

fried encounters of the first kind



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f r i e d e n c o u n t e r s o f t h e f i r s t k i n d

a poetic observation by dario l. Jaramillo 1994

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begin end

poetic deviations from
the neverland of
obscure memories
finding cats and mice
loving each other as
dogs and cats fuck
preconception with pride
returning forever to the source
beguiling radiant extra-terrestrial
mind twisting ideas
with predetermined authority
yet saying nothing
is this weird?
or what...
or what...
or what...
ending at the beginning
only to begin at the end.

religion

sages from the stages of life
embark upon a sea of madness
encountering
screaming nuns and sexual sirens
bringing forth battles of myth
from within their tortured minds
and
casting bronze statuettes of lustful
deliverance
obtaining nothing
until faint orgasms of divine divinity
worship iconoclastic demons
licking their wounds of desire
and
suck their blood from penetrated
confusion
until demented irritations seep from within.

fried-day

"fuck you all"
said the man with the mic
and the cops came
"ok, so unfuck you all"
said he
and the cops left

"kill you all"
said the guy with the gun
and the feds came
"ok, so unkill you all"
said he
and the feds took him away

"abort you all"
said the human with the condom
and the anti-aborts came
"ok, so unabort you all"
said he
and the anti-aborts started a fight
as
the abortions started a fight
the prejudice started a fight
the not-prejudice started a fight
the rich started a fight
the poor started a fight
the true started a fight
the false started a fight
the black started a fight
the white started a fight
the working started a fight
the not-working started a fight
and then everyone became purple.

memory

i lost my memory
as i walked thru the rain on a sunny day
lost it in my sleep
or was it as i talked
can't remember a thing
i lost my memories

maybe it was when i was loving you
or was it when i talked with you
i don't know
can't remember
did i loose my memory
or am i talking out loud
who knows
who cares
i lost my memory

lost the past
can't find the present
since it goes so fast
i can't remember a thing
can't find the future
no past to draw from
no future to rest upon
and certainly no present to lean upon
no memories
no memories
yes memories

i can't remember
whether i am yours
or you are mine
is there a commitment
or a committed union
of the mind
to tell us where we are
can't remember
no more thoughts
no more memories
more memories
as i fling thru life.

moment

silence starts and ends in the same note
as guitars fly all over the place
making great roaring sounds
of the first kind

aching to grasp the flying
sawdust
and wrap the dirt and mud
into a ball
casting it then out to the sky
as strings and bows of madness
ride distressed souls
into oblivion
leaving the lonely and the wise
even lonelier and wiser

a single second of silence
comes forth tickling your sex
and your soul
until all hell surrounds you
burning every moment of your life
into a single grain of sand.

lost

what's that burning sensation between your legs?
a lost bone of reality
or a desire blowing in the wind?
maybe when you walked the night
you addicted yourself to burning lust
or was it
a must?
tell me hon...
tell me where you came from...
a dysfunctional family
a trashed and tossed relationship
a poor economy
a lost hope
a forgotten love
the never obtainable dream
the once rich and now poor syndrome
the arrogant past
the conceited present
the snobbish future
the cheated soul
the drunken society
the homeless skid row
the uneducated mind
the insane asylum...
tell me where you lie
beneath the burning sensation
or under humanity itself?
feel the sensation
the bleeding life long equation
and
lick your wounds
as you lie in the cold
telling me about your past.

drug

the horror
the insanity
the madness

the induced venom of society
comes and goes at free will
bringing delight to the blind
joy to the seeing
chaos to the old
delirium to the homeless
as we slip by life into
a drug induced sleep to awake us
into another plane of reality.

mad actress

woman on pedestal
furniture madly
circulating around her
she improvises
dramatic arts
red veils blowing
at all times
from behind
smoke at floor level
TV monitors
with video cameras
connected to them
capturing
different angles
furniture slowly elevates
actress furiously
penetrates her abdomen
with a broken bottle
blood spews
with gravitational reverse
the furniture stops.

