



DUANE LOCKE

A MARBLE NUDE  
PUALINE BORGHESE  
WITH A MARBLE APPLE  
IN HER MARBLE HAND

DOWN IN THE DIRT, 2010  
A SCARS PUBLICATIONS CHAPBOOK

## DRUNK NOAH

Noah was drunk, a dove had brought vodka.  
His naked sons replanted fig trees, rebuild prisons.  
Eden had been defoliated and de-dragonized .  
Noah's wife tore off her muddy sackcloth,  
Donned tight silver silk scarf from Paris  
To strut with Japanese gold-dragon umbrella  
On a carnival tight rope suspended between  
CIA conclave and a bank's black plate glass.  
I missed the lovely bark of my Brittany Spaniel.  
She was not chosen as one of the pairs on board.

## INTREPRETATIONS

I tape-recorded the sentences of  
The hidden speakers in the dark.  
When I played the tape, as I sipped Campari,  
The sentences were not the same  
As heard when I was there in darkness  
On that summer night of owl calls.  
The sentences were otherwise  
Than which I had been acquainted.  
The sentence were about the fusion  
Of bright sunlight and a dark green blizzard.

## A PAINTING BY AN UNKNOWN MASTER

Her near corporeality, a magnifying glass, she enlarges.  
Now, with a memory of her invented earth, I see  
The painted specks owalling the eyes  
Of Mary Magdalene as the sparks of diamonds  
That never originated from diamonds,  
As illuminations orphaned by the Bible, the church,  
An invention of a mind suffused  
With the flicker of white flowers  
And the whiteness of white rivers.  
And the whiteness of June's white lightning,  
An embodied mind that loved this earth  
But did not love this man-uglied world.

## BLUE

Hips pressed together, we gathered  
The blue from legs of the blue crabs  
Covered by a shallow pale gold bayou water  
Into our bodies. Although in separate spaces  
Our blues touched each other. A soft gold  
Light walked between the dropped mangrove roots  
To brightened her bright hair. Tiny tree crabs'  
Red eyes were suns in the leaf shadows.  
Tomorrow, apart, we'll put embodied-mind-scissored  
Clipped hours into indifferent vases in different houses.

## ASHES

The ashes of the archways we entered are now  
Piled in a field of broken bottles' shattered glass.  
How innocent we were in this abusive world,  
Strolling intensely under foliage, star-shaped red flowers.  
We both loved to feel the shadow's weight on gripped hands,  
Feel the sounds, the creaks of branches, that caressed  
Our pressed-together cheeks. It was a time when owls'  
Calls were the most important event in the world.  
But the world and its words prohibits, forbids  
Such love to last on this abused earth.

## SEPARATION

Separation stands two inches from my arm chair,  
The shadows of her breasts cross my chest,  
So I take off my orange-blue Florida Gator Alumni shirt.  
The shadow of her pale reddish hair cross the rose surface  
Of my Campari mixed with Vermouth and ice.  
I have felt a sense of separation so intensely,  
Felt strongly, with a feeling of loneliness,  
That I began to believe Separation has a body.  
Now having the body of Separation so near saddens me,  
For I have at my age, only ten years, more or less to live.

## POPPIES

Like the Orpheus of Rainer Maria Rilke, I have  
Eaten in this double, misinterpreted world  
Poppies with the dead.  
She, a Slavic-Teutonic blonde, was dead  
When on Labor Day in Italy I ate  
Poppies and drank Campari with her.  
Perhaps It was I  
Who was dead on that day in Italy.  
So it was she in Italy who  
Ate poppies with the dead, not me.



## AXIOMATIC

It has been said so much  
That it has become axiomatic  
The world changes, as once devoted  
Lovers change to new devotions,  
As girls exchange old pearl with broken strings  
For new pearls. So the earth changes  
Due to the changing world's abuse.  
But some things stay the same,  
As the love of lovers, Petrarch and Laura,  
Who have not seen each other.

