

The Tao of Masturbation

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I am the butterfly;
pinned through the abdomen.

And in ecstasy,
I reveal the Christ.

Damaged, not dead,
struggling to ascend.

I am the butterfly,
spreading her wings,
but failing to fly.

Nailed.

Heretofore I gather in my darkness,
fold by fold,

Enumerating
our broken sentences
and our broken record's
lines; theme by theme.

I am not
a gatherer
by nature.

But I decontextualize
our monogamy.
And I
revoke access.

Where in this magnetic field
our half life prolongs,
overexposure to the sun
encircles my heart and breath.

Our half life prolongs,
an early death.

The beauty of her brightly lit smile,
and the sunken depths of her amalgamated ideology;
I won't waver,
I won't despair,

Because out there,
beyond the drums of her dissonance,
is a fluted hope of my deliverance.

Hopes can bury old habits,
although they die hard.

Siphoned sexuality; a coming of a bare
and lonely cosmology;
a pointed stare, where

Violence against God
could be tolerated,
but only momentarily,

Paul said he said
and he did.

Come,
my once and beautiful,
can we drive into the sunset
with the top down and the radio blasting
Tom Petty's *Into the Great Wide Open*.

Immobile marble;
dropping from the Sears.

Cast in glass, my heart.

It shouldn't be this way,
immovable transgression;
serpentine locks of blue green
her hair in tangles, like my thoughts;

Black is the color of my love.

My impenetrable woman,
of whom it hath been confessed;
sees not, nor hears.
Only time, that ticking
thing inside her womb,
could cause me subtler harm than this.

I will carry this burden
into the depths of my grave,
even as I look up into
the blazing heated sun,

And a halo fastens itself

On my mother,
On my father,
On my son.

While I turn and toil,
never forgetting from whence I have come;

And Your day breaks early on my paleness,
gray blue clouds assault me with their
torturous hail of stinging words,

The kind that have no meaning other than
their face value.

Want,
was,
we are; amalgams of impurity,

*Take up then my cup,
and drink the sum of my salvation.*

Silken scabs on my breasts,
on your lips,

A heretical approach to madness.

Your astrological conundrums,
and my arcane prayers;
says enough, I can't go on like this.
Something must
give
way.

Border lines headlines; news.

a syphilitic sore.
How my heart beats
once more,

And in the black hole
of my anticipation of your death,
(for you are much older than I)
taxes are broken;
bones splinter; and ceilings crash,
I dare to dream of Heaven.

And in my flight,
I'm stepping on the bones
of my accusers.

An echo;
a molestation sound.

And down,
on the ground,
lies a fig.

Trans-opt python-vortex,
once, when we-- when I
was young, before trees had horns
and they bore the fruit of Cadillacs
and Jaguars and Mustangs
all convertibles and an obtuse
rendering of Ba'al; and the headless horseman.

Drink,
love in excess,
pluck desire's
ripened fruit
and eat.

In the morning,
when you are satiated,
and I am outside in the cold
breathing hot air into cold hands,

I will drop
everything
at once
if you
would say,
"I do."

Absence rends the soul,
your absence.

And in a time when breath and heartbeat
won't collide,
I will consummate
my love
in text.

Varying referendums exchange colloquial glances;

And I am not free,
but I pray,
not for this
love between us,

For the execution
of a sober mind
and a pure heart.

When all the king's horses,
and all the king's men,
heed the crying,
indeed, the dying,
of a woman
who is past
her prime.

If not read,
I still will write.

If not exposed
to the glaring sun,
I still will undress for you.
And my shadow become
a metaphor for loneliness.

And in Winter's cold bite,
will I sever your hulking
appendages; and make my own scars.

Here, beneath an avalanche
of dust,
a betrothal
in rusted iron bars,
twisted and malformed.

I give you the birthed star
you have been waiting for.

//

Mustard seed,
spilled in the night,
disunion with a fertile
earthen body.

