

A  
Journey  
of  
Nine Worlds

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## **The Empire Builder**

We've come upon this peak clamoring and  
baffled

we've seen the stars and lines in the patterns of  
our molecules

the recklessness of ages without context

our palatability praised  
our resistance calcified

in the rift between knowable  
and livable  
marauded by cyclic time  
these mysteries manifest  
lapses in consciousness,  
we seek the midwife

We conceived the image of the unborn

a scaffolding's shadow  
in the memory of the sun,  
the sand grain's slices

this future looking back,  
pulling us,  
pushing past this present  
cradled in the unblinking eye

frozen in Holy dissolution  
we immortalize  
our place in the circle,  
driven into hard Earth  
and given away

## **A Promised Home**

### **I.**

We've ringed our heads  
in Jupiter's progeny,  
been given breath  
of refuge  
in the Sea's way  
our grandchildren's seven  
setting suns,

Yes, we are awakened  
in this dismemberment  
that brings peace

the incantations of the Milky Way  
from which no eye can wander

refracted in the prism  
of endlessness  
are prayers  
turned streaks of light

tattooed upon the inner eyelids  
of dreaming nations  
are the psalms of our  
third bodies  
tethered by bliss  
to this scattered knot

### **II.**

the clock bell  
sounding midnight  
in a sinking pitch

our ground broken

a piece of the sky  
that by our eyes  
creates the medium  
for emergence

traces of ballast  
upon the castles  
of creed

no dark corners, no dead ends

just the unravelled thread  
chronicling histories lost  
folded back in the urging  
beat of the drum

### III.

The conquest lost  
in ruined conviction

the fur traded for linens  
linens for polyethylene  
in a plumed accostation  
of the elements,

the airwaves bandwidths  
beaming symphonies  
from past centuries  
out the window  
of a boomtown haze

the bartop lacquer as thick  
as the soot on faces  
sick as the sod, trodden  
mud, gravel tracked  
explosion

rich candy of one more  
minute in a hopeless millennia  
one more ride on a body  
racked and worn

in the predawn glisten,  
the steel is begging to be buried

### IV.

the distant squealing  
of horns playing  
to drums as invisible  
as they are fierce  
and insistent

the far reaches  
a mere point of departure,  
the bass pinning down  
spins of harmony  
stacked past madness  
into a clarity  
known only to those  
born of the incomprehensible

frequencies playing  
upon our plasticity,  
promising resurrection

V.

Endorphins flooding  
mouths hung open  
eyes rolled back  
into a nebulous head

on the hill, hollowed  
swallowing this all-consuming  
flame  
in exchange for scenes  
from the distanceless  
self and savior

There are no words for this tide  
this trance befallen,  
the most humble

this demand in our cells  
to give away our hearts  
and be forever alive  
in reception

## Dynasties and Oceans

As they looked for the  
Moon in the West  
the Eastern light  
crested the Southern slopes'  
highest peaks  
and they whispered in  
dialects not known to  
these voices.

words came in Whippoorwills  
and jagged looks  
from Earthbound faces

so when they came upon  
the flickering of bedrock  
glowing,

the thundering began  
grasping at the banks  
of those laboring beyond  
their feeble reaches  
dividing the body  
into dynasties  
and oceans

## The Interpreter

Who will translate  
the street lights  
into medicine?

Who will grind the  
sidewalk into desert sand?

Who will forget  
what cannot be remembered?

...

and what will become of  
those tracks in the snow  
drift, each hoof print, a name?

Will the river sound  
their syllables?

Will they come and  
take our hands?

Where are our lost ones  
in the haze of continuum?

*Why don't they speak now?!*

these underlying  
realities, point to  
unraveled connectivities

these times define  
great singularities

where nothing can be known  
in a spectrum of truths

the wine and water  
all linked  
to the mouth and hand

the quenching of thirsts not  
born of the body  
where the jet streams command  
a startling procession

*the face of timelines  
laughing*

*orbiting the unmanifest  
in incessant spirals*

## **What abides in rushing currents**

What can be wrapped  
around the mind  
and taken under?

