

Namaya | *The Jazz Poet*

The Bishop of Tantalus: Sex and Death in the Cathedral

Refuge

In a prison, literally is the true home for this artist. With all the sex, violence, stinking erotic male hormones, and madness of a society packed into an island. On that island is the limited future of humanity. We are a short lived species. We make the sharks look benign and the dinosaurs intelligent. We make the most lethal of virus look benevolent.

But it is about this true core level of madness that is dancing on the stage this morning. When do you know that you are a paranoid schizophrenic? When at 7:43 in the morning you are obsessing on murder in the midst of a tranquil falling snow? I'm obsessing on murder. Glorious murder. This is the thing, people and I have assumed when you are in that world of paranoid schizophrenia you lack logic and reason; in truth, your logic and reason can be impeccable, your motives pure and clear. Your reason for murder comes from a pure heart

Madness is a form of privacy, it is an intimate space, there is no real pain, only when you suppress the madness or stifle the voices with Haldol is there pain. Madness is a form of privacy. This is my secret island. There are no keys to the doors. When I built the island of exile it was a refuge, I was able to escape, built my own helicopter pad, a launch for a boat, though I never liked boats, there was no control, it had everything I required, sanctuary and shelter. Madness is this privacy. A few ambassadors visit, they offer gifts or greetings from other kingdoms, a few Queens and visiting delegates arrive, the trick is to know which gift is poisoned, which chocolate amaretto is bitter from arsenic and which is bitter from the almond? What is the dividing line between something that offers redemption and the other that kills you?

Purple

In the Cathedral when the Bishop dressed in purple, the monks in scarlet, and the penitent in a sack cloth. The Bishop was tied to the altar during high mass and as the mass proceeded, with each turn of the liturgy, more vestments removed, till she was finally naked, legs splayed apart, for a Bishop of forty she had the firm ripe flesh of a younger woman. The mendicant came forward and kissed her feet and her vagina, then proceeded to shave her in front of the congregation.

“Not one shred of vestment should separate you from god.” The cold steel singled edged razor scraped every hair from her voluptuous vulva, her arm pits, and the thick cords of auburn red hair fell to the floor.

Each monk knelt in front of the Bishop, one wiped her tears away, not of pain, but the humiliation of revelation. As the monk proceeded to undress he spread her legs wide and with his tongue moistened her vagina, up to the clitoris, long violent licking strides, then she sobbed.

Release! Release! said the monk.

The monks, coupled on the steps of the altar, the novitiate was inaugurated into the sacred circle and unbound the Bishop, wrapped her in the burlap cloth, and laid her on the altar.

Further from the shore.

Further from the island.

Further towards redemption.

In the sheltering island of

our redemption.

Tantalus

The scent of frankincense and precious oils in a cloud filled the cold air.

This Morning

This morning I decided to kill him. Not in abstract artistic sense, but in the undecided way that it happens when someone decides to kill. It was a careful brooding, A calculation.

Robert Woodward

Brother, I was there in the church. I was the frightened parishioner. I had wondered why I latched on to that issue so firmly. I was Woodward. We were woven of the same cloth, we were brothers, wanderers, idealist, playful, loving souls. It could have easily been me in the Church. We have all had moments when we were profoundly frightened and alone like that.

The Schizophrenic Thing

You assume because I'm not drooling, homeless, walking around in a hairshirt, mumbling to myself that I'm not schizophrenic. Thank you. I endeavor to keep appearances up. Appearances are everything. I keep a careful line between the inside and out of the argument. I'm a cross dresser so to speak, I wear my fine silk g string, and silk stockings, and coarse blue jeans and flannel shirt. I'm a pirate in the guise of a courtesan.

A saint dressed as a satyr. A prophet who dances naked in the summer rain and couples with the teenage boy in the cupula.

There are words of liberation, chants to assuage, to lessen the sting of separation.

Voiceless prayers rumble inside my spirit like a rumor.

The difference with me, is I can still come back, not easily; with some effort and then occasionally, I can't find my way back to the shore, to the island lagoon where I make my home.

I know the reference points of east, west, etc., but the larger reference points of home, shelter, consonance and what you might readily call – sanity – have slipped away into the indefinable shore.

Friendships often defined by the conventions of reciprocity and mutuality are too tentative.