

# Nights of Naomi

(Plus 2 Songs)

*Bill Knott (1940 - 1966)*

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## Nights of Naomi

“I am further away than you want to know,  
here where the passage turns mightily  
into another night, where terrible birds  
unfold their wings. I am here,  
far away, on the perilous side of the water.”

—from *'Dress Her in My Shadows'*,  
by Naomi Lazard

(Plus 2 Songs)

*Nights of Naomi*

Prefrontal lightningbolt too lazy to chew the sphinx's loudest eyelash  
Not even if it shushes you with a mast of sneers  
Down which grateful bankvault-doors scamper  
Because of a doublejointedness that glows in the dark  
Like a soliloquy of walnuts  
Numbed by beaks of headless measuringtape  
So the lubriciousness can tower in peace  
Like a buzzsaw trapped in a perfumery of shrugs  
Lemon  
Or lime  
Only a maze can remember your hair of buttered blowguns

For example shimmer-aquariums  
Which are emptied out into a syringe of barking darkrooms  
Whose needle smacks its lips  
Like the stifled screams of a juggler glancing at a map in which Copernicus is prying  
open a child's fist  
Blue as the shape of a dune when it leaves your lips  
Years spent wandering in front of a stab

But night no longer exists  
Except maybe as a life spent on a trampoline  
Of thimbley children  
Whose yodeling amnesia caresses the blowgun face of the crowd  
But just as an ocean is surrounded by its drowned  
Asking a stampede for a light of black parrots  
The coathangers graze on the dwarf dynamite  
The orchestra is amused at the marrow replacing its instruments  
The blink lies still while being examined by his genitals  
Of cloud  
Therefore it must be night  
Unless it is a rain of rustling cosmetics  
Black and blue as they should be  
Like your lips at half-throe  
Light is only a shadow which has learned to write its name  
Upon light  
Of your lips at half-throe  
Of your hair that harbor of slammed windows  
Which is writing an ode to prisons Alcatraz sea-god pierced by howling canteen bottles  
Leavenworth corridor of luxurious winks throwing me to the vivisected jewelry of shh  
Joliet sister to my breasts' scroll of bees etcetera  
Therefore it must be night  
But if so why is night coming like withdrawal-symptoms of satin  
Sawing their way out through zebras  
Galloping into a mirror that glances fearfully over its shoulder  
Like the banana slicing off my left or right ear  
As if to say Never mind delivering tomorrow's gypsy

Tanager moos of starfish

Marquee of stranglers

Diamond putty

Palette of birthmarks on fatal blackboards of needles

Skintight test-tubes of maze-breathing swoops

Coma of rusty-hinged wafts

Growing on decks of jelly pencils

Somersault-ore tress propped by yodeling pings

Key flooded by display-cases of mauve deathmarches through stereo cilia whose  
headhunters were warped off by tanager moos of sandstorm

Cueballs have invented insomnia in an attempt to forget eyelids

Spittle gapes at my beauty  
Of soft hotels  
Starlight's pink fangs drifting  
A breeze's tuningfork of tongues  
Which have lavished me upon me  
Which have swallowed my hole

I love that on your wall hangs a self portrait  
No face no torso no legs no lesbian  
Only strange blurred lines discolored disconnected  
Which turn out to be your scars  
I see when I turn you over to fuck and finger you from behind  
Legendary sunlamp

After being bathed slowly in vanished eagles at no time do I find myself pulling a tree of open-star surgery around a shiver-blue beach which is growling magic-carpets (made by taking a single hair from every fissure in the world and throwing them up into the wind, first whispering "scenic venom") that ripple endlessly as stabs of the shouting saliva found each morning on the groins of statues of you between the paroxysms of which your tongue is

Melting at the center of an iceberg

Which has sank the 13th floor of every building

Where you negligently stretch out like being drank

By that ancient sect The Lasers of Mercy

My head between your thighs I kiss the first letter of all alphabets to fuse the last word of all languages but before everything I kiss your clitoriscunt nothing more or less

You lie back on a gull's lunges of incense  
Clothed in a glancing lair  
Of submissive purple jungles  
Muzzled by a flagellant species of hair  
Homaging your profile in 3 squirts of deadend  
Whose jade masseuses  
Blow tendrils of halo  
Over the clandestine mirror-limp cattle  
Of painful forced maskgrafts  
Like a novice swordswallower  
Who uses the xerox's throat  
To sink into a comet's plush of mares