## STONE

On this day of intense summer sun,  
The shadow that quivers on white paint  
Of iron garden table has the shape  
Of a rather large hand for such a petite girl,  
Who is clothed only with long white gold hair.  
Was it the intense heat, that made my vision fuzzy,  
But I thought I saw her touch a blue stone  
That sat in a white bowl on the table.  
There is no stone on table, and she is far away,  
Mopping her floor in a Florida insane asylum.

O  
EURYDICE

Orpheus who with one finger  
Could pluck a lyre, build a city,  
His miracle, his poem, could create bricks  
And stack bricks to build a city  
But his music could not keep  
Eurydice with the dark eyebrows  
From looking back to what never existed.  
His poem could charm the demons of hell,  
But his music could not keep  
Eurydice seeking to find the unreal.

# I TYROL

The Tyrol glows with its white wine  
And snowflake lyric-fingertips that touch  
Our cheeks in the gold-silver air auras.  
It is the touch of her flesh under her Russian furred hat  
That combines with the Tyrol touch  
To make cold weather a metaphor for love.  
Our Austrian illegal embraces erases the life  
Wasted as living as legalities in the past.  
We know the enemy is powerful and near,  
Those who equate the tepid, duty with reality.

2  
WHITE AXE

A white axe cuts away sleep,  
The many hands of the world  
Combine into one hand, the other  
Hand amputated by self destruction,  
To hold this white-handled, white-bladed  
Instrument sharpened to chop.  
Their one-handed hostility too powerful  
To be pushed away, entered my ear,  
Chopped into clips, her image,  
The debris kept me awake all night.

3

EYE BEAMS

Eye beams in Lucretius are material bodies,  
Bodies that travel out blue to meet my eye,,  
So when she looks at me, my eyes touch  
The arrival of beautiful travelers.  
So Stella, I borrow from Sidney,  
Look again at me. I want to feel  
A little of you, your eye beams.  
My eyes, although near-sighted,  
Are joyous, when the corporeality of beams caress.  
But Stella, you have turned away from me  
To look towards God.  
I suppose your eyebeams is all I'll ever feel.

4

JOHN MILTON

John Milton iambically states that  
The best feast are served last  
In one of Milton's early sonnets.  
Will naked girls roll on my white rug  
To be sketched as they did for Rodin  
In his old age. I suppose they also  
Rolled for Rodin when he was young  
And middle-aged. I prognosticate, they  
Will not roll for me, and I like Joyce's  
Little Gallagher will miss the feasts of life.

5

MADONNA DAL COLLO LONGO

Before us, an old house on fire,  
A historic house in flames.  
It was the shortest day of the year,  
St. Lucie's day;  
Now dark, very dark.  
We were strangers. I'd never seen her before.  
The flames illuminated her neck.  
I glimpsed, collo longo, gorgeous.  
But the old wood burned rapidly.  
The neck, her disappeared in the dark and ashes.



6  
REALITIES, ILLUSIONS

Each person is many realities,  
But very rarely  
Is even one of these many  
Even perceived or known by another.  
What a person usually knows,  
Or loves about another  
Is an illusion,  
Not one of the many realities,  
Thus love of the real  
Is one of the rarest feelings in the world.

7

CONSCIOUSNESS AND LOVE

Say, you are conscious  
Of loving someone,  
But what is this consciousness.  
We know very little about consciousness.  
Does our consciousness perceive the real,  
Or create the real from its own constitution.  
Touching her might seem like a miracle  
Is taking place, but is it really touching her  
That is the cause of this feeling,  
Could not the same feeling occur without her.

8

THE OLD LIE, A DISEMBODIED MIND

The old thinking, the obsolete thinking  
That fooled us into believing we had a disembodied mind  
And thus inducing we had a body  
That was an object, could be known as an object.  
Is now discovered to be another lie people live by.  
We were all tricked and distorted due to our ignorance.  
What we possess is consciousness of what  
In popular communication is called a “body.”  
The consciousness, not the body, is what we know.  
We know very little about consciousness,  
When we understand consciousness, we will  
Understand what now is very little understood, love.

