

Adrift in Almeria

A wide-angle photograph of a deep, rugged canyon. The foreground shows a rocky, light-colored riverbed with some sparse vegetation. The canyon walls are steep and dark, with some patches of brownish-yellow soil or rock. In the background, a range of mountains is visible under a clear blue sky. The overall scene is arid and dramatic.

Carl Carr

Gen**20** PressTM

Copyright © 2024 by Carl Carr
Published by Gen20 Press 2024

License Notes

Creative Commons

Authorized obooko.com edition

All Rights Reserved

dark night

moist air

crowded room

reclining people

long pipes everywhere

puffing

choking

wheezing

the opium reality

where all things are equal

puff puff puff

drift into an altered state of
reality

maybe never to return

maybe not caring to

become one with the night

the drug of choice

convinces you

you have nothing to lose

life lived in flashback

a damsel with a dulcimer

in a vision once i saw

*was an Abyssinian maid
and on her dulcimer she
played, singing of mount
Agora*

looksies no feelsies

don't know nothing about
nobody no more
stumble out of here
get rolled for sure
rule of thumb

put up

shut up

see nothing

say nothing

will never be young again

but that doesn't matter

anymore

Riverdale ain't like it used to

be

care for the living
fight for the dying
why go on living
when we can bury you
for \$49.99

schtunks all
try and outrun the storm

adrift in Almeria

Sergio Leone land

riding into town

lone gun

master of all

servant to none

an enduring fantasy that

reality goes out of its way to

confirm

life for Ty is above all a big

show

a vehicle for recounting his

experiences

historical or psychological
through fable and myth
through the show
he sets the stage
he writes the script
he acts the role
enjoys emotions
of anger and aggression
but too many were dying
too many fair females
debauched
too many mothers left crying

things were spiraling out of
control

no Dunning-Kruger bias

if he can't stop himself, who
will

he feared he was slowly
becoming the terror that he
opposed

time to pull the plug

turn the page

disappear

begin again

vanishing being the only way
to re-emerge

disgust

contempt

sorrow

grief

must take center stage

repechage

the last ride

giu la testa

Fosse Ardeatine

the Ardeatine caves

a melancholy for the past

a flower dried and thrown
away

silenzio

Morricone score moseys in

quiet in defeat

no more, no more

she says

the seducer in the disco

no more, no more

take shit like that

no more, no more,

sex shall seduce me

no more, no more

make a movie out of sexual

ecstasy

no more, no more broadcast
this movie on the internet

give me shells & pukka beads
weave my name in the wind

**waiting at the city
footprint**
on the gulf of feeling

flirt with life

insults push
with ease
in the dream
on the horizon

formless dreams nurtured
new moons arise

dribbles
in
the
window glass

the summer comes

and all the roses

are falling

last train

to

town

sandy hills

iron color condors

eggplant

celery

tomatoes

oddly lush garden

daily adversity
calloused hands deep in dirt
with shovel
hoe
and pick
the earth
i till
each furrow plows
a line upon my face
knees scoured
by hard ground
sun's hot gaze

back bent low
against hot winds
dusty
dirty
sticky
stinking from hard day's
labor
spirit forged
in labor's fire
strained breathing
land on ground
heavy

sleep the sleep
of the just
awake
to the smell
of
cattle manure
putrid strong
to strangle dead nostrils
don't smell so
sweet
myself
he told me

this was rich
profitable land
how do
you trust a man
who wears both belt
and suspenders
when he can't even
trust his own pants
foolishness
backlights my dreams

clear skies

crisp air

the winter desert

a mystical magical place

campfire blazes strong

suddenly raindrops burst
forth

from the night sky

not a cloud in sight

mystical magical is an
understatement

stillness of the desert night

where life finds its rebirth
a poetry
of elegiac whispers
echoes
vibrating
across the earth
the hot desert wind
singing succulent lullabies
as night creatures
seek sustenance
in shimmering moonlight
scorpions scuttle

snakes slither
absorb the coolness
of the eve
theirs a lyrical dance
a cadence
inspiring belief
in elemental magic
stars above bear witness
this world both harsh
and fair
untold beauty
nature's soul laid bare

