

Eco Echoes 144

By Duane Locke

The lens, mirrors; outside-opaque,
Convexly yellow, appearance, raw sienna
On declivity due to tree shadows.
It cannot be observed if the wearer's eyes are blue or brown, or
If there are eyes under frizzled stepfather hair.
A gaze brings perplexities.
On the front, reflection of his leaning over and extending a crooked finger,
And a round plastic ball presents on plastic as a blurred red oval.
Bepuzzlement was why does one hide what he sees with,
When seeing is revised and organize by the brain,
And the percept that goes in the world in verbal speech
After much annotations and footnotes as an alias.
But the people have become accustomed to losses in conceptual propositions.
Our communications are truncations of rainy day bubbles.
Our stepfathers always stand behind curtains
Even when posing or during antics with facial features out in the open.
Perhaps the wearer is not concerned with his actuality being observed.
He is thinking of the fur coat he bought in summer for the winter in the next
block.
Very little is known about another or anything else.
We don't whether or not Plato read the Book of Mosses
When kidnapped In Alexandria, and we think we know
Plato looked at triangles' angles with Pythagoras.

Eco Echoes 147

By Duane Locke

Room entered had a copied fresco frescoed
On wall area under a stairway up to second floor,
But no second floor had ever been built,
So where there was supposed to be a second floor,
There was a roof with geometric designs
Like St. Stephens in Vienna. The fresco
Was a copy of a Sargent, John Singer.
It was American in being multi-lingual.
A Spainard wearing a vest that looked
Like the fleece of a sheep was with
Head bend over to hide the strings
Playing a guitar. Some who was only
A shadow on the bottles behind the bar
Banged a fist against castanets. Two
Adolescents wearing what at the time
Was an American fashion tangoed.
The painting paralyzed them into a dip.
Her long black hair touched the floor.
There were other smaller paintings,
But all were either replicas of coins
Or currency—detailed so exactly that it was
Difficult not to believe they were photographs.
I wondered if I were in the wrong place,
But I checked and rechecked and the address
Was the same as the address of the Doctor
I was given on the Internet.
I had come to find a cure for a severe back pain. I noticed
On the table was a cancelled unemployment check,
And cardboard imitation of a steel medieval helmet.
And torn up letter where it had stained
By the lipstick of a kiss. I saw a yellowing, spider webbed
Diploma on the wall of someone, the
Name faded away, who had a diploma
For an MD. No one was anywhere.
Then I begin to hear tango music
Coming out of the plater where
The fresco was painted. The adolescent dancers

Writing Raw

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Started moving, and her hair no longer touched
The floor but flew out as if a flock of black birds in flight.

Eco Echoes 154

By Duane Locke

Laments, much lamenting,
Copialent, corpulent distresses,

Their tears made eyes so blurry
They made the mistakes,

Instead of burning Nietzsche
They burned their Pornography magazines,

Instead of burning Derrida, Foucault, Lacan, Deleuze
They burned their lottery tickets.

Causation of crying was Post-Modernisms
That demonstrated all their beliefs and values were lies,

All their values and morals were frauds,
There were no universals, no absolute identities.

These crybodies had said that Post-Modernist had created
What they called a "broken world."

They called it "nihilism" in their self-deception, but
What was honored by the lamenters was nihilism, their life styles were a nihilism.

The lamenter beloved beliefs were based on lies
An enforced by ostracism, stake burnings, and other brutalities.

Their ethics were a shame and fraud,
Their morals overlooked in their actual behavior.

They accepted exploitation of the underprivileged,
Trophy-greedy hunters, woman-abuse, abuse of the earth.

The meanings they gave to life were "empty signifiers,"
And were based on fantasies and self-deception.

Writing Raw

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Those who are now lamenting what they call
“a broken world” were frauds. Mental drug addicts.

They narcotized themselves on fantasies so the real will stay concealed
By their habit of mental drugs-- these drugs, their beliefs, their values.

These mental drug addicts are the one who created
A broken world that some Post-Modernist are trying the patch,

And let us rediscover the wonders and enchantments
Of the earth that are being destroyed the lamenters.

