

Poems by Duane Locke

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 337

Girl before mirror, I gaze.  
I cannot decide if I gaze at paint or flesh.  
Perhaps what I gaze at is one of the living dead painted  
By fashion show runways surrounded by gawkers  
And camera flashes, a diminished human being  
Who ardently desires the trivia they cannot afford to  
purchase.  
But perhaps, I might be wrong, and you are the rare one  
Who grew up a human being in an age when humanity is  
disdained and  
The technological robot, the slave mentality, is the ideal.  
I don't know, but I do adore the way your two fingers hold  
A glass of Brunello.  
Girl before mirror,  
You have two faces.  
The faces do not match.  
Perhaps, both of the faces are masks.  
It is so difficult to become a reality  
In an age that worships unreality  
And lies unawaresly that the unreal is real.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 339

Tiny orange moth,  
Black stripes swirled,  
On yellow corolla,  
Your tiny wings  
Fan the air into a power,  
A power that could turn  
A technological robotic slave mentality  
Into a human being,  
If he came close enough to you  
To feel the power brought into the world

By the fanning of your orange, black striped wings.  
But rarely does anyone kneel close enough to feel  
The power fanned onto the earth by your wings.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUIMINATION, NO. 349

An autumn yellow chaotic star-shaped leaf  
With a tiny red streak that spirals through  
The slanting curved dark brown broken twig  
Quivers and oscillates as it balanced itself  
Atop a cypress knee. This is a miraculous moment  
Of intersubjectivity between a leaf's motion and me,  
And unconceals partially the concealed earth,  
Fulfills authentic natural desire in our man-made world  
Of commercially engendered false, empty, trivial,  
unneeded desires.  
The cypress knee's top shines a muted beige-red,  
And it is smooth coming out a rough bark beneath.

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TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 350

Flashes in the twilight air. The flashes  
Sometimes are shaped like splinters from headless  
matchsticks,

Sometime the flashes look more like confused  
Commas and confused periods seeking in confusion  
A sentence. Sometimes the flashes look like miniscule  
snowflakes.

These flashes occur in shifting orbits. These flashes  
Are from a Spinning Fly—minute body with very long legs.  
The flashes came as a result of the fly's and my  
intersubjectivity.

The fly, off-white in body color, dark brown legs, was resting  
On the brown wood of a fallen cypress branch, and my  
Disturbing presence sent the fly into a spin. I speculated  
On what disturbs this fly to spin and thrill me so much.  
Was it my shadow, the change in his light, or some unknown  
Emanation from my body. I'll never know, for this fly's  
Thinkability is so different from mine. No, I never know  
This fly's thoughts, and all I know that the spins of the fly  
Enchanted me, as much, even more, than a saint's celestial  
vision

And its other-worldly experience enchanted in the past  
legends.

#### TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 356

Looking at the fungi sprouting out of bark, I sense  
What I designate as a sensation is really atomistic  
In its actual content. It is constituted of an  
Accumulation of supposedly indivisible elements  
That are neither material or spiritual, but unconcealments,  
Processes that to be classified as a substance or entity  
Would be to falsify. Due to the contingency of the duration,  
There are unconcealments, partially unconcealments,  
And there remains concealments. Actual realism  
Is so complex, so copious, so wonderful that its actualism  
Has no adequate words in our verbal representations  
That can be used to create a precise depiction. Feeling  
Is all, but the statement of feelings can be misrepresented  
If conceptualized—or logically and rationally rendered.  
So counter to actualism, we have a realm of conceptualized

Simulations expressed through rational and logical thought,  
This is the world of lies on which most people base their life  
And cherish, love as absolute universal truths. The  
enchantment  
That is given by this intersubjectivity with fungi growing out  
of bark  
Cannot be reduced to an inward occurrence called "thought,"  
For its actuality is no thought. The encounter is an  
awareness,  
A type of gift that seems to have no giver, although the  
tree's  
Existence transferred this very atomistic feeling, this  
wonder  
Of the music of unconcealment, to me.

#### TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 357

In the vacant lot, marked with a red-lettered sign, "For  
Sale,"  
I quickly stopped. My left shoulder was brushed by lazy  
leaves,  
Parabola-shaped, and on my right side was a pink crystal  
Translucent thin watery stemmed vine with curled crimson  
leaves  
That hung from a long, large oak branch. I stopped, stood  
Still, because I saw on a large leaf shaped like the diagram  
We substitute for what we think is the shape of a heart an  
insect  
That is biologically designated as "oncometopia orbona,"  
And is called "a leafhopper." I was enchanted, thrilled,  
Transported by its gold and turquoise. I stepped out  
Of the frame, the imprisonment, the lies that the social  
order  
And its discourse had built around me to separate me from  
The real and the actual. I suppose the moment would be  
Called in Alain Badiou terminology, "a truth event." By  
Jaques Lacan, a rebirth from the Symbolic social unreality  
Into a moment inseparable from the Real, by Martin

