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Apocalyptic Sunday Fragments and Other Astral Debris

by

Howard N Kaplan

Howard N Kaplan

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Apocalyptic Sunday Fragments

And Other Astrol Debris

by

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Apocalyptic Sunday Fragments
And Other Astral Debris

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Apocalyptic Sunday Fragments

I

Tasty porcelain breakfast greets me --
Today is Apocalyptic Sunday.

II

From my bed a sound --
A soft morning sigh

You stir
beside me

From a pile of newspaper:
Your feet protrude
Upon my hairy legs

Sunshine filters through
Venetian blinds
Which bake us tenderly////////
Our bodies lay limp
Beneath the sheets

The newspaper creeps
Around the floor

III

Coffee Sunday morning
After tasty porcelain wakeup,
Sunshine shampoo
And tasty Sunday cupcake
 glowing radioactive,
Frosting tor-filled lonely lungache,
Rise and shine --
 It's Sunday morning!

IV

The still Sunday Sun
Bathes our skin
Yellow

And from our eyes
Rush everflowing tides
Between what we see
And what we think

we know.

V

"Apocalypse," read the headline,
I smile and turn the page;
That same Sunday smile
that comes with sweet sugar Sunday
cupcake breath.

VI

Atomic detergent causes change
in pulling
the dirt from one's life
through one's clothing.

VII

We were
drowning so gracefully
In toxic waves
That pulled
At our skin;
Poetic in motion, our arms extended,
We were falling like birds,
dying and trapped
in airplane engines.
Trying to find meaning in our love
was useless,
And Sunday comes once a week.

4/9/86

Athanasia

Silver cobweb leaves
shudder in the wind;
I hear the Voice of God
Whisper
Across diamondlit ripplewater.

Floating leaves breathe above me;
The Voice of God flows pristine --
It weaves
A fine brocade of silver
Which gently makes me sleep.

Words twist like serpents
Tangled in the dark --
They drip like water --
Eroding rivers
These words in streams;
God's Voice gives meaning
In a state of constant change.

My mind amazed at watchwork wonder --
I feel the Voice of God
Echo
Through the dark.

Words sculpt meaning into stone
Like rocks from broken tablets --
Reveal to me the Truth in Change:
Nothing is Permanent
Except Motion and Change --
So speaks God in wordless visions.

Heaven spirals split through the water
While visions ripple in the stream --
The Voice of God is Change in Motion
And God gave me a dream:

Weeping
black mother forms spherically,
Unwinding wisps
black stars winding --
Weeping tear-shaped light unravels
melting ember laquers in circular motion,

Like a flower
Blackness rotates spherically

Mother
Black sphere
Goddess-mother sings softly,
 sweetly,
 loving
 mother-child
 suckles baby
 with her tear-shaped breast;
 open
 breathing
 suckle-mother --

Stars unravel, unwind and open
Petals stretch, star-filled
Shining bright in thick clusters

Mother laughing
Sends spheres into orbit
 pouring from her mouth
 perfect roses
A black stream glides
 from suckle-mother's mouth

Mother gives birth to the sun
Making celestial moaning noises;
Starsun cracks open
 from black unwinding thighs
 of singing suckle-mother
 split open
 a thin peeking sun

White-yellow shaft of light
Celestial mother opens wide
 black
 spreading open
 she
 unravels wisps of color
 sun
 unwinds
 unlocks
 opens wide
 black mother
 echoes

birth

screaming
flaming birth contractions
violently
rips the sun
open brightly
cruelly
bright black mother
sings out!

OUT!

Now that I am All and None
 the Day can begin. . .

My mind awakens to a shudder in the wind
As I hear the Voice of God
Whisper
A timeless, wordless vision
of the birth of the day.

Beneath the water I stare at stars
Moving silently above me --
They stitch eternal fabric in the sky
While words float aimless before my eyes.

Breathlessly lost in Change
The Voice of God passes like the river
Floating endlessly downstream:
I exist in words.

1/2/87

I Sit Dumb As You Cast The Stone Upon The Water

Your hand is as precious
as a flower in the sun;
And everything you touch
evolves into crystal --
Born from the neverending tides
of the wellsprings of your heart.

You create crystal diamonds
with the power of your touch.
With the stroke of your hand
the sky becomes eternal
the air lies stiff
And each silent wind is stilled.

Your voice floats gently
upon the stifled wind.
Each word you speak is like liquid --
slow and soft and gently soothing;
And each word reveals the source of love
Comes from the slowflowing
wellsprings of your heart.

The source of love shines through your eyes --
It spreads like crystals
growing from the touch
Of your fingers on my chest;
Within your hand you hold the key:
The precious stone that marks my awakening.

My soul is a stone
that lies heavy by my heart;
Far and unreachable,
Layered with contempt,
My soul, a stone, is fixed between
The eternal sky where All have come
And the limits of my vision.