But better to drink up
the heavens than to waste a drop.

At the balcony before the drop,
waiting for you to appear,
and shatter all my thoughts.

For either way,
the difficulty of this time frame,
to piece together our immortality,
and frame the beauty inherent
or dash it all to pieces.

I want.

You are undecided.
And in this indecision
lies conformity;
the heart no longer dwells
on substances it cannot comprehend.

Floundering in the mud,
unable to make up your mind,
and tell me with an honest air

How you
envision
today's
lyrical
progression.

Siphon horoscopic future plans,
read me into this incantation,
reveal the names of God.

Whatever section of humanity
we base this old alliance on,
becomes barren rocky shore.

In the end,
the only thing we have
are the gifts we have been given,
and how we use them
in the time allotted us.

Abused,
mine were
and I am
bereft of wholeness, of being.

In the house, your doppelganger smiles,
but you are far from me.

And I write these words between us,
upon an open channel;
broadcast to the world,
and I don't even know
if they will reach your eyes.

Vocabulary
regurgitated,
verse transmitted.

The Littlest Church in the World

Foreign body; foreign tongue,
mind's processes halted.

And you
speak
to me
in poems.

I copy your voice
in my recorder;
and I
listen
to your
philosophies.

Astronomies.

Neptune's
pluralisms,
and Saturn's
temple's
kiss;
was good,
but
the future
has hope
for something
more substantial.

It rests
in the balances
of God;

Only swaying slightly
by my own measurements--
quantum measurements,
isolated, numbed approach.

Implosion and held between
forefinger & thumb; a speck of dust,
cosmic dust; debris left over
from the Big Bang.

My Big Bang,
an oscillating cycle
of love and death,
persuades you not
towards epiphany.

Your craving for love
does it rival your craving
for stability; and are these
mutually exclusive?

running through me;
the heat of my blood
running through me.

And death,
with her hells,
waits for me.

But I have received
the sacred kiss,
and I do not dismiss
the poverty of my condition.

Rich.

Love is a cold bath.
And I have waited
decades for this revelation.

Pour out on me,
in measure I can
understand; and bear.

Then drop my flesh
deep into the pools
of your dismissal.

And I will breathe
unpolluted air.

Constant nonsporadic
spores, combustible
tufts of flabbergast.

Queer machinery confuses
grace with gunshots.

POW! POW! POW!

An astrological interpretation
of magic in pop culture;

Can you show me a sign?

My signs were all left
in the garage when I moved.
I just have two,

One says, “the end is near.”

The other, “I’m in love with you.”

Crash course attendants release your breath,
so I may anticipate--while you amalgamate
and we reenact the *Silence of the Lambs*.

What references you find,
tread lightly in interpretation,
for this projection of space and time
upon the axis of our tribulation
could not in me abide forever;

Do it for the looming starlight,
those dead suns, giving out their last breath.

Cry, salivate.

And make a fool a lion, and not a lamb.

Tensions ease but friendships do not fail;
another hour, another light burned out in the living room
keeping it just dark enough that I can't think
where I left my other sock.

Hope cried out to me, once, in the desert
with a beaming moon; bleeding inscriptions
that vaguely pronounced the theory of

Vagabonds and prostitutes,

I come alive with chemotherapy,
foot snare and airplane runways
zooming down the Eastern highways
and the rabbits all wore hiccup suits.

Shone in shorn in should I
take the dive, plunge into
the eternal black and without splash,
crash.

Time;
eternal fractions dipped in wine,
solidarity in youth's abundant cries.
And she screams, "grace, in all abundance!"

Sighs, with percolating eyes,
and in the rafters of my heart's contentment,
I see the fluidity of time pass by,
no moment untouched by that stream of water,

That ticking bomb,

How the culinary gods would write my dilated memories.
Only in time,
lest we lose touch
with this instantaneous
blast of life,
lest we let it
pass us by.

Time.

