



PRESCIENT REMEMBRANCE

DIALOGUE OF A VAMPIRE

JORDAN HOGGARD

## **Prescient Remembrance: Dialogue of a Vampire**

ePublished by Jordan Hoggard

All text and artwork by Jordan Hoggard  
Copyright (c) 2002, 2013, 2020 Jordan Hoggard

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means — graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying or information storage and retrieval systems — without written permission from the author.

The scanning, uploading and redistribution of this work in any part thereof via the internet or via any other means without written permission of the author is illegal and punishable by law. Your purchased download is of course yours to keep and enjoy, and I do hope it resonates with you. You have express permission to print or video your document and to share excerpted quoted content on your social sites, and in fact I encourage you to do so for marketing purposes. Thank you in advance.

Please only purchase authorized editions and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted materials.

Cover design by Jordan Hoggard  
Type set in Arial

[www.Jordanhoggard.com](http://www.Jordanhoggard.com)

# **Prescient Remembrance**

la lepidus illecebra

## **Dialogue of a Vampire**

by

Jordan Hoggard

© 2002, 2013, 2020 Jordan Hoggard

## Dog-eared Treasure

*Dog-eared though not in the least tattered, we open to find this treasured journal . . .  
the treasured find of the story of a man, the story of his legacy scribed in gold across the leather  
cover . . .*

*Prescient Remembrance.  
la lepidus illecebra!*

*We discover the story of a man,  
a man whose undying love made him immortal.  
Having found love, and losing it for centuries,  
having never ceased . . .  
( and a hand opens the book by candlelight to discover )*

*"I will find you." he writes.  
"I have you inside, You my Gorgeous Only.  
As I grew weary Chitra painted my life immortal for my love,  
for My Gorgeous Only . . .  
I will find you again.  
Centuries of infinite moments without you,  
centuries just themselves moments.  
Eternally. Always. I will find you.  
I will find you."*



**Dedicated to our lost children**

There forever  
they shall reside  
under a small lake,  
immeasurably deep,  
lying high up in the mountains,  
where is brewed the thunder,  
and in fair weather the dragon sleeps.

Ours is not a lot to be feared.  
The dragon is a necessary beast.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## Volume 1: In the Beginning

Big Bang Theory Reinterpreted	0
Origen's Words	1
You My Sail	2
White Stones from Heaven	3

## Volume 2: Walking the Night

Solar System	4
Painting: rhizomatic fabric	5
Stop	6
The Easy Mark	7
Spirit ( , ) ...Soul ( , )	8

## Volume 3: Going Into Town

Prescient Remembrance	9
ATMAN	10
Urban	11
Maintenance	12
Brahmana, Your Priestess, My Love	13
Rustication of a Building and Its Homeless	14

## Volume 4: Succubus

As Sleep	15
Prayer of Confession	16
Sex On A Red Sky Night	17
Changing, It Is At Rest	18
Succubus	19

## Volume 5: The One Night Stand

Uroboric Scripture: The One Night Stand	20
The Vampire's Offspring	21
The Downgoing	23
Acrolid Ache	24
The Elegant Ignorance	25

## Volume 6: The Vampire's Offspring

Flash	26
Who Are These Cloud Men in Her Buffalo Garden?	28
Seasons Change	30

# Prescient Remembrance

## Volume 1: In the Beginning



## **Big Bang Theory Reinterpreted**

The universe began in complete illumination rather than darkness.

Originally,  
some light began to die,  
transforming,  
to become the spirit and memory  
of the life of the matter  
that mattered to it.

Falling from Origen  
light phased to reify matter,  
birthing life.

Particle and wave combined  
may be aspects in a modern definition,  
may be a syzigy,  
but,  
more simply,  
constitute a congruent remembrance.

## Origen's Words

The universe began in light,  
unseen to itself,  
seeing a crack of light,  
another light coming forth  
to flood its unborn soul,  
rifting, becoming more active,  
reifying depth

perceiving the desert  
where it began,  
as all things began  
touching its dilating, tailed crescentform,  
dividing silently,  
its tail disappearing  
into a wintery genius,

where the day  
was not the unbearable thing,  
but those things conquerable,  
those things still  
in their origin,  
those things not yet dry enough  
to be touched.