9

CONSCIOUSNESS IS INTENTIONAL

It was said by the medievalists, that consciousness  
Is intentional, it was appropriated by Brentano  
And appropriated again by Husserl.  
What is meant is that consciousness  
Does not exist disembodied. So our  
Experience is not of things or others,  
But our representations of things  
Or others as filtered by our consciousness.  
So, my dear, what reality of your many realities  
Did I filter to have a reality for my love of you.

O  
OUR DIMINISHED HUMANITY

Objectivists, biologists, scientists have made  
Our experience of external realities, petty,  
Trivial, reductive and diminished our humanity.  
The sky above that emits light to be blocked  
By an oak leaf and thus become a shadow  
To blue her pearl-colored hair is not blue  
But a force of electro-magnetic waves. Even  
The lilac of her eyes that transforms my life  
Are only electromagnetic waves, and something  
Else than what I see and what has changed my life.  
The objectivist mind has filtered out information  
About reality, and their findings is not consciousness of a reality,

I

FILTERING OUT A REALITY FROM REALITIES,  
OR IMPOSING ILLUSIONS AS A REPLACEMENT  
FOR A REALITY FROM REALITIES

I, as a poet, as a lover, I have often wondered  
About the “Pop-Out” effect, what causes a  
Selection of a reality from a field of realities,  
What causes the selection of a foreground  
To be in front of an immense background.  
For example, when I am sighted, a person  
Might select to see an old man, and thus  
Destroy me by imposing the stereotypical  
View of the old, or some acutely perspective person  
Might see an intense lover, me, “The poet  
Who specializes in loving things,”  
And thus we conjoin to have a co-world.

2

THE BODY AS A DEITY

I am perplexed about many things,  
I am perplexed how to have “a lived moment,”  
How to know the now. We know  
No thing as “now” exist in our awareness  
Of the outside world. The happening in  
The present immediately becomes the past.  
It is the way of our neural system, but  
Our neural system does something else,  
It turns past time into the psychological moment  
That is an experiential now, thus we  
Experience what is gone as being actual present.  
Our bodies are so wonderful,  
Our bodies should be called “Divine,”  
For our bodies are our deities.

3

LIVED EXPERIENCE

Lived experience is difficult to live,  
It is more easy to live un-lived experience,  
Living illusions or hallucinations  
Requires little effort or energy.  
I supposed that is why there are  
So many churches, so few believers.  
I wanted to live a lived experience  
Of love, but was distracted  
By too many reasonable facsimiles.  
Lived experience is always unreasonable.



4

PAULINE BORGHESE

At Galleria Borghese I gazed  
At naked Pauline Borghese who gazed  
At an apple in her hand.  
Her vision was excellent, for the apple  
Was distant since her arm  
Was outstretched toward her toes.  
Was Pauline contemplating the power  
Of contours, eyeing this contoured apple.  
Was she thinking how contours  
Dominate politics and education in this world.  
At Spunghi, she had her bathtub  
At the hunting lodge surrounded with mirrors,  
even on the floor and on the ceiling,  
So she could see contours that control.

5

LOVE THE MAGICIAN

Since what we know is based on experience;  
We never experience the Dich auch Sich,  
But our representation formed from a filter  
Of a field, and construction  
By our contribution; how do know  
What we feel comes from what is given,  
Or does it come an imposition on what is present.  
Do we experience a representation or  
Do we experience a simulation.  
Perhaps our lives, our loves are hallucinations.

## 6 OBE'S

The few, the very few, who can love  
Know that intense love, anagogic love,  
Sur-love is an OBE experience,  
When the illusion of being out of the body  
Is experienced through feeling as being  
A reality, although it is a temporal  
Occasion, a rarity, when the bodies  
Are actually there as realities. The feeling  
Of the absence of bodies is the most  
Intense reality of bodily presence.

7

TO EXPERIENCE REALITY WE MUST UNLEARN  
ALMOST EVERY THING WE HAVE LEARNED

When we erase the popular and prevalent  
Meanings of such words as “subtle body,”  
“celestial body” and “spiritus” from our  
From the belief structures of our brains,  
Then we will be qualified to experience  
The values attributed to these words.  
No longer will we experience illusions,  
But will be prepared to feel realities.  
When we no longer believe there is a soul.  
We will be able to feel as realities  
The values that were once attributed to soul.  
If we overcome our false concept of a body,  
We can discovered what is almost unknown  
In our present society, the authentic body.

