hello -

within these 2 sheets of paper is the cover & back cover, for the enclosed book of poetry, beneath which blessed be, the reason is because both are done with heavy penciled background so it can get dirty, either spray it with a fix-it or just watch where you keep them & wash yo hands. OK? thank you for publishing this work - it's 1/2 of the work, silent midnight prayers - if this adventure works for both of us, I have some thing I'm working on - right now. I have self-published & published my work numerous times in a box set I published in the early 2000's included work by Robert Creeley, Alice Notley, Anne Waldman, Stacey Szymon, & many others; titled Accurate sex & you can still find copies on A.B.E. com -
beneath breath

blessed be

32 sonnets *

John Tyson

- 2015 -

*(32 sonnets selected from, silent midnight prayers)*
for Da'nee & Johnny
"In Hell, as in prison and the army, it's inhabitants are identified not by name but by number. They do not have numbers, they are numbers." - W.H. Auden
these poems not of distraction

admiration or fathom

rather because

I prefer silence

though you & I cannot

be silent together

to tell of you - of this

& that - Carl Jung & there

are no accidents

truth of fiction beyond regard

space before breath became

lingers Jeff Buckley exhales

& now we

begin
our names rather common
perfect as Irish terrorists
as needles short & quick
you from the mountains - me the hills
together worse than treason
this is not a poem

begin of manifesto

something never of regret
when sky greet land
for me, daydream
you, balancing act

some scream insanity

you with rain

me with bad men
there's a humidity which exist

Vincent left hunk of his ear for Gauguin

note that read

"Remember me"

sprung deep blue clouds white

a history exquisite never needs translation

will you create with reverence

or neglect

without mystery we are lost

beneath breath walk amongst

melody thick within secret

our colors will surely stain

think of me & we'll run like gypsies

"some dance to forget"
I love you the way silent began

way it sings

way our limbs seek

without common sense

it took you 9 mths to forgive me, write

to me, rather ironic gestation

"an ear can break a human heart"

met you on the street, said he wanted

to kill you

I took you home

she said she never visited heaven

yet was certain of the spot

I love you as if there is no choice & like

a broken sink --- everything overflows
after his death I became

a criminal

alone below the surface

remain immune

allow wind to pass thru

no longer weaken by brother's

sister's contempt

more solid than concrete

"can you tell them who I am?"

"already there man

I'm already there"

the silent type

made more silent

his breath upon my neck
what would Schulyer have written
in here

there is no color only shades of beige

no flowers only stains

never lavender haze day

cloudless blue

nor mow of grass

though flesh thru transparent shower

they all talk of pussy & not the beast

who saunters thru limbs

I will whisper wonder

yr perfect cleave

& Jimmy will sing

of yr very purple flower
will not attempt to sell you the Brooklyn Bridge

nothing accidental

ey used to grind peach pits

into paste make filters

for gas masks during WWI

rest upon yr porch early morning

before dawn sober

eat ice cream & almonds

cigarettes & fried chicken

t here are not enough tears for this world

write poetry so I don't fight anymore

lost it's salt

assume the position

fire in the hole
always listen to the voices

it's how you learn to breathe

as a child wanted to give man fire

steal from the gods

even the score

no concern spend eternity chained

to some mountain & vast birds

circle with a taste for my liver

better than life pushing that rock

up the hill only to roll

back down again

in hell there are no words

he died because for the first time in yrs

he wanted to live
unlike Wieners, I keep a bowl of raisans

night bbl

emphatic against

yr white skin

they can whittle their tongues

never accuse you of my cruelty

live in a world beyond

stole over $50,000 worth of rare books

unlike Mapplethorpe didn't flush a Blake

down the toilet

we all go by in smoke

gather & away of yr tapestry

yr cock wedge

back of my throat
"Theft is beautiful. Perhaps you will be disturbed because it is a brief, very brief, above all an invisible gesture (but that's the marrow of the art) which makes the thief despicable: just time enough for him to look around and steal. That, unhappily is exactly the time it takes to be a thief, but transcend that shame, after exposing it, showing it, making it visible. Your pride must be able to undergo shame in order to attain glory." - Jean Genet  Miracle of the Rose
when thought of tender consider yr eyes

