

Poetry Series

**luke holt**  
**- poems -**

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## luke holt(january 14 1991)

Luke Holt (born Lucas-Jacob Holt on january 14 1991 in fullerton california) is a poet, philosopher, filmmaker and musician best known for his symbolist imagery laden poetry. he led a reclusive childhood and had very few if any friends but was always studious and brooding, he says at age 15 he awoke into transcendence and spent alot of time with the homeless derilects and junkies of his native long island, learning their ways and inheriting their voracious swearing and feindish smoking habit, although his lifelong ambition was film, he also aspired to be a comedian, cartoonist, animator, a chef, and singer (the latter came true and he currently sings/songwrites for a band called requiem) . a torrid and emotional relationship in his sophomore yaer of high school caused him to swirl out of control and dropp out of school and also lead to excessive and oppertunistic drinking. today Holt lives in holtsville long island and is writing the transcript for his first feature lenth film obsCURE

# A Bath In Sunshine

i took a bath in sunshine when i looked into your eyes  
a mocha pool of colors and a feeling of surprise  
tell me you didn't see our children when shaman sang  
songs of purgatory and revelers receding in slopes of moon  
corpse of an embryo  
spawn of a stoned cherub with a hard-on  
night falls  
her delicate glory  
sings to villagers in moonlight  
i have never seen such a smile!  
euphoric points reached by a blind dynamo  
Christ in leather pants  
liquid dance  
the young folk  
all now stripping and consoling  
the fangs are lustrous  
the fur was ragged and knotted with scar tissue  
the paws were flaccid and the claws sharp  
and their eyes conceited  
they all just... kinda stood there  
like a sea of flesh  
like a priest or a primate  
they all cared  
as if they  
with their words  
could change my future  
their horses were bestial  
demonic  
they didn't know about Rimbaud  
but some of em were just kinda  
in the pocket.  
stop  
hark  
lets wait for the train to screech it's ugly odious roar  
this is what love is for'  
sardonically  
i looked at this page  
it reminded me much of you  
and so the festival began without us

but i still loved you anyway  
iron steeds  
voices  
cool streets, serenity and exile  
I'm quite sure we were in love 45 seconds ago  
what happened?  
did you leave your heart at the counter again?  
diabetic heart  
craving sugar and opium  
take me to when the two poets fell in love  
molten caramel clouds hovered over darkened streets  
my first time  
a quick one in june

luke holt

# A Kiss On A Cognac River

Labyrinth kisses from diluted lips  
Spreading utopian sunlight and chi  
Capillaries burst with pleasure and fear  
Making your highness start burning for me

Sorcery of opal stars are in flight  
Making a sickness for junkies and clowns  
Holding remorse and guilt over our heads  
Throwing their languid disease all around

In times of peril the illusions are slow  
Altered perception and judgments are low  
If you want to fall in love with her, bro  
Share a kiss on cognac river like so

Your tongues will play hockey and frolic and play  
Orbicular orifices can't stay away  
The thought will spend hours caressing your mind  
Until you do drugs and lose track of man kind

Green eyes will widen and red ones will stay  
The more her behavior grows downright risqué  
You'll soon be replacing that cute, friendly grope  
For a dime full of reefer and a purse full of dope

In times of peril the illusions are slow  
Altered perception and judgments are low  
If you want to fall in love with her, bro  
Share a kiss on cognac river like so

The opium pilot calls out to the sea  
He says "hey creator, what else do you see"  
He sees what appears to be a Dear John note  
And a poor lost romantic just slitting his throat

Opiate morning

Barbiturate day  
You hate her so much but you can't stay away  
Ecstasy evening and misery night  
You want to stay home  
Even so there's a fight

Braggadocio  
And Tokyo smiles  
Weathered arms bleeding on damp kitchen tiles  
Pegasus flaming  
Your chakras enthralled  
"Oh by the way waiter your ex-girlfriend called! "

Sulfuric acid and shuffling sands  
Sunny side up as the paladin stands  
Harlequin smiles  
And ivory seas  
Blatantly yearning and shouting for me

Cellophane spectrums of trickling rain  
Random up-tempo emotional pain  
Spasmodic seizures  
Convulsing and bright  
Writhing from moonlight and distant like night

Springtime is glistening with avian breeds  
Lovers and loners  
All colors and creeds  
Nymph blossom tantrics  
And brash neon lights  
Ill equipped martyrs  
With salt laden plights

In times of peril the illusions are slow  
Altered perception and judgments are low  
If you want to fall in love with her, bro  
Share a kiss on cognac river like so

luke holt

# Abstract Eternity

I love the way the moon's shimmering caress mirrors your soft flesh  
I can stare for hours but can only process for fragmented seconds  
An illusive fox shimmying through larval jungles,  
Twisted sex reveries limp hymen fantasies, i am a dead butterfly, fallen like a  
dead junkie's tourniquet, as love builds, the past deceives.  
Blood blooms to the sky from a scandalous heart  
A heart I hold like a tangled amulet  
The shell of a lost man  
A gallant love  
A shadow embrace  
A pink sky bearing swirling images and interstellar rhetoric  
Manic archangels  
Lost antiheroes deliver wrist slicing verdicts  
Demonic midnight rendezvous become twilight pitch-dark stardust dreams full of  
cosmic bloodlove

