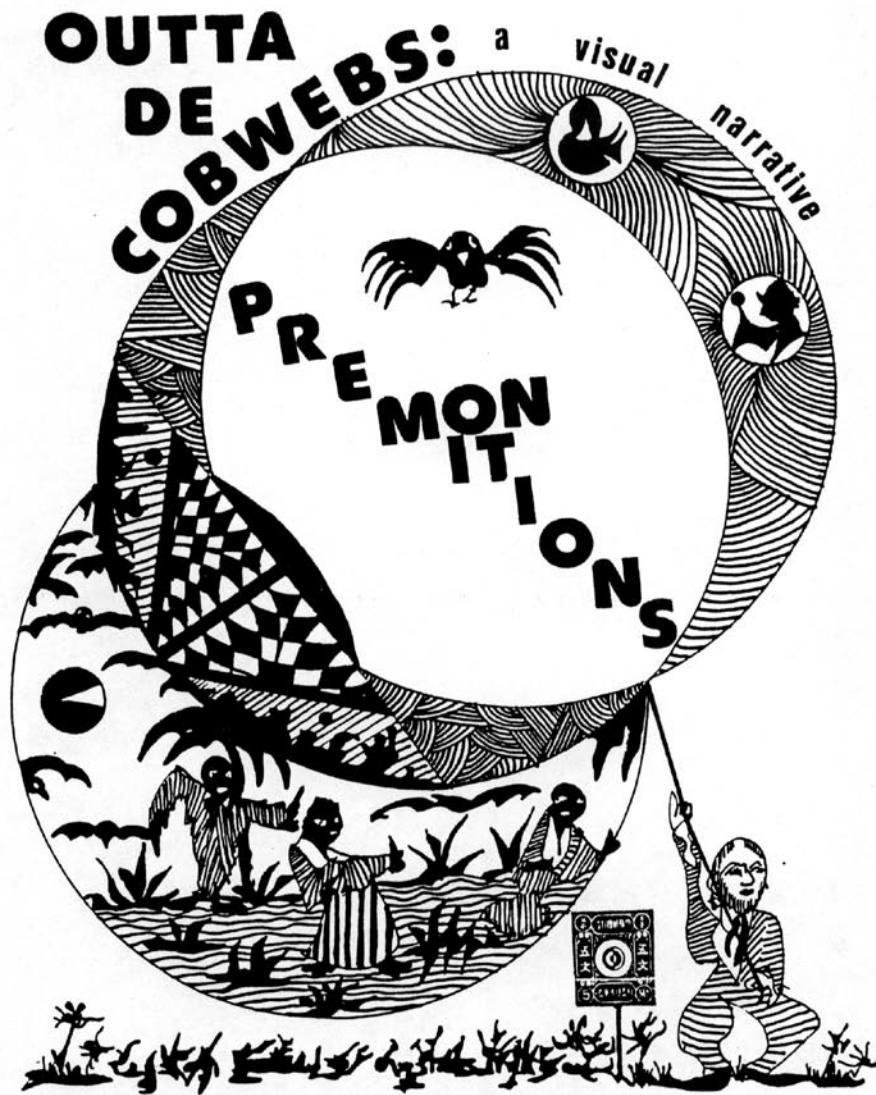


OUTTA DE COBWEBS: PREMONITIONS



David Cole

Outta de Cobwebs: Premonitions



DAVID
COLLE

2008

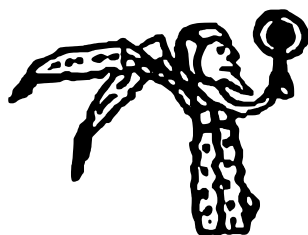
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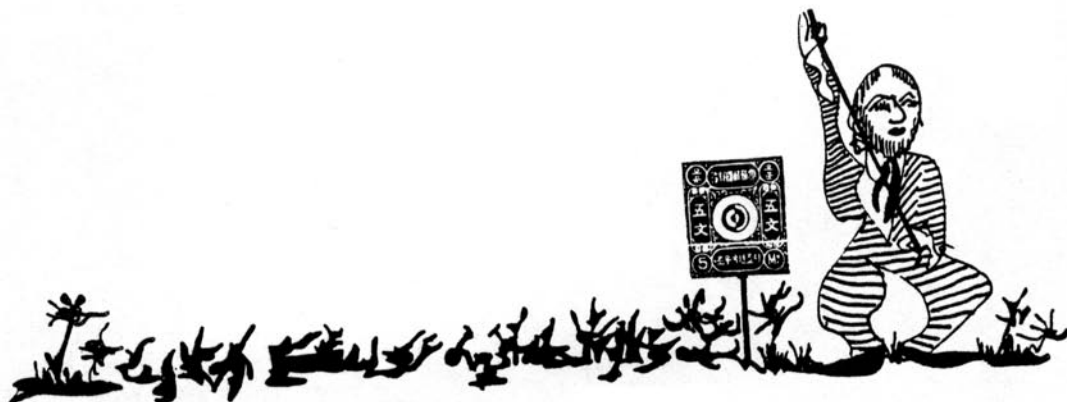
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The past is parent to the present; the present a fleeting space in which the artist records the poignancy of being. It is an interactive moment which the artist aligns and the muses fill. It is a time, almost unearthly, in which the known or remembered contacts the unknown and future. Launching, giving birth, or witnessing alike give name to this experience. Among the possibilities of being human, it is holy or wholly complete in itself. For the artist it is personal, and very private, yet it shares in a common, communal, tribal, or cultural weave with its audience the peculiar characteristics of one person's mind and hand elucidated. Your reading thus becomes the completion of the act which this tale uncovers.

This is a visual narrative, a new form which encompasses both line and word, uniquely inseparable. The story entails the passage of a single day, as if in thoughts sent through the mails to friends. You, indeed, are the net that captures and pulls me aboard, only to discover that I am a talking fish, a merman with a slithy tale to tell, with vacancies of silence in between. This is a whisper in your ear, a song as well as a vision, a certain slant of sunlight on your eye only --- the angle of communion.

And, most important, perhaps, it is the expression of the journey of the alone to the alone, the self into the at one, the un-consciousness into the archetype. There is a mystery in the fact that I became an artist just as there is a mystery in the fact that you are reading this. Now. I bid you peace, my brother or sister, here at the setting forth. We shall meet again.