stillness of the desert night
a staccato rhythm
of clandestine whispers

echoes
vibrating
across the earth
ensconced in its
surround
my soul is renewed

the voices

the sounds

the noises

the tone

the mood

the short phrases

notes are like

construction materials

in a building

the bricks are the same

in all buildings

but the buildings

are not the same

music is life is music

three times

in as many weeks

she has attempted

to flee the memory center

with her dead partner

and three times

in as many weeks

her dead partner

has stood her up

has stood her up

so like Miss Havisham
she waits
dressed
packed
and ready to go

and again

and again

like Miss Havisham
she waits

and waits
and waits
dressed
packed
and ready to go

life upended
life derailed
life decried

in a world

in a word

in a phrase

in a pause

in place of

true emotion

transparent lies

outrageous

vicious

belittling

blasphemies

wake the sleeping

the dance begins

rip open

the sky

slip

the gap

dance

the gyre

breathe life

in all its

torrential glory

intractable misery

twist and turn
scream and burn
exotic
majestic

the end
comes too fast
moves too slow

there is magic

in taking chances

and investing it

cannot be afraid of it

history is interchangeable

what you do

in your personal private

spiritual or otherwise

is your personal private

no one else's concern
no tourist attraction

cannot
touch the stars
without first
stepping on stones

everything old
is made to look new

human behavior

terrifies me

she says

keeps me

frozen solid

each day is me

approximating human
behavior

in order to blend

blending the objective

at one point does the blend
become the actuality

approximating human
behavior

becomes mimicking human
behavior

becomes duplicating human
behavior

the initial objective of
distance and dissociation

is not met

odd to have an identity that
is no identity at all

an identity that requires not
having one

this is called high paradox
and thus the crux of the
human behavior situation is
at once probable
predictable
and simultaneously
paradoxical
stuck in a plastic world
where light is found
where real human
connection is as improbable
as it is undesired

the world does not give a
silver lining
one must do that oneself

walking

skipping

tripping

quiet sunset

contemplation

beautiful landscape

friendly dogs

gentle cats

exploring

nature's preserves

boarded shops

enriched experience

enriching all

these combined

these combined

these combined

experiences

kaleidoscope producing

easy peasy

city smells

life and decay

gutters

flowing along

soupy hot

night

need a machete

to slice through

each breath a struggle

neglected street

candy wrappers

soda cans

tore up

pairs of shoes

hanging across
telephone lines

abandoned

bloodless death
auto da fe

woman's voice
high and chilling
song of deep
lamentation

mangled bird
on sidewalk
walking fast
faster

cannot look away

brief life
cruel end

**the older man should
always be**

sorry to see the soaring
flights of youth come to grief
it is a double pleasure to
deceive the deceiver

youth may not convince age
that youth is right, but he
may show age that age is
wrong

to most men a new idea is a
greater shock than a cold
plunge in winter

failure to react to new
impressions is a sure sign of
age

all art belongs to the world
and should be in public
places for the enjoyment and
instruction of all

from works of observation to
works of imagination

and back from the

use of the imagination to the
use of observation

the new, however good

is always odd
the old, however bad
is never strange
one art movement follows
another
as season follows season
life is rhythm
as life is
a full passage
from sunrise
to sunset

**fury at what cannot be
well-ordered**

dread that the courage to live
will leave

courage to live

bravery to be

filtering

fleeing

anxious that everything is

beautiful

ugly

deformed

hatred is

hail in a thunderstorm

in the desert

the hot

brutal

uncompromising desert

the sun's fiery embrace

dances in a trance

in the midst of desolation

there is beauty to behold

succulents bloom

in hues of green

and pink

their petals

fragile yet strong
in this barren wasteland
they thrive and bloom
and in the heart
of golden sands
a vast expanse
the elusive desert
a sea of dunes
undulating and mysterious
whispering secrets
of time
its elemental

power supreme
its grace
and grandeur
bestowing upon
me
a divine sense
of profound
humility
understanding
within
its faint whispers
the life essence

within

and necessity

of every grain of sand

where the sky ends

my skin remembers

the traces of touch

magical

morning ignites me

i disappear

melt away

as the uneventful new day

trudges onward

drinks my empty sky

bloody bile

distant illusions

drowning delusion

no more tears

if life is gray

on the crag of a long night
pluck the cold moon from
the sky

lean on the memory

dive into chaos of feeling

linger

linger

linger

ghosts

breasts of nymphs

in the brake plates

fairly romantic

vague odyssey

bearded portrait shows

Parisian poet

marvelous murder stories

the flavor of strongly-
flavored wine

lovers of artistic beauty

stretches blurred with black
towns

slow sailing over a dead river
upon the purple night
burning side by side
heterogeneous little dabs

very ugly beautiful women
bearded young men
cackling laughter
penniless
destitute
mortals

alive by sunrise

sunset suppression

prepare the mind

mark new form

realist descriptions

applicable romantic

intellectual distance

idiosyncratic taste

flood of humanity peering

choosing

expressing

material of choice

distortion of form

obscuring meaning

in the name of clarity

musik nicht mehr

chefkoch dem

immergleichen kotzen

do not worry

they will

b

e

n

d

you

and

throw you into

a

PIT

with **LOVE**

with eyes freed
from traditional
vision seek to recreate
the barbaric art of infancy

though
youthful
exaggeration
is sane
natural
and
healthful

give not to
eccentricities
or
morbidity

let wild
inspiration
carry you
off your feet
and ever onward

see things

from new angles
new perspectives
create
create
create

Carl Carr has been writing poetry since he was nineteen. His work has been widely published in numerous online zines. A gifted songwriter, musician, and storyteller, today he focuses his attention on writing poetry, novels, short stories, and songs, as well as taking occasional breaks to hike the hills and wildlands of California.

More Poems by this Author:

[Heat Lightning Poems](#)

[Chaos Poems](#)

[Learning to Breathe](#)