

NOELLE KOCOT

*Poem for the End of Time*

My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood  
Up in flames my neighborhood  
On apocalypse waves of scalene dreams  
I rode past in chariots across the valleys  
Tore a hole in my destiny  
It was weird and cold and dark there

My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood  
Up in flames my neighborhood  
The B on fire the R on fire the double O on fire like breasts  
Pulled apart by burning clamps  
K the K of The Trial and what have I done  
The L the old empty El not carting back my grandfather  
To his wife of a WWII grenade and shards of violins  
The Y o Y Y Y did I look into those gypsy eyes  
It was weird and cold and dark there  
The N the N of my name singing  
God is here God is here God is here  
Singing may all my enemies go to hell  
Noel Noel Noel Noel

My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood  
Up in flames my neighborhood  
There were jars turning black in my neighborhood  
I saw smoke rising from them in my neighborhood  
I was not stupid, my eyes were not blind  
But Y o Y did I look back, pillar of Morton's salt  
Why did I bend to taste the sodden grass of the soul  
Why did I leave You to go to that place  
It was weird and cold and dark there  
The Holy Spirit was there but I could not see it  
It was darkly blue shining but I could not see it

Gaze as reverently into another's eyes as if you were  
Looking at the gates of hell Franz K says  
As if standing before the gates of hell Kafka says

In my neighborhood I knocked at the gate  
In my neighborhood the answer was yes  
In my neighborhood I entered no longer an Innocent  
In my neighborhood I became one of them one of them

No longer rinsed in the blue space of flames  
I became one of them my neighborhood my neighborhood

Someone rides on a train in my neighborhood  
Someone hangs off a fire escape in my neighborhood  
The buildings sway ever so slightly in wind

The first time I left my neighborhood God wept  
When I returned the sunsets were blood

My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood  
Up in flames my neighborhood  
The portal to my sixth sense pried open  
The portal my sixth sense pride open and open  
I don't think it will ever shut now  
Opened and opened my neighborhood my neighborhood  
Every second was a walking dream  
Every minute was a talking spell  
Every hour an apocalypse wave on a scalene dream

Now I'm rowing, rowing, the awful rowing  
The rowing of penance the rowing through all its stages  
I tore a hole in my destiny  
I left You my destiny  
It was weird and cold and dark there

My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood

Up in flames my neighborhood  
Death is a master from Bensonhurst  
Death is a master from Avenue M

A dog licks the sores of a century  
Lazarus, Lazarus who will be the master of the house?  
Who will be the dark funny gypsy whirling across  
The scalene dreams of my apocalypse neighborhood  
Telling my future to the laughing moon?  
My innocence, where is it?  
I tore a hole in my destiny

A whole in my destiny  
My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood  
I brought you the Holy Spirit my neighborhood  
On index cards I painted them blue my neighborhood  
God smiled on my neighborhood  
The Creator gave me a shot of His presence my neighborhood  
So as to gratify my yearning for Him my neighborhood  
Now go and do likewise my neighborhood my neighborhood

America your poets flock to my neighborhood  
Your beautiful wounded birds to my neighborhood  
Your Holy Spirits  
My destiny wraps around me like a fence my neighborhood  
A fence that I will never climb my neighborhood  
Bells toll in my neighborhood  
Books are burning in my neighborhood  
Candles are used for fucking people in my neighborhood  
Why did I bend to taste the sodden grass in my neighborhood  
The scalene waves riding over the cemeteries  
And we will have to get down on all 4s  
And we will have to get down on all 4s  
And we will have to get down on all 4s and eat those grasses  
For ever and ever  
Amen

In my neighborhood I dreamed of you as a child  
I dreamed you sat on my bed smiling at me with a guitar  
Damon Daemon Damiano  
You were my fate  
You were my fate  
Our fate was joy  
How to translate this  
How to transpose it  
How to transcend it  
To transfigure it  
Grasses grasses  
Which blades to lick

My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood  
Up in flames my neighborhood  
In my neighborhood I dreamed of you as a child  
O Viking man with a guitar  
Hands of gold, hands of myrrh

