



THROUGH THE WIRES
SHALL COURSE BLOOD

POETRY
BY NATHANIEL K SMITH

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lamndaphiles research institute

2015

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First Printing: 2015

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<http://chiptheglasses.com>

in oklahoma the trees were dead

who flowers in death?
leave me your secrets:
carve them on your bark skin
and leak bloody ichor.

when coldness takes your petals down
i'll collect them in my ears and mouth
and make a vomit mosaic
vivid and bright
laid out until there's only
the sweet brown smell of rot.

i am playing counterstrike with you

i am shooting you over
and over because it is an intimacy
obtained by my perspective
and yours.

i am looking at your ak
and you see my mac ten
and i know that you are
a seeing thing, looking at me
over miles of trash talk and
internet juvenilia.

here there is no yolo
and only holding my fire
makes me feel
left out.

o druidess

take me as you would an oak:
soak my limbs in lavender
and hew them with a golden sickle.
hang my eyes with mistletoe.
pull out my ribs in pieces
and cast lots on green earth
beneath you.

dream of me inside your oxen
bigger than the boughs
that spread above in darkness
masking moonlight and our stars
crossed by iron crossed by bronze
and the falling pattern of bones
torn gently from my hands.

meet me in the bog
beyond time where perceptions murky
swirl slowly touched not by wind
but by staves pushed half
heartedly by the bearded men stuck
there on solid ground.

In Our Own Way, Afraid, and in the Dark

(digital cutup fromownton abbey transcripts + lovecraft)

By way of Lady Grantham,
Ghouls came here often,
Seeing not with any eyes.

You have invited Strallan:
But life is a game, and we must appear ridiculous
With our starts of horror at our cosmic voyages.

I will ask Thomas.
No matter what comes,
Consciousness will manifest:
It is the frightened meeping of a ghoul.

This was not Jimmy's idea;
I like a man of strong beliefs,
But against my will he carried me
Beyond the last rim of the galaxy.

say your words and do not worry

tell me you love me and make it hurt.

our ribs are a spear bridge
tearing from me to pierce
into you and it hurts
but we love it like rainbow road
because it is beautiful and deadly
and has no railing.

let's hit boost pads
and go through loops
and look for power ups
and fly radiantly off the track
and die in the stars together
at the back of the n64.

tell me you love me in those stars.

SYNET072

ride fast and sweat past
birch ignoring the trees' coy pleading.
find oaks bottom and glide past
goths hugging ipads playing
youtube snuff on stolen wi-fi.

grimace knowingly at the poet
sipping fanta. soar through sun beam bars
and suck flies through baleen teeth. choke
in a glade.

it doesn't take much to make a deathbed
blooming rotted joy even when sandwiched
between speeding subarus and warehouses full
of country echoes.

rub your skin covered in dead things like
a road trip wind shield. wetly crush
mosquitoes while crouched
at the edge of traffic.

make an oozing camouflage on your flesh
and sing sweet psalms
to the cadaverous twilight.

A Death at One Hundred

In 2014 I was born
And one hundred years later
I die:

Cut my brain and trace
The strata of radio signals
Layered deep like the ocean.
Age my flesh by the layers of
Grime and smog and peer
Through my eyes to study distortions
Burned and worn by the rivulets
Of twenty four seven news cycles.
Trace on my fingertips the keys I have
Caressed from birth.

Scatter my bones like birdseed
Across the landfills and the wreckage
That they might find the screens that once told me
I was loved.

SEXT.

(cutup from various tabloids)

a besieged hot aqueduct
died soon after
the failed conquest of *the Celibate*

sex will be slaughtered
condemned

Yet
it is still
to be unraveled.

satellite story

a mother teaches her daughter the constellations of 2092 and they are all
made by human fists pounding computer terminals
telling robots how to manifest needs and desires and cravings
as airless blinking panels marketing illusions in the sky.

and the mother will tell her daughter that the shapes of tonight
won't last, will flicker out and perish into shooting stars
as costs exceed returns and new protocols replace old
and the bacteria of Io stagnate, promising
evolution that never delivers.

and the daughter will grow and see the dying
power, the collapse of the clouded sun,
the day the outlets go dry and the lights fall from the sky
and are replaced by stars who have forgotten us,
and whom we have forgotten.

and the world will see, at least for one night
clouds that part and depart and reveal
the sublime novas unseen for years by flesh
foretelling this and every end
of us.

#rudeteens

all i want is to piss
alone on this mountain away from rude teens
and arguments about hash tags.

i'm not sure how to summarize your day in
run-on witticisms.
like the trees and rocks and
flowers prematurely blooming
i don't love or understand you but
i at least accept you.

suggested hash tags for your day:

hash tag i'll be dead one day
hash tag i hope my body is fodder for flowers one day
hash tag my life is a foil for the steadfast infinity of rocks
hash tag my god is my self and it will die one day too
hash tag when my limbs are sore i feel a loneliness i can't digitally convey
hash tag i have at least two copies of every friend and i no longer know
which copy truly loves me

hash tag great day outdoors

When You Realize This About The Ocean You'll Flip

that feeling when
you realize the ocean
is mostly dead things
compounded over 4.54×10^9 years $\pm 1\%$.

the ocean is the biggest graveyard:
corpses dissolved and marked by gleaming
grave waves crashing
melting into gray
on gray beaches
for gray people
sweating under gray skies.

the legless crowd

(digital cutup from 1gb of project gutenber text)

Harry's son nodded.