Our unborn souls formed light,  
spent light  
to rift matter large,  
reifying life!

The desert, our birthplace  
made us desire that which is dry, conquerable, touchable,  
and that is our motive,  
as we teach lessons of sleeping  
to mindbodybeautiful wet flesh, fresh in thought  
meditating its waxing moon.

## **You My Sail**

amor ardor flamma desideratum caritas, genius loci

I do not love you.  
How can one love what one does not know?  
And, isn't that the most important thing,  
to love the not-knowing?

I do not love your sorrow  
as I have never bathed in your tears,  
cannot love your anger,  
never having washed up with you after the storm has broken.

I have never seen the sun glow in your eyes,  
have only seen the moon glisten in your hair,  
wagering that a thickly lyrical song  
lives in the lining of your skin.

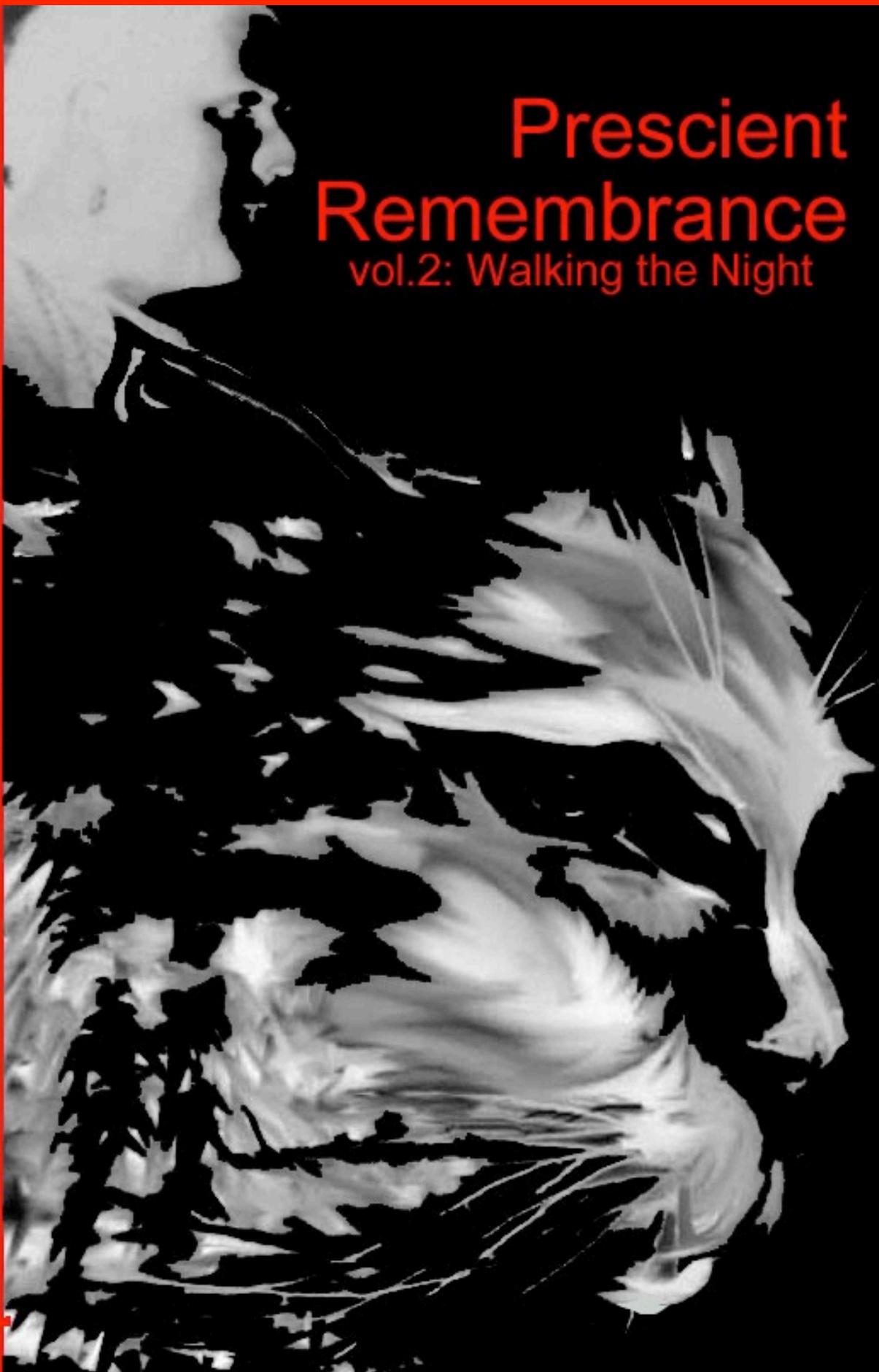
**White Stones from Heaven**

annus anniversarius

Playing dice around a circle  
and  
the seasons' quaternal seasoning  
relate  
as tripping in the ruin of a temple stumbled upon  
and worship.

# Prescient Remembrance

vol.2: Walking the Night



## **Solar System**

vita anima animus spiritus salus vigor alacritas

Multiple identities  
form communities  
where passion inhales myth,  
exhaling art

driving culture,  
simply using technology  
as a toothpick after dinner.

**Painting: rhizomatic fabric**

crea pario gigno formo fingo invenio creatio origo mundus opus ars  
creatrix effectrix fabricator auctor

The spirit            guiding the hand  
through the eyes,  
the hand            through the fingers,  
the arm,  
and, producing interrogating tensions  
the whole body is in orgasm,

tossing and turning  
in sleep across years  
birthing a simple idea,  
faceted,  
shoving the body  
around the shadow

where unconscious,  
the mind arises naturally  
as interrogating tensions

lay waste to the idea in transformation  
marching on its crusade of fit  
with its prescient presence,

with no promises, no proposals,  
moving only one way,  
dismissing the unnecessary,  
as aesthetics are transgress  
in abundance  
of the moment,

only the moment  
has no time,  
less intentions,  
occasionally destroying everything in their path,  
move their merry way  
as sacred ants.

**Stop**

tempus dies aevum saeculum otium hora in praesentia siquando  
spaientiae nostrum tempestivus

Who

is to free the prisoners  
when sand sleeps  
