

## THE SECOND COMING OF KALI

In the too cool air of Kathmandu,  
the crows of morning step  
with ageless certainty  
across the rooftop of remembered  
dreams, watching  
while billows of silken smoke  
ooze silently into the Mist of Time.

From within the dim centuries  
of imprisoned youth,  
the voice of the poet calls  
to the chill winds of early March,  
requesting their mute collaboration  
in a messianic symphony of the Mind.

The winds recede  
only to howl obscene smiles  
from behind the frozen peaks  
of the Himalayas.

There is no misfortune here,  
all the Signs are in perfect order:

Sun  
Soul  
Three planets  
in Taurus.

Difficult  
but not without possibilities.

Acknowledging the oracles  
of inverted love,  
the poet bathes his fingers  
in the blood of martyrs,  
forgetful saints  
who have long since passed  
into the hallowed shrines  
of fabled Illusion.

Donning the scarlet robes  
of his sacred priesthood,

he walks without haste  
to a small balcony  
overlooking the crowded bazaar.

Transformation,  
the echo of Spring prostrating  
before the sun-swept form of a rising  
Kali,  
her naked blackness clothed only  
with an aura of hope.

The temple is ready,  
the virgins of the marketplace  
having fornicated with the goats,  
washing first their hymens  
in the green urine of palsied beggars.

The Mistress of God nods approvingly  
and slips across the threshold  
into the welcoming room.

Is something warm  
waiting around the corner? she asks,  
spreading her angry legs wide  
in an unsolicited gesture  
of divine forgiveness.

Undressing, the priest replies:  
I am

I am

I am.

And who are you?  
sneers the Goddess of Death,  
speaking with humble adoration  
for the intense neophyte  
whose long lost pride  
she must dutifully restore.

She wears dreadlocked strands of Sicilian hair,  
sullen eyes from the Gulf of Siam  
and a slender penis imported from China,  
an organ of Mandarins growing more erect  
with each passing second

of unbearable Timelessness.

I am he  
who aeons ago  
left the soulless land  
across the black waters of the Atlantic,  
turning his back  
on all he did not understand  
to venture forth into a destiny  
not his own  
I am.

I am the incestuous Son  
of Mary,  
conceived of his own Holy Ghost,  
born of the Virgin Medusa,  
suffered  
                  died  
                          but was not buried.

The hour of cremation is now,  
the sword and the fire  
sink deep into the whirlpool  
of potential Bliss.

Om Shakti.

After lighting three sticks of joss,  
the priest crawls forward  
in egoless supplication,  
placing his scarred lips  
against the waiting vagina  
of the Hungry Whore.  
Instantly,  
lifetimes of implacable Karma  
taking their ferocious toll,  
he swallows her gushing menses  
and dies.

A terrible laughter  
scorches the impoverished valley,  
Nepalese merchants flee their shops  
in agonized horror,  
the Temple of the Living Goddess  
mutates into a solid tomb

of unbarterable gold.

Kali smiles:

Thy will be done, Siva,  
I have raised the living  
from Lazarus' cave.  
Soon, very soon,  
it will all be finished.

Resurrection,  
shadows of eternity coming to life  
on the charred pyre  
of infallible Memory,  
the Christ of Kailash and of Nazareth  
forever working his miracles  
according to one's own beliefs  
I am.

In the City of Time  
all streets are lined with strong mirrors,  
reflecting the lost love  
we feared beseeching,  
Divine Mother walking unseen at our side  
across the borderland of Oblivion.

Am I the Krishna who lied to Arjuna  
for the sake of Truth,  
deceiving his own likeness  
on the broken altar of human freedom?  
I am.

The chronicles of youth are gone,  
black ash  
scattered between Rangda's thighs  
holding tight the melting candle  
of renunciation.

Now in a quiet moment  
of passionate reflection  
where only love need ever abide,  
there is nothing left  
but the remnants of sorrow  
I am.

The Dawn of Awakening,  
the first light to shine  
upon the sins of Jesus,  
the last true Hermit  
on an island of forgotten monks  
I am.

