

lips of cherubim



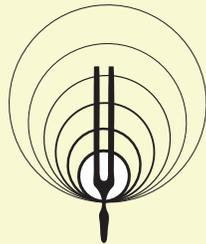

background

Joseph Cashiola



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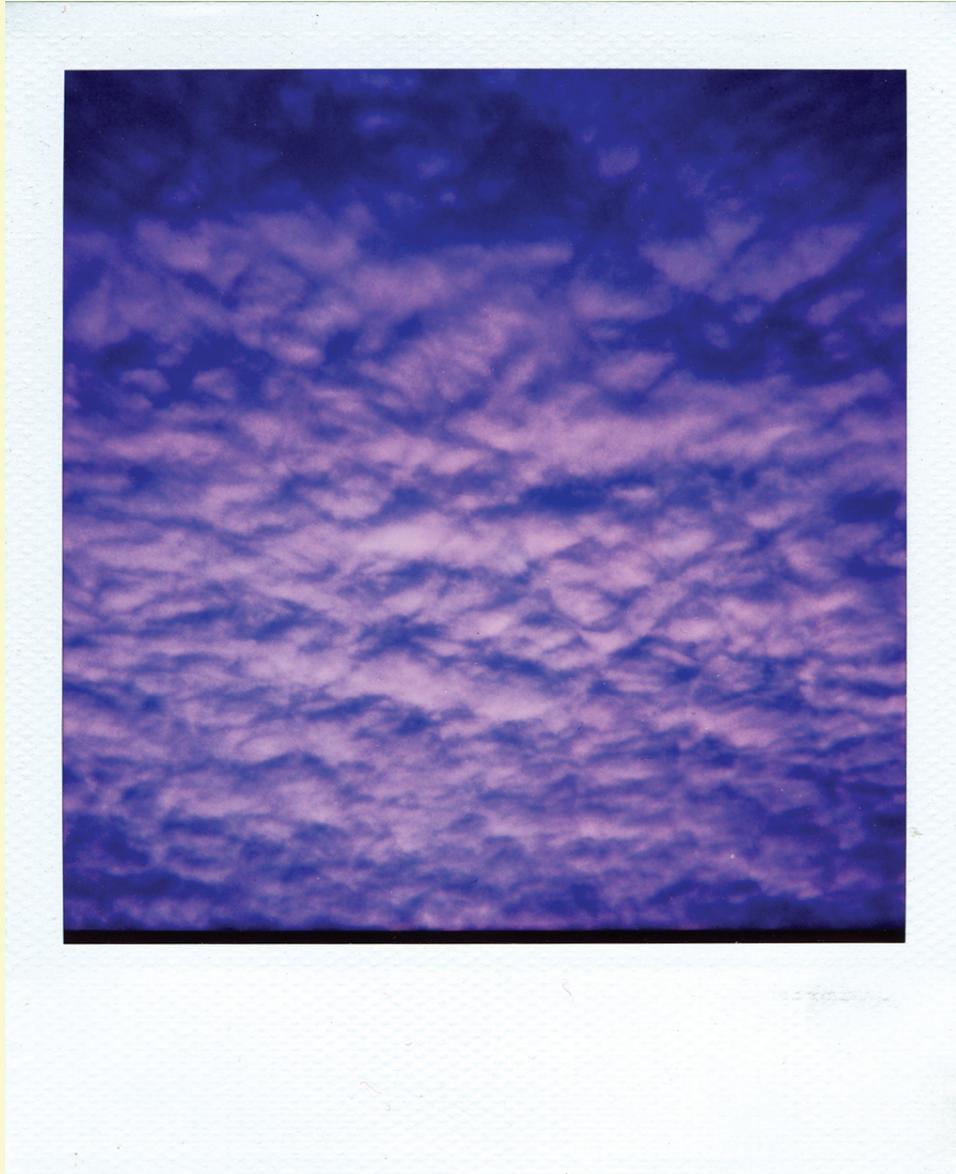