Fingers full of blood and weeping  
Fingers full of virgins and endless weeping  
Weeping as Rachel weeps she will not be comforted  
My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood  
Up in flames my neighborhood  
With my visions visions visions  
Of skull-shattered martyrs in Laramie, Wyoming  
On a sunny afternoon

This crazy government my neighborhood  
With its rituals and spells my neighborhood  
With its gag laws and baptisms  
With its Golden Gloves and Southern Comfort  
Rising with phoenix, rising from ashes  
Rising from governments  
Rising from corporate blood  
Trekking it across Indonesia

Trekking it across Brazil  
Trekking it across Africa  
Trekking it across Kosovo  
Trekking it across Emerging Markets  
God weeps in my neighborhood  
The South Pole has moved 15 feet in the last year my  
neighborhood  
The ice is melting, the penguins are weeping  
God why do You abandon us here, here like this?

My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood  
Up in flames my neighborhood  
I call out to you who are living my neighborhood  
I call out to you who live in my house my neighborhood  
Where I walk around in my ghost shoes  
Where I eat and drink rust  
Where I roll in the grasses of cemeteries  
Where the dead, the real dead of gag laws  
Of Golden Gloves  
Of Southern Comfort  
Where they lie unconfined  
Down into the memory  
Down into the memory  
Down into the memory and memory and memory  
Down into the memory (kiss me)  
You will go

My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood  
Up in flames my neighborhood  
Up into the penitential rite  
Well-digger in the wind  
Up into the yards on fire  
Up into skeletons burning in bathrooms  
Rattling a version of what was to come  
In the stuff of weird and cold and dark  
My life is an evil river in my neighborhood

My life is a penitential rite in my neighborhood  
My life is the Holy Spirit in my neighborhood  
My life is the Word bisected into time  
My life is the Word bisected into flesh  
Fruit of the vine and work of human hands  
Unseen nightlong real

I wanted to see but I've seen too much  
O Viking man  
I did not go there as an Innocent this time  
Meridian means circle of fire  
Meridian the spirit who sang in my ear  
Sang in my neighborhood in my ear in my sleep  
On apocalypse waves of a scalene dream

My 17th birthday, first year in Edison, N.J., I received the  
following message about the end of the world:

5. The beasts shall fall through the chinks in the earth
4. Buildings will crumble
3. Possessions will begin to disappear
2. Crowds will become thinner
1. There will be a blinding light streaming through everything  
everything everything

I woke to the dread of my driver's test, and to a deer with tremendous antlers looking in at me from the patio. I did not know not to touch the glass. I did not know:

That the animal could shatter the glass and tear through the house  
That the glass could shatter and tear my throat in scalene waves of apocalypse dreams

Meridian means circle of fire. I did not know this age 25  
Gainesville, Florida, wolf-disease loping through my blood. I

did not know this and I listened to her when she sang to me  
shrilly of dark salvation. I would have known I say I would have  
known but the week of my wedding I looked at the Holy Spirit  
through the eyes of

The Fool not knowing which road to take  
The Magician and Priestess  
Their offspring the Empress  
The Emperor who is the number 4

But not the Holy Spirit Number 4  
Not the Word made flesh Number 4  
4 4 4 4 You are so good to me Number 4  
You are beautiful and radiant with great splendor Number 4  
So good to emit Your bluest light  
Of Him most high, You bear the likeness  
And no mortal lips are worthy to pronounce Your name  
But You descended down into the memory  
    Down into the memory  
        Down into the memory (kiss me)  
You would go  
Into Sister Sleep Number 4  
Into Brother Anxiety Number 4  
Into Mother Hell and Father Lie  
You descended Number 4  
It was weird and cold and dark there  
My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood  
    Number 4 my neighborhood  
America your poets are flocking to my neighborhood  
They are sick of your insane demands my neighborhood  
They take jobs at dry cleaners  
They take jobs at Starbucks  
They take jobs in editorial offices getting their asses pinched by  
    washed-out Medeas  
They take jobs cleaning the apartments of drug dealers  
They take jobs that come with cellular phones

