



GANJATANTRA:  
The Cincinnati Sutras

James Pendery

**Ganja Tantra: The Corryville Sutras**  
**By James Pendery**

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“...a long, prodigious and rational derangement of the senses.”  
-Rimbaud

## 1. From Morning to Night

Blackberry, dandelion, wildflower,  
Take down your hair, unzip those jeans,  
Stretch and smooth and nude  
In the fresh morning sun, the languid lagoon of love.

It's a touching with the fingers' mouths,  
A sliding, a squeezing of resiliencies,  
Like hot lips murmur and kiss,  
Tooth to tooth, tasting flesh.

It's a friction of the images:  
The glistening bellies, the gushing perfume  
Of your soft, brown body,  
The warm scent of your breath in my ear,  
The hair I touch, the eyes I love.

I press the wet skin of your love  
To my mouth and kiss wildly  
The flesh beneath the seat of your pants.

The tides are in your body,  
And the wind blows strength  
Into the smooth ribs of our world.

The sky is sweating out stars  
And the city streets sweat oil.  
We sweat the poetry of a thousand alien suns  
And fall asleep laughing.

## 2. Liquid Flesh

How simple it is  
On this winter's afternoon.  
A monochrome study in gray:

The silhouette of my cigarette,  
Its flaking ash, and  
My hand, arranged against  
The old, cold windowpane.

Beyond, a bare trees black shadow  
Lies against the sky.  
I hear drums and devils,  
Unbending, loosening.

This moment exists forever.  
To be it is to be

Strung out and very high.

And the days curl gently  
With the blue smoke floating.

### 3. Apple Brown Belly

And her voice like autumn leaves  
Sweeping and sailing through September skies,  
Whispering the quiet joys of love.

A few strands of errant hair, henna,  
Frame her face: agile grace notes  
Drawing down attention  
To the finest points  
Of inexpressible and inexhaustible  
Beauty and strength.  
Warm, liquid abandon; sheer electric joy.

Oh sweet and heaven happy...

She trembles in delirium, revelation,  
And drifts with offhand intent  
To collide, startled, with the fresh yellow rays  
Of the wide-open dawn.

#### 4. Piss Song Of The Midnight Bar

What use Buddhas in bars?  
Yogic Bliss and Tantric Ecstasy,  
Bodies of black joy and sizzling white light,  
Men vomiting thin streams of beer bile  
Into their grimy laps, and incipient fights brewing:  
Hard-edged knuckles bathed in beer and tobacco-smoke,  
Very unhappy.

The poetry girls are dancing  
Arm in arm and breast to breast  
To old Lou Reed songs: kick-ass rockers  
And cold-milk ballads, drowning in New York soul,  
Downing shots of Jagermeister  
And pissing in their panties.

And we just love them.

Outside, fresh comets soar  
And old forests burn.  
The gasoline death machine grinds on  
And for this our contempt is complete.

We prop open thus, with these tools and these stops,  
The mind's golden door  
(that hollow and endless machine)  
And choose art  
And the liquid silver of midnight mornings  
To crown our bleeding foreheads,  
Or perhaps just the sweet plash and squish  
Of dripping vulval mucosa  
(ripe flesh petals opening to the heart's sunny tongue.)

## 5. College Town

Wish you were here,  
As you were last night,  
Laughing, drunken and sweet,  
Buying imports at Joey's  
And jamming Peter Tosh tapes  
While I rolled another joint.  
This morning too, you smiled,  
Hot, fresh and wet in bed.

But now I alone at the bagel shop,  
Watching the cappuccino steam weave  
Into the hanging spider-plants and Fichus:  
And intangible embroidery filigreed as fine  
As the bacon-scallion green cheese.

Young artists and middle-aged architects  
Weave conversation, and  
The counter-girls weave  
Business and romance  
With sticky, tricky fingers  
Of experience and youth.

Cincy's busy winter weekdays:  
Steady gusts of traffic sliding along,  
Piling up, spiting through over the lip of the light.

Backpacks and business suits, dreadlocks and crew cuts  
Also piling up, slipping through:  
Human sand-grains squirming in the hourglass  
Of collective Clifton soul.

That great crucible of the heart-mind  
(like the liquid cave between your legs)  
Where melting humanity peels off  
Its clothing (surprise, surprise)

And rediscovers  
(ever fresh, ever new)  
The gem of the soul  
Written in love in the streets.