I lick my lips and cry in the bittersweet reality  
Intangible ghost/germ heart  
Squirming like amoebas from the hyperbolic nostrils of wraithish dope fiends  
Her hair  
An obsidian waterfall  
And her body a molten love bomb  
The fine lilting mysticism of her sweet chuckle  
Drives me mad like a claustrophobic pantomime in his own self induced box  
Half her mask cries a tsunami of tears, the other grins a reluctant smile that  
attracts droves of scoundrel love makers and intoxicates those in search of the  
abstract eternity

luke holt



# Amalgam (Exerpts And Quotes From Notebooks)

dharmas by which to ignore anthropoids

1. technology is the magick of greed
2. reality is a benchmark in one's mental capacity, it bears no one form
3. matter is thought, thought is information, information is divine currents
4. sex, capitol, classifications, governments are all contrived methods of mind control
5. if ignorance is bliss, knowledge is ecstatic despair
6. if your sangha is traveling in the footsteps of the goldsmith, leave them and follow the sangha who follows the fool
7. if you hate something/one, avoid it and deny it by all means, if you love something, indulge in it and become it

---

if we starve less than others because of pride rather than circumstance  
we are gluttons

once man has relinquished the desire to be free, he has relinquished the ability  
to personify himself as intelligent life

once romance has been romanticized (as it has) nothing is left to romanticize  
but hatred, morbidity and sardonicism  
thus is the job of the existentialist poets

---

valkyrie is to messenger as typical human female is to beguiler

Opals

Twigs

Shadows

Faces  
Ether  
Miasma  
Spasms  
Content  
Cartoons  
Soap operas  
Horses  
Beauties  
Opulence  
Squalor  
Songs  
Funeral  
Phoenix  
Crow  
Phantoms  
Celebrities  
Corpulence  
Frailty  
Felix the cat  
Adolph hitler  
Hiroshima  
New york city

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# Amethyst Sea

the sweet moon and amethyst sea  
all glistening in bleak sickness which binds human beings  
until they bleed paint and muse  
like renegades  
liquid steel and molten emerald flows from the summit where we  
made love in the flint calculus of summer  
reluctantly  
i admitted that i had not been touched like that before  
i blushed a scarlet hue  
we were both perspiring heavily  
we stunk of sex and ill-fated love  
yeah  
ill-fated love  
the maple tree shielded us from the sweltering heatwave which loomed over our  
heads in envy  
i treated her body like an ancient artifact  
soft and delicate  
smug with pleasure and boundless temptation  
as if i were touching something more fragile and valuable than myself  
our arms and legs glistened with sweat  
our tongues danced like pagans  
the juices flowed like witchcraft  
she blushed as i dusted off her pants  
suggestively and purposefully emphasizing when dusting her ass  
the gods chuckled  
giving me the thumbs-up from the heavens  
i cried that night because it was done  
i called my friends and complained  
they scoffed  
as i slept  
i dreamt like an indian  
and awoke the next morning with an enthralled crotch and blistered memory  
i could not stand  
so i went back to sleep

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# Beautiful Anarchist

The ruse of rain was immense, immaculate clairvoyance  
Twittering sighs from broken families and hieroglyphic junkies  
The harsh, whipping hail blew dust of debauchery into a silver lake  
Quietly they sober  
Growing weary in the dreary alchemy of night  
The matrix of black liquid was a dancing star  
A derelict harlot screaming for vengeance  
A sea of rape  
The angry benevolence of the clitoris  
AH!  
The warm ashen dust of resin  
Beat soft  
Young nimbus  
The clowns grow lonesome in your shroud  
Tearing up wistfully  
Lolling and making waves  
Clearly they shy  
In your distinct presence  
The mark of the beast  
905  
Hark my limpid battle cry  
You beautiful anarchist

luke holt

# Blue Circus

Corner the lepers  
Brainwash the tide  
Join a blue circus  
Your first kiss inside

Taunting the tempest  
Blinding the sage  
Soaring the sea on a newspaper page

Come and we dance under a galaxy  
Feel the sensation of light-years and we  
For tomorrow we dance under a Capricorn tree  
And see what the jester has waiting for me

Deviant circuits  
Violent machines  
Conjuring demons of hellish pristine

Opulent merchants  
Shuffle and bleed  
Nobles and pharaohs  
Equestrian steeds

Memories vacant  
Flaccid and slow  
These are the dances of the carnival show

Come and we dance under a galaxy  
Feel the sensation of light-years and we  
For tomorrow we dance under a Capricorn tree  
And see what the jester has waiting for me

Foxtrots and lightning

Salsa and swing  
Upset by the minions of trivial things

Mirrors on top of the world as it seems!  
Slow phantom reveries and harlequin screams

Come and we dance under a galaxy  
Feel the sensation of light-years and we  
For tomorrow we dance under a Capricorn tree  
And see what the jester has waiting for me

Beaches engulfed with rubicund screams  
Russet clouds merging with half eaten dreams