Shall we or shall we not?  
purred long-tressed collegiate wonder  
from atop a spiral of muraled stairs,  
a wilted tirade of amusing Mirth  
wearing love's melody  
down a cascading bevy of snow-capped mountains  
I am.

What fear, what senseless shroud  
of unnamed innocence  
turned its throbbing heel in Cupid's garden,  
allaying concupiscence with a torn page  
from the bishop's canon?

Can mystery's Image,  
a girl of twenty playing double aces  
with a teenager's deck,  
drag the full weight of burning Desire  
through the hallmarked shadows  
of a twice-trumped ego  
I am?

I am the last funeral,  
performed in St. Patrick's,  
a cremated snake hounding the undertaker  
from the graveyard gate,  
his daughter's white love grown steadily pale  
with the chosen rhyme of poetic song  
I am.

I am the magistrate's iron gavel  
sounding racked terrors from a wooden hill,  
jailed snow in a Rochester court  
smearing stale kegs of Italian beer  
on the brandied nightclubs of suburban lawns  
I am.

Lake Placid brews a hobo's storm,  
the withering miles to Manhattan's turmoil,  
hot dogs and flapjacks near Central Park West,  
an unsampled taste of Puerto Rican fairies,  
fluttering prototypes  
of many gay years to come  
I am.

Flicking his grave ash on a minor's lap,  
the ageing pederast  
whispers bright truths too light to fathom,  
the feathery beds of Fire Island nights  
lingering in a glimpsed moment  
of unharnessed delight  
I am.

At the intersection of sadness  
between fading worlds,  
Kali beckons the haunted boy  
into a Times Square subway tunnel  
where his mouth burns  
with the earth's last twenty-dollar kiss.

Harlem,  
the sweet roll of honky-tonk jazz  
squirting great globules of smack  
along the arterial cathouses of Broadway,  
daughters black and comely  
taking quick Jerusalem measure  
of every ofay man  
I am.

I am the first goy to stumble  
at Durga's feet,  
the last white lover in the dimmed  
corridors of Cortelyou Road  
where no human sacrifice was ever performed  
without mutual Desire.

I am the uncircumcised heathen  
who haughtily accepted the spider's gifts,  
withdrawing ungratefully  
split seconds before the ritual devouring  
I am.

Carnal wisdom as yet unborn  
retreats with Biblical scorn  
from the unbridled Lust  
of the insatiable Jewess,  
evil twistings of despised continuity  
fellating with foul breath  
the vain beauty of temporal Paradox  
I am.

In cold remembrance  
of a grey Spring day in Brooklyn,  
the ghost of Jefferson Street  
strolls the sidewalks of kidnapped grief  
where even the long knives  
of Mafia retribution  
leave unpierced the silence  
of a threatened heart.

Rome's apostle pleads  
for parental devotion,  
only to break moldy bread  
over a tarnished chalice of sour wine  
I am.

I am the Statue of Liberty  
hailed too late, praising  
before a host of angels  
Héloïse's unspayed Desire  
and giving virtue its measured reward,  
the chaste crack of Claudio's whip  
across the bare bosom  
of Isabel's treason  
I am.

Take care of you,  
sweet Bavaria sighed,  
even then shedding motherly kindness  
on the coming rivers of pregnant abandon,  
babes of the Isar left alone  
while Fortune's soldier  
waltzed beside the wine-stained Nahe:  
neither Main nor Seine  
nor a summer week of Parisian lifetimes

bundled on a breakfast tray with Dakota cherries  
could assuage guilt-ridden passions  
too long held in logical check  
I am.

I am heartbeats skipped in fishnetted bars,  
red lanterns  
glistening on cobblestoned alleys  
where slapfaced harlots of Karlsruhe nights  
laugh aloud their merry disbelief  
at the unfucked redhead's twice-screwed cunt  
I am.

Kaiserstraße,  
impeccable whores with acquired tastes  
open their fevered beds  
and give welcome lie to a lipsticked guard,  
their puppet love holding pelvic shields  
midst a sulking fray of genitaled weakness  
I am.

A full moon wanes over Germany,  
watching with grim sparkle  
as the young man's grip tightens  
around the hot throat  
of a sainted Julushka.