## 7. Valentine

If we allow god to creep  
Down into our souls and veins,  
And glowingly inhabit  
The smallest spaces  
Of our incandescent body  
And shining filament network  
Of golden nerves  
And happy cells,  
Would my cock swell into the ultimate fuck,  
Would our lives shower with sparks and shimmy,  
Would skies flare  
And jade drop?  
Would my eyes bleed for you, would your cunt leap for me?  
And how oh yes.

## 8. Go Back To Sleep And Pretend This Never Happened

We're here in Clifton and all is not lost...  
...nor even yet found...  
Only become an intent  
Yet indistinct diversion  
Of the pleasure-soaked flesh.

A couple draped around itself  
Strolls across the sunlit street,  
And sits, drinking  
And kissing in the shadows,  
Making mysterious gestures  
At unseen objects.

Observing from a high window,  
I think how our houses and streets  
Choose our lives for us,  
How they shape our passages,  
And how we, in turn,  
Are like slippery human silver  
Sliding between their cracks:  
A liquid and mutable energy,  
Born only to breath life  
Throughout their hollow and forceful forms.

Clifton, you drunken two-timing slut,  
Stuffed with little corners of rare beauty  
And midnight heroes who urinate in alleyways,  
Your broken streets are our front yard.  
And kisses turn those stones around  
Just as surely as the rain's white fist,  
Smoothing the wrinkles made last year,  
And exposing symbols buried  
Like hard gold in the mind's debris.

This bit of city enfolds a Zen sun  
In its dust, lolling there  
Amongst the broken beer bottles  
And hardened dog shit  
That line the road that leads to all America.

## 9. The Crowd

Soho slinky slackers ooze and jiggle  
In lace haltertops and faded denim,  
Ringed bellybuttons swelling  
Like ripe fruit.

Twenty-one years old, thirty-one years old,  
And you know how it goes:

Late-night lovemaking  
With moonlight falling  
Through skylight and spider plant,  
Dragging beautiful shadows  
Over beautiful flesh.

How solid the blood and bone  
Of his hard body,  
How steady the flowing floods  
Of her heart's ocean.

Lots of wet kissing in after-hours alleyways.

## 10. Grace Of Nightclubs

Raptures of hair, architecture of bodies.  
Symphonies of hair, ballet of eyes and noses.  
Liquid fall of hair, like bronze angel feathers.  
Why do dance-floors live?

Volcanic hearts.  
Levis filled with pussy and cock and ass.  
Liquid faces, liquid roses: raw oceans.  
Teeth and tongues of desire and despair.

Soft meltings on the skins of faces.  
The circulation of worship:  
Promise of eyes, secrets of mouths and lips,  
Scattering rose petals like forgotten footsteps.

The power of the gods and insurmountable ecstasies  
Throb in these sweating and ripely swaying torsos.  
The deep sound of home in broken urinals.  
The demons come and put their teeth in our dancing feet.

The ghosts of old lovers  
And the sweet smell of wet panties  
Mingle with the warm breath of perfume and fresh beer.  
And the rose petals fall and float from here to here.

## 11.A Good Night At The Club

We speak like gods  
And fuck like animals.

With wine and love  
We become angels.

The city ejaculates the fire in our hearts,  
And we in true freedom's sweet delerium,  
Give birth to splendor.

Like howling demons and drooling succubae,  
Like nymphs and satyrs,  
Like oceans and stars,

We live in orgasm,  
Honeyed languor,  
And explosive defiance.

We dance on fire.  
Our nerves and tongues sing with the beauty,  
The beauty of who we are.

## 12.Soul Food

A cold, grey, rainy night in the deep city.  
Purple neon-streaks in the chuckling gutters.  
I saw them leaning against a white van:

Two artists entwined  
Like black steel vines,  
Their rain-wet zipper-silver  
Clawed by the blurred halogens,  
The light-flakes falling away and melting  
Into the oily streets like liquid fire.

His creaking black leather  
Crushing her soft fatigues,  
Copper-buttoned and loose  
Over her lithe frame.

Their long, dark hair  
In one smoking tangle,  
A smoldering crown of  
Whisky-fumes shot through  
With dry lightning.

His face slides down  
Her slim, curved and olive neck,  
Burrows in her shoulder's soft hollow;  
His paint-stained fingers slide  
Under her soft, flannel undershirt,  
Her breasts crushed and gathered,  
Arching forward, aching forward,  
Brown nipples springing into life.

