

Poetry Series

**Julia Luber**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2019

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Julia Luber()

# A Bureaucracy Of Tyrants

None shall ever know. Not even Them:  
the ones who act so self assured. (with low scaled grunts  
and lower hems and ahems.

They do not show what crime they've done.  
What they Stole and Ruined and took for Theirs.

From the Purest and most Heavenly SUN.

They took it and gnashed it in their fat teeth.  
To slip within their nerves and appetites upon their sheets.

They act themselves so harmless, and respond to no sure word.

They live so shameless in their crimes-only part of what I feared.

They EXHAUST the meaning by it through.

That they think it theirs, it becomes that too.

They work with five or six.  
To shuffle up The Fix.

From any individual's love  
And any individual's because.....

Instead they wait for BULLETS.  
Bullets to spur themselves on.

They want to contemplate themselves to be a deep romantic Heroic Dawn.  
Of VICTORY by Ego Clean.

While stealing ever dignity of life that's been.

They do not want to die in pain.  
So they wait for BULLETS as their professions' vein.....  
In Vanity, obdurately, they act like they've done their work.

With each crime they strengthen themselves - and think of that-

their Enslaved Clerk! Their Criminal Work is their Upfront Clerk.  
They wait for bullets for to die without Pain. Committing their  
crimes by secret intentional Vein, so as to not die in too much pain.

Julia Luber

# A Magic White Death

You always thought that when you'd die, you'd look back at a magnificent life filled with great times, friends and family-people you loved and places so gloriously enveloping that some part of your dying and diseased mind, (as you are dying, remember) might have confused this place from being heaven.

You contemplated that it would be a fantastic death-exploding into that magic white tranquility of peace, where the power of consciousness becomes equal with the fact that life had ever been at all. You always thought that you would have loved life and that it would have never crossed your mind, to ever be happy to die. But that you would engage death, nonetheless, with some relief and respect. A kind of Grand Finale!

And there would be white flames- ice cold white flames, higher than snowcaps and places that are famous for being very high up. You would feel great in looking back at life and thinking it had been a magnificent ride.

But it hasn't been that way for a long long time. And this grandiose almost megalomaniac's death you once imagined, instead feels like a massive glacier with chunks of its disintegration happening whenever it is in the mood to do so. Huge blocks of white ice breaking off and collapsing into an ocean so accommodative of that glacier's suspenseful disintegration.

They are breaking off and falling apart at whim, on their own time, whenever what Death is gets in the mood to surface and aggress. Over your will, against your great Respect. When it wants to. Not according to what and when you looked into the future and decided what it would be like.

Life no longer feels like something to love and respect: it feels like something to fear. Because there is no other choice and so many terrible things happen to some people.

And all of our dreams seem to be confiscated so that  
at least somebody will know this kind of terrific death I used to  
imagine and believe in for myself-  
a fantastic and final dominance of Life.  
Something stronger and higher.

Julia Luber

## A Poem Like A Bank Account's Pin

I am considering writing poems for each and every chapter of my fiction;  
I will have to get scrutinous, exacting, diligent, and excellent with diction.  
I will have to read everything I have written. Figure out what it's most about,  
get the editing litten.

I went into such an altered state in writing that saga; no rootedness in this  
world-  
not even Lady Gaga. I was so alone and completely out there in writing that. I  
don't  
know when I had time to eat or how I got fat. I had a thousand paperback books  
strewn  
all over my living room. And if you walked in, it looked like you had come into  
doom.

I had the whole place set up as if to only write in.  
As if plain living were some kind of sin.  
I went out there, and went out there, and wrote, wrote, wrote.

I did not drink coffee or even smoke.

All my energy was dictated by my fiction writing you see-all my instincts and  
all my memory.

But now I have to Edit, Edit, Edit. And I don't know how to get back 'IN'!  
So I think the easiest way to go about it will be to enter a poem, like  
a bank account's pin.

Julia Luber

# Account Of Environment

These places, this work, was once all so simple and vague and bland.  
It did not seem to matter what there was to understand.  
The harmless pitter-patter meant not feet but simply sand-  
Bare Feet, Things Neat. All composed a sense of being well despite....  
the chronic whine and wonder hid somehow: living through the fight and flight.