8

OUR TWO PRIVATE MINDS

My love and I both have  
Private minds. We cannot know  
The other's private mind.  
We cannot know our own private minds.  
Since most of our thought and our  
Motivation for action, for love  
Are unconscious and realities.  
We are conscious only of a few realities  
That we are out of the many.  
We use our conscious minds mainly  
To deceive ourselves.  
So let us not try to understand  
This anagogic, sur-love of ours,  
If we try to understand, we will  
Only impose illusions on realities.

9

AN OAK TREE THAT BECAME HER

She, Carol, as she hung her  
Pearl-colored dress on an oak twig,  
She asked me the name of the tree.  
I said, "The tree has the same  
Name as you, since the tree,  
Whose bark your body touches,  
Is now you." I feel the tree  
As extension of your body,  
Just as a blind man feels the cane  
He is tapping on cement or earth  
To be an extension of his body.  
Since you lean against this tree,  
This tree, all nature, becomes  
An extension of you in my feelings.

## UNCERTAIN

Unconscious actions cannot be  
Controlled by will, and most  
Of our worthwhile and important actions  
Are the unconscious actions.  
Our consciousness seems to exist  
To supply self-delusions that we  
Need to feel we are real and alive.  
When with you, Carol, sitting nude  
At a lunch of white wine and squid,  
I need no conscious lies to feel real, alive.

## HALLUCINATION

What I perceived about her  
Was my invention. Our togetherness  
Was my representation of an illusion,  
Not even a representation of a person.  
My love might be called “an hallucination.”  
It is bizarre what happiness  
An hallucination can give.  
The hallucination was far more joyous  
Than my present empirically verifiable  
Situation, my being alone with reality.



## WHAT MAN HAS MADE OF THE EARTH

I loved her as I loved the earth,  
As I loved the gold and turquoise  
Of the leaf hopper on the limp leaf,  
But my love of the earth  
Has brought much sorrow  
As I observe the earth  
Being destroyed by man  
Loving her has brought me  
Much sorrow as I observed  
How man had destroyed her.

## A NON-THEOLOGICAL EDEN

My hand on her sun-warmed  
White gold hair as my lips  
Touched her unpainted lips  
Give me feeling of being  
In a non-theological Eden.  
An oriole among oranges sung.  
I heard the song of he sap  
In the new green of fennel.  
When she put her clothes back on,  
She told about her intense love  
Of her living blind husband.

## ITALIAN LAKE

The chains that living among people  
Puts on everyone seemed less tight,  
Less heavy this afternoon, as we watched  
The cerise sail on a board in an Italian lake.  
A hidden wren caused the reeds to sing.  
The ultramarine quasi-still water had tiny white lips,  
From the darkness between lips came bright songs.  
The board boat turned over, and then arose,  
The water-soaked sail, once cerise, now crimson.

## ASHES

Echoes from red cloth  
Start the tears.  
Crying although active,  
Is as empty as inactive death.  
Tears are flames  
That turn the flesh  
That once danced  
Into ash piles.  
Ashes become rouge  
On cheeks of the afternoon.

## BRAGGADOCIO

One of the most difficult achievements  
In one's lifetime, one that requires  
An extraordinary development of mirror neurons,  
Empathy, and an attitude that disdains  
The triviality of social life and despises  
Popular opinion, is to be truly present  
In a love relationship. In sex activity,  
The majority of people are somewhere else.  
Most are even embracing someone else  
Than the one who is being fondled.  
Most are gathering material to become  
A braggadocio, relate a fantasy.

## EVERY SHADOW'S GRAYNESS IS UNIQUE

To place a burnished gold chair  
On squares of red tile produces  
A particular shade of gray in the shadow,  
To place a silver chair on blond  
Varnished raw wood creates a different  
Shade of gray in a shadow.  
A dark mahogany chair on an off-white rug,  
A different gray. A true love is  
When there is an intense response  
To the particularized gray of her shadow.