I can smell colors  
Touch tastes and see sounds  
Humanity's tragic  
So I'm not around

The living, departed, disdainful, and slow  
The creamy sunset blocks the mercury flow

Lions and eagles and leopards and echoes  
Think before feeling  
Give Christ blood to winos

Come and we dance under a galaxy  
Feel the sensation of light-years and we  
For tomorrow we dance under a Capricorn tree  
And see what the jester has waiting for me

luke holt

# Catharsis Of The Druidic Martyr

i have seen the tragedy  
hence my plea

i have dervished the dominatricks' requiem for the entirety of this fable  
and now i lie a miserable bearded clown, a zen chakrawave hurdling towards a  
deaf sangha.

a pestilent, kleptomaniac, bohemian kid, ((part time telemarketer by day,  
sagatious alchemic ether seeker by night))

i have seen phagocytosis without modern machine

i am the paladin of algorithmic flame

that makes the vacuole accept the bacteria so that the trees may keep their fruit  
all life, weither it be the mighty elephant or the organelle of an onion cell

a golgi or a goldsmith

a slug or a sultan

a protozoa or a limo toer

wiether they be prokaryotic or not

all exist in futility together

luke holt

# Cold Wraiths

The walls are cold wraiths seething black chi against ebony china  
What hath thee, mortal soul  
Humans are toads, insects, vermin  
The quartz laden earth would be better off without us  
I feel her aura breathing upon me  
Her fleshy scent haunts me like an awkward shadow  
Her warm, tasty lips are horrid requiems who's orbicular stains are  
sun spots on my broken brain  
My disdainful blush and reluctant tear are signs of her galactic control  
I'm a schizophrenic avatar who's limbs are brittle and soft as the  
flesh of the plum  
Why are they all so blind!  
Of all the people to know of this  
Why A poor flaccid ugly little Capricorn who's mother bathed him in  
salt and bitterness  
My brain itches when I think of their daftness  
Like a Rubik's cube turned inside out  
I'm yesterday's news  
Archaic mentally  
Obsolete physically  
I'm distraught by everything  
Content with nothing  
My umbilical noose hangs from a sad tree  
Atop a lazy mountain  
Above a restless sea  
Why call me the martyr of melancholy  
I ignore tantrics  
Dubbing them futile methods of romantic sensory  
I can smell colors, taste thoughts and see sounds  
I breathe the miasma of the dullards who make my newspapers  
I brood near lonely ash cans staring at the pinkish white gobs of  
chewing gum and the monotonous cigarette butts once pursed between the  
painted lips of insomniac rave goers, the station is a dank stone  
hovel filled with anonymous trench coat faces, senator Obama's million  
dollar Illinois grin plastered upon the hypnotic newsstand layouts  
beside doughnuts and Bic lighters  
A college freshman struts by with laser eyed bravado and a cardigan  
clad chick on his right arm  
I glare at him menacingly, searching for his secret



We live  
We die  
And death not ends it  
The superficiality of humanoids sickens my venomous entrails  
As I speak this  
Don't look at my disheveled exterior  
Or my dizzy brown eyes  
Or my toothless smirk  
Observe every word that you clearly didn't hear  
If you can see sounds  
Just like me  
You'll see them around  
Floating to you from me

luke holt

# Crimson Mist (Human Distortion Part I)

the moon sang when the masquerade began  
and we all swam in her beams  
let her be debauched in sadness and drunk with fear  
let her molten vodka tears glisten in perpetual ecstasy  
let her pleasures breed insane dialects  
sanity stings all of us  
percussive beats and molten streets  
in velvet night

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# Daughters Of The Valkyrie

O' martyrdom

Sequestered in obsolescent forms, shapes, dimensions,

Vectors in hurt and ghost and germ

The sweet jasmine of her kiss leaks from the bowls of my neurological receptors

Until they tire, growing wearisome in their monotony

I hate the succubae that squander their masks and exchange vials of disease and emotional famine,

Reckless in their mute pagan debauchery,

They scoff and pirouette like harlots caught in the thick cytoplasm of their own pestilent mutiny

They have jettisoned our phylum into the recesses of social lobotomy

Reaching for the inevitable touch of a true soul to acquire homeostasis

Is this a conspiracy theory?

You ask

Is this some pseudo-psychological shaman song that I've conjured from the incongruent babble that is absolute truth?

No

It is simply the Visine in the swollen dismembered blind eyes

Red with stimuli and green with gluttony

Healing the raw, tender capillaries that have frozen from limpness

And lack of love

You may have the beauty

O' daughters of valkyrie

But you haven't the answers

luke holt

# Dharmic Saxophone

I swing like a mantra  
A wasp with a brilliant pea mind  
((a slit pea, like me, poisonous chi))  
Flowing out like foam from the in flared nostrils of a rabid badger  
A trillion galaxies in a single tear  
Bubonic vermin insinuate a demonic dervish with suggestive  
anthropomorphic breasts  
Embryonic nooses  
Bland, stark, bleeding, limp and deceased  
Rains of a thousand gargoyles loom over the ectoplasmic lake  
Dripping with cold mud and miasma  
Haunting ravens with knives in the backs of lovers spines  
THE CELTIC HILL!  
Resting place of my soft reply!  
An owl hoots with no thought other than how sad,  
Deep, sullen and proud he must have been to bury his affections like a  
dead beaver floating in a wretched canyon  
Beside an opal necklace