It did not mean one's work had ended then and There...  
exchanged for effort and frustration was as quickly breath without a care.  
And sweet sensation would return so quick; it had become so scary.  
It took some time to click. There was nothing to be done to change that sight.  
No orchestrated stage nor limpid fight.

One's will could not impose a change to set things right.

Each now would deal with life from their own circumference of Sun and Time.  
What space in captivity now pronounced, Through BEAST so plain and simple  
Unannounced.

They should have known that it would be.  
That no one's will but its could matter/ He nor She.  
In every sound and symbol- mocking out with glee:

That now there was nothing to do  
Nor nothing could be done.

The Final Impact of a Setting Sun.

Julia Luber



# America, Do Or Die

They set their priorities as they do.  
But behind it all, is this something that should happen  
to any old one of you?

So they cut something out of the humdrum. And create an airwave  
from its tone. Something which takes your flesh, mind and body:  
From you for the STATE to OWN.

And it's done so just to Lockjaw-  
all else in same attitude. And if you are captivated by it,  
believe me, you are SCREWED!

There is no human incarnate representing its force and what it means:  
done just to extricate you from those parties where those people make those  
seens.

This is surely to create plain and pure alienation-  
Amongst how ever many in a vastness now under imposed state ration.

To connect all together so as to feel as if one

Under the Law over you, which for you is now Over and Done.

It does such wonders for them in their common Direction.

Like seeing together as a standard and single selection.

And through this massive and imposed Oneness and through this Evil  
they conjoin.

And connect to take over a common bond through language.

And through their subjugation they induce silent rage.

And so is devised a no happening zone.

Just a fraction of connection like the width of wire phone.

Just a brain part, once yours, now owned by the bonded empowered.

Now limned as their own.

Now taken and stolen to be their own.

Taking the good of something in exchange for their icky and bad.

Because being constricted in only what is truly theirs would only enervate and make sad.

But they're the ones who deserve the Freedom and Power of it all-

through their stealing, their imposures, celebrated at their black tie ball.

They get to ignore the story behind.

Not classy enough for them, not a good enough rhyme.

And how long will this continue? Over a hundred years?

They are important and should not be distracted and embezzled by our just hatred and fears.

For the truth of this they do not care about.

And have exchanged all your confidence strictly for doubt.

Through stealing something of yours-  
where are the windows, where are the doors?

Julia Luber

# Booming Booming

Once you get into it, you can not get out of it.

An interest has become an addiction. What was before feels like only an inertia fiction. Here it seems life is moving everywhere; around and around, and there and over there.

Flying, whirling, spiraling, zooming: souls arisen, booming booming. Thinking, creating, imagining, and inventing- owning life, not kind of renting.

Julia Luber

# Collect, Debrief, Restore Control

There were times the sun came down so close to me,  
I felt that I had touched it almost lovingly.  
Its warmth would clear my mind and heat my soul.....  
Collect, Debrief, Restore Control.

I'd see a shade in time with eyes collected one,  
from every angle different of the same positioned sun.

I'd know exactly where and when and why.  
I'd know what need for truth and also need for lie.

I'd see the way the world would move through time and epochs too.  
And Identify and I and identify and you.

And then I'd find myself regardless through and through.  
Unsure that it was me who needed to do what to do.

Julia Luber

# Dead End

I feel like I am about to hit a dead end. Thump:  
Like mentioning Hamlet as a book by Shakespeare-over/done.  
Like I know my stuff and leave me alone.  
Like I am becoming an adolescent aggravated and annoyed by everything  
that isn't Sex or Drugs or Rock N' Roll.  
Just everything bothers me, suddenly.  
And it's not that I can't get on top of it,  
it's that I don't want to get on top of it.  
I am chill in my intoxicated hypnosis under my adolescent  
surging hormones. I really don't need anybody to dictate nothing  
to me; I have my surging hormones to tell me EVERYTHING I need to know.  
In fact, if you tell me shit I really don't need to know,  
I am going to want to punch you or something,  
shove you or something: okay, so maybe in mash pit-  
but shove you anyway. The Dead End of Adolescence.  
The dead end of being me and what I have 'said' today.  
Did I really mean any of it, except to provoke an argument?