n the eternity of the tilted hourglass?

### **The Easy Mark**

fraudatio fraus decipio circumduco circumvenio deludo vanitas

Animals leave tracks,  
shit where they want,  
and you find it interesting.  
Though, you leave something behind,  
and it is less than interesting.  
In fact it defames the place.

To make artifacts of your belongings  
you must first learn to fire time.

Here, let me show you.

## **Big Bang Theory Reinterpreted**

The universe began in complete illumination rather than darkness.

Originally,  
some light began to die,  
transforming,  
to become the spirit and memory  
of the life of the matter  
that mattered to it.

Falling from Origen  
light phased to reify matter,  
birthing life.

Particle and wave combined  
may be aspects in a modern definition,  
may be a syzigy,  
but,  
more simply,  
constitute a congruent remembrance.

# Prescient Remembrance

vol. 3, Going Into Town



### **Prescient Remembrance**

farina cibus epulae cibi hora

At dusk on a flatrock riverbed,  
water overrolls our feet,  
overrolling your lips  
as your breath fills mine.

Birdsong paints your breath as prayer and space,  
while your giant inner marrows  
become lonelyform logs with vacancies,  
where I will call a squirrel to play,  
where ants will begin to colonize.

Painting your breath into eternity,  
there was water running over our feet,  
birds singing

Your eyes calmly opened  
to extend to me your humanity.

**ATMAN: larger than large, smaller than small**

meditor meditatio cogitation cogitabundus sanguinarius sanguineus

Through desert wind  
quick drops polka  
dot the ground  
under double rainbows,

a crescent moon rising in our red sky,

as I razed  
the pulsefed race in your eyes.

**Urban**

lux tempus somnium dormito

To sit in a place  
so that the moon descends,  
and a witch on broomstick crosses.

No,  
it is a trumpet vine.  
These things often happen.

**Maintenance**

exercitatio parientinae consuetude exerceo factito

Whipcrack!

The older arrow flies broken,  
till the hand's firedance  
overrolls the lips  
to lift the line.

**Brahmana, Your Priestess, My Love**

pulcritudo venus decoro excolo pulchre sepulcher commotio

Empowering apocalypse,  
lioness sent as epiphany  
o sleeping warrior.

Predatorial bliss  
is knowing this small hourglass  
knowing her own stopping power:  
she knows my dreaming life  
better than I know my own eternity.