They accept vocations of Ultimate Holy Envy  
(And why, dear friend, do you have to be the Messiah?  
Couldn't you settle for Immanuel Kant,  
O beautiful cerebral ever-virgin dragging yourself across the starry  
sky of non-self  
With your sexy blue eyes and kindest heart?)  
They take jobs licking the blood from the grasses of cemeteries  
Sowing their seed in the whore of the Bloomberg  
The seven-eyed monster of the binary code  
The digital metempsychosis of why America, why must your Holy  
Spirits drink of your blood  
You leave them no choice America  
You leave them no choice America  
But to drip their blood across energy and all its sectors  
Across the monologic wind of their vexations  
Across the Pistis, Elpis and Agape of machines  
And the sacked altar of their mother Sophia  
They drip holy blood from Aleph to Tau  
Across scalene waves of your Real Presence  
Of Golden Gloves and Southern Comfort  
Your Miss Americas and battalion commanders turned defense  
plant presidents  
You leave them no choice America  
You leave them no choice America  
And the dromedaries weep, they weep across a nation  
Marking its head with a Tau with a Tau  
Dripping blood over smiling caffeine-pickers in orientation films at  
Starbucks, USA  
USA USA USA USA  
The last card of the Major Arcana, The World  
I flick the switch on you America  
I want you to feel how it is to be S\*H\*O\*C\*K\*E\*D out of your  
body  
To be fucked into oblivion  
To be fucked into God-with-Us symbols of music on a page  
What is this river of stars that runs through us all?



My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood  
Up in flames my neighborhood  
I've trekked my blood all over  
From Ocean Avenue to Brooklyn Heights  
From Coney Island to Far Rockaway  
From the communion of saints to the forgiveness of sins  
From Brother Sun to Sister Death  
From Kierkegaard to Saint Michel  
Queer bald altar boy in leather blessing us all  
Blessing Folsome Street  
Blessing the Castro  
Blessing the Valley of Death  
Blessing Japanese Zen  
Blessing blessing blessing  
Us all for 20 centuries of stony sleep  
Blessing us and blessing us  
Paris, America, your Holy Spirits  
America Matthew Shepard is an angel weeping over us  
Pierced by the Holy Spirit forever in heaven  
America when will you hear my novenas  
In smoke rising from jars  
America the Creator has given me a shot of His presence  
America I stand under Atlas

Dripping my blood across 5th Avenue  
Dripping my blood on the walls of St. Pat's  
America your beautiful birds  
They flock to my neighborhood  
O Viking man with a guitar  
You sat on a bed in my neighborhood  
You lay on a bed in my neighborhood  
Viking man now I never see you anymore  
In the night, the stars, the way things used to be  
Why did I look into those gypsy eyes  
It was weird and cold and dark there

Alone, alone, alone, alone with my visions of skull-shattered  
martyrs  
In Laramie, Wyoming  
America what is this river of stars that runs through us all?

My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood  
Up in flames my neighborhood  
Your skull-shattered martyrs your martyrs tied to fences and left  
for scarecrows  
In Laramie, Wyoming  
Wyoming of Pollock Wyoming of Guardians of the Secret  
Wyoming of dogs licking a ritual  
The totems are burning  
The man has become numbers  
The woman is an ocean and an eye

When I was 5 I was told there were giant vegetables who were try-  
ing to kill me, perhaps most especially the giant tomato who  
would pound on the door while 3 6's danced on my head. No  
one heard.

My 6th sense pried open I don't think it will stop  
My 6th sense pride open I don't think it will stop  
It is weird and cold and dark here  
The gypsies are no longer funny  
And I am no longer an Innocent

Bless me my neighborhood for I have sinned  
I'm writing that poem from coast to coast  
I'm singing that poem from coast to coast  
Brother of Francis  
I'm making my pilgrimage from Word to Thing  
From Brooklyn Bridge to Golden Gate  
From Posman Books to City Lights  
From LUNGFULL! to 6500  
From Fence to Zyzzyva