A jester bleeds in full hoarse screams  
Like a boundless christ enthralled

The song of a brazen child with a snowball  
Waltzing to his mother like the charismatic womanizer he will grow up to be

Thirsty for the chilled wine which summons the blatant corpulence of the sultan  
A hidden curse  
Transcendent in the topaz grains in which we hide our feelings  
A deep moving picture

((sax solo))

luke holt

# Eagle Eyes

The hours lag like dour tarantulas  
Though the hands are moving  
The fingers are crippled  
The milk expires quickly  
Why don't moments of despair?  
The vegetables keeping us alive rot rapidly  
As if to escape the damnable earth which helped them blossom  
So why can't the would-be anniversary of a tragic romance end as quickly?  
Why do we forge the hours on a decrepit dust clock?  
For time does not exist and yet it is our cruel master  
Sequestering happiness from the present and decaying romance in the past  
In the miasmatic hovels where paladins wept and poets dreamed  
I saw a god headed serpent with eagle eyes and reptilian formaldehyde skin  
With great liquid estrogen oozing from her tainted lips like a Saturn lilac pistil  
Dizzy cosmic reveries  
All sound  
All sound

luke holt

# Ecto-Dance

Galactic serenity

A rainbow serenade accompanied by wraithish desire

((Morgue lapse, C section))

Banners melt and wilt on earthen eyes

Burning holy corneas in gentile wedlock

Breathing chemist's puffs on O zone frequencies

Negating the decay of gelatinous hearts in rusty tin buckets

Clownesque war paint on rupturing tumors

Nuclei plasma engulfs the brilliant savage genius

((Ecto-dance, haunting echoes in shrouded swagger))

Hip crude circles mislead boring passengers

((Blitzkrieg rantings, burlesque beats))

Lamenting cadavers paid to mourn

Enslaved to die

Succubae ensnare hopeless dreamers with fish hook stares

Emitting a thick purple miasma from their scarlet lips

I have once walked on troubled waters

Now I cease to drown in the moving pictures which manipulate labyrinths of love  
and kisses of cataclysm

I pine for the she-devil I cannot see

Her aromatic locks smell like honey and jasmine

Damn!

I feel as though I'm being enveloped by the embryonic yoke of my romantic  
disposition

A young heart

O, so bare

Slowing and sponging cognac

I am forever in mourning

Only love will bring the light

luke holt

# Eros And His Odious Macrophagatious Torment Wheel

i am strange to this touch  
this touch i feel

apart from the wicked snares of hellfire preconceptions and the monotonous  
snickers of feeble minded tassels with their condescending mediocre  
indiscretions, i scramble across the intersection

i j walk as i light a parliament looking ever so hipster and brooding  
just what the broads would want if i weren't me

just like my patience with anthro-society, my cigarette dwindles

as enamored couples whirl by looking ever so euphoric i wonder

'how can i be sentient and not feel this way, on the day where roses, cheap  
chocolates and even cheaper condom sales skyrocket like a lithium charged  
dynamo, how can i not feel nostalgic on the birthday of my great grandmother, ,  
who's mattress i now sleep on, who gave me musty encyclopedias from the book  
stand on the great Utopian knish wafted air of Russian Brooklyn'

and then intuition peaks  
i am alone

but why?  
why can't a sensitive, intelligent fellow like myself find a sweet loving woman?  
hmmm...  
AH!  
because i care too much for people

((typical v day poem from a boy to girl))

'roses are red, violets are blue  
now shut the f\*\*\* up and s\*\*k my d\*\*\*'

i rest my case

dear readers: this poem will only remain posted for today, i feel it is a testament

of my frustration and was not written with care

thank you

~L.H.~

luke holt



## Excerpt From 'The Breed' II

I gazed up upon the ashen dawn, streetlights donned their flaming halos with their crooked Quasimodo gaze, t'was peaceful, shards of rain drizzled down the musty suit I wore like diamonds on a pile of corpselike resin, accentuating the woolen weariness of my soul. I could see a blue sun bearing the same color as the vaccination I was given as a mute petrified infant in the incubating chrysalis of the hollow white hospital corridor