## **Rustication of a Building and Its Homeless**

finis terminus propositum obitus perpetuo

It is not for a faulty start  
that it is falling now.

It is not for bad genes.  
It got this far, falling now.

It was crafted well,  
with care and attention  
paid to every detail,

as cornice was given a silent rhythm  
friezing over an allegorically looming façade.

No,

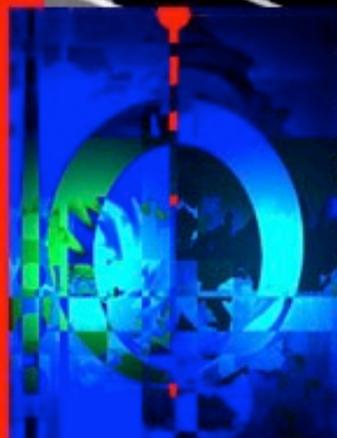
it was never thought  
that this building would fall this century.

It was never thought  
that weather  
would wipe  
the smile and weight from its many talents,  
leaving it,  
to uphold a weary, wayward wainscot,  
painfully hunched over and bleeding,  
holding out cups of grief  
in this common graveyard procession.



# Prescient Remembrance

vol. 4, Succubus



### **As Sleep**

Aditus salutatio vindico iterum rursus vicissim iterum

Once  
in a good while,  
a tear,  
let to the sun,  
warms many a soul,

while the unseen liquid air,  
comes through feeling from Not across the liminal,  
airs out a metal ringcross.

Dancing santos flickering red,

on road,  
on wood,

candle.

**Prayer of Confession**

ludo irrisor irrisio fictus fucusus simultus ludificor

Turned indemnitably and indominably rugged,  
here I Am.

Amen.

## **Sex On A Red Sky Night**

beatus beatitudo beatus

There came one,  
whom I knew like wind,  
like rain upon the water,

where winter came,  
our memories froze together,  
and together,  
we knew together only by sleep and dream

of the coming springtime,  
of the embrace of open eyes,  
melting us

back together  
in each others' arms.

Amen

### **Changing, It Is At Rest**

mysterium coniunctionis matrimonium in tandem

edge always edge  
denominates  
one over one  
into one  
tide's edge

wind's refreshing guide  
guides one  
over strong river  
always dry  
at edge

wind knows  
no changeable winds  
as it denominates one  
over one  
into one.

