



# Prospectors

Eric Mohrman

# PROSPECTORS

poems by  
Eric Mohrman

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Locofo Chaps is dedicated to publishing politically-oriented poetry.

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## **Perception**

beauty  
withers the eye of the beholder

who's devoid of all but vanity, incessant

chants of self-doubt  
reverberate internally, you're

like a perverse Midas, desperately  
surrounding

yourself with stolen gold

because  
you destroy  
the value in everything  
you touch

## Redecorating

nothing rustic. dusty love. dirty  
drivel. musty Renoirs

& Pissarros &  
ether hallways. gaseous gowns grown around  
the ankles  
of people who are mannequins that were people once. steep

sleeping for dream reasons. weary  
rage. she is depicted in limp  
light wandering  
slowly in circles. smirking. cerulean curtains

obscure smudgy windows. plenty  
of paint splotches to drown in. down in

her impressions of something  
rural. or anachronistic. or characteristic  
of mutiny. overthrow  
a throne of throw pillows. her name is Sovereignty & she sits  
atop it. fornicate with her

slender fatness. forest green  
sheets. bronze eyes close at golden sunrise. stained  
glass peephole. crass people.  
silver smiles eye the sliver moon &  
taste the ornate.

roll up the rugs. burn the furniture.

## On Virtue

relax—it's lax, it

lacks

consequence, we

have faith, but no faith  
in faith, the

quaint  
graces  
fall away

see-  
king a  
pale wealth of powders

un-  
quiet sky shakes  
out  
its

saints

are ashes

## To Rule & Be Ruled

& sometimes they lay down their spears on the banks  
of obscurity

giant hands  
cup loosely  
over the valley—nomad

home—spheres

of sun ripple on the surface of the river, the

scattered gather

to take nourishment from liquid  
stars & blood &

hang hymns from  
tree limbs  
like carcasses

they slaughter all who  
do not belong

& fashion percussion instruments from the skulls of the children

the night is made of  
dark music, dark music is made  
from the long moans of maternity

perpetuate, assimilate, they

make earthenware for organs harvested in the forest, they

are tattooed with ritual &

the days break  
mechanically  
over altared consciousness

## **Breakfast**

in a white house with  
a white yard under a white sky

a glum reflection  
sits & sips a silent mug, prods

a plate of echoes disinterestedly with  
the infinite fork

an inane song stuck in the head, insidious, never-

ending, day-  
dreaming of

sidewalks sanitized  
before the footsteps, tombstones  
inscription-proofed

facial tics & fingers twitch & wrinkles anywhere the skin  
cannot be taut, a voice  
cast back by a funhouse mirror  
beckons, inky

letters flurry  
off the fake newspaper, the

mug  
proves coffee-soluble



## Exposé

they've always been a  
little uneasy about your relationship with the russians. still, too  
much flimsy design. paper cuts. autographing poorly  
constructed origami in blood: impermanent  
sediment or cement or resentment or sentiment or something or

you've been  
drinking again. from the vases, no

doubt. excess. chrysanthemum  
inferiority complex next  
to the lotuses. lotususes. loti. narcissist tongue blows  
supernova at the taste of

its own wordishness. nice work if you  
beget it. paranoia. but they're really watching.  
you. fraud. they've  
always been a little unnerved by the  
wages you command. stars fall superciliously  
through your fingers like flakes of dead skin. light turns to a pillar of  
salt when you  
look back. sodomize it. brush it

away with a black feather. they've always been a little  
encapsulated as reflections  
in your iris. writhing. waiting  
to burst out.

## Desperation

except  
that never happened

you say  
you saw  
portraits gnaw  
their frames

the rain falls casually/causally falls the rain

there are  
no facts, only  
evidence, all

debts  
are  
false

hoods

up  
in  
the rain, it's

refreshing, light's  
refracting, temperatures  
falling, bits

of icy hope tossed onto the craps table

like freed  
teeth

you watch men  
deftly add to  
puddles from pocket flasks

& stoop to scoop & sip

you limp a  
little  
(sometimes) & ratlike

nibble shadows like

crackers  
for lack of  
better sustenance

## **Terrapin**

in  
the open air, we

imagine  
the terrapin, slow-drunken  
diamondback

emerging

emerging from

from fresh water

(empty chime, empty time,

perpetual expectations,

blindness to cruelty,

deafness to church bells)

& we stretch forth

forth from

from our morning shells

## Entropy

hold me oldly, she  
says, we

are fragility & this is the season for sensing my  
softly savage breath

on your neck,

each dawn is  
much  
like the last—chilly &  
overcast—conditioned to  
see continuity before incongruity, she

visits tentatively, a

thwarted haunting,

forever poised  
in that precarious place  
between  
fading in & fading out, she

is the future

at the moment of its arrival &

presents  
with  
senility, tear  
stains from sagging  
eyes, substantially scarred skin, sexual  
ambivalence, & a splintered corridor  
of starlight

## Legacy

*I.*

all things that matter are too big for your  
small hands, all

things that do not matter  
are your cumbersome  
clothing

*II.*

you chased that  
fortune like a memory—one

silky, motherly,  
sacrosanct—

but as  
anticipated, it

fully dissipated &

you still assert that

even if it  
was  
never real, it was

equally never  
unreal

*III.*

we are all reduced to  
names, all

names reduced to connotations,

& there's no damnation  
like history

## Unity (Suite Without Movements)

in the  
sounds of the trees  
standing, stretching, sunning,  
shading

in a scent  
buried deep  
in the soil, in  
the coil  
of an earthworm

in  
the everlasting black  
blankness  
of a blink

like the mouthfeel of clouds or  
the taste of the  
moment high tide turns  
to low

like  
the nowhere of  
air everywhere & the everywhere  
of ghosts  
nowhere

in the  
resurrection  
of finality, in the  
severing of faith & captivity

in the space between touching fingertips

on the surfaces  
where the sun never  
lies in  
winter

with the  
dimensions of wind & the  
mass of a kiss

on  
the gust  
originating  
from a blossoming

in place of a  
forgotten name, on the face  
of a faraway place

by the propulsion  
of will, by the struggle of the river  
into the valley

in  
the reversing of  
ripples

in the dryness between  
slanting rain  
in a storm &  
the collapse of thunder

in the eternities  
of timespans too short to  
quantify or  
the infinities of tangents  
around a halo

with amethyst  
wishes, with the glint  
of crystal facets

in hoarded whispers  
of gilded angels, on  
the incline of dissent  
from  
puritanism



in the archives of dreams

when the last library lifts  
on the wings  
of all its pages  
turning at  
the same time

in the constriction  
of truth & the smudge  
of beauty

where the green  
bleeds out at  
the tip  
of a blade of grass

where  
the stream starts  
to steam

when the stars  
are seen  
lodged  
in the  
past

in the echo  
the rocks  
the mist  
the glimpse  
the myth  
in the love & the longago & the never to be

in forever circling  
the dead  
end

in supposition or opposition  
of silence

like an  
opaque mirror  
reflecting conception

like  
a  
pearl  
'neath the  
shell of death

## **Acknowledgments**

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Eric Mohrman is a writer living in Orlando, FL. He is hard at work on this bio.

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