Lucid Adventure Poetry
Chuck Clenney
This book is dedicated to:

Andre Masson's Automatic Imagery
Salvador Dali's Automatic Painting
&
Wassily Kandinsky's Inner Need
The Architecture of Thought:

The best poetry
That you can write
Is in the
Very last moment
Before you fall asleep.

When forms begin to emerge, the conscious mind takes over the process of drawing.

The very semblance of synesthetic syntax contains cryptically-encrypted history.

Surrealist Automatism: making non-matter matter.

You are going to dream these things that you've seen.

Kill your ego; never let it get bigger than your art.

Utilize your unique means of expressing the subconscious.

Visualize pseudo-hallucinations and celebrate the rarity of your unique brain.

Let the real ghost in the machine flow organically
And transform raw existential truths
Into beautiful sounds and images.

Structures of syntactic attacks
That make us
Heighten our senses
And
Remember that we are all
Just frail human beings.
Lost in the wilderness,

Floating on a sphere
In the dark, cold void of space.
Dream Is Just A Synonym

For Subconscious Hallucination:

Every night
In bed
When we die
In our heads
The world
Around us
Warps shapes
And distorts
Our senses
To perceive
That artificial world.

Dream No. 13: Surrealist Spoons

Salvador Dali
Slept with
Wooden spoon
In hand.

When he
Fell asleep,
The spoon
Hit the ground.

Subconsciously startled
To head
To the easel
Without the artist.

Automatic painting.
Dream No. 5: The Benefits of Axioms

Inside,  
My soul sits alone,  
In a boat,  
Covered in a myelin sheath;  
No physical form,  
Hyperaware of every  
Buoyant drop of experience.  

Floating in an ocean of gray matter:  
Constant quandary of cranial capabilities  
Consume immaterial matter.  
A tune erupts,  
From electrified skies,  
Horizontal wavelengths drift downstream.

Near the Node of Ranvier, I disembark,  
Staying close to the shore. The coast  
Offers an unreal array of aromas and annuals;  
TENDER POWER EATS THE SUN.  

Scattered garbage litters my path,  
Unwelcome advertisements slow my pace,  
Abandoned artifacts possess lost energy.  
God lies dead on the shore, disemboweled,  
By Darwin's highly evolved birds.

From time to time,  
Feeling free from form,  
Injections of Emotion envelope existence.  
Warm spectrums of color abstract all boundaries.  
Sirens suddenly scream  
In the language of animals.

Gaussian blurs convolve the image,  
Swelling tides whirl and dissipate,  
Metamorphosizing dendrites.  

Assimilating amazing alliterative adage always  
Automatically alters aural axons and  
Assembles astonishment.

I may not remember all the words I've read  
But I can recall the feeling in my head.

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Dream No. 6: Lucid Adventure Poetry

Pursuing a cessation of thought,  
Drifting into a fuzzy somniferous consciousness,  
Headphones droning stereophonic binaural waves,  
Echoes reverberate against my inner auditory canal,  
Neurological electricity zips through my conduit of axons.  
Dendrites determine dreams.

Asleep, I descend to the center of the Earth:  
Molten metal moving in the middle,  
Nickel and iron ore grinding,  
Geolayers accumulate as I transcend gravity in an instant,  
Teleported up to my kitchen of patch-work memories  
Where food either becomes blood and cells or cancer.

Kabuki samurais and portraits of caromola star fruit examine my cells,  
From the wall, they embody the cytoplasmic capabilities of memory.  
Jumping in the air, I reach out to grab these reminiscences,  
But the gravity of tough thought tugs on my triceps and trachea.  
I can't move or breathe; helpless in this subconscious vignette.  
Black holes suck gods into oblivion.

In an Instant, on a mountainside overlooking Kyoto  
Feeding vegetables to the wild monkeys of Awariyama.  
Carried away to Washington, DC,  
Leading an impromptu protest  
Through the snowy streets to the White House  
To tell Obama we want "Green jobs now!"