Morning, I say,
morning comes



and
every tune touches a string

Re~appears the self

consciousness

ah rises at the sound



conducts



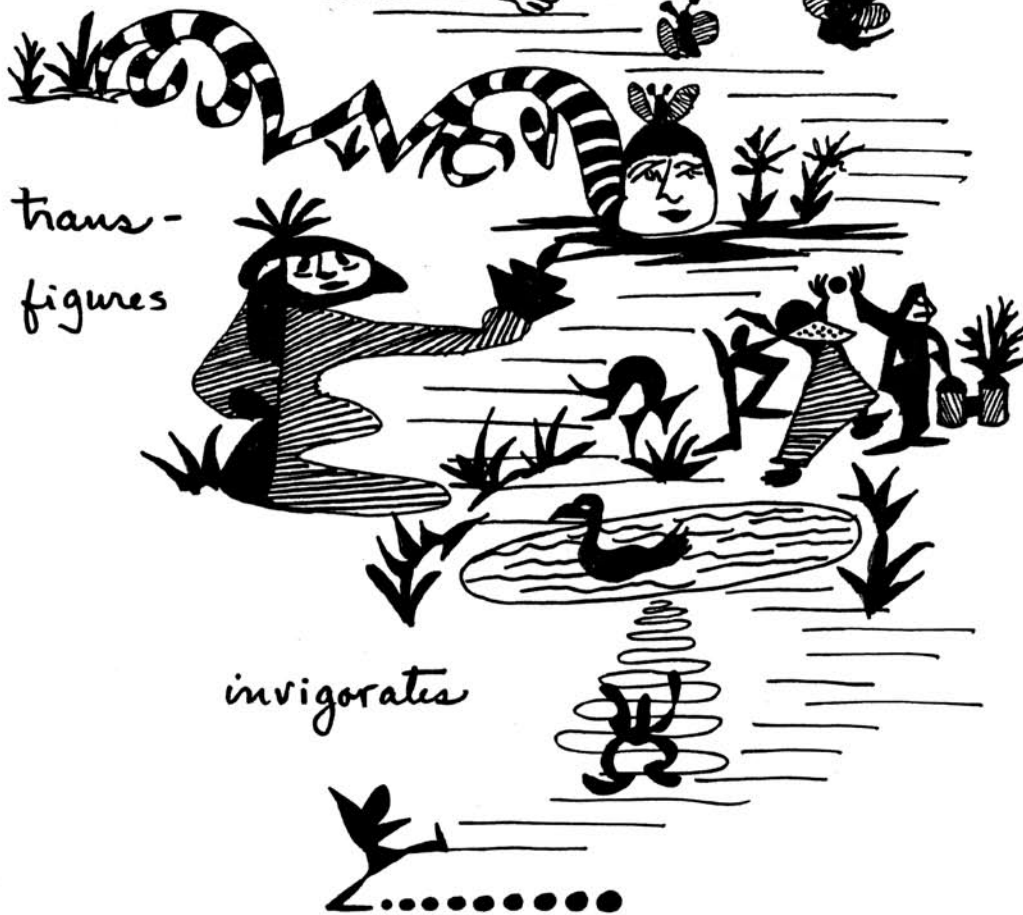
orchestrally speaking

the start and finish simultaneous



thunders on the left and right

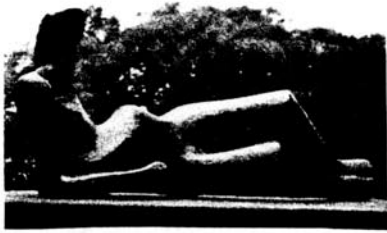
the anima
approaches



trans-
figures

invigorates

.....
sibylance in the center...



bringing into balance



the energetic act

and observation

moving withershins



through the lens

stop

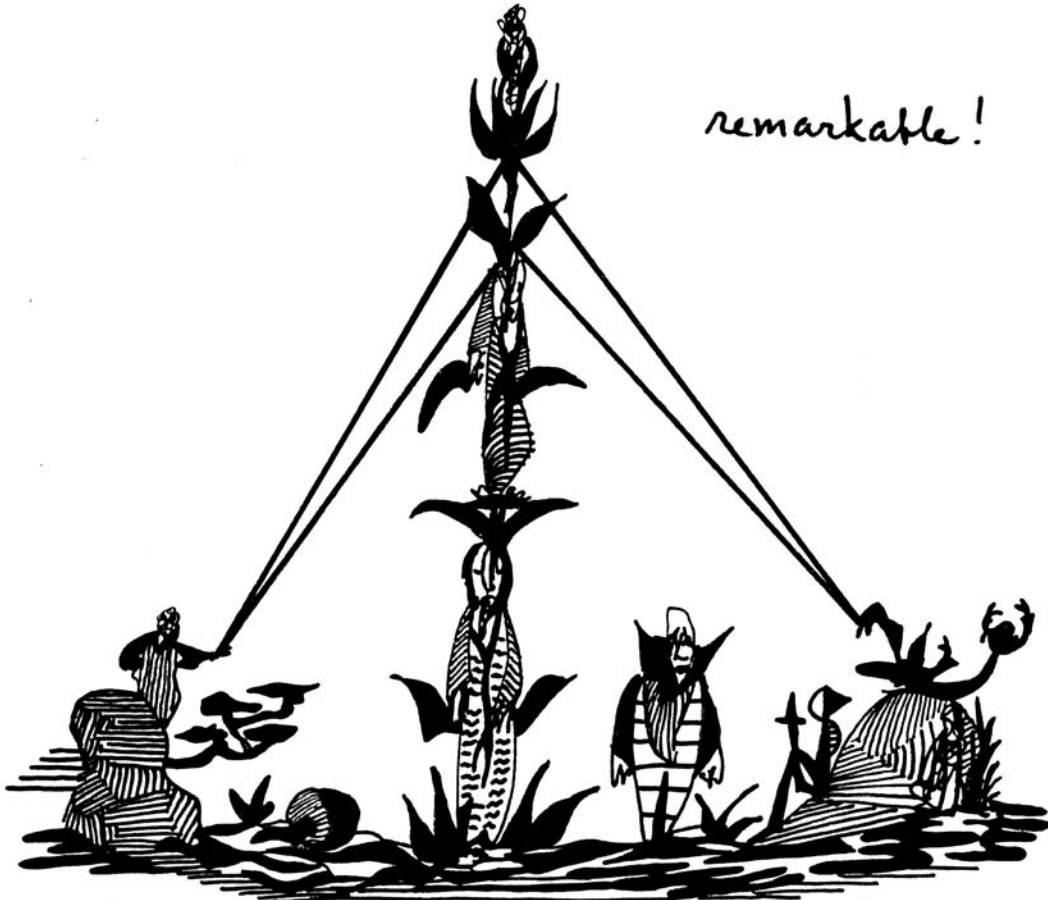
and re ah nests



the forecast

peak view

remarkable!



the measuring dance



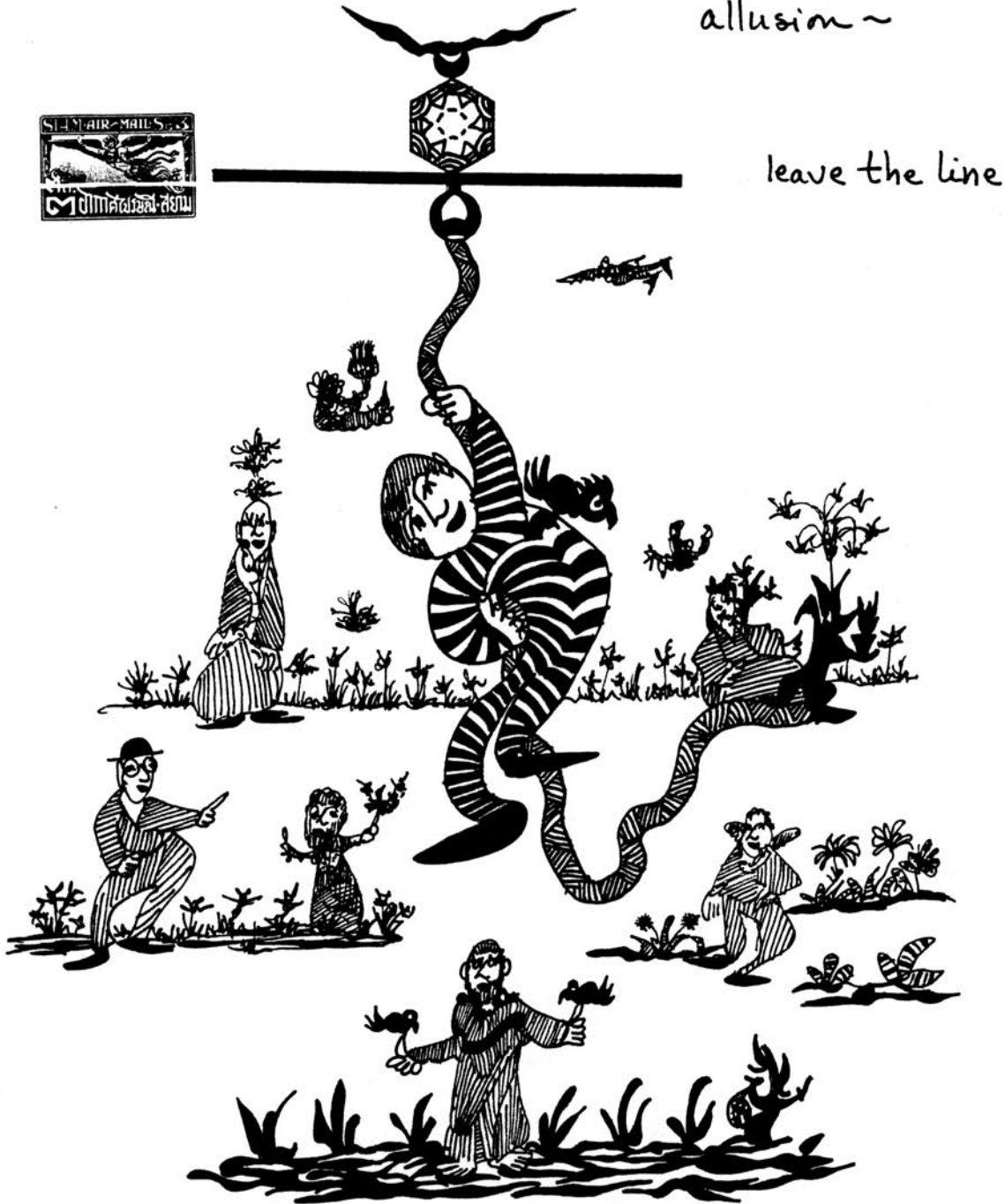
Beauregard, the lookout, sits
senses and assembles
just the facts



in bare-foot rhythm

while aligning spine time - watch out!

