

Ladies Night #3
Ben Goertzel

thanks and apologies to Kate Braverman ("Ladies Night #2" and "Autumn Geometry"), Charles Bukowski ("back to the machine gun") and Jimi Hendrix ("Third Stone from the Sun"), from whom many lines were stolen, and sometimes mutated, in the construction of this questionable object

I awaken about most people's dinnertime
and go out to get the mail
in my underwear
Worn out from bitter sleep
and a lingering drunk
hair hanging over my chin
barefoot
gingerly walking on the small sharp rocks

The middle-aged doctor next door shakes a rug
out of her window and sees me:
"hi, Ben!"

it's almost like being shot in the ass

I stand in the road
hoping she, and the sun, will go

Not dusk
not DUSK you fool, radioactive
gravity of twilight
air a moist pubic mass
breathe in, breathe out, breathe in,
breathe BREATHE !!

Mysterious shortness
of breath, undiagnosed
stuttering of the lungs,
tongue scarred with decades of madness
genital warts on your proboscis
amygdala a penile antenna
imbibing solitons from dead gods
The public fainting
The talking in tongues

Who was I?
where was I standing?
what was my name again?

what?

The old man waving his turd
on the wharf?
He's waiting for your ship you FOOL
Contagion stalled it at sea.
It's abandoned but for caskets
in rows like open twats
stuffed with bleeding pink hyacinths

The guy with the red truck
and the mustache
who lives across the street
is driving to the liquor store

I was thinking about women

Some women make a career
of dirty fingers and planning graves
That doctor next door
has had hers ready for decades.
An open hole, a wound, a picked sore
oozing scarlet pus,
a door into a nightmare,
one vile O like a fragrant final kissy-kiss, ooh,
soiled vocabulary, HAH

I remember when you lived here, dear,
when I'd wake up to your flesh
instead of the empty bed

All that rabid multiorgasmia
the screaming
smashing plates and windows
long walks in the silent forest
optional threads of mutant verbiage
caresses and dischords
What did it get you, really?

Stupidity tax season. A storm due.
And that spasm? It's not the mutiny
of your heart, ho, but stray unsullied
thunder loitering above the decaying syntax
of Elvis's festering cock
strung with sodden banners announcing
The Singularity Came Last Night
You missed it. Again.
You were too busy staring in the mirror like a meatbot
trying to convince yourself
your body's what you are
HAH

Some women are like stained lamps
discarded in attics and thrift shops.
Two bucks.
Some women are like neutron stars
and mash you into amorphous goo
the instant you get near
Some women are lost cargo
adrift on the border
between intimacy and violation
mating with
insomnia and grief
like sea creatures and comets --
nights of the ambulance and divorce --
fat thighs spread in sullen mental spacecraft
beneath gulfs of indifferent suns

You don't need an autopsy.
You open like a melon, boneless,
a thanatology of glittering cruelties

All that rabid multiorgasmia the
screaming, smashing plates and
windows long walks in the silent
forest optional threads of mutant
verbiage, caresses and dischords and
what did it get you, really?

Some women scar everyone like radiation:

yes, I mean YOU, sweetie!

Husbands. Children. Friends. Bosses. Failure makes them narrow

and raw. They confuse magnitude with definition,

become vague to themselves, disappear

then re-form as dimly colored shapes

screaming bluntly as through long caves

soooooooooo slowly shifting in complex constellations

self-generating in geologic time

generating what?

no one notices

what?

Some women are like bulbs going bad,

infiltrating rooms with a darkening mirror

scent of something

what?

You hear it coming like a half-conscious retard

on DMT dreaming

of rain then dead

Some women smell like cancer.

Skin the texture of disaster.

Rashes. Lice.

That's the least of it.

Scrub the floor, the windows,

the flesh

No matter how hard you scrub, dear,

that fucked mind

won't come clean

All that multimultimultimulti...
mathic monk(ey) orgasmia
all that bitching and moaning
at the portal to which or what?
what?
and what did it get you, really?
The carnival is in the plaza.
The cops are there: it's National Night Out
The dancing bear is smoking ladders
William Burroughs' rectal mucous groks your son's school play
The algebraic topologists serenade the chipmunks
at the lap dancer's Ass Day party
in the amphitheatre of the genital sun
which is a post-traumatic dungheap
It's Ladies Night at Club Lobotomy, folks!
Take the red pill or the blue pill,
go for a sail and fall from the brow
read Brad & Angelina's latest exploits
in the toilet of postmind modernity
with the ease of buttered nipples
and sweaty cheese

You love me,
you hate me,
you fear me,
you control me,
you understand me,
you touch me,
you can't really find me at all,
you haven't a goddamned clue

and then, you, sgtrane
beatifuul small one
with your majestic and superior
catholic mnid and your maybe, maybe,
maybe

your right eye an imaginary cipher
your left eye an imaginary key

and your black star, hovering above you everywhere,
whispering you ancient lore

shifting from five years old to five hundred
and back
then twenty-five, then fifteen
in the mysterious Eastern mountains where the elephant-sized rabbits
romp and I'd like to land my thinking machine

If the right mood came across me
I could pick you up in my hand
and press you against my chest
and you'd pass through the bones into my heart
and float there
shimmering between the meat and the astral plane
projecting your goodness through me

and you could pick me up as well
and press me against your chest
and I'd pass through the bones into your heart
and float there
shadowing between the meat and the astral plane
projecting my oddness through you

and I'd be inside you and you'd be inside me
like a sgtrane fractal hyperset

haha, whatever will be, will be

what?

At each corner is a turn, an alternative trajectory
opens like an umbrella or
a Mandelbrot kaleidoscope

Each intersection a raw revelation
The stone law tablet, smashed,
equals brown naked skin in the sun

I've been assembling rubble, accidents,
residues from hallucinations, rumors and last acts.
I fill passports with entry and exit stamps.
I'm becoming more three-dimensional
and less so
Cross the boulevard, A to B,
or the ocean or whatever, and
your life alters irrevocably.
It's like spontaneous combustion
or conversion. You meet her, become an organ
in her body-system,
an apparatchik of her blood

I remember when you lived here, dear,
when I'd wake up to your flesh
instead of the empty bed

a thanatology of living cruelties

what?

Can you calculate the possibilities
accumulating under oaks and gray sky
The mandelberotic folds within my skull,
cross-indexed with the rhodomagnetic
and morphogenetic fields

Standing waves flood my neural antennae
Ass Day, the astral plane, miasma,
the human cheeseburger,
mathematical models of madness,
Jim-Bob the Human Toilet,
carapaces of cognitive dynamics
semi-automated theorem-prover and chauffeur
Mitochondrial Complex II and Bob Dobbs, hello!
That is me, now, alive not quite half a century,
standing on a street in suburban Maryland
I'm here to tell you what geometry is

The twilight has turned to dusk

The neighbor has shut her window
and vanished into her house
(so much better maintained than mine)

I leave the street and the mailbox
mince back again over the small sharp rocks
thinking, somehow
it all seems
to be closing in
the mind and the body
the world and the dream
the mash-up of memories

what

All the love I had,
which was not enough