all these workings of  
which we're not aware

mile markers pulled up  
and smelted

the forges  
scent like a lost love's pillow

a knowing that had been turned  
away and can be no more

twisted dials giving only a trace  
of singing  
in between rich static

the algorithm for this chaos  
let limp my limbs

so they may not find me

the name  
pronounced in movement

helplessly

the rattling I've come upon

## Timidly we spoke of this space between time

### I.

see the door held open  
the days too dense to contemplate  
the years too jeweled  
and inconceivable  
to see the form underneath

the means to rest  
in sovereign clarity

unlocking the meaning  
of lifetimes  
and casting off the weight

quivering atonement

in the half-starred limits  
where the boundaries blow

### II.

The crystal in the casing  
a 21 gun salute  
the trickling threads  
weaving  
our connection  
the current of our eves

come alive in all directions  
the moon, wrung

the planes kept  
circling

the thread  
so delicate  
and dark

dreaming leaves into motion

these unanimous aspects  
delivered, distilled,  
the knowledge given seed



### III.

Guide our hands  
and dance  
The Working Way

the women bear it all

as the reeds rustle

sea  
change  
direction

receive rippling rings of burning golden reflections

the center of this center  
bourne out into forever

the cresting mirrored  
beyond the bend

...and we'll escape  
across the parapet  
to these moments  
none can know

the still tide  
given to the mornings

listening for lovely reaches  
speaking, oh

### IV.

Her fires are rivaling  
those burning in my belly

the Alchemists parallel  
for golden hands  
are heavy

Unseen angles  
bear thrice reflected light

mirrored traces  
of ecstatic revelation

on all our sleeping faces

a past that could  
be no better

the mysteries  
that deliver us from harm

songs from the  
other room

V.

Vertigo eyes  
swimming into  
the great still

here in the Utrecht

here in the swallows

the headwater's trickle  
swollen  
vast & streaming  
in the lowlands, lush

The Son of Morning smoke  
seen in Prairie trances

In mountains, glittered  
snow swarms  
the impeccable drift

VI.

The coarseness of  
shadows cast timely  
upon our most reasonable  
elements  
dissolved in busts  
of cloud  
emptied beyond recollection

open to what's needed

this trembling arm confessing

(the gates open

this spiraling mind's  
evolution)

we are the sum of our equals

divided upon the planes

insistent upon the  
multiplicity of prismatic being

shuttering in flashes  
of impregnation

## The Tone Poem of Solomon's Seal

The thaw is coming  
for those who speak  
the tone poem  
of Solomon's Seal

(strange diviners)  
taking force on the plateau

we shifted & shined,  
became the litany of desire

the grace in our passing  
a most tenuous focus

combined with the elements  
in wordless scripture  
was your face not a symbol?

Have they Gone?

eating stone & metal

interweaving rhythms  
crosstime

we squeal disharmonious  
mercy

in the boundary waters

## The Thread of our Amnesties

### I.

our way made by,  
steel & acrylic  
tar & chemical  
speeding rail

the back beat  
rising & falling of days  
a shape to the sound

the lapsing grace  
of a mechanical mind  
and trick trails to  
convergence  
the sinew searing  
reticent combing  
for cyclonic repatriation

the thread of our amnesties  
unbroken

## II.

The way back in  
is marred & hidden  
disgraced & outlawed

secrets know only  
in flickers

a symphony of sins

confessed in stage lights

and when they've gone  
you will be reclaimed

forced to stare into the scourge

break to bend with the  
River

and be taken by  
the Ocean

## III.

Unseen elements  
the ferryman's 'inspire'

a harbor for  
sailless ships

love's perfection  
fallible & trembling  
breaking true  
your ashes fresh fallen

## IV.

The day began  
with spotted sign

nurtured coals  
the breath of morning

pressed upon satin & silk  
a waxen seal, this sacred touch

to begin upon braiding  
fingers

## The Weathering Swealt

### I.

fat turned golden  
a dusty rise

a charged condenser  
the instantaneous flash

boiled over a sanctified  
floor

the day I walked inside  
the clover

a four-chambered heart

### II.

the tooth ailing  
lost  
a forted night  
the solid shadows  
of a womb

the glazing moons  
amidst chopped water

winds upon winds  
upon winds  
upon water

entrancing shuffle  
a flame  
crested departures

fates matching  
the coming hour

### III.

The rushing snow  
piled upon limbs  
pushed to snapping

cataloged hopes  
and woven dreams

we work to fill the hours

the Gilded mark  
has come to test the level

and sear the symbols  
of this scene into gasping flesh  
curled around the radiant  
step

sideways, the consecrated core  
became worthy

this pursing of lips  
for the taker

the giver holding  
the somnambulant sum

### IV.

a gale wraps around me  
shuttered windows; torn  
the forcing gaze that presses,  
invisible

what one can't bear to know  
placed firmly  
on the forehead

to burn this transformation  
into being

**V.**

Gravity shifting  
around these tangled orbits,  
to be pulled,  
to be pulled is enough

to feel the play of the  
sovereign center

this rose unplucked  
hurled from beyond  
the ground's break

the milky petals stained  
as all of our beauty  
the blood of labor  
the blood of stars