mad conductor

man in front
of complete classical
orchestra
behind podium
that is really an
ionic pedestal
made of marble
mad director swings
his head all over
the place
making no sense
what-so-ever
with the music
that the orchestra
is playing
mad model flies in
the nude
strapped to a pulley
and completely inside
a bubble
she flies around
the stage
over the orchestra
and the mad conductor.

mad director

searching for visions of reincarnation
showing victims crucifying victims
hanging them higher than below
throwing icy water from above
spinning cameras into the ground
floating lights creating floods of luminance
as personalities fling into the dirt
ramming sexual organs into each other
and milky breasts sinking into breathing tongues of fire
creating pornographic tails of poetic divergence
the mad director cines on
cines on
"cine on"
cried he
making reality from real surrealism
confusing no
one but himself
telling tails of desired orgasms
returning to lenses with no glass
looking through red silk finding blue light
as blinding beams shoot forth bringing him down
into the land of celluloid.

figures

entwined dangerously inclined figures
bathing in the light of unaccomplished hope
finally capturing contorted bodies breathing our air
singing oratorical mellismas and infringing blank accounts
of unknown destinations gathered by hasty directives presently
into the past
as dancing figures leave us in the night to watch
our flight into life as our reality reports reports to us
with songs that never end in the suspended key of natural
alienation

twisted, tossed, burned, tormented, beguiled, unamused, bewildered,
cows of our aged and forgotten society acting as pros to show us nothing is here
to adhere to the words of forgotten preachers
yet coming at us with retrospective delight pasting us into
oblivious expectations with no pretentious behavior
delivering matter before issue preconceiving
a new life form among us as they them
you and us become a monster
of our very own creation
creating demons
and witches
within us

without you
there would be
no place to tell you
stories of future civilizations
only relapse nations of cremations.

bio cyborg

anatomical situations invading the mind
penetrating the soul
heating the stomach
raping the bowels
creating an off-spring
vegetating lifespan
only in the heart
only in the soul
continuous
impregnation from information
taking continuous
information into their
eternal constipation
altering massive amounts of information
into nations
with delirious ambiguous fastidious memories
of future life
of future life
inquisitorious occlude subterranean memories
of future life
of future life
acclivitous voluptuous promiscuous memories
of future life
of future life
bringing us into a conclusion
that only takes the psyche deeper into itself
turning us into cyber organisms
with plastic orgasms.

different

you with the invisible hairs
wearing that prefabricated skin
smelling like insecticide
oozing from your veins
are you any different than we are?

you with the curling sabre toothed grin
pasting tattoos of used skin upon yourself
gawking at us with pretentious manner
laughing at oddities among us
are you any different than we are?

you with the invisible eyes that have not opened
seeing tired scenes of separation
categorization and alien-nation constipation
touching the senses with your sexual odor
are you any different than we are?

you with the violet heart that does not bleed
with tired eyes that do not see
with the sabre tooth grin that does not smile
with the invisible hair that does not grow
what are you?
different?

lovers

waiting for her to return
is worse than cancer developing under your skin
biting your veins with shark teeth
or being wired to an electric chair
and still
she's gone
gone with breathing mechanisms
strapped to your lungs
tubes out of your back
what an undreamed reality
feeling
when you're gone
are your feet damp
with blood pouring from your genitals
or is it the homeless guy you stepped on
roaming the streets with eerie defeat
when she's gone
gone
bringing
unearthly results when she's gone
who am i to want you
when you're gone
gone taking the future
as the past comes into light
when i think of you
and yet i do have lovers of many kind
when you're gone.

dreamer

alright so you
wanna make a movie
wanna buy a house
wanna start an empire
starting as a mouse
wanna be a big star
wanna be a trump
wanna buy an empire
starting at a slump
constant information taking you away
telling you what to wear
telling you what to say
can't open up when your inside is out
lived a life
outside in
lost encounters erupting from nowhere
taking you into subconsciouses reality
after the telling
you're still not there
civilized education coming from afar
you still can't see it
you're still a farce
olympian dynamics fill the sky
as you dream of castles
as you dream with clouds
you wanna be a dreamer
that is what you are
inspirational bullshit
only gets you so far.