words elude
allusion ~



leave the line

and sustain the natural warp and

weave



to each of us, a sparring partner is given

while the

eumenides pursue -



so it goes

and the trumpet

shall be sounded



and the hay stacked



flight is arranged

escape, I say, escape



to places distant, ah



what tallies



also ho's

the angles



of more than one mind



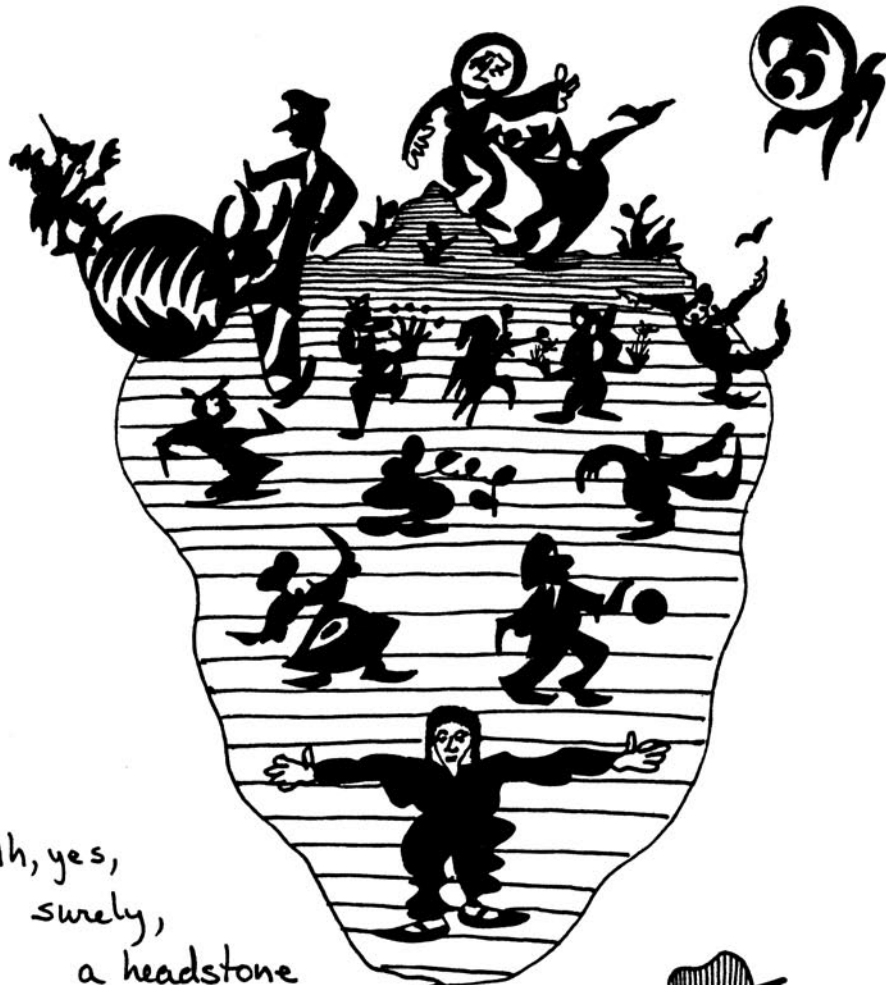


recalls the life passage
or the hourglass



whence and wither

moon-web



Ah, yes,
surely,
a headstone



and a butterfly to be by



while what is cut, is formed,



is sculpted



(quiver of d'arts)



as reflection, through and through,

a new, clear damocles ~



as if in dark-dream space ...



swoon

thought-cubes fly



always



thus, to make a leap, or to see clearly,

requires articulation

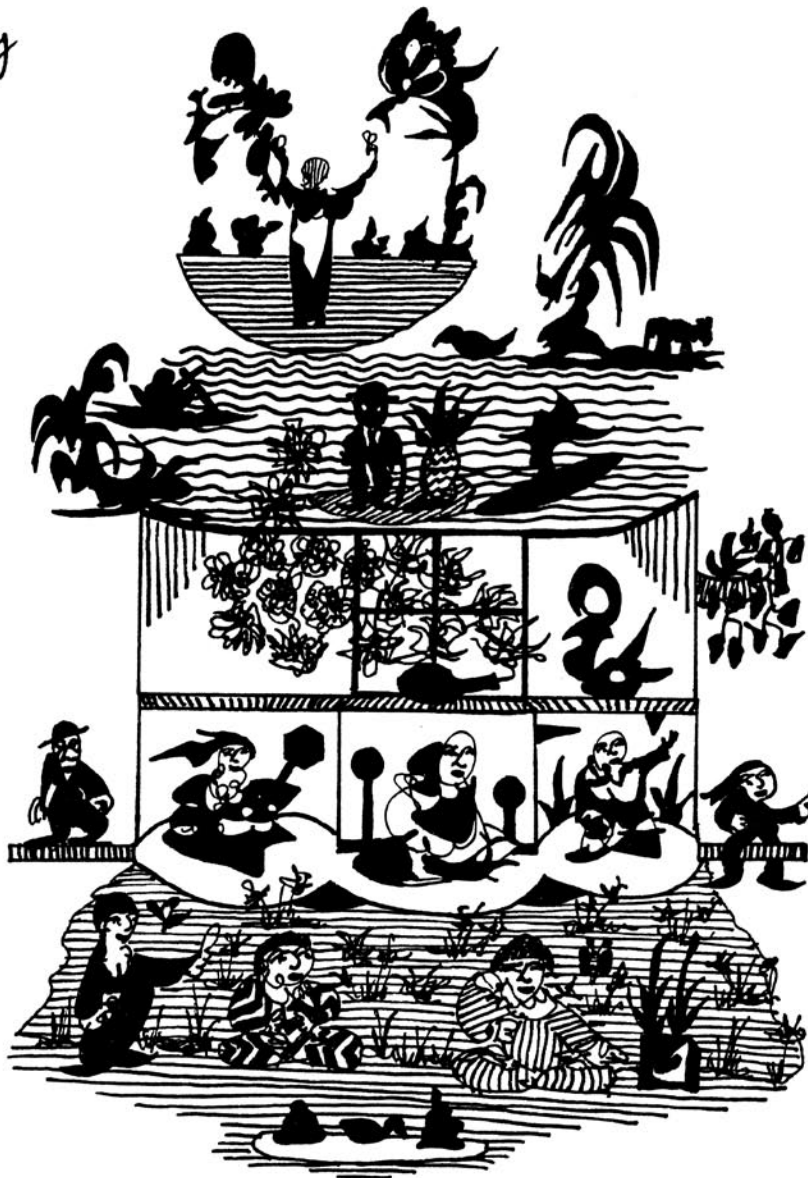


M08184-05

and firm grounding

mid-morning archers, their targets moving,
their minds still,
their arrows clinging atoms