Julia Luber

# Deathwatch

And while the world and life and time have continued into the future,  
I have been on deathwatch and it is an experience I abhor. Completely.  
I do not take it lightly'. Nobody else knows, so I am very lonely, really.  
Lonely perch. What is it worth?  
To whom and why? I feel like nobody cares that that killer should be killed and  
die.  
It itself is a gang style killer of just for a thrill.  
And it makes it a whole hell lot worse-  
to have 'seen' the news clip and identified the kill.  
it feels like such a Terrible and Unforgivable curse.  
Just an excruciating truth over-defining my sensibility.  
Just an abomination exploiting my civility.  
Just another thing that makes me disconnect from you all.....  
and to that pointless murder it committed, I am a subjugated thrall.  
It struck me mute About It for four long years.  
I had to find the right words through screams and tears.  
Fear cloistered up my heart and skizzied my disclosures.  
I disconnected, debilitated, accidentally destroyed a treasure.  
I went stone cold silent. I spoke to a higher power as heaven sent.  
But it seems through all this, none does exist.  
The killer has made so many of you look like terrible terrible people-  
disrespectful and indifferent of the truth; unable to assuage my discomfort-  
because you do not care. While my fear and trauma float everywhere.

Deathwatch: I can't wait till the killer's killed.

Deathwatch: The truth is spoken, the justice needed revealed.

Deathwatch: what a terrible position to be in.

Let me find the words; let me spin my spin.

Julia Luber

# Dreamwatch

Mean distance from here to the sun. Front row center on DREAMWATCH has begun....

I think the main star just looked into my eyes. Almost contemplating just what disguise

I've uncovered this weak. As that is what my dreams do seek- isn't it? Aren't they?

Isn't that what I was cornered into for today? For my dreams to be on DREAMWATCH

dictated by the law: the murderer, the terrorist- rattatattat, guffaw. And this was all

through extortion of what my dreams were meant to be for: a spouse, some children,

a career's open door. Some money, some winning, some spinning of love. But now

it's been pooled into the legal system's commandments and demands from above!

And then when I deliver the work and report the circumstance of their concern, they don't even pay attention. As if it wasn't even my turn. As if just because I'm not

part of their law enforcement payroll, they will not include my profiling into the legal archives' scroll. They've hijacked my dreams and put me on DREAMWATCH, but

when I deliver-it's just thrown in the trash trough. Not the LAPD or even the FBI ever read my pro filings of people so on the WANTED list: My, My. As if they imposed

the Dreamwatch and enslaved me to it, just to corner me out of a money and dating pit

and leave me with nothing-no victory or conquest: just for them to feel like when

coming to my concerns: it is time to take a rest and not even pay attention. How much

money could I have gotten for turning that guy in if they had bothered to read it? Did

I even mention? DREAMWATCH. Edge of the Sun trough. Act of the crime, embezzling mine.

Julia Luber

# Fate Of Repetition

Things exist only because they happen over and over again.  
These habits start to imply as infinite that there is never an end.  
And sole this measure absconded from what is otherwise unknown.  
Shows face simply that it is a part of it.  
Synonymating being and tone.  
Its tone reflects that it exists and perhaps otherwise it would not.  
So go ahead and claim it does not, so that is what you got.  
Something else tells you, you shouldn't and so you become only you should.  
And this is how Identity becomes, and overrules as the indisputable good.  
That exists only because it is you looking at it be-  
and so its image does reflect and becomes only that you can see.  
And amidst all this definition, you make something all your own.  
And that too like reflection is image that it is yours.  
But all it is is a memory that that it were and that it  
has no open doors.  
It has enwrapped you, and defined you, and become you in what it does reflect.  
And somewhere it is all still happening, it being what you saw/ now cathect.  
And by this function, it shall prove-your senses were too raw.  
That all it was that it had ever been was simply because it was what you saw.

Julia Luber



# From Curiosity, Not Love

Life lived more from curiosity, not love.  
It strange, unnerving, humiliating so because.  
Lust now seduction through what seems to have no need for you:  
Deeper and deeper. Through and through.

The great third party demonstrifies its point.  
The game exposed...only detection can anoint.  
Its fact in time by no other hand.  
What once reclusive, now so understand.

It may not have. Now so felt foreseen.  
It should not have. Now like time between.  
It could not have...also how its been.

But time stopped still.  
That is how it's seen.

And will what will you can to forget what's been.