He pushes a taught, black-clad thigh  
Between her soft and full ones  
(her pants all caked with paint)  
And she bucks and writhes,  
Flops like a fish,  
Comes like a string of pistol shots,

Eyes rolled up, lids slid down,  
Head thrown back,  
Her plush mouth sucking endlessly  
At his hard kisses  
And the city's cold night air.

### 13. Nightmare Of Desire

Drunken city nights, snarling beer cans, oil paintings, drums: a new fiction, easier for the fresh converts to master, one “more honestly reflective of the modern psyche’s relationship to its internal and external realities.”

Wild agonies of spite and terror; mindless, blind and bitter, these wild, strange animals, terrible and glistening. Black denim, silver jewelry, patchouli, sinsemilla and hash oil. Their clubs are vibrating musical caverns, bouncing like Brigit Fonda’s tits, ripe with lesbian seduction and full of sticky crotches. The bright flarings of ecstasy and sweat on the stained dance-floors: kisses and ghosts smear into that dark wood-grain as inexorably as the cigarette smoke and beer spills. And the scuttled galleons of derelict seaweed clinging to the barstools, bobbing aimlessly in the becalmed and silt-laden currents of their abandoned minds.

All this the detritus of a thousand sexual lives crushed into eternity by the weight of their own existence. Psychic fossilization and the technological manufacture of transcendence. Floodwalls and conduits of obliterate and obliterating humanity. The savage footprints of aching, tousselled hipsters moving to the east, silent before the face of the sun.

That pretty one in tie-dye, oozing down the cracked street, crying out love and aliveness in every move and gesture. I fell in love with the sex of her dancing, and those wild concert-hall bacchanals: everybody sweating and dancing and screaming. In the Warm darkness of summer night, her cool thighs clutch softly that which she adores. The earth revolves around that axis, fat and pregnant with fresh life. I lost myself in the worship of her body. Metaphors of transcendence: the soul washed in milk and honey; radiance of the beyond.

We bleed happy tears in the pre-dawn epiphany of littered LSD apartments. Like children playing between the burning ties of a railroad track, each soul and every climbs that staircase. And when we die unfulfilled, cursing our cowardice, enraged and acid bitter at our inexcusable stupidity, we will weep and shriek and find no hope. And do it again next night.

## 14. Bar Memory

Out of swirling color,  
Just brown eyes  
And a few, warm fingers remain,  
Pricked out of that faded roil  
By the strength of their intent:  
Willful, beautiful animals leaping free.

## 15. Chance Encounter At The Café

Summer, sunlit Saturday blues:  
Barefoot blue jeans, slippin' down  
The street. It's got oak trees,  
Bright gardens, Victorian monuments.  
This is my neighborhood:  
Shakespeare, and brown rice,  
Music, sinsemilla and loves.

Little Laura, puddle of sunshine,  
Liquid, laughing, splashing through joy,  
Had wanted me the year before,  
Calling out across the darkened streets.  
And yesterday again,  
At the vegetarian corner cafe',  
There she was with her bright, brown eyes,  
Her pot of Colombian coffee  
And her circle of beautiful girlfriends.

And now as the dry leaves fall down,  
I consider this life we all live:  
The bars, the music,  
The intent couplings in midnight apartments,  
The endless search for dope,  
The flushed bodies on the dance-floors,  
The amplifiers and the equipment vans,  
The police and the hospitals.

Do we make of ourselves  
Something that we are not?  
How beautiful perfection is  
And have we reached it?

## 16. Art Students At The Bus Stop

You are paranoid, and it's not getting any better. They must live around here. They're waiting for the Metro to take them downtown for a taste of the Taste, and to sit, penitent and virginal, at the feet of the African Archbishop.

This implement's smooth cylinder, caught softly, caged gently, in talons of flesh and bone, dribbles ink like blood from a rat's anus: half-digested lumps of cold, greasy meat rotting in the broken gutter. It's all in the words: cats, teas, sinsemillas.

At the club last night "it bounces and hops and swivels and rocks". The flashing eyes glistening and glistening in the half-dark. Dirty boots stomping flattened, plastic beer cups, dancing down the street...and now the pounding in my head. The Cruel Story Of Youth. Moravagine.

Rainy May afternoons alone with the bong and the stereo, afghan quilts and big couches. Cozy disorder, nuzzled and nestled in the hung-over brain's warm cotton. Maybe I'll walk over to Cincy Dei for coffee and Ben and Jerry's ice cream.