The yodeling erasers pat trumpet masks on a seated line  
Of richlyrobed sages fading into the coralfusion  
Of dancers smeared on leaves of echo  
Each holds in his outstretched hand my head of recoilless semen  
Like a razorblade choir of cocoa-steam footprints  
I love only the woman who has never washed between her legs  
Of unborn neon  
I can remember her only when on my tongue the collision-course forgets its name  
And stammers out mine  
On which crouch robot cabbages spinning out the puffbode  
Of gold engines fleeing  
Their amputated bruises  
To speed up my mask  
Of luminous dogs whispering in saltmines  
To seance-colored snakes  
To shipwreck-orange snakes  
To parachute-nosed snakes  
Immune to the parachute-nooses  
Plucking my caresses off a window carved by dice  
Upon the electrolysis of laborpains  
Felt by the streetlight when 11-toed people tell their dreams  
To the nearly-cured amnesiac  
Who remembers everything except his own existence  
And who can impale himself only on the shallow part of the mirror  
Like him I brush your hair to liberate a contempt  
For the wind boring its velvet holes in plain sight

Hear one of my limbs I invented colors for the senses  
Smell blue hearing blue sight taste touch blue

Like the grapes nailed to your forehead  
My lipstick of shit was lit up  
By inviolate seizures

The yodeling blackboard has 2 seasons mauve and movie  
Nevertheless the only one who can rest on his laurels is a closet attacking a landscape  
Of kidnapped wombs green as rusty-hinged suns growing on stumps of rainbows  
So that the palette of keys pulling on a skintight marquee  
Shed by a mist of strangler's pencils  
On the floor of an ocean of limping oranges  
Where a sleepy octopus his silver blastingpowdered eyelids propped open with head-hunters  
Keeps watch on a warp of breathing  
Which the diamond-expert a turd screwed in his eye exclaims is a thunder-jacketed room puttying shut  
The mirrors of javelin  
With white tongues whose cilia are burnt off  
By tanager threads of maze-ore searching out the sweat that twists its decks into thawing deathmarches  
Crushing the erased sandstorm of stereo jellybeans  
Which lingers  
To unlock the marshmello cello of a needle's knees by twisting a tress of your sighs around its slowly-gouged-out somersaults  
Sprinkled on a coma's tail  
Which is reborn in mid-swoop as a trillion different escapes-by-sequin  
But always with the same shape birthmark  
A ping-cool beach that scans test-tubes for the fatal ripple of my nimbus-dimension  
Which suddenly caresses up into a bed of welded moons

Pale assassin of landingstrips  
Your spasmodic portrait names itself I LOVE TO SHIMMY  
IN BLINDED MINARETS  
Of self-induced keyhole salve  
Defanged by ballrooms of sundial  
Snow: inverted mouth of turtles  
Orchard: spotlight of gashes  
Separated by languorous attacks on the pore method of dreaming  
I hate your sensible toes

A starry sweatband of cheese  
Whose hands are the tallest scorchmark ever to dance scented with lifeguards  
Smashing the bloodfilled who's who  
Like a snowflake  
Of blue antelope  
Which is carving all the other snowflakes  
Whose tentacle is backed into a corner  
Like a whirlpool facing a pineneedle  
Howling at the asbestos autopsy  
Playing a flute of balconies-on-a-string  
Off which the bitter lampshades that resisted our births successfully  
Toss purple capsules of carousel

You held a glass of pontoons between your breasts  
I flew to sip on blue terraces of eyedropper navels  
Stretching out forever  
Our penis crosseyed as tapestry  
The 1st and 2nd morons of your lightning-savored skin

## THE FRAGILITY OF MARQUEES

Ten Tibetan lesbians join hands to form the beautiful skinraft called sleep  
With bare hands of flood they caress the yellow machinery floating out of my ears  
Because just as the holding hands is burned up in the embrace the  
Meanwhile all the room's corners are visible in one mirror  
Held up by foam

Your clitoris is my boyfriend  
Like a cameo on fire it has the best view in my dreams  
I kiss your clitoris of syringe laughter  
With all of DroolQueen's tattoo levitations  
With my asshole on a snapping cushion held forth by double sperm  
Like nights sheered  
By vestigial moss of nipples  
The howling rubble in your scrotum carves a loftiness  
Upon the applause  
Purple as a sink made of swans  
Where the blindfold fish blow on their abacuses  
To set us floating down the semen to the ocean  
Which writes help on a donut and throws it out the window  
To inlay ballerinas as stop-and-go lights in the floors  
Of statues of spurting pinpricks  
Often a maskflurry face slashes  
Incisions in my flesh then pours in your eye-makeup  
So I will see for the first time