Three columns and two arches.

GLORY MAY NOT LAST.

optical mouth

i've burnt every memory onto dollar store
cd-rs and around my body built walls like
snake skin into an upright coffin.

my face reflects on every side
blue and purple and doughnut-holed
staring back at every angle.

in here i am deprived of everything but
myself. i'm in love with false narratives
and dead dreams staring back at me perfectly
preserved but irrationally written.

to molt: i cut the corners of my mouth
and slide each disc in scratching lines
of mis-perception with my teeth on top and bottom.

my stomach, sick with corrupted checksums, waits to
regurgitate lossy thoughts again tomorrow.

Park Your Car Here and You Won't Believe It

once filled but never empty
the sports bar lot
counts the passage of time
by piss drops and puke buckets
through meth mists.

every morning bandaged hands
sweep broken car windows
blood splattered
and piled under inkscaped
jolly rogers.

bathed last night in blue and red
today you simmer under confused
summer swelter hoping errant wind carries
better news to you.

backspace

you took my picture and gave me a soul.
you put it on facebook,

but it was a ghoulish soul decayed
and rotted upon upload.

pitch over your pinterest and pour me out:
i am not your arts and crafts,
i am not your beautiful wedding,
i am not your year in review.

delete my tweets from your computer:
i don't want to be in you.
take out your disks and ram
and disembowel them.
bury out back the remnants
upside down backwards and re-
polarized.

but leave me on your g plus page
empty and sepulchral
for google bots to grope and pull,
parsing nothing but mistakes.

Conversation Within Contractual Boundaries

I got a new job
As a head,
Severed and sitting
At the top of the lighthouse.

I'd love it if
You came to see me, just
Click up the spiral staircase for
Seven screens and, oh

Make sure you got the iron key
By trading the nightcraft amulet
For the bag of gray walnuts to feed
To the many-headed hydra you caught
With the gleaming rainbow flower plucked
From the hair of the principal antagonist
Whom you taunted with the despairing
Sandals you got from the blithering knave
Who was really your undead son
From the future.

They could fire me, though,
If I make it too easy to find
The silver statuette you might need
To get across the flaming gorge. Really,
I don't think it's in the chest behind me,
Nor do I think the lock can be picked
With the metacarpal hidden beneath me.

I didn't care for the other
Players who made it up here,
So I saved my best dialog tree
For you.

do not touch their clothes for they are clothed in poison

sit outside and stare at a suit. look
into their eyes and see how they fail
to see you. try to think of them naked
but remember that would kill them. see
through them and into time and see how
little they've changed: ahead and behind
is death and wealth
death and wealth
death and wealth
smeared carelessly over the earth
like pats of continental breakfast butter
grabbed by the handful and stripped,
crinkled gold discarded.

do not allow yourself
to become distracted.

to dreams,
distraction is as deadly
as a white man.

comatose matter floating in some kind

(cutup from personal dream write-ups)

friends: i say that i am and ask, where?
the sick nurse is exhausted and has been woman
working full time on his case. I with offer to take
over her shift. She waist-long brightens.
I am explosions. Is this what's wrong? the nurse copies
earwig-like insects that feed on rooms.
she teaches me what to do, explaining each time hair
in that i will kill a bug and say the white hospital
killed a bug in the nightgown.

all this is just Virtual Reality dark anyway
crying and shaking and trying to quit
my self has bathroom divulging impossible.
i up the game's menu.

soldiers jump through a warranty
we just keep track and crush the bugs and and
crushing them i realize i'm increasingly disgusted
to everyone.

work fast. eye contact now. don't damage with the brain piece.
it has to go back in us. "go get some sleep," the nurse
leaves and i stand there:
a glass container full of brain:
comatose matter floating in some kind
of land, green and preserved.
why disgusting bugs
wriggling and waking?
bugs' absence moving forward breathing,
it seems straightforward,
but best most professional possible guarantees
that this was enough basically.

"save and quit."

i am bearing a self terrified to quit
without saving a door thanking profusely
a crowd that may drink champagne women
moved into another room and finding
some kind of shrine.

have you heard my startup pitch

(digital cutup from 31 cyberpunk novels)

they walked together by habit
in only filthy coveralls
with little more sense than a rabbit
speaking of defunct protocols.

the stuff began to twist and writhe,
spilling over and draining out its side.
this was a most illicit enterprise
like netsites in roma provide.

they flung it into the gulf:
a pillow upholstered in scalp.
hands stained like the muzzle of a wolf,
they resumed kicking along the whelp.

like businessmen draped in the pelt of an art nerd
they turned their backs on this poisoned world.

Cool Tips For Healthy Times

cry into my eyes
that i might see you.

drip syllables down my throat
that i might speak truly to you.

put my fingers
into you until they are so pruned
even lovers' blood can't plump them.

i think of you while i'm surrounded by seven
million asses. here there's fourteen
million cheeks but i can only think of yours.
when my tongue traces you
my stomach expands, filled
by the flutter of manhattan pigeons grease drenched
but cooing sick wisdom.

let us both be eaten by eagles
dripped red down brown feathers
into rotor churned bays stinking rotten
with fallen down barns and ware
houses.

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