From Lit to God knows what they'll come up with next  
From Clover to Rohrer  
From Stroffolino to Hillman  
From young Fuhrman to the rocky fault  
I'm singing my novenas 9 x 9  
Coffins no alphabet can contain  
Coffins no gag laws can contain  
No Golden Gloves  
No Southern Comfort  
Damon Daemon Damiano  
O God rebuild my Church  
It is weird and cold and dark here  
Which you can see is falling into ruins  
It is weird and cold and dark here  
America your saints are scarecrows  
America your manifest destiny is Starbucks  
America your frontiers are weeping Emerging Markets  
America I make money from this  
America I mark your head with a Tau with a Tau  
Your bird, your Holy Spirit, yours truly (courtesy of Microsoft's  
Autotext)

America Be  
Righteous  
Over  
Our  
Kingdom  
Love  
Your  
Neighbor

America Mother Hell and Father Lie  
Have poisoned all the apple pie  
America I am the guardian of your secrets  
I tore a hole in my destiny trying to understand you  
And now I am no longer an Innocent

Bless me my neighborhood for I have sinned  
Bless me for I have sinned against your Holy Spirit  
Every second was a waking dream  
Every minute was a walking spell  
Brother of Francis pray for me  
It is weird and cold and dark here  
\$45,000 in credit cards = \$20 out of some CEO's pocket  
The gypsies are no longer funny my neighborhood  
And I am no longer an Innocent my neighborhood  
What a feral fucked-up riff on the Walden experiment my  
neighborhood  
But you see I wished to live deliberately my neighborhood  
To front only the essential facts of life my neighborhood  
And see if I could not learn what it had to teach my  
neighborhood  
And not, when it came time to die, discover I had not lived my  
neighborhood  
And my eyes were no longer blind

In my neighborhood I knocked at the gate  
In my neighborhood the answer was yes  
In my neighborhood I am no longer an Innocent  
In my neighborhood I became one of them one of them

You leave me no choice my neighborhood  
You leave me no choice my neighborhood  
Dripping my blood across scalene dreams  
Eating the grasses of the cemeteries on all 4s  
With you ever-virgin-cum-Messiah of sexy blue eyes and kindest  
heart  
Couldn't you just be Immanuel Kant?  
It was weird and cold and dark with you  
In Sister Sleep  
In Brother Anxiety  
In Mother Hell and Father Lie  
When I listened to Meridian sing shrilly of dark salvation

Now my life is a penitential rite  
My life tears through my house like a word-deer through a forest  
I did not know not to touch the glass  
My life is a penitential rite in my neighborhood  
My life is the Holy Spirit bisected into time into flesh  
What is this river of stars that runs through us all?

Viking man I stand under Atlas  
Dripping my novenas on the walls of St. Pat's  
America your birds flock to my neighborhood  
America your Holy Spirits flock to my neighborhood  
Viking man with a guitar  
You sat on my bed in my neighborhood  
You lay on my bed in my neighborhood  
O why did I look into those gypsy eyes  
Death is a master from Bensonhurst  
Death is a master from Avenue M

Alone alone with my visions of skull-shattered martyrs  
Alone in black smoke rising from jars  
My neighborhood I tore a hole in my destiny  
My neighborhood of beautiful birds  
My neighborhood of hidden cemeteries  
My neighborhood of ghost shoes of Bloomberg and blood  
My neighborhood gleaming with Brother Sun  
Now even He is killing us too  
My neighborhood someone wants to jab a Coke billboard  
Through the fair face of Sister Moon

America your skull-shattered martyrs  
Are fucked into the God-symbols of music  
Are fucked into Emerging Markets  
Are fucked into your frontiers slouching toward the rough beast of  
    Bloomberg  
Are fucked into Irony  
Are fucked into your genetically-altered apple pie