((Catheters...The screaming breath of butterflies... the stifled alchemy of dreams))

luke holt

# Exerpt From Novel 'silver Rain: The Ballad Of Clyde Steel'

I spent the evening sitting on greg's army cot, pontificating and smoking rollies as Coltrane's "sun ship" record blared on the banged up old phonograph in greg's basement, "ahh, she's just a dumb mousy broad, one of those dumb tassels who just gets a job at a bookseller's to meet a sensitive guy, like you, and tear him a c\*\*\* as big as their own with their fickle indiscretions and their woolen scarves, " he paused for a moment, giving me a sly edifice grin and asked me if I wanted to smoke some tea, despite the vow of sobriety I took for Diane, we took a piece of my 'rolling paper', which was essentially pieces of the new york times neatly torn in strands, but me, being one who can't stand missing the sight of a full moon or a clear night, despite my cryptic misery, insisted that we smoke the tea outdoors, "ahh, why the f\*\*\* not, just throw on that flannel shirt to keep warm and I'll roll the shit on a bench'r something" I took dysilvio's colossal blue flannel and threw it on my back, excited about smoking since I hadn't done it since I was sixteen, we trekked past the past the moonlit cal de sac and into a thick wooded area where the first cherubic offspring of the season would chirp sweet cries of life, the tender viridian tree buds rained like gentle chlorophyll bombs, mistily lolling in the spring air like kamikazes of peace, Greg and I walked to a dirt plot / clearing with a dead rabbit at the foot and walked up the mount of dirt holding a Ziggy-clad fatty which on which we would both take two drags, smoking a tea-cigarette was different from a normal one in that because the paper was flimsy and thin you had to extinguish it before the taxman ember would burn it to a crisp, greg would never let it canoe. By the time the weed was done we were both gone, even greg, a poppy head who was far past the point where tea phased him, was stupendously baked, he was a quiet toker and every now and then would go into a vague statements about quantum physics filled with hieroglyphic anecdotes and slurred rhetoric, he seemed ignorant and bitter but was actually eloquent and insightful, I was in utopia, I could smell every last pinecone and possum in that obscure forest, it was at that point that I began writing haikus they came out superb, after the brisk air chilled we were forced to return to greg's den of iniquity, where we ate the best chocolate covered pretzels I'd ever tasted, we fell asleep at 5: 30 in the morning, when I sailed off into the bland grey horizon once again, cold and sad  
Lonely and stoned

luke holt

# Faceless Purity

~for selena readmond~

a light mist fills the hovel perimeter  
my mocha eyes drooping into extended consciousness  
lackadaisically  
i rise to meet dawn's first crisp breath  
and i am greeted with Utopian golden sunshine  
it is hope without a face  
words i can't retrace but only follow  
the harsh bitter moon condescends the dawn  
languidly contradicting the lilac sea  
i am the ultimate atrocity  
unkempt and pallid  
disdainful and slow  
i cannot hold my head up without the growing music vibrating in my diminished  
psyche  
it's a flow of mercury, a sunrise of gold  
a thorn less rose who weeps without her protection  
little by little my heart thaws  
the tender flesh begins to drink the vermilion sunlight as if a parched root  
the blackened crystallized heartache begins to weaken  
and the blood fluctuates like a freeway  
bishops and pharaohs  
jews and gentiles  
junkies and catholics  
war at the expense of peace and equality  
can earth dry her tears and open her ears  
it can beat again  
so long as there are dances

i hope you dig it

luke holt

# Illuminiferous

take me to a stoned village  
where people don't use names or cars or shoes  
hot electric dharmas sizzle like melting china  
O, carcass of muse  
O, withering fuse

tilt my clowning queen  
brittle buxom broads whirl like burlesque neon insects around you.  
bearded purple embers glisten upon barbarian quasars

the childhood cemetery leads through hip crude circles  
great quadrilateral ceremonies transpire there  
the juju of sex is a wicked brew  
i come to you

conceptual rain  
sugars and salts hailing like silver sunlight  
sylphs cry  
deserts dance  
widows weep for shaven boyfriends in foolish green brigalia  
sucking ash and venom from distant reveries

luke holt

# Marijuana Haikus

Phantom smiles  
Behind ashen clouds  
Of pot smoke

My bones tire  
To much inertia  
A Buddha of blood

Street plasma  
Graffiti tears  
A stifled alchemy

An infant titters  
Behind a wilted rose  
In twilight

The bleeding dahlia  
Lilts and bends  
While couples kiss

Clocks burn  
The northern lights  
Faint smell of dreams

The black matrix of puddle water  
Made so by the night sky

The numismatist picks up a coin  
And with it  
Pays his dues

A sober depression  
Looms over Holtsville,  
A snowstorm

The vicious odor  
Of sunbeams

As I brood-  
Marlboros

Dammit  
A fly flew into my iced tea  
Carle place McDonalds

Quadrilaterals,  
I'm trying to think,  
I'm stoned

Macabre halos and glass moonbeams  
Quiet!  
The wizened angel

Summer chlorophyll stains my T shirt  
Cuneiform and cigarette haze

I went to pick a flower  
But the miasma was too cold

I wasted a rainbow  
On the lottery,  
The frozen lightning

The carbon of sugar  
Black  
Smooth distilled  
Ectoplasm

I kissed the moon  
On her largest crater  
Her tongue was made of cheese

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# Motel Crucifix

## MOTEL CRUCIFIX

I have followed you through vast, lilting vineyards  
Across three nebulae  
Frolicking through intangible skylines  
Tickling your silken cheeks with my boyish nose  
Sneezing obsidian dried blood at the scent of unfamiliar breath on your warm  
satin lips  
O, my horrific complacency was forged!  
I have not a wish but to be a mad asteroid  
In diamond space  
Saturn vexes From Capricorn  
Comical Gemini moon  
Harkin O, sun  
You are a close second  
I would sell the world for another September  
((And wouldn't care if I froze to death))  
Harshly ensnared in lilting flats and bends  
((The majestic melody of your moans and pants and violent whispers))  
Sweat beading on lopsided stubble  
Breasts eclipsing  
Words vibrating in violet blobs with horns and tusks and teeth like ectoplasmic  
flux  
Complex idle paralysis  
Light your vanilla cigarette  
Languish in the haunting blue smoke  
Say nothing  
Think anything  
Triangular orbits  
Bleeding convections  
Hearts rot and fuse as the bodies perspire  
Neon insects buzz and gossip outside the motel crucifix  
Ranting with bland, idiot conspiracies as lights hush