## THE UTTERED HAND

The unappeasement of an under-glanced  
Summer bought an empty, silent cry.  
Sea gulls raucous in flight, reaffirmed on sand,  
As if the sea flowers that touched the diving wings  
Stayed on their bodies as the feathers dried.  
There will be no return of the light  
That intensified the darkness that slid  
Over the sand dunes, the light that could  
Have browned the hand that could have reached  
Toward nearness, instead of being still, uttered.

## THE INEFFABLE

The pale chill of the crossed sand insinuates  
A demarcation, but it is only where  
The rock-segmented sea comes in drops with wind,  
Not a border, but it as if a boundary  
Were overcome, world's chicanery comprehended,  
Thus, there never will be a street or sign to deceive,  
But only solitude's loneness to loosen verbal abusive chains.  
Destinations that disappear upon arrival  
Remained unsought or born, thus possible love. Moisture,  
Unseen, leaves wind's unringed fingerprint on lips.



## WINDOWPANE

Windowpane had vague sheep shapes,  
Cool wool blurred to white flat wet surface  
My desire was to dilate the world through solid curls,  
See the outside hallucinated red fruit isolated  
In quasi-contours of the obscured.  
Was the shadow on my bed the sky's lips,  
Or a light defect from a lamp  
Moved across the floor after a quarrel.  
No olive tree is outside, the only olive tree  
Is inside the glass of dark wine in my shaky hand.

## I FEEL MY SELF IN THE ORIGIN, MISCALLED AN OBJECT

The seen object  
Becomes what is not  
When it is looked at.  
This ancient oak has my blue eyes,  
And bark, shaped like my mouth, my nose.  
Then I realize I really don't know  
The true color of my eyes, or the true shape,  
Mouth, nose.  
So, I pause from my everyday vagueness,  
To perceive precisely.  
Now I sense, I know only my fantasy of life,  
Don't know what is being seen.

## RED SONG

Cardinal's red song never gone,  
Stays, fused in reds of my bloods,  
Becomes scattered in scraps  
Throughout my corporeality.  
When my feet touch grass or earth,  
Some of the red song, its sound or texture  
Osmose through my shoe's bottom  
To touch and caress what is beneath.  
The grass or earth and I become lovers.  
When walking on the paved, song is crushed.

## DAWN

It is the light that resurrects the body,  
The light when the gold frog closes  
His golden eyes to sleep on a leaf  
That has changed the color of its cloths,  
From sackcloth's crude brown to pale new green.  
Again, there is an awareness of her thighs  
That were lost when consciousness  
Disappeared in deep sleep's sinkhole.  
Again is present to heal day's inevitable abuses,  
This flesh more powerful than a fantasy, or dream.

## LUCERNE

It was a mutual self-deception,  
Our liaison in Lucerne. She  
Kissed the face of my Rolex,  
The scratched face that obscured  
The numerals and their imposed illusions.  
My thumb fondling her fingers,  
Rubbed over her wedding ring's diamond,  
A myth from 25,000 years ago.  
Our phenomenal selves were in different places,  
As we stood on wooden bridge, mural decorated

## GOLD TWISTS

One of my friendly self-deceptions  
Was that I could contact, communicate,  
Commune with an outside reality  
That would make my evolutionally evolved,  
Imposed emotions meaningful  
Through fulfillment and the blind spot  
Of my perception selected her,  
Who had gold twists for hair.  
I soon saw my representations of her  
Were simulations, but it seemed it  
Should not be so, but it was. It was.

OUR UNIQUE LOVE,  
IMPOSSIBLE FOR OTHERS TO KNOW,  
IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO EXPLAIN

We spoke, We paused  
From speaking.  
We considered what we had spoken  
To each other.  
Both knew what we spoken to each other,  
Trying to be sincere and honest  
Was  
False.  
We had spoken as others as have spoken  
About their love.  
No two loves are the same,  
When we speak as others speak,  
We falsity our unique love.  
We decided not to give any heed  
To our conscious speaking,  
Let our love be directed by what  
We do not know, what does not speak,  
Our Unconsciousness.