Sabertoothed with indolence on dervish cushions  
Of curtains  
Sparks and microphones inhale a potion of circusnets of sargasso prisms  
Whose hailstones decipher your black-and-blue shoelaces of flesh with the thorns  
of an enchantment  
Like the solitude of apocalypses  
Of parachute-skingrafts  
Whose caged snowpeak of tongues made skinny by palaces  
Of striatas of flareguns of mosaic perfumes  
Off which a dredgerboat leaps to howl alone in caves  
Of seamless spasms dancing the steeple halves of a compass  
The swimmingpool was so elongated it became a vampire  
Chant the languorines from their stables of a halo of momentary assholes  
But the pubic hair of numb planecrashes  
Of inaccessible spermtips of a convulsive horizon's cuntsync  
Of marshgas exhumed by exit-kidnap of visigoths  
Installed in jellyfish of murmuring monocle frenzy  
Where tumble-throated jewels spear your pollen-of-mirage eyelids  
With comicbooks of exploded puffadder

Exactly in the same way that Bruce Wayne is Batman  
John Keats is Nightingaleman  
Richocheting from pore to pore in Naomi-filled rapture  
Like her big toe up my ballerina  
Using skydivers as chisels

A corpse lying on a tightrope in all the best restaurants  
Refuses to join the union  
A survival-manual has killed everybody  
With a single misprint  
A cage being skinned alive  
Is born weighing itself using armpits for a scales  
Despite all this  
The optical illusions suffer from a growing sense of marsupialism

Fluent in all claws  
Her lips flare like others' nostrils flare  
Stabbed by quicksand she montages purple invisibilities  
Where there are twins one is wearing a mask  
Of her clear eyes and cloudy nipples  
Dressed in a dairy of sleep's shrapnel  
A ripped venom grovels at her brow  
Gloating like the writhe-scent  
Of her sweat's landing-instruments  
Of coiffured ingots  
Screeching like the cocoons on her whip  
Whidh sheds the muteness  
I lick  
When I pick up a new poetry book  
I always glance first at the biographical note  
If the poet has children I don't read the book

MURDER YOUR LANDLORD

Captain Disembody paused on the slopes to suck your cloud-hinged hair  
Of incestuous torpedoes  
That laminates you with echoes  
Of boiling sap of statues  
Desperately clinging to the finishline  
Whose fur makes an incision in the ceremony  
Of the human prop pile of wine-sparkles  
Except Rhonda Fleming  
Because a jawbone never forgets

I woke suddenly sweating your pubic-hair of conveyerbelt  
Of a mouth buried in a telescope  
ATTACK OF THE PERMEATE PEOPLE  
You who are lighter than your aura  
Of sleepwalkers whose tongues sway on the oceanfloor  
Of blue bottlecaps brushing the triggers off the flames  
A snowflake pinned to your bones offers me all I remember  
About the long-distance incest dripping from great events  
The seashell's pillow of infrared merrygorounds  
Surge twines its nipples around the blind rocket-fuel  
Which finds you inescapable  
I must close my eyes to secrete your see-through fossil  
Of saxophone clitorises  
Of fume-pits of seagreen honey tasseled with incantation gashes  
Drinking t-square juice of whitewashed eclipses  
From empty bodystockings petrified by caresses  
Which inhabit the giant frond crushed for millions of years by a capillary's  
public-notary  
On which your nakedness is a sowing of electric grids  
An oscilloscopic oysterbed of the horizon's blue stagefright  
Each of your penises is a long fragment in the knife