luke holt

# Ode To The Flask

'we the people'.....  
.....'and then god said'.....  
...'thou shalt not kill'.....  
...'i hereby sentence you to'.....

it all sounds the same when echoed through the ghastly oblong shaft of an empty bottle.

so bereft of substance and

H  
O  
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W

with stillness, .

a glistening infant droplet of silver vodka drizzles with moon-like trajectory  
around the tear that soaks my coarse, sallow visage  
like a hovering wraith across a phosphorescent burial ground  
like clear old eyes skimming across the musty pages of a deadman's book.  
as i wander through the asphalt deserts carrying a pint flask like a talisman  
the street signs are runic to my bleary eyes, every dropp brings me joy, and  
every tear brings me numbness  
a limber stray cat struts by and cowers as i stagger to grasp it's mammalian  
warmth to my clammy fingers  
it scapes my exposed fingers and a dropp of amazing red plasma oozes out  
playfully,

another swig should numb the sting  
another love should numb my heart

the bottle's dry as a eunich's condom  
and now the scavenger hunt begins!  
like a clumsy buzzard i look on the sides of streets and behind putrid unkept  
dumpsters who, in inebriation appear to be complacent monsters, for a bottle  
discarded by some wreckless hooligan who may have tossed/dropped it getting  
blown by his scantily clad fifteen year old girlfriend, i find nothing but a half  
smoked USA Gold clip and an old syringe, ((my veins are plump and junk free,  
when we get a rapper for president, then we'll talk))



and so almighty flask of blackcluster nectar  
you have spared me another night of sollitude  
cause when there's you  
i'm not the only person who cares about me

luke holt

# Ode To The Floridian Midnight

clear cunning as streets sizzle with passion  
beyond molten sand and smoldering protons  
past the negro yards  
past the opal moonbeams which infatuate stars  
wine and Courvoisier flows like the languid bile of the everglades  
fan boats gallivanting about  
Filled with Cajun shamans blooming in heat and tedium  
O, impossible task of clarity!  
i cry not  
For your slumber  
her eyes come up in thought like a bass will occasionally jump out of the bayou  
or like a cheddar reptile will burst through the trees like a burlesque homosexual  
i will not remember these thoughts tomorrow  
the frequencies of the Floridian midnight are too vast  
night will flourish in seeds of my cortex blushing  
i will not weep now  
but there's always tomorrow

luke holt

# Pegasus Heroin Flux

sorry  
goodbye  
i love you  
i condemn you to utter selfishness  
you are bleak  
grey eyes  
sorry to sulk amongst chakras  
intangible blind orbits by which we all exist  
Uniformed flesh  
Fits every edifice  
i must see you once before you are enlightened  
so i can replenish my selfish craving for your dependence  
a poet could dance for years on the ecstasy of your misery  
my heart drowns in toxic fluids, saliva, stomach acids, semen, and the secretions  
left by the gently erotic midnight we shared about 2000 hours ago  
deep in the milky sky, the vastness of our love co-exists with complete  
foolishness and naivety  
if i could only experience the faint hush of your whisper  
it would relieve the pregnant silence to which I am shackled

The sea is a groaning mother gasping for the cease of the lopsided womb  
An embryonic noose chains her to conformity

Bullets soar like locusts in opal wind

## II

O, orange red moon  
O, orange red moon  
Plague us a croon till high noon  
Let us listen, as you will not reply

Dire flaring wings soar immaculately along the creamy sunset  
On which our past was conspired by an angry quasar  
Can you fathom the blood of moons?  
Nymphs and salamanders  
Lions and eagles and algorithms  
A green life

Marked  
By a gold death  
The rush is submerged in utopian ether  
Bleeding the residue of talismans  
No longer breathing  
But lingering  
Present always  
And never changing

luke holt

# Portals ((The Trancendence To Insanity))

at first the billiards rolled smoothly  
like beads of blood  
now they are black cells and rhinos in a jungle of desperate algebra  
in a cold dream  
i have seen the dead infants of kings  
((a broken lineage, ravaged by genocide))  
the corpescular junkie seeks the dawn, dreads the night

money, religion, pot, sex, love  
are all excesses to the insane mind  
((however not unnessesary

great roars of druidic valkyaries  
recifiying dark hovels  
A  
N  
D  
skyscrapers

in the goblet of pig's blood i drink is a little bit of ether  
that little pipe with that little green herb

i'm just a lovebird missing a mate  
standing on a vacant perch  
with a vacant heart

luke holt

# Psalm Of The Harlot

i think of you as i weep; in ecstasy, blood and poverty

i think of you in starvation; in dreams, moonbeams and reveries

i think of you in the untamed hour in which the wild roaring sun flickers in the center of your eye

i think of you in cataclysm; in the cold crysilis of psyche ward corridors, killers crying and children laughing.