Back home in Lexington, Kentucky,  
Reflecting at the Reynolds Building on the unsettling sunset after a tornado  
Tired from flying to the end of the universe. My thoughts span  
From biggest to smallest, from galaxy to atom.  
From California's Sequoias to Whitman's leaves of grass;  
All plants growing toward the sun, looking for an embrace.

The sun hugs back with life-generating compassion.  
I awaken, tired from running psychotropic laps.  
I find myself, for a few seconds, perplexed.  
Which reality is real? Is life a dream? When do we wake up?  
Everything in the dream, is in some sense,  
The dreamer.
Dream No. 20: Vivid Colors

If there is a god,
Give me purple skies;
Baby blue tree trunks,
Vivid colors in my eyes.

Custard yellow mountains,
Rigid ochre on the ridge,
Blood-red Lillies bloom-
Vivid colors on my skin.

Vivid colors on my tongue,
Vivid colors in my lungs.
Technicolor Rhododendron
Sprung from scarlet-colored dung.

Vivid colors up my nose,
Vivid colors on my toes,
Subterranean heat flows
With what color? No one knows.

Vibrant words are spectrums,
Beaming from you
Since birth.

What is the color
In the center
Of the Earth?

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Dream No. 21: 会うは別れの始め (Meeting is the Beginning of Parting)

4/11 – 7 AM,
Heading to 池袋 Ikebukuro.
Subway exits, low ceilings.
Blurs of drab black clothing incessantly run by
Tokyo banana omiyage stands.
Seibu east exit:
High school kids wearing their uniforms on Sunday;
Confused foreigners,
Up the stairs, out of the station,
Off to play Sega arcades at Sunshine 60.
Lingerie pubs, arresting techno-colored lights,
Soul-sucking cacophonous Pachinko parlors.

Greasy ramen shops with long lines outside indicating deliciousness inside:
Hot dashi stock, pink ginger,
Soft noodles steaming.

Little Japanese kids playing card games.
Gilding around, on the island,
Upon Mothership Earth.

Ravens hover over huge garbage piles and dangerously low-hanging power lines,
Cluster-fucked all up in a tangled mess, that works.

Moonlight is nothing but sunlight refracted:
Tokyo chic glimmers, pops, sparks, and fzzles.
People know designer clothes and shit here-
Something I'm not so interested in.
Japanese nuns praying on a highway bus in Saitama.
The large cypress torii gates
Began to rock at Meiji Shrine.

So many 7/11s, vending machines, family marts,
And konbini stores I can't count!

The Amida Buddha of Kamakura,
The Love Hotels, Pink Salons, and Soaplands of Kabukicho,
United in motion.

The daunting Shinjuku Skyscrapers,
Visual evidence of Japan's bubble economy,
Swayed like the
pirate-ship rides of my childhood.

The center-less Ferris Wheel,
At Tokyo Dome City, wobbled.

All 400 different falling flavors of Ice Cream at Namjotown ;
Vanilla, Whiskey, Double Cheese, Garlic, Chicken Wing, Japanese Pit Viper, Sake,
Salad, Asa, Pumpkin, Pear, Miso Ramen, Blueberry, Strawberry, Huckleberry,
Raspberry, Oranges, Pineapple, Banana, Green Onion, Guava, Mandarins, Corn,
Wasabi, Durian, Lemon, Lime, Tokushima Sudachi, Sea Urchin, Cherry, Shark Fin,
Squid, Chocolate, Buckwheat Soba, Vodka, Edamame Soy Beans, but no Cherry Cordial!
All scattering out of their glass coolers and onto the floor.

A million and more people.

The monkeys of Nikko,
Who declare with their wooden,
Monkey faces,
Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil;
They shook.

The apple trees of Aomori.

The struggling fisherman's boats
On the Irwato coast.
Grandmothers, children, babies.