I tore a hole in my destiny trying to understand you  
O why did I ruin myself Brother of Francis  
Why did I ruin myself I've seen too much  
A bell tolled in my neighborhood  
Books rose from the flames in my neighborhood  
A candle fucked someone in my neighborhood  
God please rebuild my Church my neighborhood  
As you can see I am falling into ruins my neighborhood  
I sing shrilly of dark salvation  
I sing shrilly of essences  
I sing of Douglas firs burning in the moonlight of Twin Peaks  
They are burning over the Black Lodge set my people free  
Come to us Emmanuel, not on a lawnmower riding over the lost  
highways of collapsed daylight  
Not with Lula and Sailor riding into the desert  
Past accidents, past blood, past tongues of backward speech  
Past the raped bodies of homecoming queens she's dead wrapped  
in plastic  
Past the body of a virgin washed over by ocean dross  
Over a face drawn in sand at the edge of a sea  
Alone with my visions of skull-shattered martyrs  
I call out to you my love  
I sing in the shower to you my love  
I turn on all the lights my love  
I kiss your beautiful wounded hands my love  
Your hands full of virgins, your hands full of blood

How to understand it, how to translate it  
Brother of Francis I've seen too much  
In my neighborhood I spoke in the tongues of angels  
In my neighborhood I spoke in the tongues of men  
In my neighborhood a gong resounded  
In my neighborhood a cymbal clanged  
A bell tolled, a book slammed shut, a candle sputtered out its last  
I tore a hole in my destiny  
Now I hang in a field of blood

Brother of Francis pray for me  
Go fuck yourself with your 30 pieces of silver my neighborhood  
Shove it up your God-damned ass my neighborhood  
I eat you like a tiger of shame  
Like a little girl a tiger of shame  
The rain is falling now on these words my neighborhood  
Staining these pages as I write my neighborhood  
And I've written that the baptism of the insider is a lettered feat  
And I've written that the great god Dionysus tore the babes  
From their mothers' wombs and made them suckle  
The firewater instead of the breast  
And I've written that he whipped them with the purple vines  
And with the purple vines he baptized them  
I wrote those words after I left my neighborhood  
After I was forcecepted a second time at 15 from your womb my  
neighborhood  
Now I am speaking these words smearing their black love across  
the warm winter rain my neighborhood  
I am speaking these words and you can't stop me my neighbor-  
hood  
The wind is blowing fiercely my neighborhood  
I sing shrilly of dark salvation  
I sing poems in self-help books  
I sing sunsets  
I sing sunsets  
I sing Irony into the skull-shattered walls of oblivion  
I sing Bloomberg  
I sing blood  
My neighborhood what did you do to your Holy Spirits  
They are raped by the candles of Irony my neighborhood  
The bells are tolling my neighborhood  
The books are filling up with resounding cymbals my  
neighborhood  
I lift up my candle my neighborhood  
The rain is falling even harder my neighborhood  
I am speaking this poem as I'm writing it my neighborhood

People are walking by wondering what I'm doing my  
neighborhood  
When they ask I ask them to bless me my neighborhood  
The last man said he would bless everyone my neighborhood  
In this river of stars that runs through us all my neighborhood  
I will ride over scalene dreams in a paper boat my neighborhood  
My words will rise like phoenixes my neighborhood  
Alone, alone, alone, alone  
From Ocean Avenue to Brooklyn Heights  
From Coney Island to Far Rockaway  
From Brooklyn Bridge to Golden Gate  
From the communion of saints to the forgiveness of sins  
And Irony is the most wounded bird of all my neighborhood  
Her wings are painted black my neighborhood  
She covers her knees with a shawl my neighborhood  
She rocks back and forth in the dusk my neighborhood  
Perhaps some raggedy sense will in fact sneak back into our lives  
my neighborhood  
Irony is the most wounded bird of all my neighborhood  
She speaks like Diane Sawyer yet she is a Jedi Knight my neigh-  
borhood  
She rocks back and forth and cries all alone my neighborhood  
20 Centuries of stony sleep my neighborhood  
And we will have to get down on all 4s and eat the grasses of  
them all

Saint Michel queer altar boy in leather blessing us blessing us  
Blessing us from Folsome Street  
Blessing us from the Castro  
Blessing us from Japanese Zen  
Blessing us from Paris  
Blessing us in a chador  
Blessing us in hospices  
Blessing us all your Holy Spirit