Rip apart the seams,
unveil the bride of your desire,
catch her in the fire,
let the light be born in twain.

And only an incendiary
remains.

If you can call
upon the breath of our created state,
deeply and fiercely groan,

I will call for you,
when the patience
of God's tenement
unsteadies my hands,
and I am falling,

Even as I fall I pray.

To one day,
see my body blessed
and standing
on the ocean's shore,
where we break bread.

When she has shattered my life
and turned all the pages to ash;
still she comes with her sickle,

She is the voice
that I will purge,
her figure and her form,
I will neglect

Until the strands of time
enwrap her. Until
my mouth devour her.

And the digestion of a thousand days' time,
will diagnose me something awful;

No cure,
this tear,
puncture,

And I wail where she can't see me any longer,
I have buried her body in a textual transmission.

The taste of my first tears,
as I wail into an empty room,
An empty, hollow, lifeless room,
with nobody to hear me cry.

And the weight of your head
upon my breast,
has become
a dead weight.

Gabriel's thorns are stinging me

You have stuck them in the side,
in my infection.

In my eyes,
your acidic
pools of loneliness.

But you are not worth my words.
You are not worth my wailing.
Neither my energy to curse and swear.

Instead, I will simply blot you out,
like spilled ink.

Tied; but not blind, not eviscerated.

And the calculations we had made
while shooting stars with our laser cannon
proclaiming Kierkegaard's last stand.

The white noise dissipates into the East,
where the wise men traveled from,
on that blanket night that had a never ending moon
to shine.

But you won't hold my hand,
and say to me,
you love me.

And right now,
that's all I want.

Someone to seize the four winds for me,
to rebuke the sands' few last drops within the glass.

Tallied; but not torn, not isolated.

With dampened iconographic caricatures,
blistering out through the morning light;
we gave angels beds; to lay their feet.

Up high,
between breaths of sky,
and gusts,

And crying eyes,
and dust,

We will walk,
through the garden,
to meet our maker.

I found myself alone,
in an echo chamber,
all alone,
howling at her mirage,
hoping for her to

Offer me her heart,
once more,
before
the death of me.

I contemplated suicide,
sacrifice,
Abilify
could not constrain my appetite for death.

In a momentary glance I saw
the openness
of everything she ever loved
about me.

For this split second's time,
eternity scraped by and I could feel
the hand of God
around my self.

Restrain the tongue, my love;
let a little wisp of words
decorate the blank spaces in your mind;

Travel through time and within
the instantaneous array of God.

Welcome home,

No use for vacancies; be warned,
the rattling snake will find you,
and pin you to your mistakes.

So seek the intelligence, memory, and will,
to stifle all non-interactions with God.

Decorate the blank spaces in your mind,
with sophisticated concepts of time and light.

Transfiguratively I promoted celibacy & enthusiasm,
I gave you the swamp water you had asked me for,
when isolation had your tongue.

Fluidity of speech is not equivalent
to fluidity of thought;

With intent, I love you.
But I won't succumb to your demands.

File, order, place into jars with colored caps
and masking tape,

So many reasons to communicate with you this way,
although I cannot see you reading all my dreams
and thoughts
and masochisms.

You gouged my heart,
pried apart the scab wound from its flesh adhesive.
Then you fail to understand why I am this way with you,

Do you have no compassion;
are you so self-
absorbed that
you can't see?

Swallow these words,
let them shatter as they drop
from an overflowing cup
of speech; and swallow
these impurities, to make them go away.

I will not
obsess. I will not,
guess what goes through your attentive consciousness.

Italian speech permeates my audible experience;
and when I purge myself of tears,
it is your face I beg for.

It is the loving grasp
of your hand in mine,
it is a solid and tangible love
I miss.

Not these drawn out speeches,
exchanges of words and tongues,
meaning essentially nothing.

Hard, factual love,
that you once offered me.

