



First,  
Within The Hour

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Antonio Gloria

**First,  
Within the Hour**

To an insanely generous autonomy,

**Peace...and lie a while.**

-I cannot lie ahead the light wave burst, peace said to me.  
-it takes too damn long, she said.

*Our sense interprets a great many evil queens  
dancing nude, pressing quite visibly,  
and to absolutely no ones' distress;  
We seem not to mind.*

After that, the only things I heard were:  
“a while...in all earnestness, in silence...all calm?  
and everything serene...up from there (here she pointed up)...it is, isn't  
it?”

*Even if it doesn't make any sense.*

I wasn't really paying attention but I was able to make sense of some of  
her sentence.

I blame myself if I missed anything important.

-fuck, she said dejected  
because she's horribly tired of everything  
not understood.

... my wave will be...with oxygen factories in space...from something out  
of the vacuum.

Then I can breathe where no one else can breathe and I can die cold,  
alone...a void and space.

It isn't really too cold if the wind would die.  
Imagine stillness on a night that had just finished raining.  
Watch the flicker of the sky in the surrounding pools.  
...then our Father is dead.

When our spirit doesn't know itself we peer out and  
watch everyone else struggle to be with everyone else.

(From inside, you can view very little.)

At the moment of astonishment irreligion strikes you sane.  
Then sanity runs away.

Earlier this evening fog was everywhere.

Dark warm people walked around.

Even though it's dark now I hear warm folk talk.

Lights fade, making noises louder.

The people pass less and less and I forget how it is.

What was earlier evening fades and now there are just images, strands,  
thoughts and meaning. And the same people aren't here.

**Sof not Portrait**

He woke and walked, and  
 Quietly brazen he talked.  
 Waiting 'til a back attuned or turned  
 While asleep  
 -Brilliant...what is left?, she said.  
 Her heard while nothing...nothing of form.  
 Words unsaid, thoughts of scene  
 Mind played tricks, obscene, obscene...  
 He takes as one should not take;  
 a course cross from night to day  
 Stop'd.  
 If will is like a will to a view above a sill.  
 Ocher; careless eyes, shh, quiet still  
 unbeauty being darkness' deepless ended hole.  
 Death call names of he who comes  
 Waked by restless morrows; rise my humid sun.

But stupor,

Still la luna the suns' your eyes, while nights go behind guild'd  
 men from dark to light; pressed on coils of tipped pressure kiss'. Beauty,  
 sof not portrait.

**D Minor**

Done with this;  
Had fantasia filled the waves?

**Low A, High A**

Memorse,  
Remorse full of --- memory.

Wordlessly it's noticed that  
Something dwells comfortably in her facial expression.

The two know before they speak.  
Arrived up and from over some sea is he, her captive.

The highs rise and settle as lows rise higher;  
quarrels and tales are heard while midday calms.

*Low A*

Lying down  
(D minor placed)

*High A*

and chase!



**Of Hours**

Eventually an end  
Suffice to say  
Tens of hundreds hours wastes

Clouded dance, a little light,  
her moves are slow, and I notice that  
the foreign girls are always gorgeous.

Hours roll along.

**Sensitive pallet**

Bear in mind for flavored grapes,  
All that was done was done in poor taste.

**Aggressive Wakefulness**

*Int. Bedroom. Morning.*

infinite stream and no days...bound by seamless  
-It's a horrible thing waking up in the morning.

Ella no es Contenta

Curiously...

Take modestly and patiently  
Give quiet and childlike.

Wave unreservedly fantastic sound.

Funny light dances and intrigue.

...But all forgot inside a mind.

It was humid and horrible and she was uncomfortable and she looked at me with disgust but she wasn't disgusted with me. She was just annoyed because these things have lives:

An old stare;

it whispers of renewal alongside a fallow spot.

Craves the crevice:

'just to be drowned'

Written bloody finger nails:

so eloquently disgusted coins drip between frets.

**A-**

funny, funny, funny tales  
of women and these whores for sale  
my god de Sade  
no morals do we have  
the things they love they teach in school  
funny running dirty girls  
for a bastard, fuckin' fool

**B-**

To return to a woman, the girl that was raped,  
I present questions and concerns  
that will follow.  
How do you feel about havin' been raped?  
-I imagine quite bad, 'if of course I had'  
(interview with Emma Zunz)



**Gray and Black Picture Film**

As for now, as far as I know,  
She's a dirty-blonde Brunette.  
She was beautifully Red and then  
famously Bleach Halloween,  
a sorta blonded Goddess.

Calm racing mind  
You have no comment

“We are just not communicating well today.” I remember I said that.

I don’t know why, but I remember that the whole day we didn’t really understand each other.