Julia Luber

# Hysteria Overtakes The Wisteria

I don't know if that's good or bad.  
I don't know if I'm happy or sad.  
There's something unclear everywhere.  
There seem to be a form of Hysteria  
aggressing through the hyacinths and wisteria.  
All one can love is the name of a flower  
anarchy of opinion has exhausted all power.  
A strong bond of sensibility has completely collapsed.  
An invasion of our truth's dignity has unleashed and relapsed.  
There's something bad in this June gloom sensation.  
Hysteria and accusation have taken over our nation.  
Everyone is now this way, "You're a Nazi if you don't agree with me  
today."  
That's what people are like these days.  
It's so icky and so inducing of malaise.  
Lethargy droops from a lackluster moon.  
Objective consciousness is overwrit by hysterical ruin.

Julia Luber

# Leeway To An Alternative Universe

Excuse me, I didn't see the sign that I was entering an alternative universe:  
funny thing-was it just me being negligent;  
or was the absence of clear indication heaven sent?  
Tricking me into going on my way. Not alerting that  
perhaps I should consider to stay, where I'm at-secluded and fat.

But the Alternative Universe has opened its doors. And somehow I find myself  
within  
its strange confines. Mocking my fear, ringing its chimes. Being so near, even  
when  
I turn aside. I've tried to avoid it, back out. It follows me wherever I go with  
predatory  
confidence and insensitive lack of doubt.

Let's explain this Alternative Universe; it is not merely a Film Set.  
Let's explain this Alternative Universe: no time really to worry or fret.  
Rule number one is to always stay in motion. And if it's not with your body  
corporeal,  
your mind's thinking is such potion- to consistently stay in a state of fluctuation.  
Change, Rule of Alternative Universe one-constant alteration.

Can you feel safe in this niche like territory? Mimicking your bric a brad mind-  
with trees all twisted and gory.  
Or do you want to stay home, for the red, white, and blue  
stars, striped and glory.  
But the Alternative Universe is calling on you. Its sounds, its sights,  
its saviours, and salvations are so authentic and true.

Come closer, feel how the whole thing started.  
A gun shot in the night and the killer claims it only farted.  
To its narcissistic delight, its laughter chuckled and its nature parted-  
from this world and into another: she chose the killer, not the lover.

Make sure she doesn't invade The Alternative Universe, and contaminate,  
ruin, poison, and destroy that one too.

Julia Luber

# Making An Angel

Of where you became an angel.  
I was there and truly astonished at  
how you could put up with that noise  
that stabbed you as everything you were  
not yet demanded of you to notice to your  
self that you are living in a time difficult  
for angels. That the world is not of angels and  
that our memories of angels are in photographs of  
paintings. That was me. No matter how you dare to  
ignore it. I did not see you chasing after what you  
might become but saw you arrive and move from where you  
are to somewhere moved backwards into oblivion  
but closer to the sound which chases you at night from your  
own being and necessitates a closure round every bend as the  
steeple of mountains and fires of fathers bare in on you like  
rocking chairs where the colors of your angels are described. I  
stood still in place unbelieving of your resistance within a  
dedication to a friendship with the you allowed  
to ask of them a favor because they were basking in a kind  
of is a danger because when the angel leaves  
you do not know how the angel goes home. Home is a bad  
place to talk of you think to yourself as you slowly  
glisten the reality of color and the reality of how  
the angels go home. How what you see and are say  
resistant but attentive becomes spread throughout  
the vistas that you if the angel bared  
from its structure, without it swings and within  
the clarity of earth has a job to do in merely the  
colors of an eye or the descriptions and questions  
which you listen to and shadow from your mind's eye  
as a kind of regally you shall be part of as that  
is what you sometimes are. I have caught you like  
that too. And it sickens me to think that you know  
you might be seen as an angel whose wings have been  
torn because that way you are human and there is no  
angel except that of the self which is strong in being  
resistant to the world of walking slow and so becomes  
a poem at times and then the ugliness and deaths of earth  
can be tamed. You think. To yourself.