i think of you as my brain boils in a neurological cauldron of it's own juices;

i think of you as the clouds grow sullen, turning pallid like resin, grey like a corpse

i think of you when the stars dance like derilect harlots deep in the heterosexual haze of debauchery

i think of you when the phantoms of virginial souls wallow in the undead halls of the hicksville train station

i think of you as the vagabonds croon their pornographic hymns in magical decadence

i think of you when the harlequin wispers of heiroglyphic junkies howl in the bitter twists and lilt of corporate miasma

i think of you as contorting dollars rain from stained glass skyscrapers like the petals of a bleeding dahlia

i think of you when the hymeneal burlesque clubs falter beneath the great bionic eyes of those who can see it's emptiness

i think of you as the miniskirts of enthralled pre teens hurl like mad comets in the nebula of intellectual tears

i think of you as pomaded esquires with sallow 9 to 5 look up into their tenement window and see the judicial system fornicating with their wives and spit their white, nightmarish saliva into a lonely ashcan

i think of you nostalgically, like a childhood memory, in summer cities and bleak hamlets, pleading for a kiss

i think of you in the veridian billiard parlors and musty dives, putting away trazedone cocktails in the dreary alchemy of night

i think of you with supressed, screaming love; burning like a black leperous sun

i think of you in the alkiline mist of bagmen, serenading my wizzened form with marijuana and waning their martyrdom out of the celestial twilight

i think of you even now, curled in the hovel cucoon known as insanity

i know you will never condescend to read these words

nevertheless, they exist within you

you sang to me like a distorted angel

acute famine in the hearts of man

composed from december 24th - 29th of 2008

luke holt

# Pyrotechnic Sex Requiem

Ha!

We dance

Warm lapsing flesh walls

Housing wildflowers and hip moon struts

She took off her clothes in a possessed and palatable manor

Writhing like a jungle beast

She had three layers of tops on

((Flannels and undershirts))

She was conceited about it

Knew I was turned on

In the foggy lavatory I enveloped her pallid otherworldly person like a schizophrenic toddler

I swung her around like a dreaming daughter

and thrust my restrained, denim clad hard-on into the helpless nook of her pants

Then, her c\*\*\*,

Peep show,

Still enigmatic

Obscure

My arousal was cancerous and very much confused by setting

She egged me on with a chillingly provocative bark

"C'mon, come and get it"

The one kiss before the sullen, T.V. sunset was meaningless

Juicy and quite forced

No tongue

Just mute passion

It took ten thousand years for her to expose herself

I waited

With much hope

luke holt



# Rorrim

cosmic stupors  
induced by radiant rain and spellbinding cool eyes  
gazing at blackness  
a night in deviated perception  
lost in steel marmalade flesh walls  
great platinum smiles  
all sound  
all sound  
great platinum smiles  
lost in steel marmalade flesh walls  
a night in deviated perception  
gazing at blackness  
induced by radiant rain and spellbinding cool eyes  
cosmic stupors

luke holt

# The Phantom Smile

the fragments of dreams  
touching in hazed silence  
dazzling with somber footsteps  
towards the empty catacombs  
of a once spectacular perspective  
so much as a timid heartbeat will scare away the pixies  
who sought to bring lies to the faithful  
disease ridden sultans wallow in their corpulence

we are all dressed  
in the kaiser's jewels  
to enter the jade luna  
where soft infants splash in crisp pools  
of acid rain  
a perpetual yearning  
a flaccid eye  
glazed and bloodshot  
looks at his  
master's mental opulence  
as the virus tears the pope's brilliant subject  
a new rectum  
vegetation and liquid visages are all around us  
can you smell colors,  
O, prince of medication  
or can you read my thoughts by touch

what can a girl say in one cool breathe?  
how about  
eat me  
the essence of corporeal heartache is poisoning  
the hearts of the flaccid dour faces  
who,  
for lack of a better term  
are dying of loneliness  
as the cognac and whiskey turns their silver hearts black  
is that barbecue?  
no

it's a phantom's crisp smile  
are we all cycling?  
are we crying together?  
sharing a ragged Kleenex  
in the guidance of the corpuscular stars  
hazed and paled  
speckled with the embers of a  
motel crucifix.  
a starlit whore squeals with pleasure  
as my muses breathe

luke holt

# The Royal Sage

INHALE...