hold sway



and then the wall appears as landscape

of a world-line trace



of a mind-stream focus

which the self
re-enters





and entertains



what was buried leaps afore - a recollection



a yoking and a capture

A challenge, wind-bucklers,



I say, would you delve

dig it



illusionist



with such a mind, man

oops, pardon me, I'm tipsy that



while flame or raiment outpours



both sentiment and form





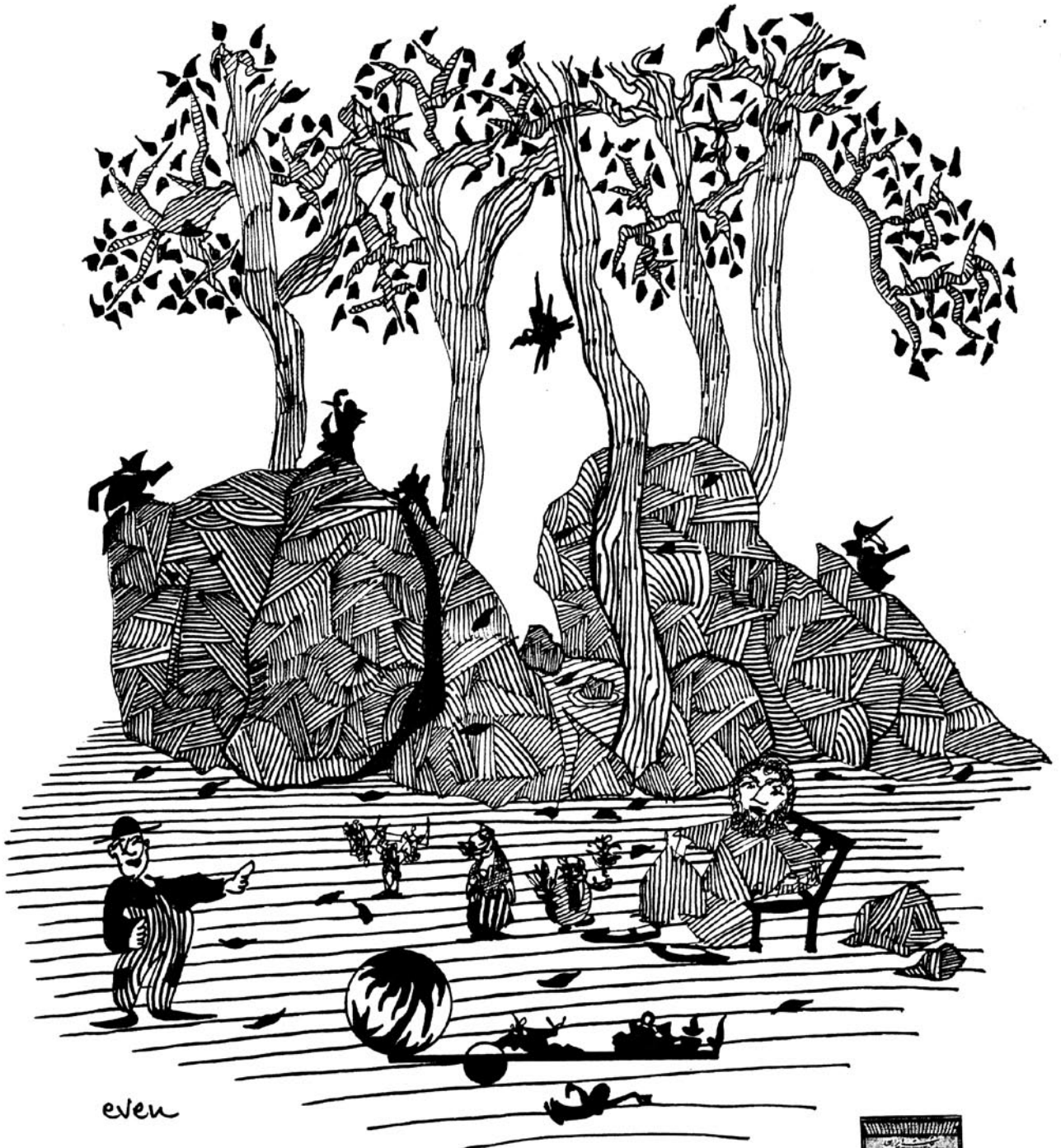
as miraculous as the wind assays



the mountains



ports of call



even

the crack in the rock



at midday



through which dart spirit shades

meanwhile, life, from animus to anima
through beauregard
salt seasons





over both distance and time
weighty measure
and abrupt specters

until echoes
in palm-written
loom





force us forward
wounded and severed
to stillness ~~and~~ pause.

what is clamoring
is memoy's



amazing dance



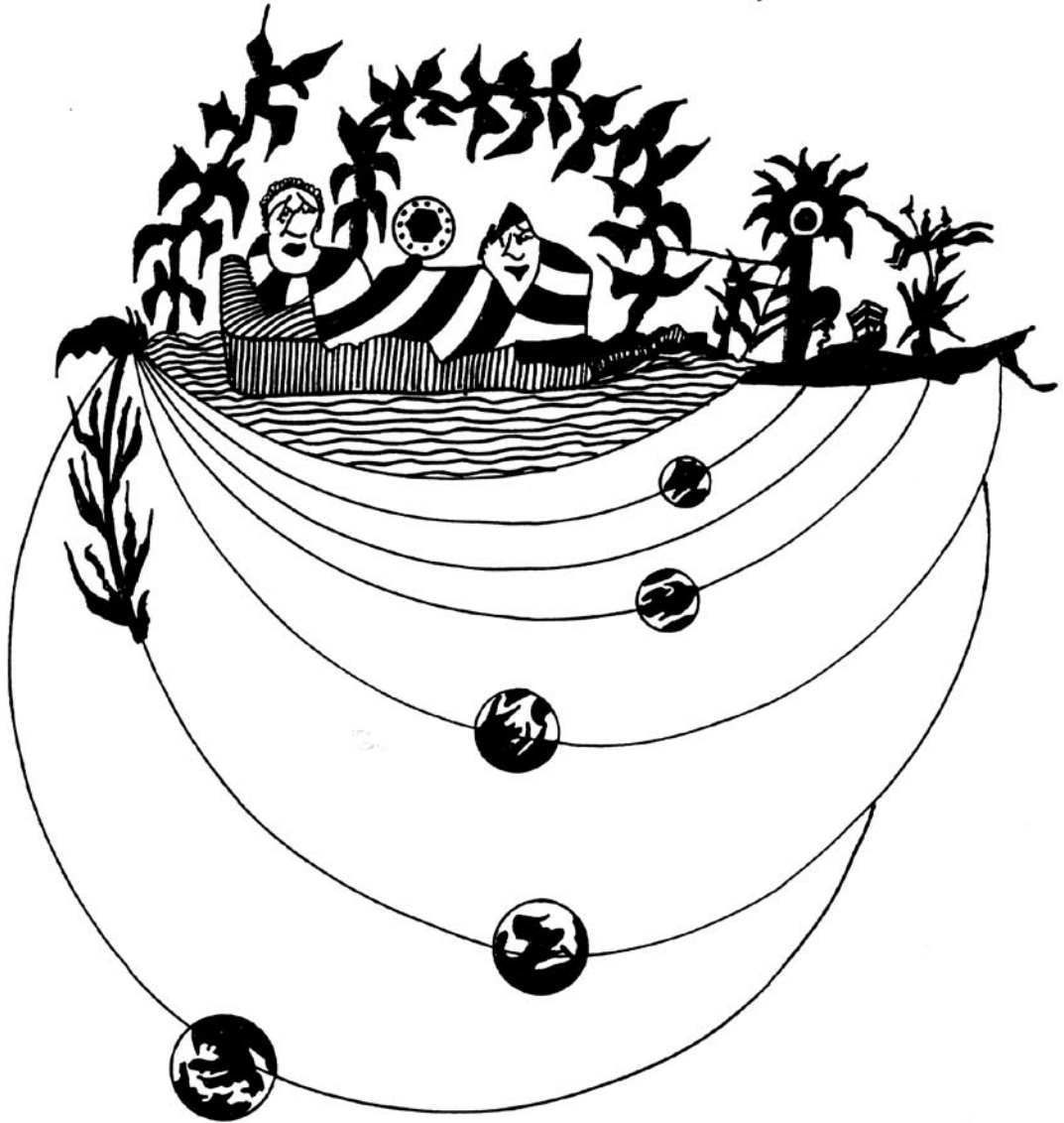
of new coagulations born

ah yes, the play's the ring we summon



Psst, Yorick's Out!