But that is not your task. You yourself.  
Just read your task at night. And listen. To  
how our ideas may emerge from the theatre of light  
itself. Not as stage craft. And not as rhyme.  
The memories of ignorance draw you in  
but you arrest yourself from solitude  
and go back to the sea where visitors land  
and ask a question of GOD  
for whom angels are silly too.  
But you stay there long enough to  
find the big poem inside your soul. And  
long enough to be what pulls you back  
or remember that loudly enough to  
draw forwards a collected brow  
realized in a song of  
grey. To End!

Julia Luber

# Never Going Back

Once these places are left-  
One can't look back. As if one's head  
had eyes behind their thighs and  
Ears between their legs: As if the line:  
One had to see existed as a thing only for that time.  
And in its wake, you were somewhere else.

And it had been replaced by some other sign  
Which meant it all had passed!

And memory had no right to save  
Its impact in that perfect space-  
would be nothing but like contract slave  
to making sure that it were there  
And Seen between the legs behind the ear and under

The Hair.

Julia Luber

# No People From Around Here

And in this war-zone, there is no instructive poem:  
explaining what our human behavior should be like.  
What our emotions and expressions should be modeled by.  
We'll start with not to say things like 'kyke.' To start.

This should make you feel part of an elitist people, practically  
practicing an 've made me so sour and tart.  
So excruciated and sophisticated in my disdainful rage.  
I can't wait to imagine another world, scrawled all out on a page.

We're not scared of "THEM"; anymore-it's only each other and  
ourselves,  
that we have to tiptoe and whisper around, wary of helter skelter pell-mells.  
We should be done by now with cathecting their terrible treatment-

On to our own, avoiding escheatment. Creating our futures, our families.  
Getting to live in the wake of our fantastic peace treaties. This is where we've  
come to live and recover-not violate brother, sister and lover. That you've come  
to make war on my childhood town: my memories assaulted, my agony triggered  
and found.

This is not a place for that kind of condescending phaection.  
So phony, so inauthentic, I am in sudden excruciating recidivism.  
Collapsing and descending into excruciating depression when you're near:  
thirty years of reconstruction, and restitution, and resurrection instantaneously  
flushed down the toilet I fear.

Once again, after all this time, cornering me into a traumatically fatal illness  
of the most unpleasant and painful kind. Once again, after all my research and  
mental work to put it behind me and understand, you come near and you've  
immediately  
destroyed this sacred land.

No people from around here ever treated me with such judgmental abuse,  
such condescending insult and so arrogantly obtuse. No people from around  
here intentionally ever brought out the worst in me. But when you invade and  
trigger solely my agony, it's just the consequences and influence of you that  
I can feel, experience and see.  
No people from around here ever treated me

with a superiority complex nor even snide condescending false sophistication-  
showing off that they don't believe in God, thinking that's mature, and really  
never being truly concerned for our nation.

No people from around here instill your evil nor your insult nor your causative  
fear nor ever treated me with that kind of correction and insensitivity.

At least let me with some childhood pride,  
as when you are near, it is only Insult and Pure Violation I feel and I see.

You come near. Remind me to hide.

Julia Luber



# None Of Them Happened Today

I start with the premise that we, us human beings-we are all terrible. I know this from past experiences. But by the end of the day, as the sun goes down, and I realize those things that happened that made me feel and think that people are terrible- no, none of them happened today: no none of them happened today. So I am impressed and actually surprised by how good and wonderful some people can be.

Julia Luber

## Operation Ra, Star Army

Soft wind of breath and tumbled waves sweeps stars into form.  
A rushing force twinkling out of control, disclosing its whereabouts.  
No secrets to shy from. No promises in rank nor vigilant operation to keep.  
Amorphous, swirling, falling in and out. At ease-they dim, quiet, even fall  
asleep. Report to duty. Light switch. Heavens erupt while the sun outlines  
their commotion, gathering them together as one: to fight. Operation Ra.

Julia Luber

# Perhaps Same Father

Such plans were native like a Living tree.  
IF all trees grow by water; it is that tree I see.

But now this tree was made of something else.  
A culture oh so different, now so Felt.

Somewhere might be reflection-where mirror splits in two.  
And one would look like me; and one would look like you.

And of the same strange animals They Ate.  
And OF perhaps same father...Also Fate.

So Far from one another they would be.  
As time had stopped happily so to Let them see:

Finally through each others' eyes-

A bigger world could ne'er so disguise-  
the Make Up of that Underground.

