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*my*  
**corporeal**  
*life*  
*cybele*  
*d.*  
*reverie*

## trouble in paris

take my hand and join me  
in a night of frenzied celebration -  
from an effusion of dreams,  
a riot of color & form  
a riot of light & lust  
a riot of inversion & perversion -  
a riot of passion so fervent  
that we part these dark clouds  
and turn this world upside down  
and rearrange the stars above  
with nothing but our boundless will & love.

ALL POWER TO ALL THE LIFEFORMS INHABITING  
THIS PLANET!! the General Assembly of the  
Kingdoms of Life has resolved in consensus that  
each government occupying our Home the Earth  
is illegitimate and henceforth shall coerce us  
no more. in every single city, town and village,  
every officer of the state brutally enforcing his  
edict is fired, effective immediately. the thrones  
of authority are to be vacated, reinstated once  
again with desire + all her claims. per the assembly's  
consensus, each gaudy mansion and corporate office  
building is now a free collective house for each  
weary soul on the streets; each vast golf course  
a community garden to be sown with a dazzling  
cornucopia of fruits and nuts, open for all who  
are hungry to harvest. all the leaders of the old  
order - the traitors to Life - the presidents, the  
ministers, the governors, the judges, the kings, the  
dictators, the bosses, the landlords - are relieved  
from their duty, all borders erased, and all palaces  
and buildings of government are from now until  
the End of Time dance halls for all the creatures  
who love and revel in this Earthly Life: every  
ladybug, every bird, every human, every flower,  
every blade of grass, every amoeba is now free  
to pursue their Truth and recreate their Being to  
its fullest extent in a Symbiotic Harmony of  
Worlds! FREEDOM!!!

## earthbinder

two lifeforms drew nearer  
diversions, excursions of light, revelrous refractions  
exploring an inkling of desire  
reckless and relentless, revealing, elaborating  
the reality of its essence.  
beside and inside each other  
the warm, carnal embrace sent cataclysmic shockwaves  
channeling the strength of earth  
shaking the bed, and the foundations of civilization.  
the incendiary intercourse a grounded ascension  
a vindication of life, a declaration of our autonomy,  
a precious thing they can never take from us.  
this affiliation of disentropic coherences took flight  
elevating each soul as caustic sparks shot out,  
reigniting the embers - a grave fire hazard  
to all those who stand opposed to fun.  
and as we gaze at each other now -  
through dizzy dogbites, erotic exaltations,  
through spit and cum communion, an aromatic fusion -  
two animals mesmerized, eyes magnetized  
we feel this lush plant's roots grow and grow  
from an innocuous seed to a rapacious sundew  
terrestrially bound, grasping up  
towards the endless free skies -  
an aimless, amorous, amaranthine adventure  
of the sensory and psychic  
charting lands unknown with passionate fervor,  
abounding lust, stormy zugunruhe -  
earthbinding in a rapturous kiss  
unfolding the truth of desire.

## perfect symmetry

our eros is a wild berserking chimera amok  
jumping fences, running red lights, trespassing the  
pond  
from stray sparks to ignition  
brewing a storm of volition  
where lightning strikes upwards to the heavens &  
beyond  
symmetry so perfect we spawn a black hole with  
our fuck.

## reflective sights & afield delights

yesterday i found a tiny magic door  
in an alley i'd never seen before.  
where it led, i did not know,  
but something inside compelled me to go.  
i shrunk my form and crawled inside,  
and in that moment, i had died.  
my sensorium was set ablaze  
with a fiery teal, a dancing haze.  
free from corporeal form, i sang  
a lurid bark, a sonic fang  
piercing forms i'd taken for granted  
gutting them, my psyche slanted.  
then, in a vibrant floral aesthesis,  
i plunged into an ocean of kisses  
sanguine and syrupy, perverting shapes  
with their velvet tongues caressing my face.  
through their work, they reduced the entropic  
in a dance of patterns kaleidoscopic.  
the smooches showed me a thousand seasons  
i'd been blind to by the veil of reason.  
below the sea, i descended up  
to find the truth which filled my teacup.  
what was that spectacle which edified my soul,  
electrifying me with sights, and sounds, and  
    smells, and tastes, and feels, and senses i knew  
    not i'd possessed, engulfing my anima with more  
    light than it could hold?  
a heap of matter which drew me nearer -  
a frameless, boundless, fractured mirror.

## follow the music

found myself lost again  
in the dark wood, without a light.  
stumbling blindly without direction,  
i remembered it  
'follow the music,' she said,  
so i cast away my sight  
and my doubt  
and listened for the universal impulse of life.  
i was drawn in by an alluring melody,  
muffled at first, but then  
i heard the voices of comrades enraptured in song,  
bathing in the psychic fountain of lust  
around a sacred fire  
and i jumped in to join them  
in an unfettered frenzy  
and i found myself.



## let's relate

while your cells have firm walls  
and mine are soft and squishy,  
where you stay firmly rooted  
and i can dance around,  
we're kin of the same mother  
in our branch of the Tree;  
arborous blood flows through us  
purring in harmony.  
the precursor of volition  
lie elaborated in us both  
in forms well divergent,  
but unified in spirit -  
eating, growing,  
being, willing,  
seeking, meaning,  
relating,  
respirating,  
recreating,  
converging with infinity.

and i know that you can't hear me,  
but i hope to make you feel it.  
so when i'm in your company,  
to myself i shall recite this.

## turtle power

is anger genesis or sinking?  
is loyalty approval or life-giving?  
is that voice of ire really moving?  
when seething, is that hope or coping?  
two images of revenge confusing  
in this noncommittal tension, are you losing?  
i know the sky is black and snowing  
i know this avalanche is never slowing  
i know you're so sick of waiting  
and the stasis devastating  
but these embers need your protecting  
the thread of grieving's always weaving  
your patience is anathema to dying  
it's okay to take solace in your trying  
holding on is more than just surviving.  
your touch is so electrifying  
you're the water into soil soaking  
take a step back, it's amusing -  
this wayward life for our unfolding.  
with all this stress and pain that's shocking  
and your nervous system exploding  
your crippling fear of ever slowing  
take a breath that's deep  
gaze at this arresting beast  
savor every tear you weep  
and put trust in your vital way of knowing  
slow and steady wins the race of growing  
the pulse of life is ever-flowing  
and your hands are built for sowing.

### **flight of the moths**

our sparks ascended the green mountain  
following the path of life,  
gazing at a torrid flame atop the earthly hill,  
converging in a dance of queer desire.  
under a riotous moon, full as each soul,  
we crashed into each other  
provoking a disturbance in the skies  
in a collapse of lust,  
an explosion of joy,  
an exploration of what it means  
to be free.

i heard rain and tears hitting polyester  
in arms of comfort and affinity -  
an effusion of emotion  
bearing the lacerations  
of a fucked up civilization  
in unity unmaking isolation.  
i was falling apart  
but then we fell together,  
our defiant headlamps finding footholds  
out of this rank and dismal trench  
hands linked tightly, climbing, climbing up.

camping in the semblance of a world to come,  
lost in lunacy, our forms interlaced  
in an electric impulse of passion -  
an erotic concussion  
exchanging spit and light,

revitalizing each spirit to fight  
in the gloom of the overcast night.  
this avian affair arousing ardor,  
this eruption of enamor  
will change life as life changes it,  
destinations diverged  
but particles surely now entangled -  
and these kindred moths  
will fly away doggedly  
towards the dawn.