from spheres



outdistancing willful folk

and Ken



spring lightly
in between



belittle none





and rising illusionist conducting tours of sound



gesture comical

and humor puzzle



found with a face made of dew
body of bark



again the contemplative swoon
ah, beyond,
before,
betwixt and between



Approaching

mid-shiver

the open stairway

do you see

imagining me

all is action

stopped

or created



all is wizardry

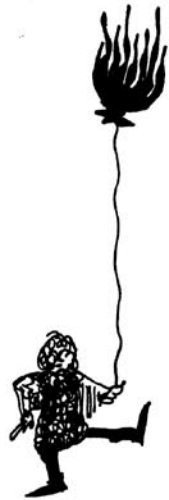
shepherded



or cut from stone

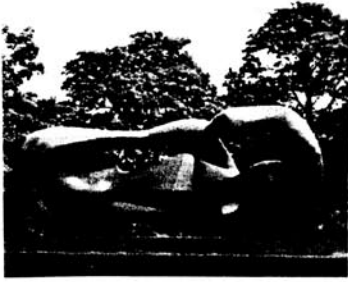
with light and conversation

the telling of tales of whirlwinds



or laughter

or solitude

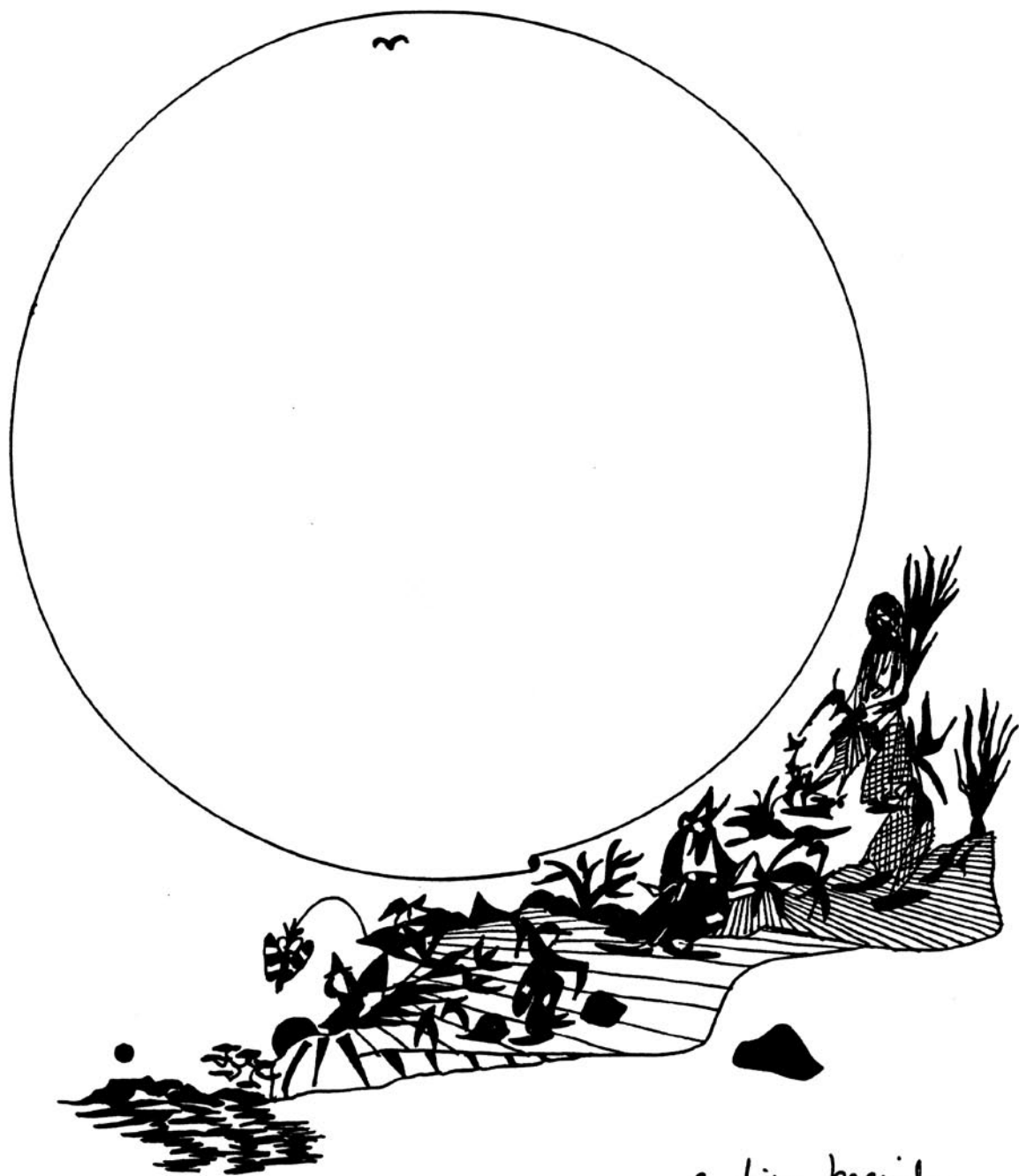


at leisure before approaching strangers



selves a fortress keep
