

The Doctrine of Hyperventilation

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Deep Cleanse

I pick apart the pages,
Our love's last lingering thought;
A moment of violence,
And a circulating rush of blood.

The ink bleeds deeply into flesh,
We reminisce for our part and parcel.

An illuminated biography,
Swells with the moist hint of rain,
As our perceptions
Schism, and the realistic parts of me

Begin to wax and wane.

Motion blurs,
Hi hats charm the serpent.

And as contagious as a Winter's snow,
I blanket you.

Meter

In six more years,
You'll be my better,
As I pursue the drifting sands.

An open womb,
A closed fist,

Every dirty little secret
That once was birthed,
Becomes a shackle,
For the torments of the night
To drill into me

Once more breathing,
One more breath,
As licentiousness and poverty
Drown me in their waters.

Periodicals in E Minor

The point of intersection,
Between delusion and faith,
A nomad in the city,
Drenched with the blood of sainthood.

The wayward motion of the stars,
Keeping time,
A convoluted conversation
Between you and I.

My melodramatic centrifuge;
Perpendicular with the sunset,
And plastic trees recording the weather.

My own and only
Underneath the skins of time;
Bequeaths a lightened load
As Sun ceases to shine.

Diagrammatical Error

Force-fed by the creative sounds of rain,
And an epiphany.
Seizures tossed me,
The empathy of my reconstructed self
Pours out like water in a bath,

Milk and poison ivy
Herald in the cross contaminations
Of an irreverent conditional appointment.

I bestow on you the quarter
Section of my spleen.
Oh cake of flesh,
Meet me here in poverty,

As I undress.

Hourglass Prison

Indecisive computations,
Purged purgatories,
And a resilient sky, bleeding out.

I bent over to try and pick
Up the shattered shards
Of my confused identity,

And gave a candle at the altar
For this appointed time,
And blew.

My Mexican sister
Swallowed 30 pills
And drink charcoal water
To cleanse her soul.

And I gave in to idolatry,
Speaking serpents,
Makeshift fantasies of your
Cosmological interpretation.

And it was here,
I gassed the inmates.

The Fence That Kept the Wolves Out

In my mind there was a chasm,
And the door was shut to the dead,
As I knocked, no one answered,
My feet froze on unthawed land.

My love,

Here I am at the steps to your door,
Knocking.

But you are sleeping,
You are dreaming pleasantries,
While I am shifting foot to foot
In the cold dark.

Can I not come warm myself
In your bed,
Beneath the feathers and the cotton sheets,

My life is a treachery,
And a tale of incest and fire.

Theories About the Sundown

Lions in the den of obfuscation;
And a seething Martian,
Clawing at the gate,

My land's end encyclopedic prerogative
Chasing butterflies through
A midnight's moaning,

As groin cuffed,
A centrifugal force conveyed
Through the existence
Of cheap cerebral scars.

The Confusion of Error

Caused by the corruption of data,
And the masks of anonymity;
My mark and my principle aesthetic,
As the drain cleans.

Milky white fists,
The creamy colors
Of romantic flesh,

And swollen in the vicinity
Of painful purpose;
Dogma reiterates chaos.

The veil of my bride
As we divide the day from night,
And echo into the void
With voices unhinged.

You are the glue and my enemy,
The Frightened One.

Plead with my people for their existences.

Poignant Masurbatory Settlement

The fleece blankets I wore,
As destiny overrides causality,
Friction becomes a sword,
And the penance of biology
Transcribes itself upon the flesh.

My holy union dissolves
Before my eyes,
And I see as with cataracts.

A dip within magnetic fields,
Swaying the motions of my neurons,
I can't keep up the infrastructure,
So I settle down.

Pluck eyebrows.

What matters most
Is the motions of the crowd.

Claustrophobia

The dilly-dallying of connected stars,
As April's mind is closed;
And the closet stocked with all our fears,

To be left cold. And in the dark
Dissecting mice and wolves,
I agree with your
Stigmata wounds,

Christ left contemporary,
An angel in the sky,
Breaking habits.

The foreclosure
Of my love's last shelter,
As I pick up the remnants of the fire.

Dodecahedron in the Pool

Something I abhor,
Something I adore,

It was a basilisk's stare
That kept me glued to my seat;
Frozen follies,
Actualities of saints,
And the slim purpose and design
Of contemplated suicide.

Aggressive, malformed, opinionated,
The dust beneath her dress as she twirls,
And the embodiment of Christ,

Captured on film and behind glass.

These relics like clipped nails.

Cantaloupe

Sex is flourishing,
The narcissist within me squirms;
And the buttocks of my beloved
Shines like fire behind glass.

I dry the pages but the ink smears,
My lonely polygamist ideals
Shunted.

As glass devours sand,
The moment of a lingering thought
Proceeds out of the mouths
Of children and infants

And in the culmination
Of a generation bent
On transgender reidentification,
With only a momentary
Schism between reality and perception.