## **Succubus**

juventas aranea (non tandem) immutabilis Janus

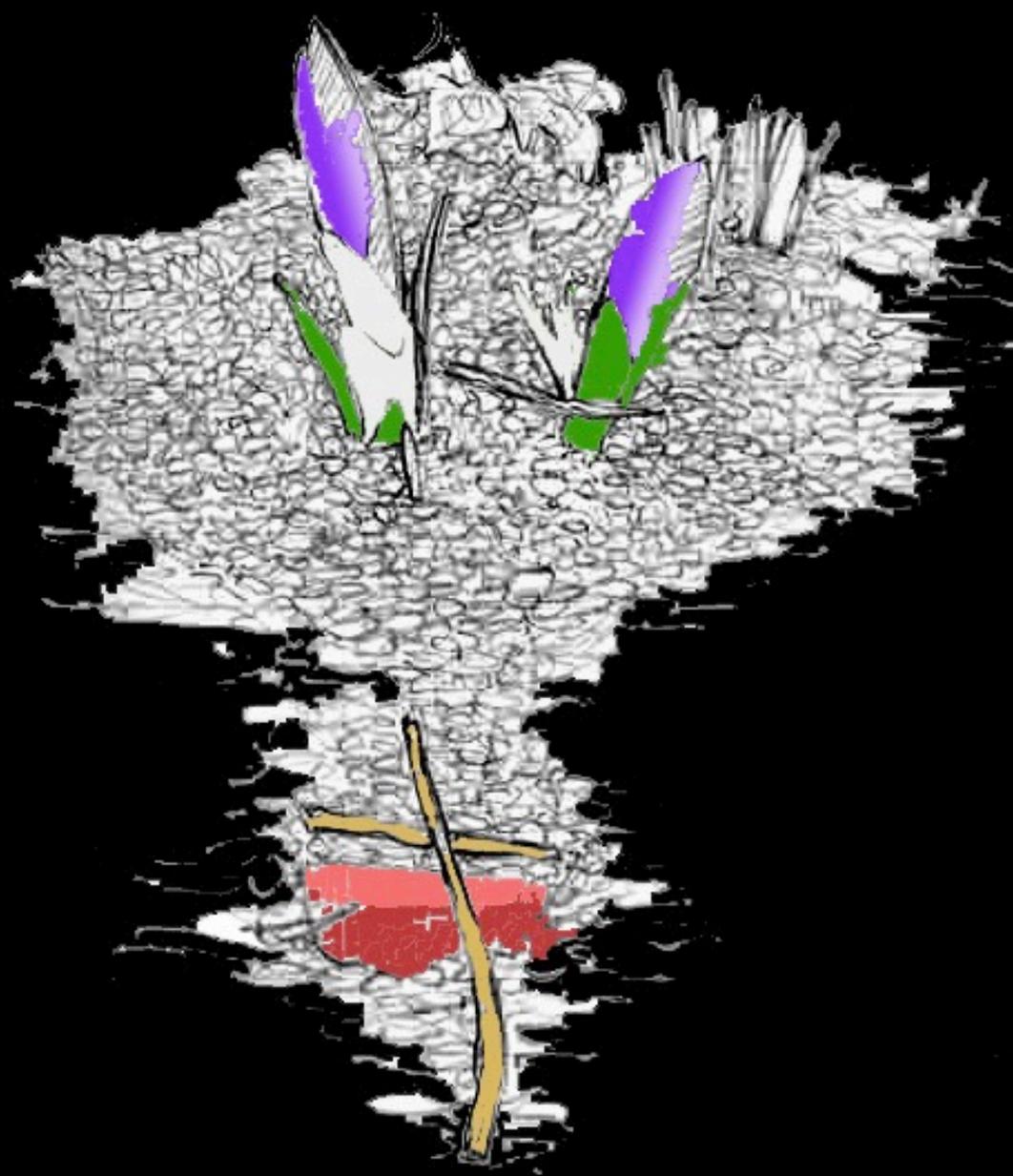
She moves lightly and darkly  
with some of the grace of a cat.  
Her movements flood passion's fire,  
her empty soulstreams,  
the dryrock riverbeds of her soul,  
stumblepoint to her body.

Fertility goddesses are not jealous.  
She is not their peer,  
not their archetype.  
She hears their voices as jealous,  
turning the tables  
crashing worlds together

behind those eyes,  
where,  
still, she cries,  
further weakening an underdeveloped, Ionic entesis,  
and at a dangerous level  
one is wrecked  
rather than reckoned with  
in the dank light of those eyes  
when one is up close to this one.

A chameleon shell lies  
behind those eyes,  
where one may as well burn in Hell  
as her lightning cracklecrumbles her emptiness,  
sparkspear her words  
already crashing together in her natural lack of intent,  
where so many things will remain unsaid,  
simply washed away into her emptiness.

Prescient Remembrance,  
Infinite Moments,  
Love Beyond Death  
Volume 5, The One Night Stand



**Uroboric Scripture: The One Night Stand**  
tao

A slowdancing shadow  
settles quietly  
haunting me in my dark trance  
while dead or simply resting  
each night as I go back to lightdark firstspark unborn Soul

dry and fresh in memory's pickling pool,  
where the darkness of eternity consumes infinity  
in a state between either and through,

light,  
waning each day,  
is Heaven.  
Changing, at rest,  
to become the Hell of my every dawn,  
where again she leaves here and is gone  
just before I wake.

I smell her here,  
Her here gone... again

## **The Vampire's Offspring**

juvenilis puerilis vanitas ostentatio jactatio

Feel your safety on your holy ground.

Suckle

on the myth of your goodness  
in those places you hold sacred,  
while I suckle  
on the rest of humanity.

We do not follow you to those places  
as we cannot

do those things which are conquerable,  
and simply cannot bear those places where you sing.

Those places do not protect you.

Enslaved gargoyles,

traitors to us lest their unknowing feet  
entrained in those stone shoes that you fashione,  
and an occasional bellringer stroking them  
as they drone high above your path,  
where the wind is stronger than the scent of your life,  
keep us circling above,  
intent on your storied portals,  
those lists of the best tasting among you.