Sushi shops:
Ginger, wasabi, wooden throwaway chopsticks,
Fresh fish with knives in them.
Yellowtail, Tuna, Salmon, Mackerel, Horse Mackerel, Oysters, Octopus, Sea Urchins,
sometimes Whale. (;
Crab, Miso, Bream, Cuttlefish, Eels, Bonito, Anchovies, Salmon Eggs, Cod Eggs,
Seaweed, and the fucking giant kraken Squids of Chichijima Island,
Shock, on the plate, and on the plates in the ocean.

High-end malls in Sendai,
The new 300 mph Shinkansen bullet train,
Just getting used to its new track
To Tohoku,
rocked into suspension.

Thousands of bowls of ramen spilled, I'm sure,
Miso, Salt, Pork Bone, Soy Sauce,
All flavors, all over people, counters, clothes, chefs, customers:
Dumbfounded, covered in noodles, hot fish paste broth,
and pork belly fat; running for their lives.

And I, 草薙, 3 PM,
In the Shimonita junior high school
Staff room,
Thinking about how much
Class time we spent
On earthquake drills
And how no one, but me, actually left
The building once the
Electricity abruptly cut off.

The gym teacher was trapped
In the elevator
For 30 minutes.

Superficiality,
At the risk of social DISCOMFORT
Or
DIVERSION FROM THE NORM,
Is the name of
The game in Japanese society.

Everyone, face in their cell phones.
Looking at train timetables.
Ignorant that we would have no electricity for 3 days.
Ueno park, 6PM,
Ravens cacophony,
Tai chi in the swing sets.
Sun reveals the perspective of replicate torii gates,

Dividing the world of men and gods.
People Jogging; wires from ears,
Waddling Chiba dogs.

When the earth pounds against
Itself, society is shaken too.

The Earth has no empathy.
One month later,
On a volunteer assistantship,
I would be at
the base of the Japanese self-defense forces, at Sendai Port,
Which had been unprepared for what would be,
20 minutes later, total annihilation
On that day.

So many ghosts
Roam the Sendai coast as I sift through the rubble of trashed cars,
Houses, bikes, toys, Futons, beds, pictures, DVDs, lives.
Moldy tatami mats that crumble as I throw them over my head, onto the truck, in huge piles.

Thinking about how giant shifting earth plates
Can crush insignificant humans
In an instant.

Electricity cut; earth shaking.
Running for high ground,
As a man next to the street we worked at
Shows me the water level on his house
And shows me a picture, on his cell phone, of his car submerged in
Raging waters, on the street we’re standing on; now dry as a bone.
The smell, the broken skeletons of homes on the coast,
Plates of mangled twisted metal, gnarly semis,
Sideways houses, boats, half-buildings.
Corpses still lingering about:

(The Japanese Self-Defense Force
Politely asked us to stop cleaning the stream
Because they found a woman under a car,
Next to an oil-soaked snake.)
I'm not afraid anymore,
Of death,
Because none of us ever die.
Our atoms divide back into the ether.
I periodically tell myself to shut the fuck up
And lay in the sunshine.

I slow down and listen to way the sun hits the mist,
In the music of the rainforest,
Making life possible from all
This death around us.

Somewhere between
Childhood and death,
I find myself
Floating
On an incessant river
Of present moments:

When we die,
all our memories are gone,
Just like a walk in the park towards unforetold ends.
Vital are the neighbors,
Helping strangers,
In times of grave danger.
After the weekend,
On the Tohoku Highway,
We pass the exit for Fukushima:
20 miles from the month-old
Triple nuclear meltdown
And in we're stuck in heavy traffic,
On a raditated highway,

I, as man,
curious and ignorant, borrow German Igor's Geiger counter,
Roll down the window,
And watched as the machine's sounds screeched across the heavy air
With full indications that,
With that, with window down or up,
We are fucked...
So are those
Cesium-soaked Cherry Blossoms trees,
In full bloom, lining the perimeters of this poison path.
Fires in the distance,
At the base of poison mountains,
Poisoned springs,
Poisoned populations.