Like I said &quot;Through each others' eyes and  
through each others' SOUND! &quot;

Julia Luber

# Promises I Can't Keep

And now I am starting to make promises I can't keep.  
I mean them at the moment, but there are hours to go before  
tomorrow, and memories to fade in at prey to haunt me.  
I think I want to do something that seems like the right thing.  
At what cost to me though? I know I will plummet into paranoia  
and fear and that vein of repulsion that spirals sometimes into  
that terrible unmentionable: suicidal impulses. No. I can not  
keep to my promise. I have to be selfish. I have to do more than  
just barely survive. I deserve to do more than merely keep my promises  
that were not wise at all.

Julia Luber

# Remain Amongst The Living Dead

So obsessive, so compulsive...as if one cares the reasons either;  
unlike her cloistering friends, about her crime shows she cares neither.

Even when there's a real monster and an alternative experience too  
It seems nothing about her has changed at all: regardless of how true.

She creates her own entrapment.  
Her mind Lets her no way out.

Her vindictive reasoning is so intensely driven.  
About her pain, she has no doubt.

But about her reason for escaping:  
in lieu of how extreme and so well done.

She is nonetheless captivated by the same obdurate boring sun.

So caught up in things so stupid. So gone one would think they'd be.  
Her art of plain delusion, is actually ignoring what can see.

What does it take to strip this creature of what she's heard  
and who she has known. To somehow fix her current -  
in this new land, like a refreshing poem.

Perhaps she can not feel the foreign syntax.  
Simply lock jawed by what said.  
As if choosing in apotheosis of site and context  
To remain amongst the living dead.

Julia Luber

# Ripe For War

That day the sun seemed half the sky.  
A trillion gazillion miles deep,  
a billion miles shy....  
Of symptoms of ut measure, without obvious treasure,  
without knowing where something ends.  
So something bends and bends again.

And so tomorrow comes, and so does the next day.  
So more by what is lived,  
So less in what to say.

At least to do what's been done wrong oh to do it right,  
At least to know one's reason beneath amorphous fight- -  
And Otherwise.....

Julia Luber

# Seeing Oneself

What LIFE the hollow sun has kept from me-  
In its exactest space..nanometrically-

For all that I can trace comes down to this-  
Amidst a world of Monsters and their piss!

Their screams, their eating way, and the Impact  
of what they say;  
All set in time that shall be over soon.

Regardless what is born; regardless what is Ruin..

It has to strike as space without a sound,  
No reflection of what to be nor what was found.

It all has to be lived NOW to then be put behind.  
What being of a search. That being of a find.

That also set before: An open door to close.  
In Instant Next.

And these signs being drawing and not text.  
It all comes down to simply how to-  
FORGET!

To put it in that hollow sun, so  
shall it SET!

Now flood some other place  
with poisoned light.

And Let Me BeAnd  
Let Me End This Fight!

Julia Luber

# Territorial Guilt

For some time between, they live in flux.  
Few words, strange gazes, actions either unseen  
or far too rough.....  
They cast upon each other reflections of themselves.  
Their inner strength switched to the haunt:  
Strange jealousy, unspoken, of an animals' rare pelt.

Whose identities to whom were lived in action and not fear....

The women once bedecked such not knowing who.  
The stranger ones sometimes were friends, assimilating what the others do.

Some were not so suited to life-to live as plain border to die.  
The Obvious with their looks amongst each other - pure sacrifice  
of asking, and soon, just wondering: WHY.

And soon enough collective transport lets them be.  
Not so alone, all one, so in new form of harmony.

And there they sits as asset as there they are.

Each twinned directive of the same some numbered star.

Julia Luber



# That Friend Of Your Mother's

And so, along comes your mother's friend.  
To save you with the Truth, to put the police inquisition  
at an end. You have never met her before. You confuse her for  
a whorr. She has a certain flippant attitude. Controlling, empowered,  
and condescendingly rude.

You wonder exactly where begins her bankroll.  
And exactly to what journalist's agenda her media will scroll.  
But she's there to save you. Because that's what those big shots do.

You never really knew your mother when she was more like them.  
The confidence, the luck, the blessedness, the nonchalance- consumed with  
some image of themselves as the creme de la creme.

You never really knew her when she seemed happy like them.  
As if the world were a petal and they were the ly what happened to corner her  
out. Surround her with a mental torture, which now you being exposed to  
reminds you of no doubt.