I can smell freshly born hares curling in the lilac abyss

Iridescent

Intangible

Flesh soft as marmalade

Inside swinging cools of condensed steel

The Capricorn sky is unphased

Perhaps the out is through the alchemic portal

Morgues ignite like sunshine desert plateaus

Engulfed with crystallized purple embers

Nightmare flux

Paralysis dawn in languid haze

I can inquire steadfastly about the probability of an intense exchange  
of romantic energy and molten love

Born titled but not paged

From destiny's genius to shy sage

Her hair is ravenous obsidian twilight with hints of gold

A bleak stone melody

A balance of arrhythmic patterns

Coinciding perfectly with my harmonic breath

A smooth chrome cultured thought

Charkas inflame perception

Leopards and eagles and lions and algorithms

All spiraling into magnified cell walls

Ethereal vacuoles full of the breath and secretions of mothers and  
lucid saxophones

O, venomous beauty

O, glistening whore

Lead me to the sea

Where breathes lie

Where protoplasm secretes from the raw oozing wound of  
That bleats

Like an angry trumpet ejaculating sharps, lilts and bends

Triceratops pounding on the humble earth and roaring into dementia

I like her

I like her too

They morph into utopian moons and secrete the sticky black semen of deception

All at  
O  
N  
C  
E  
Riptides  
Cool languid abstinent frequencies  
Wallowing shyly  
I  
N

B  
L  
O  
O  
M

Bloody aerosol clouds  
Sullen clowns  
The harlequin in black  
Seeds of morning  
Shine of moons a.... a white moon/dark moon/sunbeams/  
Convections/  
A cold star  
A creamy sunset  
A frozen brain full of cosmic fluids and electrons  
A stowaway street  
A derelict diamond  
A wizard in an alchemic flowering chamber  
((the mind))  
A wolf gargling the blood of oxen  
And then purging bright chi and cosmic vibrations  
holy bison  
An epiphany  
I AM THE ROYAL SAGE!  
Let me sing

Songs of the

EXHALE....

luke holt

# Two Neptunes

~for the love i may never see~

Two Neptunes, chilled, disdainful, slow  
With heaven's fluids' ebb and flow  
Two planetary, earthen moons  
Too dazzling to stare too soon  
So blue, so soft, so quaint, so fair  
All Hades' wraiths could not prepare  
To capture in their ardent bliss  
Two worlds, two Neptunes, and one kiss

Inflamed perception alters me  
It turns my black to blue  
But only now I think I see  
The radiance in you

The stars are futile, ghastly  
And the morning is awry  
The scarlet moon is praying with her beams on you and I  
A seafoam apparition is morose down sullen streets  
as liquid crystal harlequins and darling damsels meet  
with sillouhettied blackened eyes, recumbent morning stare  
and flats and lilts of saxophones and angry trumpets blare  
all for my newfound feelings and the poet's ardent bliss  
two worlds, two distant neptunes, and one fabricated kiss

luke holt

# Vision

((sung in melody of bob dylan's 'gates of eden', key of Bb))

phantasmal morning drops of rain salute the morning streets  
as daisy blossoms lilt and bend where forest dwellers meet  
outside the gentle, hovel homes and larval walls of steel  
the ashcan ramblers argue of what's false and what is real  
but really all they wish to see is that which conceals their fear  
they only see what's there inside their vision

the pied and motley droves of men in dank and hideous clothes  
must travel past the sea of grins, and quiet, unfriendly blows  
the skid row harlot sheds her clothes like shackles of her past  
her velvet, lonesome, dusky eyes are what her john sees last  
but really all he wants to see is a world without heartbeats and embrace  
all he sees is lust inside his vision

the lowly, humble poet contemplates his last mistake  
he let the wild roses die before he'd one to take  
now he sits alone with deepened monastery eyes  
staring at the bitter dusk through which she still replies  
but really all he wants to see is one last tender kiss  
all he sees are mad, nostalgic visions

the tattered thieves and clowns are lost but still except their place  
all looking for a place where people understand their tastes  
in life and love and verse and law with pontificating smiles  
but silver tongued people reel you in, a soft beguile  
but really all they wish to do is be excepted by the slaves  
who point their nose up high against their visions

luke holt

# Warlock's Tears

Lilac sea and stars' abundance  
Thick lackluster turquoise fragments  
Years and years of dreams' upheaval  
Warlock's tears and archfiend's headache

Burning desire  
Makes soft fingers feel like knives  
Burning desire  
Makes the mind seem unforgiving

White chilled wine and seaside morning  
Don't care much for sweet merlot  
I'll plant my seed into your garden  
And make that barren garden grow

Blatant rupture  
Topaz flame  
Make some room for subliminal fallacies  
Doodle with crayon, prolific yearnings  
Making heartache tumble madly

Burning desire  
Hot pink embers  
Violent spasms  
Burning desire  
Beautiful eyes and twilight hounds

Cigarette burns and opal moonlight  
Gasping breaths of pond side air  
Wraith-like shadows drown in streetlights  
Blind rebel yells and eternities resting  
Bellowing shrieks of lopsided beauty  
Crooked  
Contorted  
Smells like abode  
Rosy cheek smiles and harlequin whispers  
Shielding black sunlight and harvesting headstones

Burning desire



Tastes like toxicity smells like regret  
Burning desire  
Light-blue inferno and lavender trees

I cannot whisper  
The whole world must know  
Allow me to answer  
The answer is no  
I cannot contain all this built up despair  
For who can resist one  
So quaint and so fair  
Life must fast forward  
The clock has to stop  
The pain I can't fathom  
Defined in one dropp

luke holt