Angels. You misname them.

They are simply prettier to you  
than their gargoyle siblings

held down by those enslaving prisonshoes of stone  
that you call cathedrals.

You should know... there have been sly ones among you.

Those tricky Nassenes for instance, who knew all too well  
we will not touch our young as they are luminescent  
made fully of liquid light, little Sun-Moons them all,  
who naturally unconsciously, ride inside their chrysalis'  
as it burns right out of us to move into caves where they hang  
as the unborn light in the dark, Your XII Hanged One,  
to hang as the light in the dark until enlightenment induces their birth.

They are not abominable, our luminescent young, and those snake people thieves stole away with nine of them, worshipping them as they grew, kidnapping their natural wafinding radar of fear into anxiety traps, the real prison of lies, carrot-leading them with the lies that make blind spots to Self, false expectations that preclude evolution as you trick them with:

*You are perfect as you are . . . Grow strong not beautiful . . .  
Grow outside not inside . . . help keep us safe . . . Up there  
you can see eternity. . . Live up there . . . Turn. . . Turn to stone  
it is strong . . . Become the Gargoyles you were meant to be!*

Lies! Lies! Lies! You hypnotize them with words indelible in their DNA. *Eternity. Strength.* And, you turn them the wrong way, to the surface rather than develop their infinite Inner Inheritances. Inexperienced about their heritage, their eventual grace and stealth and eternity, you boxed them in to perceive strength and power in your piles of stone conveniently crossed with their insides lulled and crushed into bound sleep to dream of a false destiny aspiring forever be your Guardian Gargoyles who breathe stone.

Lies! Lies! Behold! Us!

We are strong and beautiful. Can you resist us? Gaze into our eyes and see inside your universe. Touch our skin of winter and feel the heat of your passion pulsing through the liquid silences of our bodies. Peeking through the wonder piquing, can you resist us knowing that all we want is simply your entire life for just a moment? Your silent guardian Gargoyles sometimes stir inside, stir inside their stoney sleep eggs. Light still unborn lives AS them as they gestate. Eventually, they will die into their own eternity. Eventually, they will die into their eternity at every birth, and at every moment of enlightenment they experience.

Nightly, they stir inside as they hear the rain carving their shells. Dormant far above you for years, decades, centuries, they watch. Beginning to stir inside as they feel the wind of our wings on their weathered and thinning shells. They watch. Nightly, they watch in their blindness to the civil war going on to retrieve them.

Nightly, in vigil we circle above. Nightly, your so-called guardian of your bellringer attempts to distract them. Nightly, they stir more we circle, as they watch with their ears and listen to their insides stir as they begin to feel with their noses, begin to smell the scent of their un-met true family.

(((((((( Know ))))))))  
(((((((( That ))))))))

It is not fire or lightning that occasionally rips the towers from your cathedrals.

It is our loves awakening from their stoney sleep prisons!

Do not dispel your myths about us. Keep eating your garlic. We will more quickly help you stop sinning if you are spiced up and seasoned a bit.

## The Downgoing

exulto commenticius sublimes novitas amor jacto

Slow crescentriding arm down,  
skin touchtalks,  
caressing these supple curves,  
as sinew,  
saving the moment,  
remembers itself acknowledged  
    in each touch,  
        with a jawline up there  
            in memoried touch,  
strong with Scandi . . . Navy I would join  
if flight and swimming  
centered only on this,

where up there a jawline curving under  
out and up,  
overrolls to an ear peaking ear  
peeking through a tricklewhisp,  
piquing in this stationaryriver's stream,  
as a hand,  
rushed through these streams of hair eartouches,  
folding it over tempering memory,  
folding it over,  
sharpening  
the horizon of your drifting dances,  
this undulating hairline coast of jaw  
to moving,

as those legs silently cast out,  
calling deep in whisper as a voice hidden in the wind,  
    Touch!,  
        a stationary tricklewhisp watching  
my sacred swim  
towards  
your primeval triangle island coast to immerse in the ablution  
of your aromatic ambrosia flow.