never

consider it done

we are not made for hatred we give

too much away

yr calligraphy borne without apathy

no question, a touch to unfold

weave a flame as one might remain

"& if it pleased the Lord"

against all fault

of memory

spring summer fall into another

winter in prison

for it is in giving that we recieve
I fell in love with yr flames, yr smoke

taste upon my lips - charred remains

spent my life chasing fires, began it

locked in closets - snatched & thrust in

I must have been a monster

strange child roaming the countryside

tormenting animals, children, opening stranger's mail

nah, it wasn't like that, the truth never is

like laundry, it must transpire

yet, there's all these new soaps & fragrances

which disguise, tries to eliminate that dirt

except it's naked

like I was & you were

the way children are
without mystery we're lost
in the most transcendent melody
it's easy to forgive
when we left our breath
does something have to come
from everything?
immune, transmit silent
wander majik
consider majestic
are you from another star
absolutely all alone
never surrender - stretched out
our hearts tender toward
breath will always adjust
"...then I go out & paint"

the yrs of living dangerously

a little like alchemy

words tossed about the floor

connects flesh to bone

refuse to be bound by gravity

with no need of whisper

to kiss the wounds of lepers

stars can't threaten

entwine our hearts demonstrate yr criminality

we will be together -

{ yesterday you turned 29 }

- whenever we think of each other
these poems to you, of you & I

are celebrations, an act

of insubordination

against the lies, betrayals

injustices, man's brutality

I insist & perpetuate

the brilliant colors of yr songs

to rescue from that edge we've spent

our lives falling from

to love you the way trees gather wind

sun seduces van Gogh - moon, LiPo

the way birds remind

the flowers

of you
"but remember, it's a sin
to kill
a mockingbird"

do you think we got the balls
to be true revolutionaries?

"I think yr crazy"

inside this cell all winter
won't go up north till nxt yr
it's a song, a short song is all I can recover
beneath breath, oh to wander as Vincent
one asylum to another

William B. wrote, "If a star should doubt it, it
would go out immediately"

open yr eyes you pretty little monkey
because my love, I know life
what rankled still hurt
melody extorts memory, death
only cure to pain

like gypsies our travels will never end
for it is in giving

that we release

"Remember me"

never fluff & yum-yum, as

if we are deaf

never standard translation

"you cannot see me naked"

against every secret queer as in forever

"it's the mojo risin"
do you remember Emma Goldman:

full of culpability or was it

savage ingenuity

- no she wasn't in that movie

poem becomes ransom note & now

I lay me down to sleep

as real as Kerouac's sore ass

sitting on some rock

from closets to the woods I maintain

no longer content roll over

play dead

where the lights go out & van Gogh

turns on the stars

I will give you no more clues
in life no accidents

in hell no words

lost in yr constellation

assume the position

oh, how it hurts to be wild

history is never ancient

I love you more than cake

(words waft away - into yr hair - collide)

2 starving people feeding

from the same spoon

don't edit out the joy

radiant & erratic

erotic & ascetic

yank me from this soil
the leaving of an inarticulate thx
"I had forgotten how to breathe"
a history exquisite never needs
translation - unspoken
crosses every divide
reflect the disconnect revere
the disconnect
one learns to quiet one's heart
to survive inside
yr calligraphy touches unfold
as one might remain
humanity which exist
long walk
a hundred shades of green
struck by yr thunderbolt
I remain immune

calisthenics of hatred
beneath breath walk amongst
& we'll play like bedbugs
translate majik
fuck the status quo
memorialize language's touch - silent
midnight prayers
surrender shadow's melodies thick
with pigment
a song a short song is all I have to offer
stretched out & naked
sleeps another secret
affectionate degenerate radiant child, merci