**VI.**

The interim priest  
in a barn wall  
cathedral

I rise for the dance

of souls upon saviors  
the dark that leads the way

Cornered in this coming  
that is the maker,  
I see the breaking  
that is key

a rising whimper  
silenced in shock

the face of buried tenants

what's carried until the end  
wherein this cruel bliss  
would know nothing

The crossing sound  
an untouched beat  
drawn out upon the prairie  
our gusting, barren lands

we dream of the calf  
and the milk of these herbs

held in this glimmering  
likeness, still unknown

the eyes and hands  
of Twilight

I thought this  
gentleness was the dawn  
a subtle rippling  
in the gullies

Hold out for Hurricanes  
and sense that slips  
between the selves

(the cool water we know)

to be so strong  
in queer postures  
I ride the air, teething!  
and wear the fleet frond  
you are my quick deceiver,  
my leading guidance gone

my dispatch to fearful  
freedoms,

you spurn me on!

you spurn me on!



## The Victorious Retreat

## I.

The push of nourishing  
  waves'  
pristine washing

torsos collide  
the deeper angles towards ecstasy

solar flares sent into me,  
navigating this victorious retreat,  
we walked away

we walked until

we walked away

(given fruit blossoms  
you could see no ending)

in the field we  
gave away our names

to have back my innocent  
brother

bring me the wing  
of a Phoenix  
or at least a feather

## II.

liable to keep going,  
past the watershed  
past the horizon,  
past the pain  
of passing

where the firefights  
die in candid whispers

and tomorrow's apples  
hang sweet on the tongue

to taste the soil's sediments  
and dig deep into arising

fallible as speech  
malleable as mercy

### III.

Take me with you  
to see the old man  
while he's still here

take me with you,  
Rising Sun  
East, east, east

and send me  
back across that ocean

like a flare in the wind

pulling flags from their rigging

### IV.

the focus to remain a mystery  
finding friends among the lichen

a path worn between centuries

this waking way,  
the dying day persisted,  
all of times were changed

abiding in uncanny richness

eternally revisited  
the most resolute & resonant  
the most powerfully calm

soup for the savior  
an untiring hand

Consecrated attention  
like harp reeds  
on the breath

to stay with the parallels

the line held tight  
and plucked for its pitches

Unknown mechanics  
& the impetus of space

we plunge into the  
bursting streams

## V.

Our nerves  
oscillating spectrum

galaxies grown in transmission  
we are the cycling seconds,

the weft & warp;  
a shattered seer's stone  
& the scattered fates refracted  
weaving the sweeter passage

(an emissary of the unending  
moment

to defend or defy )

we kissed the shore  
& rallied the waves

the fire of youth  
smokeless among the bushes

plumes left for  
the mother

## Amalgam

the inner ides  
escalating a life of  
energy's own

this crossing,  
these loops  
and dotted triangles

---

a root down in the summer

found pages  
left in the calender

by a fusion of systems  
shifting intercorrelation  
lifting

like the dust devil  
twisting up the dust & sand  
to show them sweeping spirals

we are this place  
of earthen spaces  
dancing  
stars & sky

**All the Hallowed Hearts  
large as Sunrise on Mercury**

when the ground  
is too hard to work

when we leave our bodies  
and return

when we're with you

tumbled over  
helpless & tender

leavened

free

tapping on the sill  
so thin and frail

will you come to this  
window?

which one,

to be sure

*OUST the band!!  
awning eyes  
shutters stern*

*slate wearing the swelling vein*

*harbor vast as the sea*

*the ocean of a circle*

*we comb thru the chambers  
of  
aged  
elements*

*the guests are waiting*

*where  
they'll always be*

*pockets inside-out,  
the white ink running*

tiny nectars  
on tongues  
sweat slipping

the burning pass  
                    peace in the  
                    shadows

unseen places, adorned

passions ground to dust

the horizon shaped  
by the sun

an ushering errand

...

these ways speak volumes  
of our passage

etched stone & steel  
wood and skin

rare medicines  
grown only in our hearts