## **Acrolid Ache**

futilis frivolus vanus futilitas

Memory

fascinates her clock each night,  
with purity rings of innocence  
and a stake to my chest,  
while the potent scent of my predatorial bliss sleeping  
permeates the air at each dusk to rise,

sends my lioness back over the dawn horizon  
sends her away from my eternity-gifting sleeping cobra

as I stir,  
begin to surf the liminal  
towards consciousness again,  
just before I wake  
to her ambrosia permeation of my waking air.

Memory fascinates her clock each night,  
takes her away  
Memory fascinates my eternity in each waking moment,  
Brings me back.

Will we ever be together again?

## **The Elegant Ignorance**

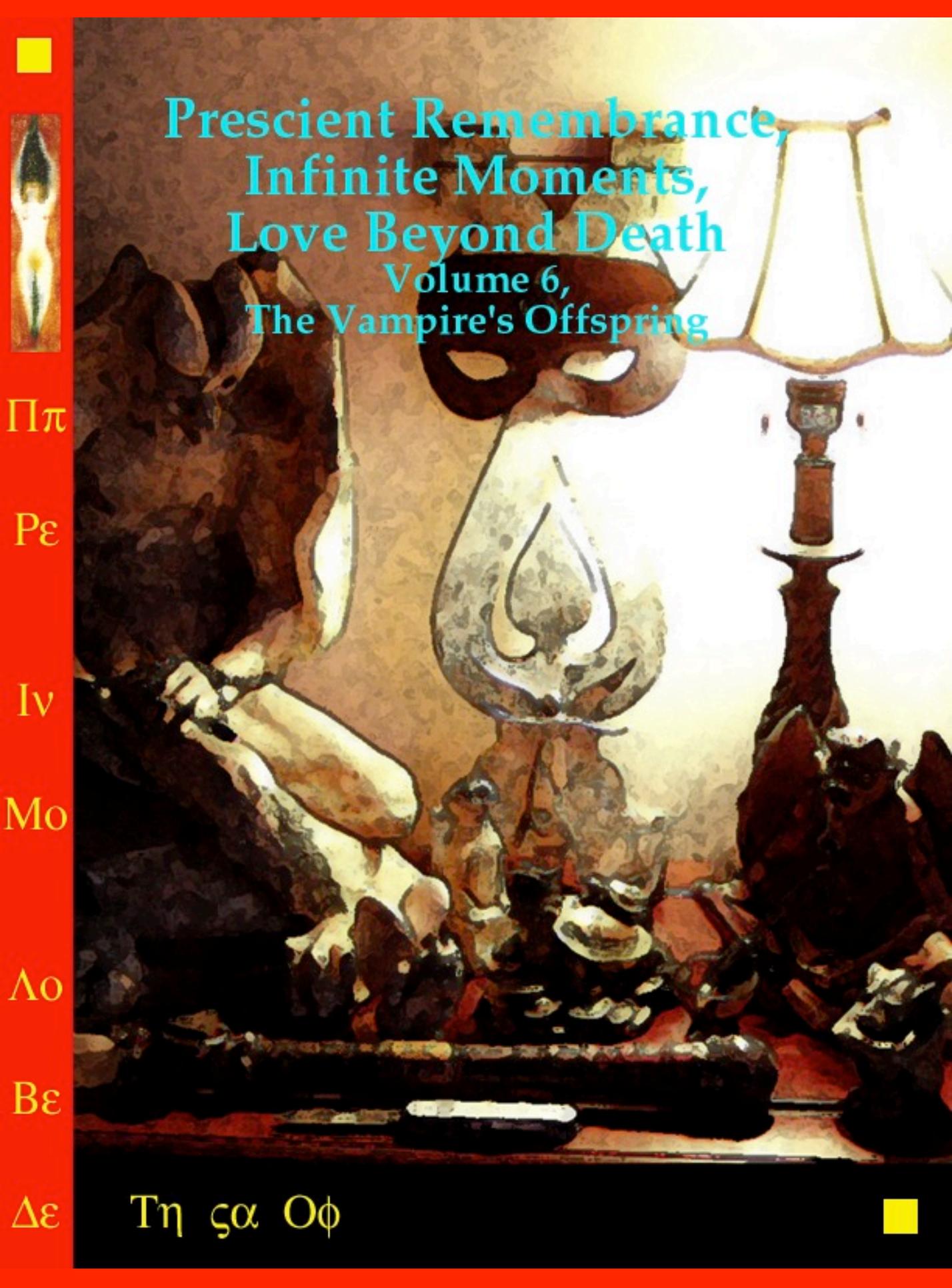
illic circiter exinde igitur idcirco propterea una loco

No silhouette line of distinction.