narrow house
4523 Mainfield Ave
Baltimore, Maryland 21214

narrowhouse.org

2007

for CERN

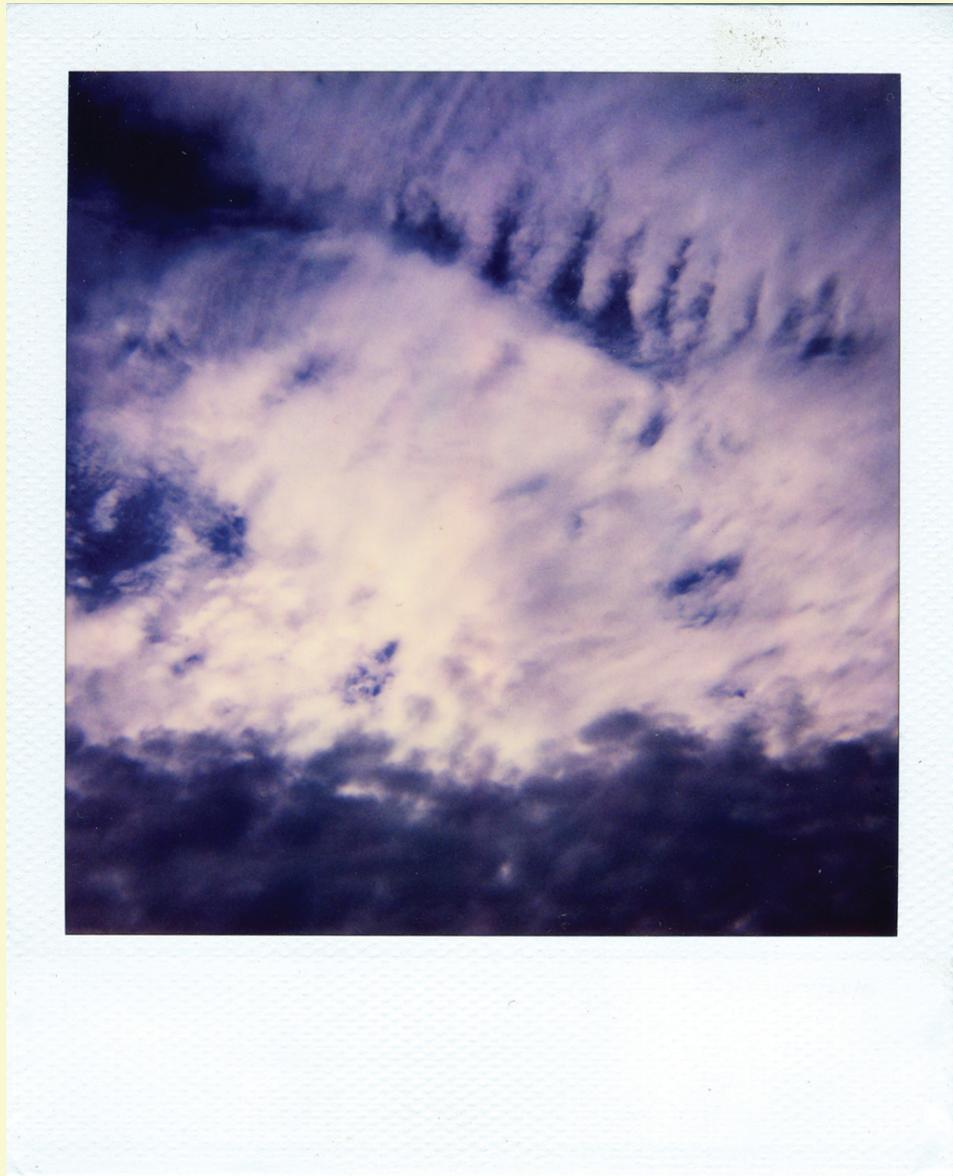


JULY 26 2005

0930

cascading empire
half lived in sweatpants
in a jogging motion in no general direction
were the world but flat again mister
dreams made of iron
the heavyweight champions of the stare
pooped out and up against
the edge of steepness itself
TKO'd by a small cameo
in horatio algers production of
the death of a ladys shoe salesman





JULY 27 2005

0700

lend them your hammer
thor
these gaudy vaudeville musclemen
in slow motion striped leotards
mustached and tattooed
black bulbous bars and bells





JULY 28 2005

0927

vague opaques under oceans
calm and deep and
the longer you look the more you see
the lens of the telescope turned backwards
churning colors into colors
bluepurple and dark bright green
the rainbow canvas of dreams arc
at some colossal aesthetic shipwreck
when you're not paying attention
the shorelines ebb further along
deeper into the hidden
as if you were the only telescope
the only blue that mattered





JULY 30 2005

1027

a 26th ward cannot win
against johnny appleseed
converting old greystones
with tennis courts and monkey bars
baby birds and squirrels
boo hoo wah wah wah
tissue boxes taped to the trees
their shadows pulsing
under the influence of clouds
illusion is both time and distance
become one androgynous shape
not dissimilar to mesh or chain mail
veiling this uneasy calm
fighting the bright





AUGUST 1 2005

0930

white maze
codebroken in crayon streaks
of autistic fingers
idling theseus
or just another manic monday
trapped in sugar soda
fizz and bubble fanfare
for the month by month
or hang your clothespin dry spine out
on embryonic twists and shout





AUGUST 2 2005

2049

sweaty droplets gathered
along the ridge of her upper lip
where she bleaches
her fine fibrous moustache hairs
that can only be seen when backlit
by the sun
beautiful sunseting hairs
that tickle when we kiss
cooling in the evening breeze
after the sun





AUGUST 5 2005

0932

nothing
not even chalk
for a dull headache edged stupid
by the forming backdrop
for golfing





AUGUST 6 2005

2016

showering streaks of neon beauty
petrified in prehistoric orange
the pterodactyls feathers
as early ancestry of all things winged
brilliantly fading into extinction
dramas of colors evolutionary survival
blackened and whited into history books
like shadows flashed forever on tombs
of brick and mortar or under buildings
bombed with the wit of a stone age