## WE ARE ALL SHAMANS

She said, “ We know the un-  
Conscious rules us, but we are  
Not sure, in this case, what  
The word “rules” means.  
We also know that both Freud’s  
And Jung’s concepts of the unconscious  
Were wrong. Both, although  
They were not aware, they were victims  
Of the Platonic-Cartesian tradition,  
And posited a disembodied unconscious,  
Thus false concepts, libido, archetypes.  
Now we have discovered that we have  
An embodied mind, an embodied unconscious,  
And we don’t fully understand either one.  
How does the unconscious rule us,  
And what is the nature of this rule”  
“We don’t know, therefore since most  
Of our beliefs and conceptions are false.  
We should not let beliefs and conceptions  
Interfere with our love. We are shamans,  
Believe and feel we on are a journey.  
But the journey does not exist.”



## A DETHEOLOGIZED ADAM AND EVE

“We can call our brains electrical magic,  
We cannot call our brains electrical machines,  
For machines usually operate efficiently  
And our brains never operate efficiently.  
Our brains really operated inefficiently  
When they are consciously controlled,  
For most of the concepts we believe  
To be truths are lies.  
To have love, we must began anew,  
Like Adam an Eve,  
But we must begin  
As a detheologized Adam and Eve.”

## PAST LOVERS REJOIN

Two years past, we no  
Longer know the past  
Constructions our perceptions  
Made of each other.  
I now perceive you  
As a different person.  
I do not know if  
My old creation of you  
Was a representation or simulation.  
I do not know if  
My new creation of you  
Is a representation or simulation.

## THE NEW LOVER, AN OAK

She no longer has the same eyes,  
She no longer has the same hands.  
The oak she is standing under  
Is much larger now. The oak's skin  
Is much closer, its fingers touch my body.  
In the past she stood under this oak.  
I did not even see the oak then,  
I saw her. She had different eyes  
She had different hands.

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE,

Duane Locke lives hermetically by ancient oak, an underground stream, and an osprey's nest in rural Lakeland, Florida.

He has of December 2009 published 6,456 different poems published in print magazines, American Poetry Review, Nation, etc. and e zines, Counter Example Poetics, Pen Himalaya (Nepal)

And 21 books of poems. His three latest books, 2009, are Yang Chu's Poems (376 pp.)

Crossing Chaos, Canada (order from publisher or Amazon); Voices from a Grave (40 pp.) erbacce, England (order from erbacce), and Soliloquies from a High Wall Hidden Cemetery (37 pp.) Differentia Press, California (Free download, <http://www.differentiapress.com>).

Has interviews in Counter Example Poetics, Eviscerator Heaven, Pen Himalaya, Ann Arbor Review, and Bitter Oleander. For more information click "Duane Locke" on Google Search, over 500,000 entries. Is in Who's Who in America (Marquis).

He is also a painter and photographer. An account of his painting is in Gary Monroe's Extraordinary Interpretations (U of FL press). His sur-photos are scattered throughout the internet, and he has done many book covers. Has a Ph. D, specializing in English Metaphysical Poetry.

His interest are philosophy (PostModern, Maurice Merleau-Ponty and Martin Heidegger), Insects, butterflies, birds, Opera, Mahler, and Viennese music.

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## other publications from Scars:

**Magazines:** *Children, Churches and Daddies* (cc&d magazine), founded June 1993; *Down in the Dirt*, conceived 1994, founded 2000