I stroke your chin with flowerpetals --
Silence deafens us,
soft, loving chin strokes --
You bring forth your hand
And draw my head to your mouth

Your lips give wide to stone-like teeth
 Your love creates diamondcrystal eternity
 You pull me towards a bed of sand
 And hold the stone of my awakening.

You stir the stagnant water
 Moving whisperswirls within me;
 Waves roll like your tongue
 and begin to move in tune
 To the neverending cadence
 Of the wellsprings of your heart.

Lost now, in these crystal depths,
 I can sense no world around me,

Only the hot breath flowing gently,
 Weightless love floats on the air

Rising like steam
 Born from the wellsprings
 Of your heart.

Your heart opens deep
 from the force
 of my awakening

You hold the stone
 pressing deep
 against my chest

You clasp the embers
 and swallow my contempt
 Then you smile and whisper
 my quiet discontent.

I feel the tides shudder
 from the force of my awakening

I sit in awe as you present
 my soul, now diamond,
 Pressed by the power of your hand;
 And I know now that
 love is undscribable --

It is born from the unseen
Wellsprings of your heart

which flow eternal
like the space

between stars

Or the limits of my vision.

You stand before me now
And set the world in motion
With the stroke of your hand

You walk on the horizon,
Leave me sitting on the shore,
And you take the crystal diamond
and you toss it in the air
and it turns back into stone

You pluck the stone from the air
And stare into the endless sea of your heart
and are swallowed by the purple sky above us.

I sit dumb as you cast the stone upon the water.

9/14/86

Sparklesweet Suckle Delight

Speak sweet sundry shades of delight,
 Whisper in my ear your most intimate longings,
 Eat ice-cream Sunday delight loving cold,
 Run your tongue -- warm majestic longing --
 Run it across the frigid surface of vanilla tasting
 earful of precious delight;
 Times together,
 like these,
 makes my breath short and
 my most intimate longings more intense;
 They come from the imperceptible palpitations
 inside my chest

I shudder sometimes thinking of you.

Dance double three-step waltzes,
 Touch my shoulder, rest your head
 while we move one-two-three, one-two-three,
 Warm, majestic longing flows between our bodies
 while we dance,
 My mind reels back and forth
 to this love of constant motion,
 this imperceptible gyration of the wheels of time,
 It overwhelms me
 with the meaningless motions in rigid timesteps
 One-two-three, one-two-three,
 And while I step and turn
 and stop again,
 One step forward,

Two steps back,

Like this you fade away in the distance
 while I laugh and cry and try to write
 about it.

Move sweet contempt to the grey facade I
 substitute for dessert tonight;
 In motion above me,
 speak subtle love phrases
 while rocking on my groin,

Whimper soft lovesighs
while sevenquarter timestep music plays
in the distance;
Let me experience the complex understanding
of your own hidden knowledge,
Whisper silent sweet lovecream explosions
rocking and slopping me
with each excuse you have,
And let me feel the overwhelming tides shudder
through the inside of my chest
And leave me standing,
walking in a circle,
And let me all the time speak
in these meaningless phrases.

Sparklesweet suckle delight dancing
singing laughing love cries longing
and I can't go on describing how I
miss you. I can only make lists of
the ways that I feel.

7/18/85

Wisdom

Luscious licking motions, Her tongue, like clouds, Drifting across the sky in backflop licking motions, Left and right and back and forth, So far, Onward to the ecstasy and the anticipatory joy of potential delight. . .

Soap sink soup predicts the fate of her life, Her hands, stuck in stinking lemon garbage, She dreams again the dreams of her youth, Fragrant, luscious licking motions, She sees the clouds from her window and dreams. . .

Of the star-lit fury of flowerbed dreams, It fills her mouth and eyes and ears with expectant soft fury and the breath of the moon and the kiss of the wind on her cheek, she dreams. . .

Long loved grandeur and the opulence of her love, Each gesture she makes is a gesture of the clouds, The moving planets spin in her mind, She dreams of the cosmos, The dynamics of motion and mind, She licks the dew from fresh-fruit moistness and smiles because she can see in her soul the motion of the cosmos with the breath escaping lightly between her lips. . .

Pure wine sweetness pours through her lips as she sees the way of men and their useless mundane thinking, She smiles her sweet breath licking, mocking the humdrum ways of men and the world, It is only dirt and rock, But to her the sky is a tapestry filled with all of the dimensions of mind, body, and soul, She licks her winesweet lips and smiles, Knowing that this cannot be described in the mere words of the world.

Fabric lace through the open window beckons her mind to the sky
and stars, She speaks the words of mundane boredom and lavishes
them with her gentle caress of the cosmos, Flying through the blowing
curtain, her bitter teacup, Flying through the grey and mundane world
of lemon-garbage TeeVee rhetoric, She flies beyond this world
of words while sitting in the parlor, Her words are nothing, But
in her eyes she sees beyond the fabric lace into the
intricacies of the places beyond the sky and stars. . .

She laughs at my ignorance, but loves me all the same, I love her
humble awareness and her love for the unwordable visions beyond
the sky and stars.