AUGUST 9 2005

2220

a never sleeping dream
souping down into ice cream
and at all hours childrens melodies howling
deep through a soft marshmallowy night
shattering softness itself
every 2 minutes or so
my favorite ice cream is a pink mystery flavor
tasting porous skin with pangs of ear wax
running heavy dark and uneasy
with the neighborhood non white
non air conditioned kids
reclaiming nights warm cloak
with would be guerilla rockets
bottle popped through stardust
licking serpentine at the night





AUGUST 16 2005

2400

hang a silver sand dollar
brightly in the sky
unseen black strings
betray not a single stage trick
in the tall unsuspecting dark ether
blackface villains swarm
the lone night ranger on high
who shoots reflected light from the hip
and ricochets ultraviolet desert shadows
cast upon the magic
a blood spilt but illusion
only chocolate syrup





AUGUST 28 2005

1535

idyllic scenes behind two way glass
bouncing back towards the bubble city
a geodesic dome rising like yeast
above mute unmovable buildings
insulated in the white smoggy dew
say when will then be now
while a champagne flutes
up along the butt of fragile science
fiction jokes
i pop another can of perri air





AUGUST 29 2005

0129

you find them in the clouds
in augury
a crazy horse and his boogie band
put their pencils to the sky and trace
a pattern thereupon
taste the ink of eulogy
for tomorrow will worry about itself
or each day has enough trouble of its own
strange nagging storm spinning
too much funk in the shadows
under wing
a vulning pelican





SEPTEMBER 3 2005

1800

betray no motion without sound
or similar instrumentation
the picture on the wall
a million millipede legs under it
the wall itself a low geared conveyor belt
recycling a gray exercise over and over
against the almost inaudible purr
betrayed by an arching curving
similar to the spine of a napping cat
when touched by tarantula fingers





SEPTEMBER 7 2005

1437

meanwhile
sirens are heard
a schoolyard of asthmatic kids in uniform
somewhere near the highway
just below a billboard in south chicago
singing carefree spanish
in their eyes occupied hopscotch





SEPTEMBER 10 2005

1700

hi five in the sky with any icemen out there
we will karaoke kenny loggins until it hurts
eyes closed
in the late chuck yeager dream collage
sing wide sing loud
a trembling deaf or indifferent electric guitar
over power tools and dogs bark
this party cannot be stopped
even if you let me live in little 30 seconds
we are not just a ringtone





SEPTEMBER 11 2005

1347

third coast beach party
park downtown
catch a tan if you can
afford an unseen white guy
singing average male desire
with friendly bongo accompaniment
the sad looking lady holds her skirt up slightly
as she wades through knee deep water



SEPTEMBER 24 2005

1540

thunder shakes wooden porch
chairs and everything drumbeats
droplets rockets
earth taking shape slowly
forming in the powerlines and treelimbs
not long enough loosed in the dripping
leaves freefall down the gutterflow
and away we sail





OCTOBER 19 2005

1546

the lowland toad slick among the bog
many bubbling pools of unknown gas
slow to rise through murk to surface
and freeze pop into the air
into the lowland
untold amounts of fossilized dinosaurs
primitive hand tools and radioactive bones
wait to be excised from the stenchy burp
of earths long constipated digestion





OCTOBER 21 2005

0931

smoked out texan
sitting at the edge o the bar
blowing shapes o tumble weed and cacti
while the broken balladeer astage
busy whistling tunes
bout this backbreak and that
oh lordy
catch a drift son
snake mountains gonna crumble



OCTOBER 24 2005

1433

some mornings the smell
worms in the rain
untranslatable footprints of the day
and where it goes where it wants
its hands like dogs unleashed
drift evermore away and home
invisible in fenced out environments





OCTOBER 25 2005

1616

icy hands of melting titans
reach out tree trunk fingers
and mountainous forearm
to tug o war with the puzzled coliseum
spectator attention span waning
for want of bread
the titan a bore
fed to the lions
lions
unleashed from dark underground labyrinths
their sweaty miens ruffled in steady gallop





NOVEMBER 11 2005

0930

sand on the ocean floor
the look of layers
tiny oxidized treasures
embedded in the sediments
lost to years of aimless current and jet stream
islands scorched in the caribbean
and thawed out of the arctic
unknowing of time and distance
heard here in retired beachcombers
headphones
plugged into metal poles
plugged into tan hands
listening for lost time and distance



Now

Joseph Cashiola is a writer, musician, filmmaker and co-founder of Four Birds Pictures (fourbirdspictures.com). Along with his brother Ross he plays in the band Hotel Brotherhood. His latest film, *A Thing As Big As The Ocean*, currently in post-production, was filmed on locations in New Orleans, Marfa, and Las Vegas. He currently lives in Baltimore in the basement of a small house with no front or back yard.