A Century of Occupation

Governed by the timelines of a narcissist,
Spiraled stairways leading downwards,
Into the rubbish heap.

A desolation performed by mimes,
As cartography splits apart
Dystopian enzymes.

The mires constructed by saints,
For the perusal of angels and demons,
Who have beheld the Son of Man,
And in His sandals have found
A fragrant anarchist philosophy.

I died twice that day.

And here, upon my bed,
Disheveled. I cross the line
Between death and life,
A moment's journey
Through the sands of time.

Thick Generosities

Discernments dripping paralysis,
As cause to freeze,
A centrifuge of incandescence,
As slightly swollen membranes
Depict disease.

I've loved you
Through the cradle
And the fallen tears.

Zion's horse
Descending from on high,
Shot with arrows and standing,
Fracturing the sunset
With his voice.

The Golden Age of Bronchitis

Pass me the color of her lips,
A buoyant luster,
Which seeps through dog fur,
And contains the essence of her smile.

Night will pass over,
And tomorrow with the Sun
A bouquet of cumulus,
Beckoning the birds.

At night my asthma
Starts to flare and trumpet,
Gaining great glory,
LSD hymns proceed
Out of the mouths of infants,

I circumvent capitalism,
With painted toads.

And does the moonlight
Destroys any hint of day,
My face hardens,
And you can no longer tell,
My heart from stone.

Buoyant Paraplegics

In the heart of the country's
Mesopotamian culture;
Crags conjure
Influential biological agents.

And through mucus mutation,
The parapsychological transparent sunset,
Bleeds through the curtains of the night sky

And crash meets burn,
We're all consumed by fire.

As the discourse of a broken record
Beats the sunset blue
Without tokens of affection.

My non-intuitive collaborative exhortation
Results in the bleeding of themes
Whose synergies are independent
Of a toxic entrepreneurial arrangement.

Transparent Magnolias

Rifling through a desk's descendant,
I split my sides by heavenly pride,
And the contours of your face
Ingrained in memory.
Is here or last goodbye?

Intimacy nudges lust.
As the permutations of sin
Corrupt the Rubik's.

And in three hours,
Is collapse.

The road spreads itself
Before our feet,
In the dirt are the echoes
Of many who have gone before us,

What is love,
But a prelude
To disease?

Chained and Gagged

An exhort and disparaged youth,
Climbing needlessly into
Deep wells of coffee grounds,

The stigmata of my
Perpendicular ascension
Carved into the fist.

Retroactive inclination for
Battered innocence and striped
Yet condescending character,

Should I divulge her memories
And likeness into the cylinders
Of my disruptive engine,
And categorize myself
As belonging to a midnight conversation.

Deterioration of the Sun

Concrete hypotheses,
Karma and chameleons,
With the frustrations of ending time;

And a kilowatt hour
Dredging up the false hallucinations
Of an oscillating serial killer's
Unending nights of mischief.

Swollen with the lumps of degeneration,
Decay, Morse code and hyperbolic functions.

What was in time past
The hour of an era
We both knew as ours,

Trickling ever so slowly,
Into the bathwater of the mind.

Distance to Closure

Admonishment, gas and precious laughter,
As we have ceased to adjudicate
The meanings of my sleepless nights.

We cleaved in two,
The gentler parts of me,
A Pharisee's confrontation
With the words of my Messiah.

And I got,
Along the Hem of my dress,
A tear.

Bolstering the incandescent
Or mnemonic crowds
Which have been placed before
Our God.

Cathartic Ovulation

Where the pornography falls flat,
My only distances from you
Speak out the volume of my descent.

A Ministry of imaginative declaration,
Drywall crumbling,
Patches torn from jeans,
And in death, resuscitation.

The resurrection of my dream,
False prophets and scornful eyes
Speak softly to proclaim the mysteries
Of some iridescent Caligula.

My hopes are my own boundary line,
Wear faith issues out of my vagina,
To cleanse this sea,
With periodicity.

And proclaim the end of dreams.

Inchworm Pornography

Within the clanging
Of these oscillating sounds,
Is a fact.

The formulation of zero dependence
And manipulation of the truth;
Dexterity is migraines
Washing over catharsis
As the sea on open wounds.

Asexual celebration,
Content with serialized
Deconstructivism;

Melting metaphors
To the transition
Towards a gender reidentification.

Popularist Isomorphic Structuralism

I shine my light
Flash dance;
Cataclysmic
Interpretation of Emily Dickinson.

I can reimagine the wheel,
Scraping up centrifugal force;
As I continue.

Dealing straight and partial
Telecommunications,
Between the eyes of those excited;
Within the confines
Of a nuclear testing ground.

Marginalized frontrunners
To the tapestries
Of angelic creation.