That it must have been one of them, similar to this mother's friend.  
Just a shade different. just a shade crueller. Sadistic like a constraining jeweler.  
But really much worse. Maybe this friend of your mother's can get you out  
of this curse.

That's what she's there with you to do.  
Hopefully, to heal your boo boo.

Julia Luber

# The Earth Was Heavy

The earth was heavy, but the sun was light.  
Through that which circled that the whole was bright.

Concealing no wonder what to the dark of night.  
Such points were peace in time; no indoctrination of a fight.

Not split. Not naught by wit.  
Not what was wide nor far.

It all circled round to that one star.  
How many points it had nor none could bar.  
Nor make of it what could another feature mar.

That sun was light; that earth was bright!

The earth was heavy. But the sun was far.

Julia Luber

# The Loop Of Henle

Do you know what the Loop of Henle is? It exists. It truly is. But I still can't figure out what it is. Even defined, it remains an obtuse and befuddling mystery. And I am nonplussed and uncertain of what next steps to take: I don't understand. I honestly don't. Am I stupid? The definition is right there in front of me. But I don't get it. I don't see it in my mind. I don't understand the definition. Please explain this phenomena, place, or event in the history of evolution to me. Please do so in poetry. I am more apt to understand if you do so in poetry. Not only the poems that rhyme and are devices strictly for memory. But the poems that make things so poetic, complicated, elaborate and hermeneutic, that I get to feel like I am some kind of genius, just to understand through this new and novel way of explaining to me what The Loop of Henle is. Mammoths are stuck in tarpits. Whales are turning into beasts with tiny legs like centipedes and crawling out of the ocean, away from water: Does it have something to do with that?

Julia Luber

# The Madness Of The Sun

And so the insanity of summer begins. No preparation ever really suits up the competency of this challenge. Even if one built a reenforced bunker to block out the ascending heat, the Heat would feel practically incendiary-a chromatic collapse into Yellow Flames. They are laughing this beast away. They feel so brave and tropical and even prepared against it. Romance has even curdled their lips in permanent poofs and kiss offs. Welcoming summer with snazzy kisses and pooched out lips. They think they are clever enough, tricky enough, sexy enough, classy enough, rich enough, lush enough to kiss this one down. That that they are hot is all the hot the sun got: and so they'll vanquish it by playing the same game but better. BUT the Sun is resilient to competition. Not only because it is indifferent and can not feel it, but because essentially nothing can compete. Polar bears are dying despite their fangs. The earth is being dried up and dinosaurs are being called on confused by if we need their skins to toss our babies in and defend them against the searing and brutal scorching days.

Claustraphobia

and constriction collide. Because the Sun concedes so much space as being far away. And only the chromatic scale remains obdurate in defining the color of a flame as strictly that same color of the Sun. Red, Orange. Yellow.

Julia Luber

# The Stage Set Also Closes

These qualities so exquisite, these other things so rare.  
One in such abundance, while with evil all wonder only.....where?  
As if it were so hidden, and so hard to find-  
despite it being Everywhere all at one time!  
And in such state, the fight becomes more intense -  
When there is less of  
as in evil, perhaps as well in love.

While the consequence in blood is Hero,  
figurine, totemic idolatry-  
All things God mentioned not to do.  
They let them be!  
They do them anyway, but oh so few,  
as if to differentiate by limitation is the good:  
in same delineation, And you would.  
If you were someone other than you said,  
Somewhere between what's Living and what's Dead/

Julia Luber

# The Ugliest Soul

As if no other great civilization ever collapsed  
And slunk into the sun and never rehatched

And those people who had created that classical wave  
As if it were human nature that had originated the save.

No, it had gotten so bad, God had to come.  
Not even to kill but merely save the soul like a good chum.

Not even to advance anything forward,  
But only to establish that it was once a homestead.

It was once a place with class and verve  
Not just a test of one's moral and nerve.

Then it became the symbol of something so grotesque  
and so sick- so trenchant and unmentionable

While those empowered only felt slick.  
And they lived their lives anyway.

In the most mundane and the most day to day.  
And even created a culture which didn't really face that.

That preferred to slip it all under the table-that easy way of being:  
Nothing said, nothing seeing.