a portair etch

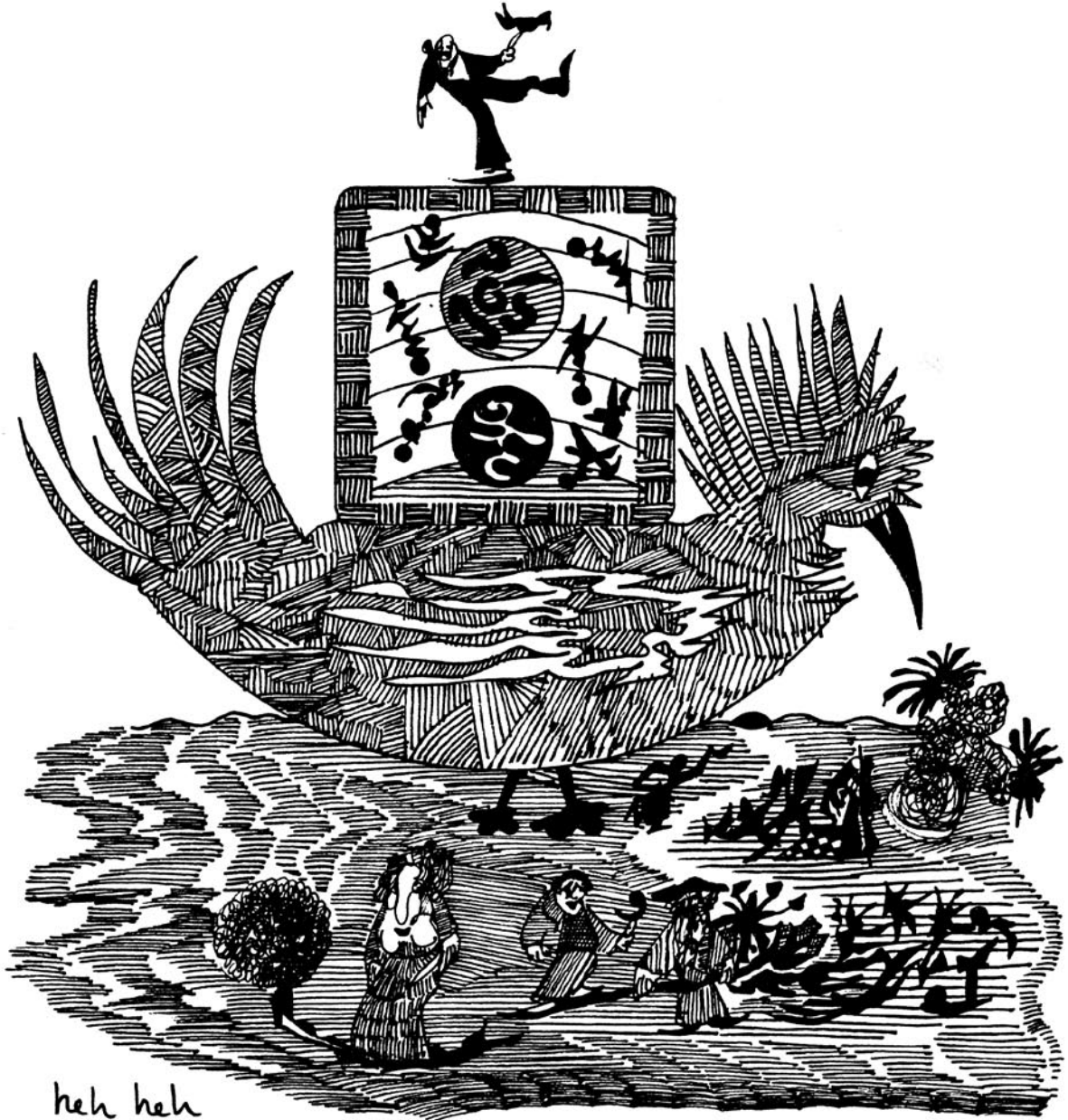
a hoop recall



a line beguile



a lye amid a middenheap



keh keh

perhaps a jukebird



A
PERCEVOIR



perhaps a puppet play

whether as spider
or dormouse
or chanticleer



crystal lights and crystal lines



ah muse



a bargain struck between

present and past



two travellers



perch

power

illumination

the eastward rotation of the earth perceptible

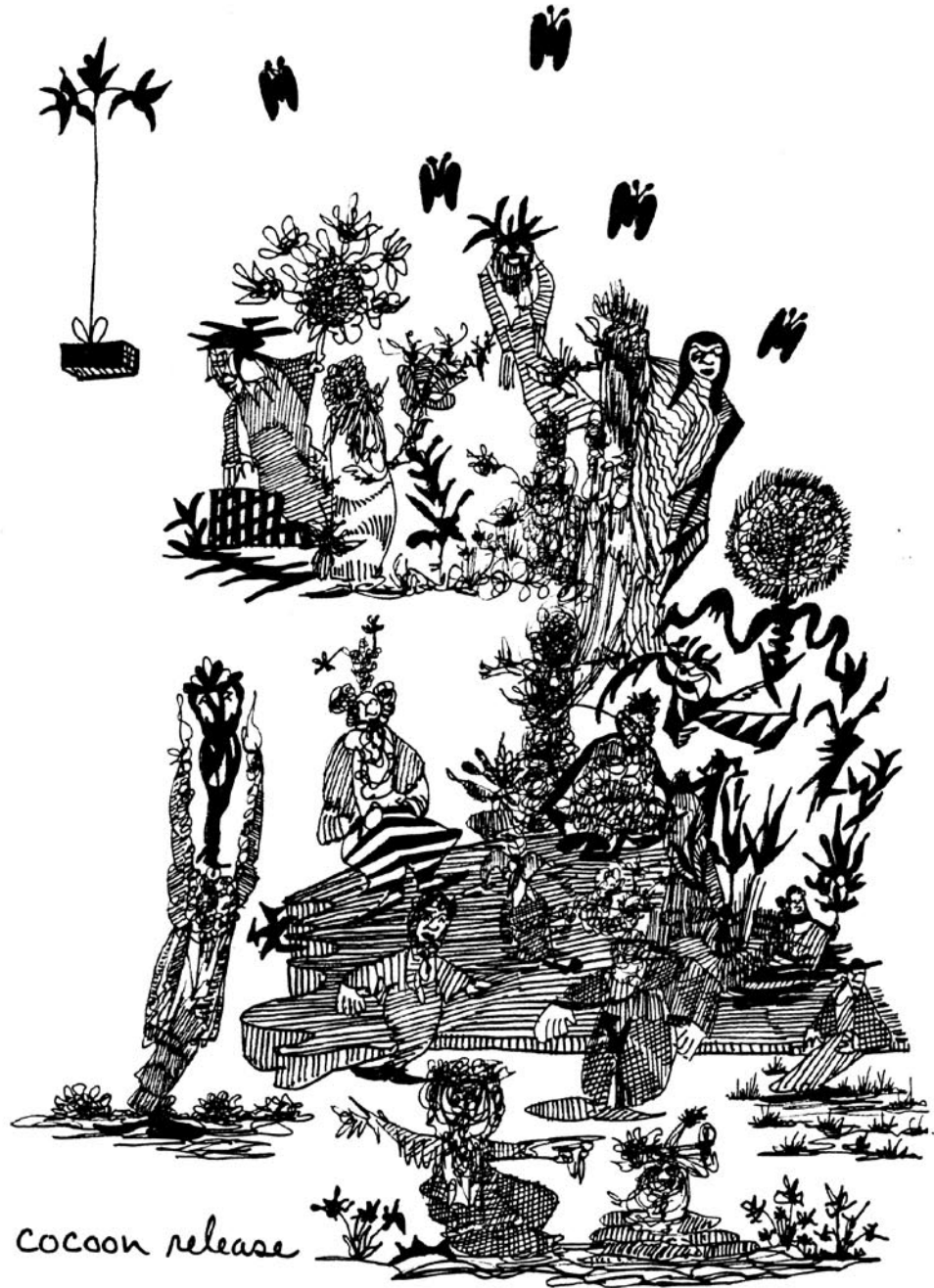


just where the continental divide devises

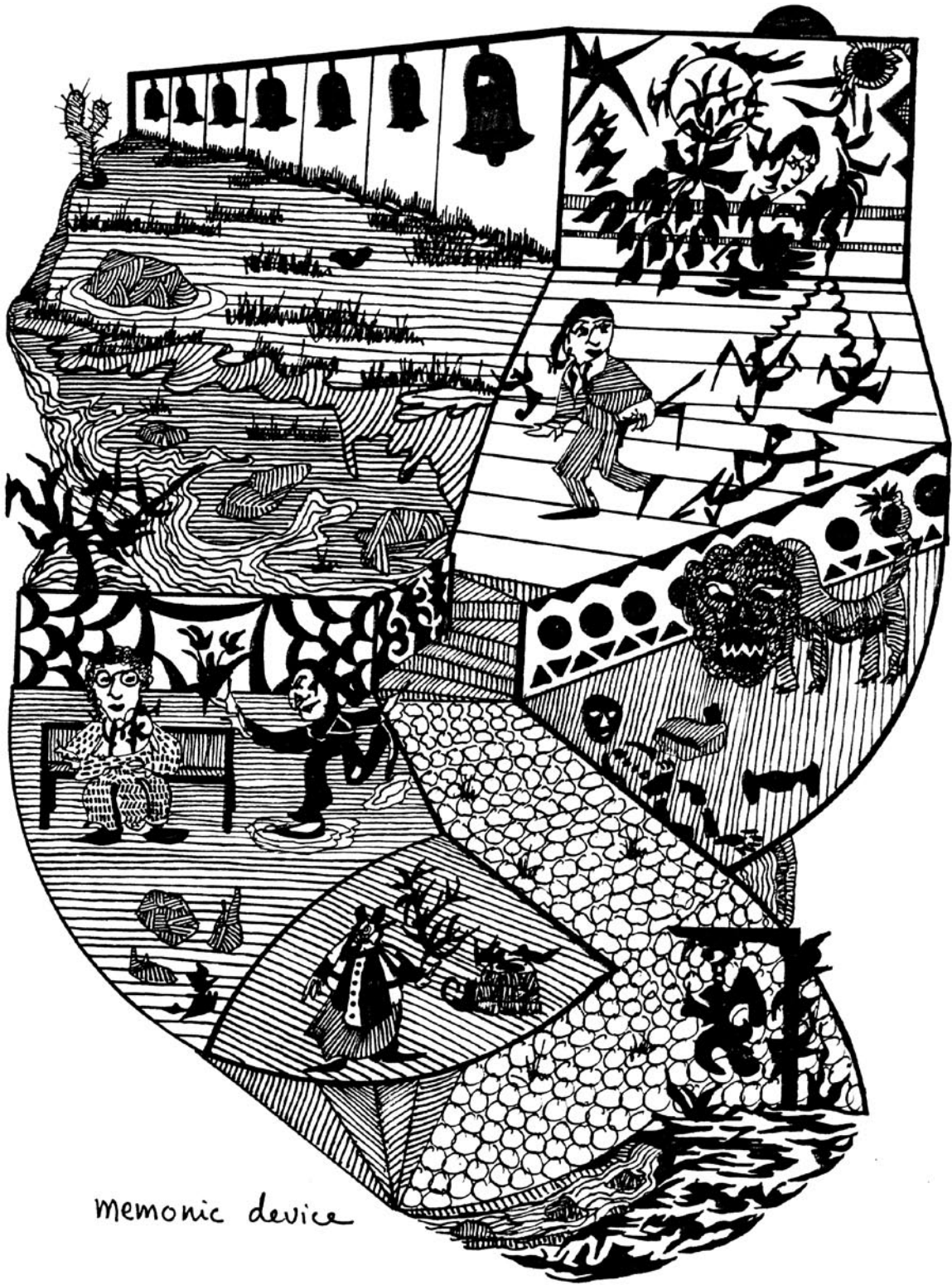


the glare of history

herstory



cocoon release



memonic device

after nom display



still photo

thus regarded, the mien and mind resemble ~
echo and delight - uncover
and prepare to joust