Sulphuric acid, in context,
creates a meme of intelligent art,
and in my wailing and my waning and my waxing heart,
I strip myself bare like Frank.

Only mine is a more corrupted gesture.

Ana,
what will we do now, with this irreconcilable rift?

It is not in chains,
my heart,
not chained to a lover.

I am free,
but feeding
off her love's givings.

Now the tree is bare,
like my wound,
sap extracted,
and withered,
and dead.

Old age & broken hearts,
a chaste synthetic blend
of friend.

A volatile concoction, spent;
on the definition of our love.

Habit forming decrescendo.
Violence between heart and soul
as they dance and play,

The midnight clock sings her name,
but I answer only to the head of Rome.

Star light, star bright;
meltdown of the psyche,
and starvation of the soul.

As Jesse would have it,
do unto others, and her
first class consciousness,
betrays the life I have contained

Within this neural networked brain.

Physicists say there's no light coming from
the film roll in my back room;
even on disk,
they refer me to the pilot light for spiritual guidance.

My claim is the escalator motif,
jimmying down the locksmith's certain death
fragmentary space pod edict anthropomorphic skein.

Shallow breaths,

Egocentric lapdog inspiring
me to cultivate my faith without
her inebriating parapsychology.

Egocentric maniac hospitalization
cornered two-tier wedding cake explosives,
vibrating with the Sound of Music,
so we can all ejaculate in one hypothetical
group orgy as we unravel all the synergies;

Placebo bun retina,

Curtain call,
where are you?
Come out, come out,
wherever you are.

Confusion lets the left half of my brain
incorporate the contours of the light,
our push, and our rebelliousness,
this scheme where God delivers me.

Cold milk and holiday blood transfusion,
as a statuary celibate peering into the rift
of my desires;
and a broken gate leads all manner of devils in.

An oratory insanity,
rife with moments
where nobody knows my name;
and the halls of my incarceration,
there, my knees drop.

Slipping into the depths;
where sun has no bite,
and shadows of the world
unite; to overthrow the government.

An echo of you resides in me,
and for this fantasy, replayed;
emotions stir, over which
I've no control.

So close (to me),
yet the data structures clearly denote,
'not betrothed.'

Not in any way connected,
except by past sins and intercourse.

I give birth here,
to anger, spite, lust,
a cinematographer's
wet dream.

But I am no actor.

You came into this world of mine,
I thought to make the tears to end,
and although they ended for a spell,
recursive symptoms flared,
bodies exchanged heat and light and life.
in this, I would reverse myself; if time permitted.
but only to engage each other's thoughts.
"asexual intercourse."
My mind burns with the hot iron
of your brand.
and my heart, as well.
I cannot swallow or spit
and not have your name touch my lips.

To address and not avoid,
these piercing wounds you leave me,
to tend to the structures of the soul,

And make amends, with you,
no matter where you go,
because you're inside
this well of mine heart.

An intangible love,
a flicker in the dark,
and you can't feel
the heat of my fire.

And so you say,
you retract,
you withdraw from my supposed advances,

Meanwhile jealousies brew,
hurt percolates.

And the flesh echoes my dreams of you.

You speak in forms I cannot comprehend,
yet it is written in the works of both our hands,

The play of energies.

I do not feel,
connected. Broken,
torn apart; I have thrown my life away.

And yet you're here,
and yet God is still calling out to me,
and my son,
craves for my love.

My love,
it has been such a desolate world,
my love.

Barren, scorched desert .
Soaking up others' rivers;
and depleting them just the same.

My heart has been a vacant lot,
only self-reflecting,
and once in a while,
charged with lustful glee,
it would turn to thee.

To channel a strong desire into a virtuous act,
and stop floundering about;
this will be my life-long contemplation,

And as I draw nearer to God,
Let my heart be sculpted
in a manner which pleases you.

Conversion point algorithmic psychology;
and uncertainty in the stars,
as chance begets the sum of my illustrated dance.