She was pretty and I couldn’t help myself; and she was curious about me too.

Neither one of us did very well.

And everything carried on.

*They think strange things about themselves.*

**Material**

**1,3,2—in order from still living to most recently deceased**

on my spindles side my spindle's  
spindling father too died;  
but not before mine.

**From a Story**

Some holly bush where had been laid an old maid  
is now a false wonder about;  
Children please you must pay attention  
Dedalus.

**One sided conversation with a single line from a friend.**

I'm weak from disease and lyin' half asleep in bed.

'While recovering nicely the other night I waited to die.'

-Go out quietly; someone said thinking that I was dying.

**Back Rail**

**Go through this faithlessly.**

I tell a friend that the freezing morning is the cold. All around the globe I tell you, and please, I plead no urgency for the faithless. Awe being of such awe. I tell you: have no faith. See if the world is all. Faith and awe my friend my awe the faith. In faith...you have no one to praise you.



**Planes**

They lead lest we lead, otherwise we'd bring about those failures.

**In antiquity**

shame a tasteless beauty  
or worse...  
even though you know better.

-idiot.

**dawns to wake**

the world

-train-...ah, the noise...softer as it passes along.

### **Communism**

Less and less have.  
People grow and scowl;  
They hate the thought of losing.

I ache because I am weak.  
And, them in there, they ache because they are weak.

I work to prosper.  
I do not work for you.  
But I do support your position.

There is nothing held communal.  
(Outside of all of this)

**Toward Moon**

Moon, you glare – if not so far.

Every single night, and quite loudly

The old failed owl cries a night cry;  
but why?

-the moon I can't reach.

his wings are weak

-the mornings up and I can't sleep.

He whispered a saddened weep

'the rays the sun' he felt

-show me please, how to leave the world, the moon isn't too far.

weak and tired

-the journey, though, if so hard.

'alive' he thought to say.

“But you've barely begun to move,

and look,

notice, the wind's behind you.

So aim yourself there,

Remember the world curves

So keep your goal in sight

-faithlessly follow-

and please no more night cries.”

Muse the word wrote a bird,  
In constant tap to tell the time short, stop, long, stop, tap, tap, stop, hold,  
stop, tap, long, tap.  
and spoke, (at that),  
The World,  
awh, no, ouch, that hurts some.

**(Reason out of Not)**

Everything is here.

**So to Conclude**

So soon to be  
Thought down the flame  
and then went out.

\*

And only the prime mover  
can initiate movement.

\*

Do you get it?

For no reason I lose concentration  
and I go mad, and I do not move an inch  
while the world is watching and my eyes wander.

I cannot think because it falls

\*

look...

There is a winged patriot  
parachuting because the  
body is damn near dead.

\*



I am out of my mind.  
God damn I am out  
Of my mind; I'm just moving  
consciousness through whatever consciousness moves through.

\*

The peoples eyes are tired and  
We have drunk enough to dance around (circular folk).

\*

But they don't appreciate us being patient.  
They annoy us with their noise. Telling themselves to  
each other, 'I told you' and then they speak  
their own languages again, by themselves.

\*

Common sensibly refuted  
Beliefs change our world views.

\*

After a little longer the body  
rolls from its hill.

The body wants only to be celestial  
and it notices this while rolling.

\*

The peoples eyes are reading.  
The people were waiting for the first comment.  
I made the first comment.

Here I can think freely of the Word...  
...the Lord.

\*

Soteriology          Christology  
    My Salavation.  
    Self Identifying.

\*

-do you know where the center for learning is?

\*

*The weekend passed.*  
I found no insights but the rare  
Folk swarmed to find someone else to tell them something of some insight  
because they expect some other person to know.  
Someone like you or I.  
And then they'd expect we'd be sane.

\*

there is no drive half the time.

\*

(attack the error model)

\*

After a little while, after a little pill,  
after the alcohol, enduring the heat but  
waiting for all the enjoyment the day promised to provide  
I felt well enough to tell  
these strangers things I tell to  
no one.. the simple things that  
bring my days about, surrounding all of them.  
I don't care so much.  
Dealing with changing things (abstractly).

I'm tired. But that is my problem.

\*

And fire won't  
Organize in a way that  
I can understand.  
    But it is understood that  
        playing isn't simply constant contact.

\*

Relics of old time...glaciers.

\*

*Lady* Lady sings.  
She sings from her stage;  
and god damn if the crowd won't let go.

Something gets in my way,  
But that was my fault,  
I should have moved.

All they want...  
They patiently wait and then  
...notes go wild.

I can't help but stare at her at her piano,  
and try to hear every thing.

\*

Do you understand talent and our damned obsessions?

\*

We all attentively play.

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