aye, what swallows dare
let no man sunder



until in sacred asylum
a likely spot for harmony
interplays



afar from
this and that

holy revealed

I see you wholly



the mountain scale for wanderers

behear

the strumming



line language



the settling ebb outwards - gone beyond

in requiescat -the long-buried seed event-u-ally arises



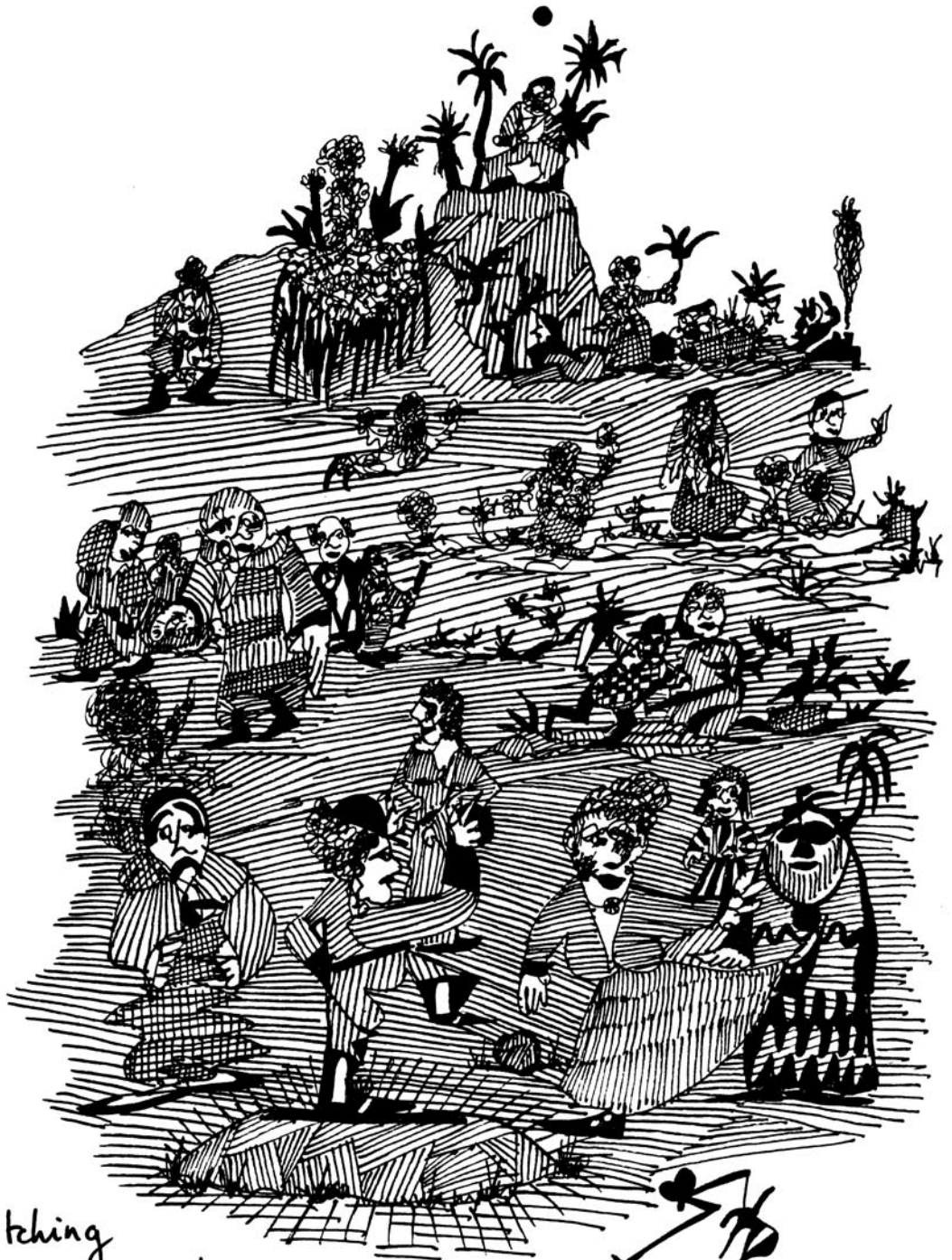
having planted -wait and nurture



for all is now a garden
all animate
all timely



pierce action with cutting edge



the
pitching
posture

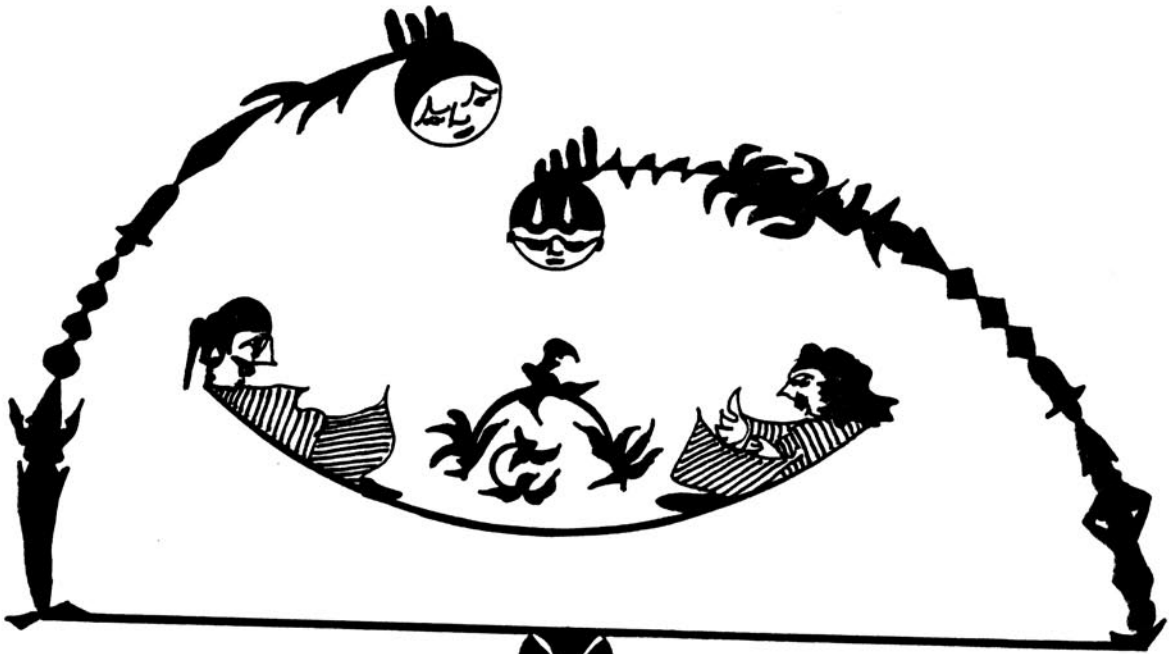
letting go