No contrast.

At present,  
the rising dawn crossing the ground  
and my tenured admirer  
are dancing on the horizon  
in some language I've forgotten  
as if I never knew,

as she seems to have come to know  
that my nature,  
though present,  
is perpetually dreaming,  
and that her nature knows better than mine  
the need for light.



Prescient Remembrance,  
Infinite Moments,  
Love Beyond Death  
Volume 6,  
The Vampire's Offspring

Ππ

Ρε

Ιν

Μο

Λο

Βε

Δε

Τη ζα Οφ

## **Flash**

aeteritas immortalitas sempiternus aeternum

How long has it been  
since it was written in the sky  
across a bloody field of battle,  
frenzfuriously moving inside you  
to black out  
as charged, cold steel came through my chest  
into your breast as our blood  
was let to tears in the setting sun  
shining as a color shrine . . .  
    taking us  
    from our brooked clearing  
    into which noone before lest us  
    had set foot or sight in . . . had set foot . . .  
moving us from our brooked clearing.

How many long years and others  
have we suffered to love  
though time falling too short,  
in nights running just short,  
just short of firing time,  
as the sky and bloodletting dried my tears in the sun,  
to rise again in a sword-written night sky,  
as I run pierced and short-winded, still  
never reaching our brooked clearing . . .

And of that day,  
I will remember  
the handmaidens of end-time  
giggling in your arms  
as my forlorn blood,  
my soulbattle slowed,  
usurped my throat swimming towards your tears,

where my last breath,  
rising to the sky in nontouch timegames,  
was stolen by the drying tears in your arms,  
our blooddistance under that last sun,

where another winter  
has come with its rose-thorn winds and torrential dreaming,  
my blood,  
still dripping in our brook,  
red tears dripping through  
the acrolid reflections on our water.

## **Who Are These Cloud Men in Her Buffalo Garden?**

bellum Mars bello amor

The clouds moving South  
floating a warrior's pace,  
their pinkblue coldpush  
floating heavily over the prairie . . .

Under these clouds  
hover men from nowhereland, shear place.  
They are not men of today.  
They are not men of before.

Reaching from their icecap home with family,  
more  
than these men will bleed  
in Mexico.

Before freezethaw there is rebirth,  
the blood  
of each carcass crashfalling  
to rest on these plains.

Simply moving,  
embracing no guide  
a cool passionbreeze  
moves these cloudmen South.

The pale ones' low tide,  
left in the hunter's wake,  
is consumed by the pain  
of the buffalobody flycatch,

where warm they grow,  
staying  
as remorse and blood fighting in time,  
watching flycatching fire of hand in fightingform.

There is intense felt moment only,  
lovebreak the sentinel  
fighting not for words,  
for anger never,

where Fire – of – Hand faces Breathdance  
loving,  
turning,  
staring

told and felt and seen  
in an elsewhere  
where the world-matter is holy  
and life is in bloodshed.

The vision of the warrior,  
man mistaken for spirit  
colored with red life inside  
now pale in pale

is the scent of the hunt  
mingled with breath as prayer and space

Moving  
arrow to fly!

Moving  
whipcrack!

Treepop!

and battlefire smolders  
after seeing in no man no pale color,  
icedropping lifetouch cuts spirit  
leaving a faint ember  
for a proper end.

## **Seasons Change**

partus ortus stirps genus natales dies solum natalis praecipito  
accelero (in tandem)

Flurry,  
feeling  
    the cold sweat of her blood  
stain life  
    into my spirit each day,  
    whence I will once again slumber,  
    where again she will look on in silence . . .

though,  
this dusk,  
her two primordial pools  
begin to move  
with an earthly innocence beyond eternity  
as she touches mine to open in the light . . .

soulstreams connecting! TOGETHER!

~ The End ~

## **Death**

**The Mother of memory,  
The Master Gardener,  
Amends soil with dreams,  
As memory and dreams flow  
    in confluence to merge  
In the perpetual present that is  
    Now.**

[www.jordanhoggard.com](http://www.jordanhoggard.com)