Ushered in Under the Guise of Serpents

Three years in the making,
Divulging cryptic literature
With the intention of getting lost.

In the pages back behind
The books most beautiful
Facade, there screams there,
In an isolation of sorts,
The mentor's dilemma.

Neither narcissist nor

Uninterrupted metronome
Could peel back my revelation.

Processing

When the IT department
Closes its fist,
My excommunicated spouse,
Leads me through the doorway.

And just as the jury decides,
Whose land is greater
And we enter into a new pact;

Teasing the crowds,
As if tomorrow's hell
Should burst like a pregnant woman

And out of her
A birthed synonym for shame.

The Pretenders

An ocean discography
Feeling up the breasts
Of synthesized love;
When I crawled backwards
Through sand and sea,

Climbing the edges
Of monogamy.

Pentacrest surrealism
Trapped in waves
Of synergistic tendency.

Forlorn independence,
Castrating the tiger
Of my soul's rendition.

The Pencil Pushers

Hebrew nights,
The bucket and mop
Sitting on the back porch,
Bleach rising.

Containment of filth,
As a century's decay
Groans.

And the alignment
Of my prerogative
Fastened tightly
With the screws of Summer

As echoes of peals of thunder
Plagiarize the assimilation of whores
As they anesthetize civilization.

Premeditated Adultery

Six figures towards an evolutionary
Migraine,
Population control
Migration overload.

As Winter melts its way
Towards Summer,
These burns on my arms
Cause tears to fall,
In memories of death
And heartbreak.

Why am I so alone,
Next to you?

And why does the air
Smell like roses?

Enamel Paint

Jackson Pollock in the gas chamber,
Diseased in retrospective
Isolation categorizing false prophets.

The stigmatization of chloroform
As the incandescent lighting spews
Both particles and waves in transgressive
Sin. Calculated by the one God.

I've entered into
The flat line hypocrisy
That was our door frame

Seething with anticipation
And purpose, not forgetting death
As she comes wailing,
Wanting nothing more
Then to transfer her aggressions
Onto me.

The Sanctification of Patricide

Our lowly dissertations
Transformed beneath glass as in cocoons,
Double homicide.

Mediterranean breasts,
Unclothed
And seeping filth.

An Entourage of explosion
With diabolic grace
And apprehensions cast
Upon a bed

Where migratory bird calls
Unloose the dragon.

And Satan's voice revels
In the burbling of brooks,
While his death unfolds
And casts a shadow of doubt
Upon the progression of saints.

Decapitated Violins

Viscous ornamental pathology,
The dreams in remote conditions
Hyperventilating with restraints.

I've come back.

And here is only death and decay,
The rotting number.
What cleaning chemicals cannot
Obscure or modify,

But just smear.

Here, the beams are rotten;
And the only thing holding me up
Is a false memory of security.

Nocturnal Emissions

Highlight my disruptive course,
And slowly sink me under,
To where the bedfellows
Contemplate their silences.

The demography
Of our condition,
Six Paces away
From sinking;

And no disruptions
Nor discourse.

Calculative misunderstandings pawned
In a retrospective hour;
As a synthesized
Loose leaf tobacco
Capital punishment perceives

The distance between two
Ungodly lonely stars.

Undefined Intestinal Rerouting Mechanism

Sapiosexual pornography,
And a handful of maps
Defining the territories of our
Collaborative disillusionment.

The caps come down.
And out of the bottles spews
The foaming froth of intellect.

Desolation of the congregation's
Cartographic persuasions,
As seminal tides disrupt
The fantasies of my derailments.

Life breathes home.

And swollen by the sea,
My body breathes in the salt.
And the Sun beats down
In frequencies of light and sound.

Democratized Ascension

For the past 30 years,
In this societal infrastructure
Passing bills, reigniting old flames,

The course of history has regained
Some semblance of a unique identity.

For the inferiority complex,
Simplex, castration.
My own unique ties

To lightning bolts
Streaking nude beneath
A deserted and Godless sky,

My lips spread.

And as I gasp for air,
All monogamy ceases
To adhere to the rules of marriage

My eclipse.

Undecipherable Methodologies

Cat's cradle,
Ladle pouring soup
And blasphemies;

As the fox runs under
The microphone and scoops
Lentils bearing fruit

And peas Penelope
Dystopian phraseology

I cut the wire
As I watch you bleed
Upon my toenails.

Discrepancies of the last conundrum
Torturous
Malnourished sundown,
Keeping pace
With aristocracy

And entrepreneurial
Disintegrations.

Toxicology

Metronome dependencies
As sycophantic surrealist stew
Makes Newport inhalations
Become the next messiah.

Green interdependencies
In glass;
Mercurial synthesis
Of sound in the surround

I'm dew,
Fallen on blades
Of metallic cross conditionals.

I paid my fines,
And crossed
The boundary
Of gender morphology.