Unbending the mind in looser directions: probe the lobes, unfold the tesserract, rip off the wrapper. From here, all could easily be lost, like Sonny spilling his cups of beer. But why, and to where? For what reason these twisted and marbled imaginings? A charming idiosyncrasy. Solidarity remains; the tongue is constant. Or if not, why?

At least it's not raining that much. The bus has arrived, and now they're gone.

## 17. Fucked

Alone as usual in the smoky thick  
Of late-night drunken bar mayhem,  
I recall the molten beauty  
Of her post-orbital repose.  
Imagine now, if you please, that liquid lady,  
Wrapped in warm pillows and fuzzy blankets,  
All sweet fuck-ecstasy transcendent,  
Translated into divine sleep.  
Liquid light radiance emanates  
Like lazy light-smoke spinning  
From idle, paint-stained lover's fingers.  
Lazy smiles sliding like molten butter  
Or sweet California sunsets  
Across purple-flushed lips above and below.  
And here everything is made manifest,  
Tunneling through the flesh to the heart of the meat,  
Circulating the light, tossing the ball:  
Souls in orbit, catapulted by the flesh  
Into the heart of the divine.  
Spinning lightning fireballs, liquid flesh vortex,  
Electric midnight beauty,  
Pumping thighs, and sweet, spread flesh-meat:  
Ripe, golden olives dripping stone-squeezed oil.  
And all joys also now made manifest,  
And staining the sheets  
With love's wine and the blood of the tongue.

## 18. Beat Woman

She runs, delighted,  
In the bright, happy springtime:  
Wide eyes shining,  
Sweet smile all laughing and wet,  
Her sandaled, stubby-toed feet moving  
Over yellow flowers, across dust and sharp-gravel,  
Through thick, green grass,  
The hot, psychedelic explosions now behind her.

Ahead, only infinite Here forever.  
With cats and tarot cards and quartz crystals  
She divines and defines that final ease of a pure life.  
Her sex is a well-used tool, a strong and ancient catapult  
Hurling wild fireballs at the suns of this universe.  
She rides, she rides, she moans, she flies  
Higher and higher past dim constellations  
Of cliché poets and drunken fools.

To that final resting place,  
The miraculous and almost pathetically simple key  
To All There Is,  
Those rich, green fields of pure, white light  
Where many come, and all by different paths:  
The Way that is No Way,  
That vast, hot, intensely real ocean,  
The blue fountain at the navel of the world.

## 19. The Diamond Forest (Lovers Of Today)

### I. INVOCATION

The religion of alcohol. The religion of hemp.  
The triumph of true love.  
Events too horrible and too beautiful to mention.  
All the gods of heaven and earth.  
Years of naked need.  
Where are you tonight?

### II. EPIPHANY

Again, too much cheap beer and coffee on an empty stomach. Another bong hit, another Sonic Youth tape, another bike ride, another poem.

And now after the Big Goodbye, it's the Saturday night underwear of drunken bar women and lonely girls out from behind the counter at Barnes and Noble. This club is a church: oceans of beautiful pussy smoking clove cigarettes and clutching the barstools with their black-stockinged thighs. The curve, also, of Lev's on female thighs, just like the subtlest layers of mind folding into itself.

Yet always this: the golden dawns we experienced, stunned, and those mauve city nights burning to impart their designs in our flesh; nights so thick our anciently carved initials still trickle fresh blood. Melting in midnight beauty, neon tigers snarl in the wires.

I was always gazing at your tattooed butt: those ancient symbols squirming black in the fresh flesh. Ecstasy and hatred, electricity, trickling over your ribs: a smooth, golden skin undulating heat; the coolest and most beautiful of skin.

The love of a good woman, they say, sets a man's heart at ease, grows long his hair, cuts back his dirty fingernails, cradles his sturdy spine in the wide world of her wide hips. And his broad muscles in turn, tanned and stretching, heaving in summer sunlight among the blackberries and oak trees. And again, in the rain-wet city's neon dark, he takes her to him, so warm, so well.

That was always our life: so beautiful and so hot, so pretty and so tight. You're the smell of peppermint on my mind, and the stink of rotten meat. These are the straws I grasp now in this world: the unmade bed, a book. My empty clothes by an empty wine bottle.

I remember black cats and red wine by white candlelight. Across the city at night, purple winter sky, the souls of lovers fly, mounted on strong horses. Pink kisses blessed by Tibetan monks. Mandalas of inner fire. Flowers cast on sacred waters. Hair on skin, electric. Lip on lips, electric. Dreams of spinning and flying.