For there was the ugliest soul in that terrible place.  
The ugliest soul in the whole human race!

As if something had to happen there-  
something about truth, meaning, and fear.

And everybody else was beautiful but usually damned  
And that's all that was left to history for the future to understand.

Julia Luber

# They Are Mean

It was only a valiant peek- into some deep divide.  
A shadow of memory remaining amidst the forgetting beside.  
Plainly a time out of sequence just to set up what life would play next.  
Only a step in on story  
To designate what would be best.

It was only a happening that way-  
Which nobody could deny.  
Because that otherwise nature  
Never ever ever asks why.

The time tables through which all this happened  
Are now part of the overall view?  
And anything bad there to snap in,  
They impose upon only you:

So stands a common people  
Over all that they have done.  
Over all that they've forgotten.  
In order to celebrate Fun!

They are very very very mean people, not really evil,  
but stylishly mean. This bonds them in quite a sensation  
of feeling so Clever and Clean.

Julia Luber

# Thick Of Tongue

They Chose to not understand what Satire is or: IF  
Logos to all material would end up not only simply too hard, but also too stiff.

And Chose to create zombies, as if being in adulation of them:  
Deciding what is allowed to be said, and deciding what should be considered sin.

Not contemplating who in Flesh and Blood  
Had been constricted in their acts.

Feeling thick of tongue, and body of thud-  
and where the rule shudders and cracks.

Not examining how gravity functions through time-  
In beg of a reaction, To undo that secret crime!

Of a love that promised Nothing to anyone else.  
Which existed only for that one night.  
Like nothing really lived nor nothing really felt.

As anything more than a monument for which it stood.

Only love-not creation, not identification, nor any specific work of clearly good.

So haul out the shackles and step up the muzzles.  
Let words be drunk for their googles and guzzles.

Set up the sinkage for gravity's linkage to replace  
The grimaces, the guffaws, and those awful looks on their face.

Oh, how sick in reflection and wrong in rejection and cruel in subjection.  
Oh, how mean and how cruel and how wrong!

Julia Luber



# Turn It Tongue

And now the tongue like a drum takes hold: a mantra following some distant thunder  
that happened in some prehistoric time.....and warned a tribe of some doom and devastation,  
somehow still being turned to automated rhyme even in this twentieth century nation.

That tongue is pulling an all nighter all day too. Tourette Syndrome, some kind of illness towards silence in me, in you. A confiscation of direction and decision all bound  
and wound. As if that tongue were in a cast and run aground. Uncomfortable, exiled from  
the plangent sea, with repetition incrementing llike a bead or centipede.

Is it warning? Allergy? Like a fire engine screaming down the boulevard?  
It's so unpleasant. It's so frightening. It's so hard.  
It's so hard and painful and dizzying to be around.  
It's such an unnerving and disarming sound.

Traumatic pan-pipe. Disengaged habituated wipe.  
Speaking in tongues for a religion that indelicates  
a turn of that tire worn tongue into a tire's worn out tread, a kind of dead fans  
the nerves  
of your mind, of your tongue; a painting hung, a highway to hell, a Total Wipe  
Out.  
Please Don't Tell!

Julia Luber

# You Always Thought

You always thought that when you'd die, you'd look back at a magnificent life filled with great times, friends and family-people you loved and places so gloriously enveloping that some part of your dying and diseased mind, (as you are dying, remember) might have confused this place from being heaven.

You contemplated that it would be a fantastic death-exploding into that magic white tranquility of peace, where the power of consciousness becomes equal with the fact that life had ever been at all. You always thought that you would have loved life and that it would have never crossed your mind, to ever be happy to die. But that you would engage death, nonetheless, with some relief and respect.

And there would be white flames- higher than snowcaps and places that are famous for being very high up. You would feel great in looking back at life and thinking it was a magnificent ride.

But it hasn't been that way for a long long time. And this grandiose almost megalomaniac's death you once imagined, instead feels like chunks of it are happening every day and whenever what Death is feels like surfacing-over your will, against your great Respect.

Life no longer feels like something to love and respect: it feels like something to fear. Because there is no other choice and so many terrible things happen to some people. And all of our dreams seem to be confiscated so that at least somebody will know this kind of terrific death- a fantastic and final dominance of Life. Something stronger and higher.

Julia Luber