For centuries the earth has been under the control
Of a power structure of mental drug addicts who blinded themselves to reality.

These powerful mental drug addicts were supported
By the ordinary and less powerful mental drug addicts.

Traditional values, which were advocated but lived by,
Were the main mental drugs. So it can be now said

That for centuries our world has been abused and controlled
By mental drugs addicts, and their stooges, the slave mentalities.

But now there is hope, unless the mental drug addicts gain control,
That the wonders and enchantments of this-worldly reality will be discovered

Reality has been abused and always destroyed by tradition, but
Will be discovered, unconcealed by Post-Modernism.

Eco Echoes 210

By Duane Locke

Much larger than the largesse
That which
Joins in consciousness' mixture
To be focus as a point of view,
So a present by exclusion will spotlight itself.

So the movement of a darkness sent across a cracked asphalt road
By wind-moved Australian pine limb blockage of
Light to
disappeared in undesignated
Space.

Is a space that is a new space, Alps-intricate.

I travelled on its darkness towards a sacrifice of life, my life.
Yet,
In future I will find its gift, I did not know was given, the solved puzzle,
Which I did know I was solving.

Eco Echoes 153

By Duane Locke

I was supposed to lament,
Obligated to lament. I felt it.
Everyone I passed on the sidewalk
Was crying.

When they came close to each other,
Not a word was said, but each cried.
They would stand still, their bodies
Trembling, looked at the other and
Shook their heads.

It was an intensely sunny day,
And when they shook their heads
Tears flew from their eyes
Out into the atmosphere.
The flying tears caught the bright sunlight,
And sparkled, resembling diamonds.
The air was filled with sparkling diamonds.

I soon found out what I supposed to lament
One passer-by hit me in the face
Because I was not lamenting.
I was supposed to lament the loss
Of the local professional football team.
The team had lost ten games in a row.

Lamenting the loss was a requirement
If one was to be accepted as a respectable citizen
In the community. When hit,
I learned the consequence of not lamenting the loss.
So, I started lamenting.

I cried continuously all the rest of the day.
I did not want by car windows broken,
Or my tires slashed, so I pretend to lament the loss.
The few ignorant who never found out
Why they should lament,

Writing Raw

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Were suspected of being terrorists
Or atheists. In this neighborhood
It was good behavior and a social benefit
To shoot a terrorists or atheist.
The crime would always be covered-up by law enforcement.
As I faked abundant tears,
I remembered the aesthetic pleasure
Of the wonderful, thrilling sight
Of diamond flying through the air,
And I thought "Perhaps Leibnitz was right.
This is the best of all possible worlds."

Duane Locke bio: Duane Locke, PH. D, lives hermetically in Tampa, Florida near aninga, gallinules, raccoons, alligators. Has had published 7,041 different poems, none self-published or paid to be published. This includes 33 books of poems. His latest book publications are DUANE LOCKE, THE FIRST DECADE, 1968-1978 (First 11 books—Order from publisher Bitter Oleander Press or AMAZON---YANG CHU'S POEMS, Order from AMAZON---TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATIONS, FIRST SELECTION, from FOWLPOX PRESS. Forthcoming 2015: VISIONS from KIND OF HURRICANE PRESS. Nov. 2015: TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATIONS, SECOND SELECTION (Sorties) from Hidden Clearing Books, ECO ECHOES, first selection, 2015. 100'S of his poems can be found by clicking Duane Locke on GOOGLE. He is a photographer of Surphotos and Nature. Has had 558 photos published, some as book covers. A book of 40 of his surphotos has been published by BLAZE VOX, POETIC IMPRINTS, RESPONSES TO THE ART OF DUANE LOCKE, by Connie Stadler and Felino Soraino. His paintings have been described in Gary Monroe's EXTRAORDINARY INTERPRETATIONS, Published by University of Florida Press, and are in many private collections and museums. He is a student of philosophy—favorites: Martin Heidegger, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Jacques Lacan, Jacques Derrida, Gilles Deleuze..