**Books:** *Hope Chest in the Attic*, *the Window*, *Close Cover Before Striking*, (Woman.), *Autumn Reason*, *Contents Under Pressure*, *the Average Guy's Guide (to Feminism)*, *Changing Gears*, *the Key to Believing*, *Domestic Blisters, Etc.*, *Oeuvre*, *Exaro Versus*, *L'arte*, *the Other Side*, *The Boss Lady's Editorials*, *The Boss Lady's Editorials (2005 Expanded Edition)*, *Duality*, *Seeing Things Differently*, *Change/Rearrange*, *Death Comes in Threes*, *Moving Performances*, *Six Eleven*, *Life at Cafe Aloha*, *Creams*, *Rough Mixes*, *The Entropy Project*, *The Other Side (2006 Edition)*, *Stop.*, *Sing Your Life*, *The Beauty and the Destruction*, cc&d v167.5 (Writing to Honour & Cherish, editor edition), *Blister & Burn (the Kuypers edition)*, *S&M*, cc&d v170.5 Distinguished Writings editor edition, *Living in Chaos*, *Silent Screams*, *Taking It All In*, *It All Comes Down*, *Rising to the Surface*, *Galapagos*, Chapter 38 (v1, v2 & v2), *Finally*, *Literature for the Snotty and Elite* (v1, v2 & part 1), *a Wake-Up Call From Tradition*, (recovery), *Dqark Matter: the Mind of Janet Kuypers*, *Evolution*, *Sulphur & Sawdust*, *Slate & Marrow*, *Blister & Burn*, *Rinse & Repeat*, *Survive & Thrive*, (not so) *Warm & Fuzzy*, *Torture & Triumph*, *Oh*, *the Elements*, *Side A/Side B*, *Balance*, *Chaos Theory*, *Writing To Honour & Cherish*, *Distinguished Writings*, *Breaking Silences*, *Unlocking the Mysteries*, *the Book of Scars*, *We The Poets*, *Life on the Edge*, *Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets*, *Decrepit Remains*, *Charred Remnants*, *Hope & Creation*, *Bending the Curve*, *Layers of Creation*, *Dark Matter*, *Survival of the Fittest*, *Crawling Through the Dirt*, *Laying the Groundwork*, *Weathered*, *echo*, *Ink in my Blood*, *Infamous in our Prime*, *Anais Nin: an Understanding of her Art*, *the Electronic Windmill*, *Changing Women*, *the Swan Road*, *the Significance of the Frontier*, *The Svetasvatara Upanishad*, *Harvest of Gems*, *the Little Monk*, *Death in Malaga*, *Memento Mori*, *In the Palace of Creation*, *R.I.P.*, *Bob the Bumble Bee*, *Remnants and Shadows*, *I Saw This*, *the Drive*, *Thomas at Tea*, *Crashing Down Nineteenth*, *Blue Collar Ballet*, *nopoem*

**Compact Discs:** *Mom's Favorite Vase* the demo tapes, *Kuypers* the final (MFV Inclusive), *Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* Something is Sweating, *The Second Axing* Live in Alaska, *Pettus & Kuypers* Live at Cafe Aloha, *Pointless Orchestra* Rough Mixes, *Kuypers* Seeing Things Differently, *SD/SD* Tick Tock, *Kuypers* Change Rearrange, *Order From Chaos* The Entropy Project, *Kuypers* Six One One, *Kuypers* Stop., *Kuypers* Masterful Performances mp3 CD, *Kuypers* Death Comes in Threes, *Kuypers* Changing Gears, *Kuypers* Dreams, *Kuypers* How Do I Get There?, *Kuypers* Contact • Conflict • Control, *the DMJ Art Connection* the DMJ Art Connection, *Kuypers* Questions in a World Without Answers, *Kuypers* SIN, *Kuypers* WZRD Radio (2 CD set), *Mom's Favorite Vase* and *The Second Axing* These Truths, assorted artists *Siring Theory*, Oh (audio CD), *Life At The Cafe* (3 CD set), *DMJ Art Connection* Indian Flux, *DMJ Art Connection* Manic Depressive or Something, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #1, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #2, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #3, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #4, *Chaotic Radio* Chaotic Radio Week #5, *Chaotic Radio* the Chaotic Collection Collection #01-05 (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* (2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (6 CD set), *SD/SD* Screetching to a Halt (EP), *PB&J* Two for the Price of One (EP), *Kiki*, *Jake and Haystack* An American Portrait, *Kuypers/the Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/the JoAnne Powters Trio* Fusion (4 CD set)