

words SETH, music Ivan Huber

Ivan Huber guitar, Mark Lane bass
Scott Seeber drums, Felix Garrette percussion

Per Ambulation

He walked...he walked in January
when grounds were frozen...he walked where wind wore teeth,
its tartared overbite pressed against his window pane,
icicles drip drip drip dripping silver muffled screams

He walked when hurricanes blew young
when bees sang & birds with melodies stung
he walked thru buzz & babel, teetering as earth quaked
marching to the heart beat of each different ache

He walked where skies were blue, eyes bluer,
souls bluer still; where tornadoes scribbled with fine point
cursive letters of Hope divided by Disappointment
then multiplied by zero. *And you can't divide by zero,*
his teachers said. You can't...but the world could.

He walked when hurricanes were full blown, when flowers
touted their full regalia & words like roses wilted a day
or two after spreading legs full bloom. He walked
where Love & Hate were college professors shaking
their rulers, gazing over bi-focaled lenses

He walked where blinding beaches singed
his toes as the sun rode him bareback
& the moon pressed down his heavy wet shoulders

He walked up ponderous hills, down existential
mountains where leaves exploded & trees fell
in forests unnoticed & philosophers disbelieved

He walked, him & Hunger, singing "God Bless America"
off-key; knocking door to door on Halloween
dressed in his compromises, opening wide
a bag of barely recognizable dreams

He walked scraping his knuckles, tossing bits
of his flesh at cackling geese; he walked till the gods
of Pro & Con lay fat & lazy...tho unappeased

As he walked the Thanksgiving turkey
sifting thru potatoes, carrots & peas for the
gobble gobble gobble that would make okay

what by any other name would still be sung
"My Country 'tis of Greed"; he walked till
Wall Street fell the last Christmas tree...

And still he walked...dragging his feet,
casket heaved on one shoulder, flicking his butt
at a white-haired priest as he leaned on a shovel
patiently waiting while the gravedigger took a pee

And he walked as stars fell like snowflakes, galaxies
melted like ice cream, God's long tongue licking his face,
he walked till nothingness became his first,
his last & middle name. And still. . .he walked. . .

up and down that split second we call Eternity
he moon-walked, & stubbing his toe on the Big Bang
somersaulted, landing once again on her infinite feet

pausing only long enough to tie a shoelace
she gobblety-gooped her way into another
screaming, squirming birthday suit

checking her compass, smearing on mascara,
make-up & sunscreen as she continued her walk
across the four walls of the sky's limitless face
slipping on sidewalks of stars & rain

as she struggled to remember to not forget
to remember something half-vaguely forgotten,
something teetering the edge of her nervous restlessness,
just beyond her spiritual reach

something about an infinite universe

(in finite space

something about an infinite universe

(alive with death & decay

something about an infinite universe

(God a schizophrenic you never outwit

something about an infinite universe

(with all the comforts of Dante's inferno

& never never ever a permanent place to sit.