We gorged on those oozing riches, sated lay panting on our crumpled bed. Those liquid ablutions of the soul, lost and unfettered; the liquid radiance of love, kissing flesh, tasting skin. Liquid gold and honey dripped from our lips, commingled, to fly free into the gone beyond: an ivory staircase arcing into incandescence.

We kissed the sizzle and crash of those sweet, salt and foaming waves, that frothing butter and creamy steam, turning and turning and turning. Eating the fruit of the future, suckling the tit of the past, breathing now, we stumbled into the golden mist and

the cold, gray rain of another Clifton night. I ate and fucked and loved your entire soul-cunt-body: fire eating fire forever.

“It’s like a constant orgasm of the soul,” you said. “Unendurable pleasure infinitely prolonged” “Build it up slow,” you said, “watch it burn like hardwood. Do you not drip this raw blood? Render unto me the architecture of thy soul. To hold as truth what is merely illusion is needless exhaustion of body and mind.”

### III. EXEUNT

The wild tiger stretches its furry white belly into the warm and razor-sharp of its own deep past and the dawn’s wet flowers: a clear cannon to the transparent margins of individuated being. Early morning cantatas of decadence.

And now our minds untie the last knots, allowing the true self to stand clear. Such easy totality, a soft diamond. Habitual acts of daily kindness, and the utter fullness of a single sparrow, perched and still, on a bare winter branch at dawn, the cold Clifton streets now quiet and empty.

## 20. Lines Penned On Local Arts Coverage

Our sages thus alert us now:  
“Henceforth we’ll only note fresh faxes!”  
The wardens of our proud highbrow:  
No flight from them or death or taxes.  
Their columnist has let it slip  
He thinks quite poorly of the hip,  
And has become profoundly vocal  
That he will scorn all artists local.  
Our local, hip and weekly paper  
Thus softly plays comedian  
And spurns all things bohemian.  
So must our light, the Artists’ Taper,  
Now light itself, and self-reliant,  
Ignored in print remain defiant.

## 21. For Jonna

All gone that long, blond hair we drunkards loved,  
And too those soft, red lips that blessed our beer.  
This street's bright lights grow dim tonight  
And weep for you their neon tear.

When I was young, you tugged the taps.  
For art I drank and wailed my fate.  
With paint and words I drew my maps  
And moved before it got to late.

But your pain grew and chewed its way  
Into the aisles of your heart,  
With junk and death and dreams today  
And broken lives that never start.

I remember you and your sweet ass:  
The bottles' shadows kissed your form.  
Your eyes reflected in my glass.  
Your nipples quivered with the storm.

We loved you then. We love you now.  
It's true we never said a word.  
And if our silence dragged you down,  
This poem now seems more absurd.

Who set this clock to steal your prime,  
And poisoned your life's rainbowed prism?  
What evil crime from out of time  
Made your joy just a prison?

The Queen of Corryville, we said,  
The Cleopatra of Short Vine.  
You hung yourself and now you're dead  
And we are left with bitter rhyme.

## END NOTE

I'm a 1987 University of Cincinnati Anthropology graduate, and primarily a painter. I've been active in Cincinnati's art scene since 1991. My paintings may be seen online at [www.danafinearts.com](http://www.danafinearts.com). I've been interested in, and written, poetry all of my life, but it was a college course with U.C. professor Don Bogen that refined my attention. Some of the works in this chapbook are from that period. I did consider myself a "poet" for many years after college, until I began painting. These vocations overlapped for a while, and I still write from time to time.

Ganja Tantra is perhaps a unique document. It was culled from a much larger body of work, written over a period of twenty years, by a would-be poet with next to no training, no connection to the contemporary world of literature and poetry, and no hope or intention of publishing. I wrote for my girlfriend and myself. These are works of worship, celebration and commemoration, intended now for the enjoyment of the intellectual underground andentheotantropic practitioners. A sympathetic critic might place the work into the Western European and American bohemian/artist/poet/philosopher/hedonist/criminal cultural lineage; others will have different interpretations.

I would like to thank my publisher, Mick Parsons, for having faith in this work; and I would like to dedicate this book to all of the people I used to "get there" with, both the living and the dead, wherever you are, for what you taught me and the joys and freedoms we shared; and to all of the writers who have illuminated this particular path, from Charles Baudelaire to Jack Kerouac and beyond; and most especially to Karen Lee of Darke Co., OH, the muse of my little book... Thank you.