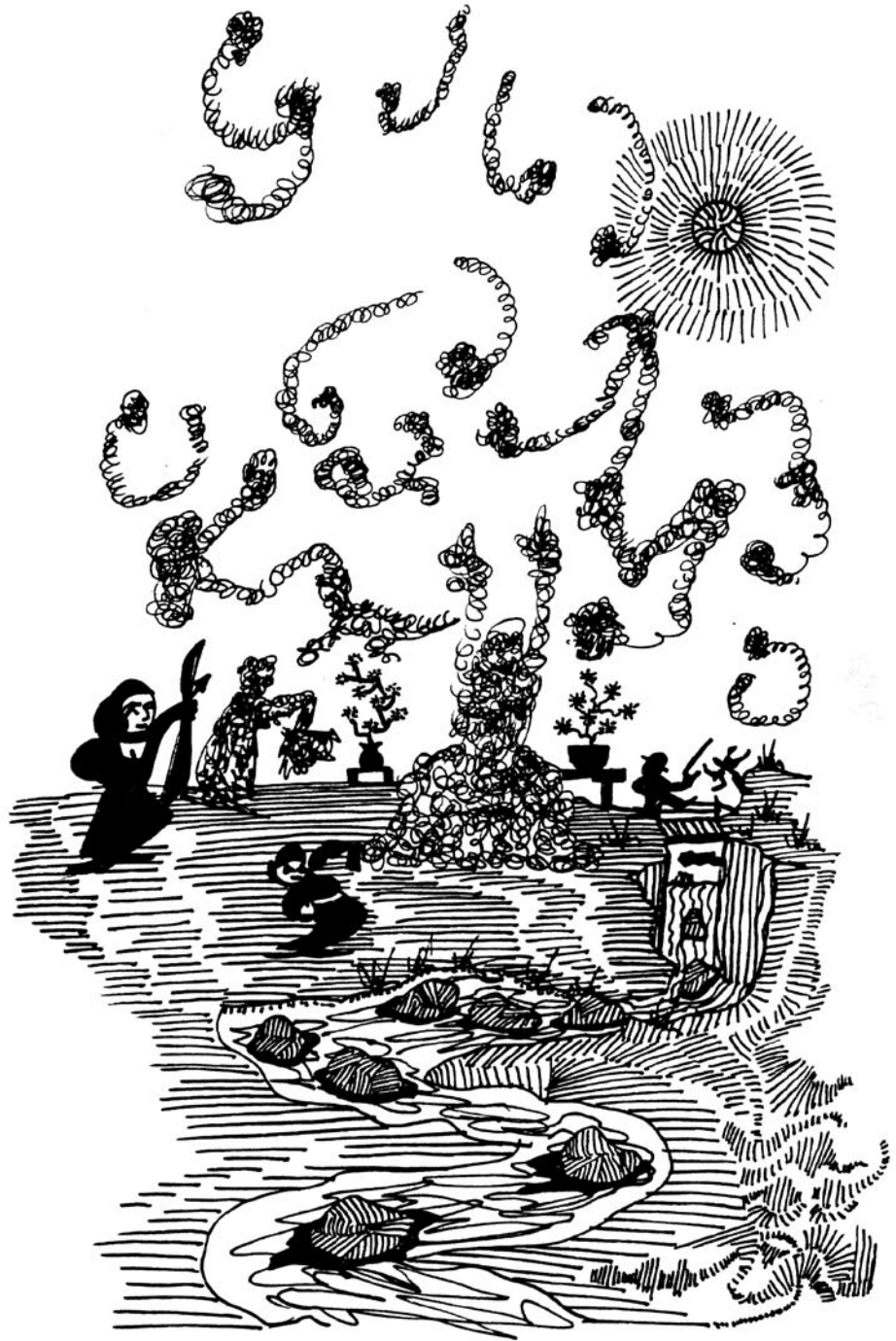
antic muse



elixir mimetic



it has just been between
the two of us, you know -
only that



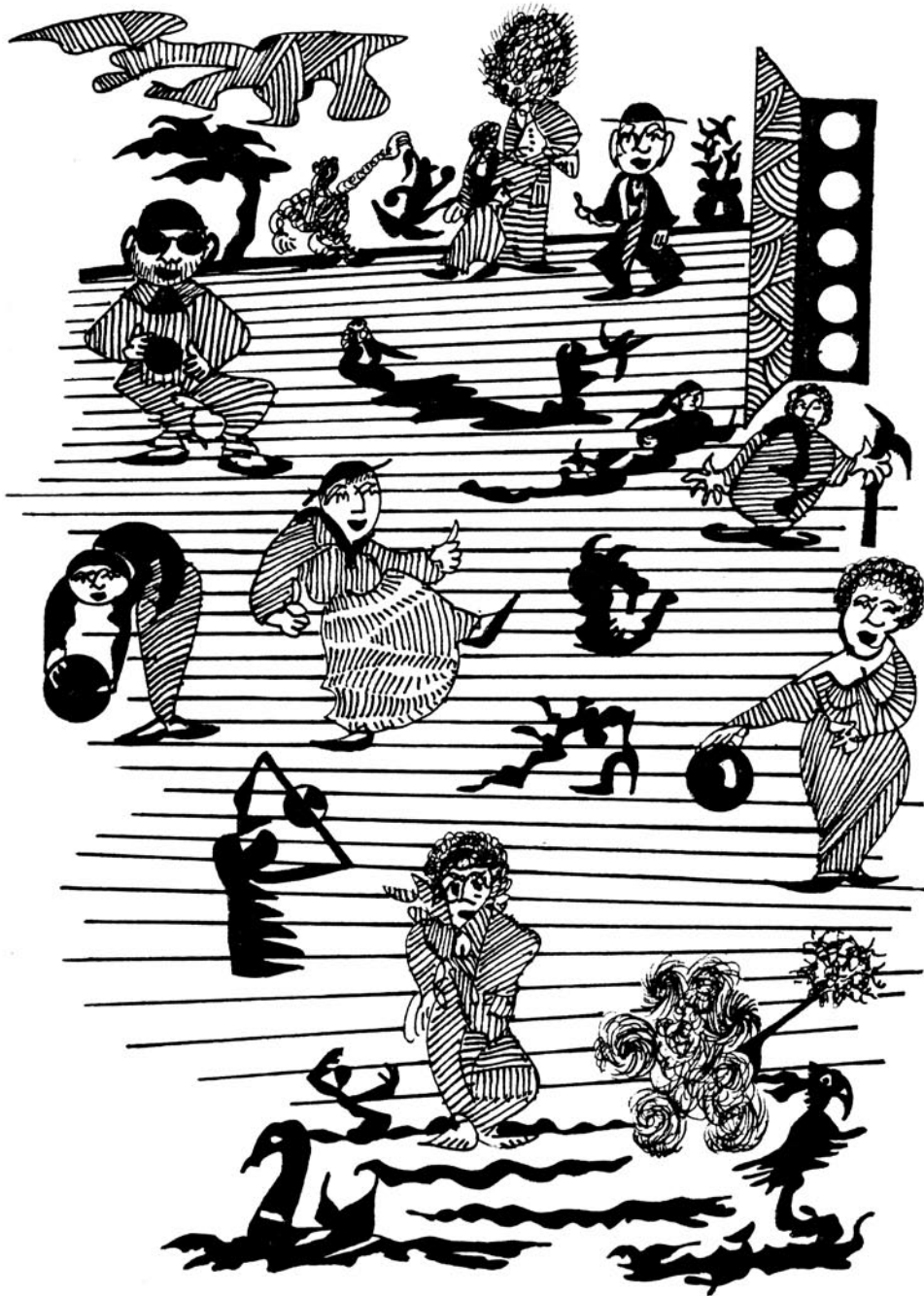
no more than lovers' spat
and arrows going away, away



*this curviship of the hearts
embroided and enfamed*



camera! action! roll 'em!



So, we'll measure what we have said ~
a form of sport



to entwine



play ball with personal history herstory



the enlightened rock

FULL BLAST





I bid you adieu.



**BEYOND
DA
PAIL**

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editions