At The River Styx,
I scribbled a haiku:

川端で
At the river's edge,
自由生活を
I, about our journey; life,
考えた
Freely thought and thought.
Dream No. 30: The ABCs of Persistence

An alarm alerts awareness
By beautifully boasting
Caution! Corruption! Cheating!
Devious destruction does not deter doomsday devices.
Economies enslave ethical environmental evolution.
Fucked the future for freedom fleeting?
Greedy giants gobble global goods and
Have haphazard hospitality for humanity.
Imprudent ignorance is what interrupts intelligent individuals.
Judiciary justice is jostled.
Knowledge is kidnapped.
Love for living is luxuriously leveled.
Mother, maker of maleficent men,
Needs no more neglect. Now let's
Ostracize ourselves from outlandish organizations and
Punish preachers praying for punches. We must
Quickly question
Rudimentary representatives reporting reality and
Start sending supplies to stop Sub-Saharan starvation.
Take time today to talk to trees.
Understand unnecessary universes.
Venture through various velocities and
Wonder why we wonder: is
Xenophobic
Yore yonder? When you
Zip and zoom through Zeus’ Zenith,

I hope you hear his thunder.

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Dream No. 31: A Collection of Post-Awakened Immediate Jottings

Elementary elements:
Building blocks of this
Whole wide world.
An endless scattered pattern
Of atomic matter
Scrambling, smashing, dissipating; individually.
Concentric explosions emanating;
Like Labor Day fireworks expanding upon implosion.
There is great power in chaos and kindness.

We are inventing evolution.
And I can envision our precision.
I am writing in the present tense.
Fireflies flickering patterns
Hoping to find
Mimicking matching mates.
Moths staying together for
19 hours after mating.
Butterflies courting each other.

Love is just good sense.

Energy
Escapes

Completely.

Stumbling along a Carolina Beach,
I encounter a flower;
She was proliferating powder pollen
Hour after hour;
Beautiful and fragile
With a whole lotta power.

Rich in spiritual individuality
Enjoying a lion's share of
Photosynthesis for breakfast!

Seafoam waves crash.
An ever-changing amazing Zenith
Plummets behind us.

Opium smoke disseminates
Into Oxygen-rich atmospheres.
Existential woes blurred.

Earth, you look like you had a rough night last night.
How about you take the day off
And go to the beach?

Organic love is taintless.
The feigned beauty of the stream.
Beethoven's Ode to Joy playing in my brain.

Storm clouds roll into the window of the sky.
Sitting naked in this empty bathtub,
Contemplating defeat.

Abstract moonbeams flicker
Off the djembe from my gym bag,
Beams vibrate to beatings for the rhythmic skies.

Eternal philosophical ponderings:

Should I despise
That my demise
Is a surprise?

The atoms answer,
"Do not be ashamed of
Temporary mortality.
Embrace it with the fury
Of the sun and the
Might of moon-altered ocean currents...."

When you are unconscious
You may dream with
Non-physical elements.

If life were to expire during,
Would you wake up?
Or would you, eternally, sleep........?

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Dots

"Polka-dot has the form of the sun, which is a symbol of the energy of the whole world and our living life, and also the form of the moon, which is calm. Round, soft, colorful, senseless and unknowing. Polka-dots become movement... Polka dots are a way to infinity."

— Yayo! Kusama, Manhattan Suicide Addict, 2005

Memories
Are just
Blotted microdots
In the brain.
Careful strokes
Of lingering,
Hyper-realistic,
Atomic amalgamations...

New York City,
1968:
Glass and Close
Become one in
Existential drift.

Their memory dots
Synthesize,
Giving birth to
New forms.

Aesthetics and experience
Meet on the sheet,
In some place between
Note, dot, and composition.

If you look at Phil II,
While listening to Glass'
A Musical Portrait of Chuck Close,
Symbiotic effects are evident.

This unknown ether of art
Is where the soul is
And if you're standing too close,
You're totally missing the bigger picture.