In our bed she kisses me, I can sense her mind-lost-awareness,
I can feel her beside me but not with me, She is gone beyond
the sky and stars in her luscious licking motions that grow
like clouds above me.

3/14/85

Child of the Sun

13

Star-kissed and smiling,
You are a child of the Sun.
Floating in the shadows of angel's feet,
 you weave the starlaced fabric
That coats the Mountains of Time.

Sing portentous visions of life's time,
 and timeless singing visions of bright,
 bird-like days --
Colors pour through thirsty souls,
They laquer and appear as glorious sunburst visions
 that rain in globs of
 thick crimsonpurple burning cold,
They fill the thirsty souls with bright and nameless visions
 of woe and wonder
 and the wonderful nameless colors of love and experience;
Life's timepiece cuts days into cubes of color,
 mixing the lies of life with
 the true colors of love --
 the hypocrisy with the value,
 the value of the change of love
 and loving and being loved,
Swimming in tides of shifting color,
Sunred orange streaked with coldblue
 and vanillawhite ice-cream shores
 and tasty sand made from the cubes
 of lifetime's days,
Swimming in these dried daytime's memory,
 like pages in a book read over again,
They turn as the sand slips back to swallow
 the colortide over burning beaches of mind. . .

Rising

Shifts of color to saltbland tastebuds,
Shifting to mundane schedule clocks and bustops,
Bar benches sticky with last night's dreams are squeeking,
You drink color in bourbon and scotch,
 bloodred images of the day's dream,
Falling in the sand of timepiece's love;
Feed your thirsty brainsoul with a water that dries your mind,
Chained to the dark barbench sing a song of woe and wonder
 and smoke away the night to darken the life time's colors.
To cover the coldblue seasky and the crimson bloodbath water --
The smoke makes everything grey;
The water is fire --
It burns the pages of lifetime's memory,
The last thing you see is the television sign-off pattern.

3/10/85

Morning Sunflower Speaks

We sit silent in the morning
 With a sunflower between us.
 It speaks spreading golden cupcake petals
 That drift slowly
 towards the tablecloth.

My eye-hearts crack open and pour hot liquid
 While I gaze at your face
 Glued far away against the wallpaper:
 You are eating wheatbread toast.

I don't ask --
 You pass the butter
 While golden liquid teardrops
 drip like syrup from my face;
 They fall from my eye-hearts towards my plate.

I look at the bread,
 Then around the outline
 Of your hand
 resting on the tablecloth.
 Your face is in still profile
 Against the pattern of sunflower petals
 Strewn in yellow stencil
 on the white wall behind you.

When you turn your head
 To get a napkin
 The windowshade flutters --
 It spreads a darker shadow
 Against the morning haze
 Like a halo on your head.

Wordlessly you turn around
 And are swallowed by the wallpaper --
 Heaven cast a cold, Dark Blink
 Time Sealed and Pressurized.

My eye-shades flutter to grasp a subtle light,
 I breathe shining amber silkdust
 Which falls moist
 in brief eternity.

Forever inward retreat
 Spiraling downward
 in a stainless
 steel funnel.
 The mind that says 'I'
 Cannot make words.

Gravity pulls dense
 stones within my body.
 My eye-mind cracks
 A paperthin horizon.

Beyond the edge I hear a sound,
 Music undefined and pure like mist;
 Your voice ripples softly
 Through the dark
 Satin Void.

Your voice echoes in the fog
 Like liquid mist descending --
 Covers my face, my loins, my arteries --
 I creak against the roots
 Grown like worms
 from the bowels
 of the earth;
 They writhe and hold me down.

You dance on the dark edge of my vision
 And sing a song of gracious despair;
 Approaching on a stream of silkdust
 Suspended endless in the air
 You dance creating patterns in the sky.

Restless roots hold me trapped --
 My mind is full of too many things --
 Each moment measured in breath is indescribable --
 My mouth shapes words of false understanding --
 My arteries bulge from earth's hard gravity
 And drag me down with meaning
 Limited to the shape of words.

My eye-throats are stuck
 With false understanding --
 It's hard to make things simple.

You dance before me
 Far away
 Against the black slate sky;
 On Heaven's Blink you scratch a mark
 With each perpetual
 starheeled footstroke.

My eye-hearts crack open and pour hot liquid --
 They burst wide -- flash shining light
 Blind me while I struggle
 Between the roots that drag me down.

You dance snow circle O rings around me
 Laquered with sorrow is the song that you sing,
 Mistmusic turned snow casts a shadow of meaning --
 Meaning love
 Snow circle O spirals unwind from your lips
 And I am buried in the sound.

My eye-hearts slowly fill
 with a whiteness
 deeper
 than the milk that you hold
 in a glass in your hand.

You give me the glass
And I drink the milk.
I put the glass down
To cast a darker shadow on the tablecloth.
You reach beneath the table
And present all the tears
You sang for me,
Carried in a bucket.

3/6/87

18

How Am I

**How Am I
I said to myself
Yes, This is Paper.**

3/17/87