We climb past midnight my neighborhood



We climb past Kafka my neighborhood  
We climb past literary theory my neighborhood  
Where Baudrillard proves the Gulf War never happened my neighborhood  
Where the starving bodies of Iraqi children disappear without a  
trace my neighborhood  
Into signifiers dancing like bloody hooks my neighborhood  
They are the well-diggers in the wind my neighborhood  
We rise up past our yards on fire my neighborhood  
Yards full of ears and skeletons in bathrooms my neighborhood  
This is the stuff of revolution my neighborhood  
It has been light-sabered into your skull-shattered martyrs my  
neighborhood  
Your dead lay their hands on us in absolution my neighborhood  
Your Holy Spirits, your birds shitting their Todesworten across the  
grasses of a century my neighborhood

Achtung my neighborhood  
Achtung my neighborhood  
I tore a hole in my destiny  
I drip blood on your Church walls  
I sing my novenas from smoky black jars  
And the movies that eke past the death machine  
And the movie where the oracle says, maybe you'll remember that  
you don't really believe in any of that fate crap  
Do you  
Neo  
Neo  
Well, my neighborhood, neither do I believe in any of that fate  
crap  
Brother of Francis pray for me  
While I lift up my candle over my apocalypse dreams  
The Word will cross the forest like a gazelle  
And bisect itself into time once again  
Bless me Father for I have sinned  
Bless me Brother of Francis for I have sinned

Bless me Viking Man for I have sinned  
Bless me Kind Virgin with sexy blue eyes for I have sinned  
Bless me my neighborhood for I have sinned  
Bless me again with your beach chairs and trees  
Your yentas and supermarkets  
Your invisible bookstores and handball courts  
And Brother Sun who is so radiant  
And Sister Moon who is so fair  
And your birds who see fit to graze my hair  
Go now and sin no more my neighborhood  
But always remember my neighborhood my neighborhood  
Remember the black jars and stony sleep  
Remember the visions of skull-shattered martyrs  
The apocalypse boats of scalene dreams  
Remember the rowing of penance, the rowing through all its  
stages  
Remember the tearing of holes in destiny  
Remember the squares that were darkly blue shining  
And sunsets of blood  
Remember well-digger in the wind  
Remember the signifiers clinging to us like bloody hooks  
Remember the skeletons rattling bathrooms  
Remember the forests full of suffixes  
Remember in the bosom of Mother Hell, on the shoulders of  
Father Lie  
Remember the B on fire the R on fire  
The double O pried apart by burning clamps  
Remember the K of the K of The Trial and what have I done  
Remember the low murmurs in L-shaped rooms  
The Y Y Y asked of the Once-He-was-washing-the-world  
One and Infinite, annihilated,  
Remember the N of God is here God is here  
Remember that light was  
Salvation  
Remember your Holy Spirits  
In all that is seen and unseen

Remember in Hatred, Injury, Doubt, Despair, Darkness, Sadness  
 and their dear sister Irony  
 Who is the most wounded bird of all  
 Who weeps in secret in her raggedy shawl  
 Remember your birds grazing each other's hair  
 From Ocean Avenue to Brooklyn Heights  
 From Coney Island to Far Rockaway  
 From Posman Books to City Lights  
 From Brooklyn Bridge to Golden Gate  
 From Brother Sun to Sister Death  
 From Paris to NYC  
 From Indonesia to Brazil  
 From Africa to Kosovo  
 From Alpha to Omega  
 From Aleph to Tau  
 Tau marking our heads where we weep without ceasing  
 Remember the low murmurs in L-shaped rooms  
 Remember in Hatred, Injury, Doubt, Despair, Darkness, Sadness  
 and their dear sister Irony  
 Remember through the tearing of holes in destiny  
 Remember the 4s that were darkly blue shining  
 Remember the sunsets full of blood full of blood  
 Remember that the Creator loves us very much  
 And that the Creator has given us a shot of His presence  
 And that we are stars in the same endless river  
 I lift up my candle my neighborhood  
 I call out to you my neighborhood  
 I sing in the shower to you my neighborhood  
 I turn on all the lights my neighborhood  
 For this we were given a voice my neighborhood  
 For this we were given a voice my neighborhood  
 For this for this for this and for this  
 For this we were given a voice  
 My neighborhood my neighborhood my neighborhood