I am he  
who has tasted the gall of murder  
and spilled red sperm  
over the hard white earth  
in Nohfelden.

But it was she,  
lying naked at the brink of orgasm,  
who cried, Kill me, kill me,  
and when I killed her  
failed to die.

There was no bed  
big enough to hold us,  
no cunt  
strong enough to fuck us,  
no cock  
hard enough to slay us.  
Between orgies

we licked our wounds  
and cried.

Am I the bright-eyed uncle  
capping his teeth with a game of scandal,  
suffering little children  
to play bedtime weasels  
through wintered flakes of lascivious frost;  
who, making his filmed toast  
a rumpus nest for friendly cousins,  
taught absent husbands respect for humor?  
I am.

I am the Knave of Spades  
and the Queen of Sacraments, defying  
the wise years that left no room for serviced harpies,  
kippered maids joking their nude glory  
in a comely glass of well-met fellows  
and a lusty damsel  
whose only limits were chalked with dust  
on the silly waste of daytime weepings  
I am.

Hong Kong,  
Cantonese whores giggling the first ciphers  
of impending liberation,  
cheongsamed loveliness standing disaster  
on reclaimed Wanchai's harpooned head,  
the cockteasing clods of American nightmares  
turned abruptly in a valley of dreams  
I am.

I am Suzie Wong  
goadng her rickshaw  
along the coastline of Macao,  
imbibing cold tea in the blackened corners  
of a chopsticked Windsor Bar,  
gaining great merit with emboldened shouts  
of Kung Hee Fat Choy  
I am.

I am venereal lovers  
creeping downward to a bed of oysters,  
sturdy male Negroes spurning with queer pride



in the ruptured dustbins of remembered greed,  
hollow,  
    full of dark thoughts  
    and unchecked envy  
I am.

Singaraja,  
wide-brimmed Frolic strums a torn kabaya,  
melted pain,  
an ivory harp through a net of insects,  
love's anger but an empty tool  
in a dreamer's hands  
I am.

I am a festive meal  
of brown rice and seahawked mussels,  
round goblets full of Wish and Wonder  
stuck in the throat of lingering youth,  
tall joints of hidden ganja  
smoked with quaint hopes of curved seduction,  
street-lamped Surabaya  
plowing grey reminders  
of scribbled heat  
I am.

The peace of Bali remains unspoken,  
Lanka's spiritual calm  
heightened with the moon-watered glow  
of deep meditation,  
fertile semen pointing with sharp prongs  
to the harried tempest of ego's return,  
England's faint breeze  
coming with nipples grace  
to a quiet rescue.

Neither young nor old,  
paying homage to a dark Goddess  
he has yet to witness,  
the devotee wanders aimlessly  
down forlorn streets  
of a San Francisco tenderloin,  
longing desperately  
for the flesh-filled keys to a mystical Kingdom  
lost in ignorance on Manhattan's bridges.

I am he  
who saw a programmed generation  
rise against the promised hope  
of sexual liberation.

In Amerika,  
where no cunt was ever free,  
love for sale grows each day more costly  
and Gomorrah's slaves rejoice  
at their grotesque mockery  
of true permissiveness  
I am.

Yet quick as a lazy fox  
spinning magic cartwheels  
into lemon-flavored peonies,  
the young fool still walked  
with cruel awareness  
through the blind door of studied reason,  
accepting for one last time  
the dense affirmations  
of logical incest  
I am.

Winter may come  
and tender Spring seek to follow,  
but as the cool rays of a murdered Summer  
entangle the leaves of Autumn's fall,  
the dictates of tested tradition  
are rent asunder  
in a blinding flash of abstract solutions,  
starship fantasies  
giving concrete answers  
to the pressing horrors of a human heart  
I am.

In New York,  
on the soft murmur of a cushioned loft,  
visions of stoned light near Darbar Square,  
the way is paved  
for great Revelations.

The ceremony is ended.  
Kathmandu drifts down the frozen byways

of notioned Time,  
Kali signaling her fierce judgement  
with a savage torrent  
of transformed manifestations.