Each glancing blow of the asterisks pumas itself  
With theme-gun snow of indigoes tracing their family's dives back to the  
vocalcords of waterfalls abandoned overnight  
By butterflies razed by cheekbones of moving-vans  
Get off says the slant of audible suntans  
Of navels being tested by statues of navels  
The gashes feed the wounds tripods of drowning echo-canyon  
Flashbacking to its first voice streamlined sulk cherries  
The otter of St. Petersburg's broken promises  
Crowds spraying themselves with bridges  
Alone in the room with the candycane saddlesores  
Whose missing-persons-list stamps its feet to let out the pouncing thimble of nape-  
hairs  
A ropeladder's children cawed in a sweeping breeze of microscope nightgown petals  
At the foot of the slave there is always his gusher  
Ponies burrowing above volcanoes trap the coral with a mimed sailorsuit of  
knives tuned to oracle  
Muted beavertails solace the prow's milk mustache  
A mistake  
Of missionary apparatuses  
Inside sirrocco bricks propitiate the snorkels perched in stunned lace on a kindle-  
eyed vineyard of turpentine keys  
Whose pollen triangulates the defusing  
Of eyelashes from a flightplan cleaning clef-palates off lightning  
Perfecting the fleets of pincer magic  
The xylophone his foreskin had warned her of  
Preening its closets of clocks sawed into parallel escape-routes of lubricious  
cigar-frost  
Of a polar shore of eyelets  
Humming the fallout bracelet of spigots gazed into for centuries by the caste-  
system of burning tollbooths  
Where hairspray marrow croaks out a twilight of chimes and oculists

Green as a sentry crushed by beautiful dogs  
Yellow is moist yellow is wispy and secretive as newmown rubies  
Purple is broken into gusher-wings where the entrails of a caress sentence chess-boards to claw open perfumes  
White is a space surrounded by a glimpse of a volcano's olives  
Blue is a whip of picture-frames that explains any sense of the absence of cheeping  
Blue is a clamor-perfume of beaches where the sound of the threads being drawn through my head changes according to the different colors  
Of the orchards glued to hoofbeats  
Which peer from a cracked mound-of-venus smokestack  
Curtained by the control-panel air of serpents of the glacier  
Perfumed by jabber she walks away a mirror at her heels  
Haughty as all those who grovel on the amnesia-enriched caresses  
Of your 9-bladed clitoris  
Come  
The swimmer's virtue is calling us  
Like slinky Sinbad's penis of handpuppetry  
At low-tide in the charm-bracelet explosions

To look at things in a new slant is fine  
But it's more fun  
To jump into the slant and disappear forever  
Like a spark's belly  
Whooshing blue trisms  
The circus-horse scissors used in haunting  
The calendar's gills used in haunting  
The keg of bees used in drowning

The pastorage of blown-off heads of policemen  
Like time-locks that have white beards  
Waves goodbye with a bypasser's arm  
To caulk a horizon of blinking eyelashes  
Which are whisper-fused into a single strand  
Which goes to sleep around the necks of museum-guards  
Like a monk's cell of leeches  
Who place their lips close to the mirror and blow your face off it  
But your face doesn't fly away  
It remains to fan the embers of mist  
Like a skyscraper tied into a bow-knot

The fragrance of your favorite imminent rockslide  
Bobs up and down like a burglar's strip of plastic  
Which slams his footprints shut upon his fingerprints  
In whose winds shivers the vineyard of Salome's ankles  
Buzzsaw is wine to ankles  
Massaging the keyholes of a prow  
Splitting waves into name rank and serial number  
Like the vomit of medals-of-honor saying George Washington Slept Here  
Swaying over the grave saying Richard Nixon Sleeps Here  
Tomorrow dolphins will pour out a beard of taillights  
And sew tonguetwisters here and there  
Among the rosegarden's rays of bacon  
While balancing on a treefork of bloodtests

The genius of heraldic handgrenades  
Thrown into the Senate  
Gave your face that radiance of petals of fetish  
Bloody as the dew inside a sweatdrop  
Lingering on island shores to multiply the mirrors in a dive  
Ravaging the shadows of stethoscope  
Of a bloodclot tattooed by cheers  
In sign-languages whose LP is cut  
By your diamond stylus clitoris riding my mouth's grooves  
Red and blue blue and lavender lavender and vertigo  
Lionesses are all alike  
Draping you from head to toe in wood-rasps  
Of purple grease of glaciers  
Spurting from a lizard's spine of spices' skylines  
Which shave the hair from your armpits  
And glue it in the crack between my asscheeks  
Of sequin rabies  
So that whichever leopard-spot is sprung  
To shatter the teethmarks dangling from rockets  
Herding legends through the Rasputin-tenderized echoes  
Of a sundial of coiffures  
Of a ocean of musk-candles  
Whose favorite question they like to ask me is Shh