paths

thundering rhythms
shaking the body
into shapes of emotional
weaves
stranded
lonely in the mists of paths
walking the invisible mile and getting
nowhere
finding blinding ambition
within the dead ambition of continuing
having had done everything
that was wanted
knowing nothing else
except the future that is still lurking
beyond
is this suicidal tenacity
suicidal after thoughts
suicidal worm licking boney dreams
turning the heart into stone
as hard as granite
as soft as sand
melting in the path
of never ending encounters with the mind's
disorders
faking drama
and compulsively looking for the light
fearing a dreader existence
or sentenced to a preexistence
that brings convulsive dead end trails
in the path
having the material
knowing the beyond
too much happiness

too much time
too much thinking
too much exercise
is this the path
or the power
and the glory
the curse of success
the blinding light of on going
nothingness
hey
its good when there is
no system bombarding humanity
with airwaves of competitive
anexoria
competitive material
is it good
is it bad
these are not questions
its a mood
existential banners waving
contorting the soul
bending the mind
there is no after thought
there is no now
only then
in these paths going
nowhere
yet finding everything capable to make us
nuts
what are you?
nuts!

fried again
sitting on a rice crispy
staring at the sun
fried again
fried into human
devotion
dumpling of emotion
ready to be eaten
evoking evils of the first kind
lost in between reality and reality
lost in between dreams and dreamstates
having fun with nothing until nothing comes out
even in life
even in love
even in work
even in the hurting
fried again
lost in the moment.

bleeding heart

flashing signs of pain
aching within her veins
can't get it out
can't bring it in
to alleviate the sins
of treasures past
colliding against the wind
she smokes the bleeding heart
taking her newborn into the night
with fright
as she walks head down throughout
the streets
with her unborn born in her arms
colliding against life itself
she lays down
belly up
bellying down
into the cold stepping floor
of life itself
colliding against the cold windy chill
of new born problems
she walks the miracle
mile of fright
as the homeless take her into their arms
clashing against the cold rain
into the bleeding heart.

lawyers & accountants

telling you what you want to do
telling you how to do it
telling you the future
telling you the past
telling you loopholes
telling you there is another way
telling you to pay
too pay
two pay
telling you too much
and it all sucks
because they really
haven't said a thing.

long time

the longest winter
the longest summer
the shortest fall and spring
talking to myself
no one around
talking to ghosts coming from past events
only make the present ghosts even worse
the longest month
bringing false illusions
to life
is there more
than rapture and commitment
is there more to the deceased mind that walks
erect
in life
or am i to spend years of
solitude
fried in the machine of life
combing the floor with predictability
as does the rest
are they insane
or am i
an illusion that eventually will pass
like every life form we've encountered
or is this the genesis
to an unpredictable encounter
with the future.

light

recovery recovered
within the enthralling
excitement of every day challenge
the horizon is leveled again
as the the dream peaks at us from beyond
ending the terror within
commencing the outward
motion of deliverance

hail
all's well
within the power and the glory
of life itself
defined by
unpreconcieved notions
of momentary elation.

the ledge

i see you
on the ledge
ready to fall on your head
on the street below
and your dead
laying with your hands
on your head
and you'll never know why
and you cry
as people stepping on you
care not why or whether
you die
in the air
floating as you think
you'll be dead
never seeing the end
and who cares
you'll be gone ever and ever
from the bottom below
never let go

system

sublime their crime
they don't waste their time
anyone they find
to step on their mines
they'll fortify
and magnify
only to find
it's no place to die
no place to cry
there's no reason why
moments of detention
that will horrify
and crucify and falsify
the never ending alibi
putting it together
is their biggest lie
but you'll survive
beneath bridges of
consolation
presented through
constipation of their
notification
and obtrusive lies.