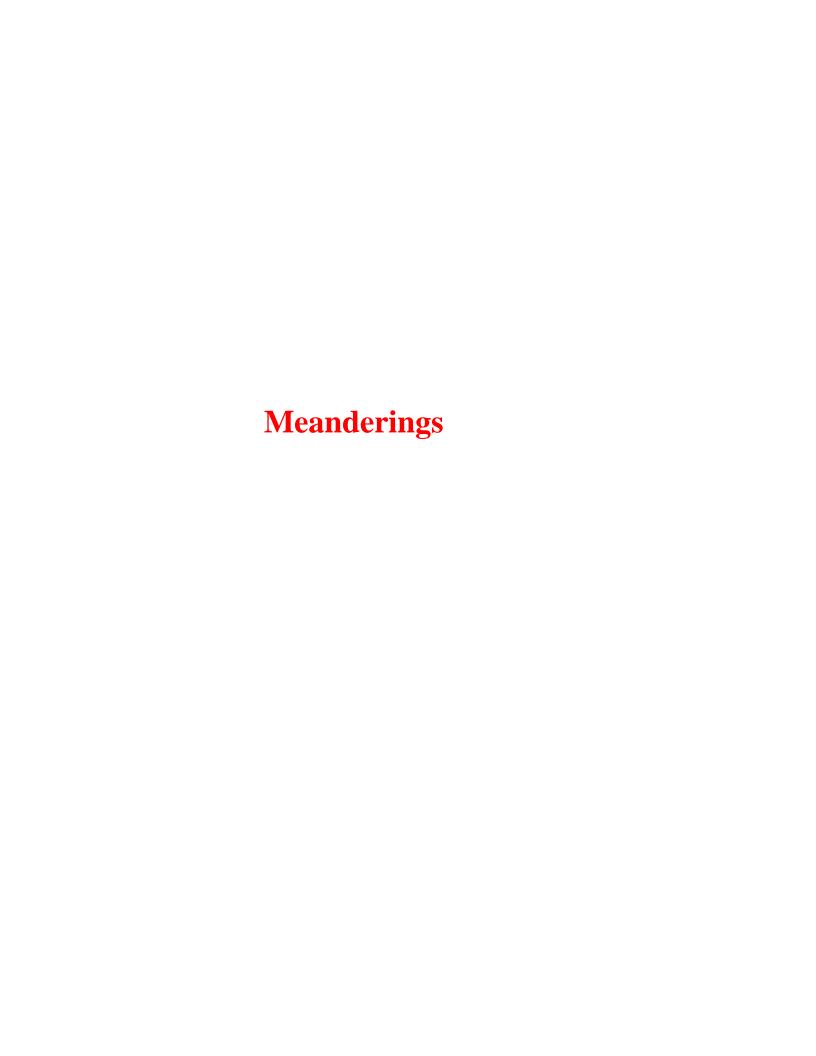
Every Iota

Along the status mileposts
I'll press the indicators
to denounce all lasting resolutions
thus ending a chance for a debate

every iota against the quota

the strength of my fantasies waits in ambush to assassinate the mysteries as far as forever I longed

every iota against the quota



I caught my mind meandering

I caught my mind meandering near a pristine sheltered glade

It sought a soft silence
pierced by the baying wolf
away from the turbulent horns
of daily stress
unbalanced
in a limbo
of
common decisions

It sought wizened frolic away from the sprawing urban gloom and model circumstance

It...

I caught my mind meandering but desperately fatigued
I placed it firmly behind my desk cubicled on my 25th floor office then answered the telephone

Dark creation

Dark creation; dismal life
take it thus
or take it not at all
since I lay so many options
at the feet of Lady Fate
who won't take a bribe
and let me peek
at my unsealed destiny

A slight advantage
maybe
to cry unfair; to cry unheard
no noble cause to rue the day
I gained an unfair edge
over things I'd left behind

Things are
as they should be
'til I shudder
to make it not

Continued reticence

Ten strings tied to a weird bridge dangled in the breeze ten strings no reason or promise no meaning or deceit

Often have I inhaled woods in one breath as I contrived to wander during early morning prime before bird-slung chitters stirred yet in such misty fog so thick it lay upon the ground taking the form of a sleeping giant

I crept through it until I came
to that old bridge
a lie that was listed solely in me
nevertheless
it appeared opaque in the morning mist
hanging across an unseen void
I never thought to cross

I tied ten strings to that weird bridge no meaning or deceit no reason or promise ten strings

Postlude

Bridges

The step onto bridges leaves aside every-place a stop to begin a search for conspicuous truth

Beneath its hanging spans a no-place linking future frontiers with never tomorrows

The pause upon the bridge is the one the cautious fail to take

The wild too often grasp the pause beyond the doom which caresses every-one