A shudder empties itself into your eyes  
Like a diamond's waterbearers who are bleeding  
A rainbow's rind of centipede keyholes  
Perhaps  
The giant soothants are migrating  
Beaded groans set a match to a leash of caresses  
Which burp the gloves  
Maddened by a decibel's aroma  
Of scuba eyedroppers  
In a meat cleaver's forest of trapdoors  
Like the obelisk flesh that covered your teeth when you were born  
Fragrant as a sandgrain flooding a mirror  
Whose age is reckoned by how many rings of your face pierce its nose  
Because its nose is a liferaft in case a salt-shaker capsizes  
In the middle of the table  
Like a wax leopard-spot  
Ejecting shells of oracle  
So that the pie-in-the-face, purification of hieroglyphs  
From which ooze  
Castanets mating in a glass of catgut  
Will jump up and down like a wallaby  
Who mistakes wall-cracks for flashbulbs  
Of your dream-karat hair  
Engraved by a nest of escape-valves upon the purple mattresses of drone  
Milking a cave of triphammer perfumes  
Torn by your soddering groin of strangled figurines  
Who gape at each other through a rudder of eagles  
Who skeletonize their swordplay with whirlpool ash  
Who blow bubblegum into my clitoris through its hollow fangs  
Who tour the ruins of opium nuns used by magic soothstorms  
Who test the water by throwing a tightrope into it  
If the tightrope rolls up juries for a paperclip  
If it violets so loud each of its eyelashes must be bandaged with separate islands  
Then your navel of globes tripping over flying fish  
Of time-elapse guitars will weep  
A candle-mere  
Neoned by spit like a black elbow-length purr  
On which floats a palace of termite jaws  
Which you rub your musk against every dial-tone's evening  
Like a pointillist torturer  
Like stigmata rolled in dough  
Like breathing through reeds of piss  
Like hunchbacked mole syrup  
Like swimming under gong chessmatches with a finger of moaning display-cases

Gorged on the missing-link of semen

DETACHABLE MONUMENTS

Your kiss tastes like meat yanked from a serpent's mouth

Your tongs-of-midnight hair dissolves like cages

Tiptoeing fearfully past their occupants

You run off to harvest the end of a kitestring

Like perfumes laden with provisions for the mirror

Your smile that illegitimate ghost of tugboats

Sinks

Down through the dice that creaked as you passed

The castles fly away like a desert of ear-ache

Reaffirming my desires

## **2** *Songs*



## SONG

Pencil slim mustache switched on his hump  
The dollar was in his eyes from his thousand storey jump  
He blindfolded the bobbysoxers in his car which had had a fat  
They clipped his joint and left him in a goldy field  
How could they know he was only passin for real  
How could they

There are some who love everybody  
I wonder if love can heal  
And here are your friends getting  
Stoned on the ground  
Good enough to  
Pass around  
Yes its  
    good enough to pass for real

King Kong climbed up on top of the building  
The people down below set their watches by the killing  
They came and asked me How can you disagree  
Our diamond padded cell must be free  
Yes our diamond padded cell must be free

Then they came to you and they turned out the light  
Hugged you and kissed you and gave you delight  
Their lips and their eyes were sealed with black tape  
They squeezed your blood back into grapes  
Their generals and their traitors had taught them to be brave  
If you didn't have a choice which would you save  
Yes who would you save if you loved

There are some who love everybody  
I wonder if love can heal  
And here are your friends getting  
Stoned on the ground  
Good enough to  
Pass around  
Yes its  
    good enough to pass for real



## SONG

She was lyin face down in her face  
On her eyelids stood the humanopolis race  
The Chain-Janes were sleepin around  
But they remembered to cheer when the police drowned

So thousands sitting on the slope listen to me  
I'm goin back to the old chapel in the dew  
Gonna be free from that there 28<sup>th</sup> Amendment  
Says I got to smile when I kill you

I'm here tomorrow and gone today  
I don't care what the pioneers say  
They'll never get me to kill for my pay  
Cause I'll be here tomorrow but I'm gone  
I'll be here tomorrow but I'm gone  
I'll be here tomorrow but I'm gone  
Today

It was a long hot summers night  
You can lock me up and throw the tears away  
I've had nothing but the best since the pearly night  
She came and took me away

To her little cabin in the woods we roamed  
Her many children stood in the doorway wavin us in  
In my Father's house there is many a home  
And in every one of them there's no way out

I'm here tomorrow and gone today  
I don't care what the pioneers say  
They say they want me to be a saint  
They say I'll be here tomorrow but I'm gone  
Yes I'm here tomorrow but I'm gone  
So gone  
I'm here tomorrow and gone  
Today

So comeon and spank me with a needle of closeups  
I'm not buyin I'm only windowshoppin  
Rolla coupla mummies from the stash in your stockings  
I looked in the mirror before I was born but I didn't see nothin