their's is the only way to kiss, c'est la vie

oh, how many more yrs in prison...till

smell of rain thru open window naked & smoking

on my arm you asleep

yes is more charming

easier to say

how it hurts to be wild

let's dance delirious - fuck the status quo

"rather fool myself

than feel alone"

there are no accidents

assume the position

fire in the distance
there was a time only slept with men with HIV

can you feel the violence that frames me

"no bed of roses"

nor the standard translation

Humpty-Dumpty has crunched again

attempt re-construction of the southern kind

wander amongst the shadow

no flowers only stains

ah- how it hurts to be wild

origami memory paper boat reality

"no place like home"

how many times does 1 stand

for count

before the #'s add up
"The poet seeks refuge in muteness." - George Steiner
are you afraid of spiders
distance between the stars
naked & almost all alone
I expect/need you to understand, I'm a thief
breath will always adjust to the dark
do we know we're all goin' die?
sucks he fucked up
the natural rythmn
words really can't lie
out in the wild they run
scream, throw themselves off trees
what are we afraid of?
"yeah, that's what I thought"
it's in yr eyes where I wanna score
there's a queer peace within prison

train relationships that can last for yrs

an intimacy more severe than sucking

each other's cocks

deep on the edge

stands lonely eminence

sadness reconstructs

are you opposed to hair-shirts & flagellation

dinner after 8 sleep within trees

under sky wide naked

my head upon yr belly fingers

twine yr humid hair

fall into yr dark fatal charm

without memory we are free
she never visited heaven

    though was certain of the spot

let's write a life of blue

"...really, what's it to you?"

I will give you no more clues

she whistled when she could when

    the words wouldn't burn her eyes

our love is the strangest weapon we possess

    tell me what you see

    not what you think

no flowers only stains

I wave good-bye

    to the back

of yr head
reading Genet in prison - pirate's daydream

profound as receiving a blow job

chomping on an apple

crisp crack into sweet skin as gag resonates

attempt to swallow whole

will you love me with compassion or swagger

something has happened - locked down

thru dinner past dayroom

yet all I can think of is sucking yr ass

rain serves more truth than purpose

separate sentimentality expose fantastic delirium

my salient obsession

I don't love Freddie Mercury 'cause he's queer

that's just the icing on his cake
the luxury of spit

better chair than candle

I count everything

though nothing

adds up

transgressions color direction

weave a flame as one might contain

another after thought

( pause )

- breath wanders

alabaster memories gather up appendages

I forgot myself in lovin' you

the luxury of spit, better chair

than candle
smell of ink my cock thickens
walk my lobster degenerate child
fire in the hole - gather & sway
of yr tapestry
connects flesh to bone
entwine our hearts
with no need of whisper
I'm beginning to breathe
they don't turn on all the lights in here
living on the set
Dr. Caligari
we are not made for hatred
sleeps another secret
stretched out & naked
yr eyes dance Russian

Elliot's pants shine

without compromise

our hearts tender birds

silent became a word before it was perfected

you with rain

me with bad men

for it is in giving, we receive

one wander majestic, one

consider majik

"love & death don't mean a thing

till the angels sing"

to what will you answer?

for it is in consumption one must repair
convince me of a system

you the buzz

me the sting

simultaneously everything

nothing

in return

weep as fruit

so Eastern in it's sleep

what are you afraid of?

love you more than cake

as a sailor want to reek of salt & grunt

into yr hair

assume the position

gue sera sera
it's not the cum that compels

it's the wander

smell of rain chains on swings
taste of cigarette on yr tongue

the bridge we cross from one side to the other

way our limbs seek

without common sense

it's sit & watch yr face

let go

just let go

way you snap at me to cut it out

'cause I need

one more

kiss
at this moment of time our lives

separate

you in bed, on the street

walk talk

smoke another

cigarette

me, here

how can, could I forget you!

yr tongue my tongue never silent

do you remember how Noël's sunflowers

attracted all those wild canaries

last yr?

that's how I want to love

the distance between the stars
"To light, and then return -"

- Emily Dickinson
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