Decayed Calcutta,  
the blood-soaked steps of Kalighat  
glorified in a roaring haze  
of shielded wishes,  
the lamb of God drinking fresh chang,  
snorting through dilated nostrils  
giant puffs of Indian bhang,  
refueling with Allah's sword  
the sturdy lingam  
of Siva's chaste spirit,  
Dakshineswar lifting the morning fog  
from the red-lipped sweetheart  
of Stuart Lane.

The poet-priest, his veined neck  
stretched against the tired guillotine  
of unsated Desire,  
kneels on a cloud of thunder,  
anticipating with fevered calm  
the immutable sentence.

With a cloned wink of clitoral stimulation,  
Divine Mother gives loving assent  
to his closing prayer.

With your blessing, Kali,  
and spared now from the death of sorrow,  
I will again go forth  
into the Wilderness of Roses,  
carrying with me the three baskets of carnal scripture,  
the golden honeycomb of yogic knowledge:  
naked breasts

soiled linen  
and rollicking tears  
of future laughter, human frankincense  
to wash clean all piety,  
leaving in its wake  
a pure residue of unfettered Lust.  
This and nothing more

do I offer with Joy to your vicious Majesty.  
I await your vengeance.

Om Shakti.

Strained voices of mentholated demons  
suck dry the humid silence  
of mortal patience.

The Goddess of Severed Heads  
and Ruined Assumptions  
raises her black-robed eyes, graven idols  
carved on a wealth of planets,  
and with umbilical grace strains her womb  
to hear heaven's commands,  
flaming hell turned sideways  
on an inscribed axis of literary Symbols.

After determined kalpas of stinging revenge,  
meditated whims of cosmic ineptitude,  
the answer is catcalled on a screaming web  
of universal Bliss.

Kali's navel,  
a Kundalini lotus  
of ten million burnt petals,  
opens in androgynous mimicry of the Dutiful Wife,  
bathing her inner being  
with seeded roots of incorrigible understanding.

The priest ceases to breathe,  
inhaling through gaping pores  
the shrieked omens of inviolate Truth.

The mantic fervor, she says,  
that in bygone eras nursed your wounded  
heat, templed ladies  
leaning their proffered love  
on the ancient caves of a Grecian city,  
fluted satyrs luring rain-drenched spirits  
into the warm sun  
of a Pagan opera, festive deliverance  
carting grieved hours into the light of noon:  
neither Rome nor Naples,  
nor the crescent moon of an Arab sky,  
but star-blessed galaxies garbed in splendor  
with the final atoms of eternal Night

shall glow forever young  
down the liquid days of your soul's remorse.

The magic cancer of a troubled birth looms  
in a lost herd of gambled horses,  
glimmering brain cells  
taught at the knee of a jealous cunning,  
freezing until now the honored treasures  
of a willing groin:  
no gangbangs in the rumbled schoolyard,  
no spirited guns of juvenile fancy  
shot through the tight vest of jacketed youth,  
no fearless pride flying the masculine flag  
of genetic courage.

The timid hours of paradise now  
waited with crisp nerves and sullied yearnings,  
whispered their deepest needs  
to your deaf ears and untried wisdom,  
hoping against the crippling odds of a shallow century  
for one lone saviour  
with gold enough to buy their chest of dreams.  
Now and again,  
your manners numbed by the wine of freedom,  
you took heed of a world in harness,  
leading like a brave knight an army of roused sensations  
into the red field of carnal victory,  
forgetting too soon  
with what happy ease the enemy was brought to grief.

The lessons of love  
are learned with temporal sadness,  
nor does passion's alchemy too quickly fade  
into the haunting dusk of remembered Will.  
No peace without defiance,  
no wisdom without blind rage,  
no chastity without the immortal Lewdness  
of divine inheritance.

Go, my Son,  
and thirst no more.  
Your fears are forgiven you.

The winds return,

a ribboned Maypole works free  
through the cracked pavements of London's slime,  
reminding the Veils of Time  
that timid choice stands sentinel  
beyond the Dunes of Fantasy.

The poet again hangs clock bells  
above the spired temple,  
repeating with bronzed tongue  
the Oath of Fire:

Om Kali Shakti Om Kali Shakti Om.

EDDIE WOODS