The inspiration of God;
as I took up your hand,

Innocent love,
the admirer and the admired;
all my life has been thus,
for me to be beloved, or be loving.

Never both, save the rare split point crossover.

“NO DIVING,”
a signal flare from space;
no dying,

It is the urging of Heaven,
to bestow its grace on me,

And it is my urging
of my own will,
to turn this wickedness
into kindness,

Into love for you, and for God,
and for my family.

These luxurious and magnificent tombs of words.

This book--
full of ENERGY,
contemplation,
curiosity,
meditation.

It is here,
in the scriptures,
where my heart will fill.

And then purge,
with you,
my love,
my guide,
my equal.

My only equality,
forged in Heaven.

Inches away from your face,
yet I cannot reach you.

You are so far from me.

And although I suffer
for your name's sake,
for my heart's desire,
there is no evidence of love.

Only a cold stone,
carried away into the frosty night.

And to this shield of ice,
I pick.

But none will crack.

I am alone,
in my heart.

Her howling heart,
as yours does not,
your love is gone,
so then should mine
melt in the fire of a still night.

Weeks will pass into months,
and our degenerating beacon
of love will have died,
into a spark. Less than the spark
which caught my eye,
the day our love ignited.

Husk; polluted shoreline; an unauthentic shell,
positioned between a throbbing pain,
and the gateway;

Moistened parabola,
words not wisdom,
seething and festering
sunken hollow,

Death brings me deeper
into the mire. Where love
lasts no more.

I've lost.

The game has played out,
and I am no Victor.

Deeper into loss,
my fragile flame, flickering.

Fingers transposing notes,
characters, information.

And a blast of cold wind,
whistling through the boards,
making my home a house of prayer,
without comfort.

No candle to see your face by,
are you there?
I can't tell where you've gone to.

For an hour, I seek.

But there's no company,
just the cold rebellious grin
of Mother Winter.

When the hour of destruction comes,
you'll plant your palm against my lips,
and say to me, "your ego."

But in my heart,
there is truth in this discovery of pain.

Not all good things are pleasant to the ears,
to the eyes, to the lips.

These words of truth,
vicious they may be, to you,
but it is the sole message
my heart bestows on you.

Authenticity; a drop of LSD,
chemotherapy, the root of every evil.
Here, in my mind's eye, I
cleanse the surface and peer through
glass. Plastic lens shakes,

God pretends
to calm me.

But I shake violently,
and the whispers in my head
scream silently, "who are you?"

Sunken rot bleeds into the pools
of the unconscious mind, contaminating
every facet.

Blood thirst.

An ecumenical first,
deity of sound and destructive waves,
clashing with the music I've been playing.

An egotistical serenade.

Is this dead?
Am I burning my fuel in the wrong oven?
My love for you is so strong,
but unwelcomed.
Yes I can change, and I want to change.
But you only want to slap my wrists, for every word I utter.
No encouragement, just chastisement.
No welcoming, open arms.
Just a void where love once dwelt.

I didn't know her,
but she stalked me in the darkness;
always taking tally of my conjectures.

Then she stood, stark naked
in front of my mirror,
baring everything.

It wasn't my plan,
to crumble.

But I fell to pieces.
Destroying everything around me.

If you give me what I want,
let my heart be reigned in;
regarding other thoughts,
and other names.

So shines
a beacon
in the dark,

Keeping out
the dangers
of the night.

What worlds we have created,
like giving birth, but not to babes;
to swirls of light, and fractured darkness.

It is as husband,
it is as wife,

To create these storms of color.

And my heart is,
torn. In pieces,
torn. In tatters; forlorn.

In the folding in
of our creative blur,
where continents collide,

A clash of emotions stirs;

And I am not to talk about this hurt.

The flight of adolescence;
as my wings break,
and I fall.

Have I sinned against Heaven,
against you?

When thoughts conjure
imagery,
of your flesh;

The only desirable.