Heidgger,  
"Unconcealment." With intensified attention to the  
Gold and turquoise of this insect I dwelled for  
A short duration of time in the truth.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 359

Constantly when standing face to face  
In the intersubjectivity of social discourse,  
The other face sculpted by public trophies on a private shelf,  
Whether fingers felt the chill that crept down into the glass's  
stem,  
Or our tongue welcomed the salt taste of an anchovy on a  
cracker,  
There is an inwardly squirm with disgust while social code  
shackled  
Listening is polite to a slave mentality who dissolved and  
destroyed the earth  
By turning the earth into  
A man-made world. It is sensed that the non-existent that  
is called  
"experience" is only a fantasy imprecisely described by  
reason  
And logic and its occurrence is not an actuality, but only  
A well-wrought verbal disquisition that has coherence, but  
No correspondence to reality. So the conclusion is that the  
Advertised life only takes place as words, not as actualities.  
People live by a linguistic reality, and not ontological or  
Epistemological actualities. The practical, an unreal world,  
Is only a verbal construction. The real is elsewhere outside  
Popular opinion and beyond learned knowledge. I have  
long ago abandoned  
All foundationalist aspirations and ontotheological  
assumptions,  
And this is why I am tortured when I seek to be friendly with  
a stranger.  
My imposed Aristotle political animalism must cope with and  
endure  
The isolation from human love that accompanies the life of a

hermit.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 360

A resonance, an aura that seems as tangible  
As if material, arises from the intersubjective  
Encounter with the spread tail feathers  
Of an Anhinga, and this earthly arisement  
Speaks a pre-linguistic speech, silent sounds,  
That are not only heard by ears, but heard  
By one's entire corporeality. The sounds are transformative  
Silent sounds that gives as a gift, the rebirth of  
The body that has been murdered by street wisdom  
And popular opinion and has turned the living  
Into the living dead. One feels alive again as  
The Anhinga's tail feathers are observed. These  
Tail feathers are more than what interest for a while  
And fades into oblivion, but these tail feathers change one's  
life  
By cleansing away the trivial and the false that  
Mankind has made a beloved surrogate for lost  
Gods and goddesses. Intensely observing an Anhinga's  
Tail feathers, I experienced a sensible world that is not  
Divided from a supersensible world. The very obscurity  
Of the moment was enlightening, and its darkness was a  
blazing  
Light that suffuses through the body as a sunset  
Suffuses the blue of the evening sky. The encounter with  
an Anhinga's  
Tail feathers was another privileged and enchanting no  
thought moment.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO. 361

I have evolved from my throwness onto this earth  
And into the man-made world a perception that  
Through my background and my beliefs can constitute  
An approximation of an entity other than my self,  
Although my construction never nears knowledge

Of what the entity is. My access is only a partial  
Unconcealment and much more is concealed  
From my apprehension. The only I can relate  
To another existent is the realization the  
Other existent is a total alterity, and my excited access  
Is a terrestrial miracle. My access is to an attribute  
Or property that the alterity does not know it possesses.  
The event is a concertion, the radical singularity  
Of particularized temporal duration, and the  
Abstractness of conceptualization is absent.  
The man-made world has confused the concrete  
And abstract, and does not understand either.  
People have faith that their illusions are concretions,  
And abstractions are symbolic mentalized surrogates.  
The things, the dings, of his earth are abstract realities  
In my mind, but concrete realities in their own existence.  
"Materiality" and "Spiituality" are mere empty concepts,  
Signifiers with signifieds, for reality is something other.  
So today, among the new greens from old pines, I sit  
On a raw wood bench grayed by air and rain and watch the  
waving  
Motion of the Golden Peacock Butterfly's wings move  
Slowly back and forth and make the grass blades quiver.

#### TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO 362

Yesterday, again—yes, once more, I became  
A singularity,  
Though an encounter with an alterity of the earth,  
With its obscurity and its depths, with  
An alligator, aTaoist in water,  
His immobile-mobile motion, a whisper in the water,  
An inaudible sound that emanates wavy streaks,  
Scintillations like the spiralling light from dead stars on dark  
waters.  
The alligators spins out swirls on a smooth surface  
That brings down to earth a reflection of gray-fringed clouds  
And a cerulean sky.

The uplift of the solid streaks bring close the wavy earth of  
sand dunes  
On a distant earth. Our space-placed corporeality exists  
In the plenitude of being everywhere. One is here, and one  
is elsewhere.  
The seemingly stirred water eludes a gift from its passivity,  
a silver vapor,  
A wedding ring, signaling a divorce from the man-made  
world  
And a marriage to the earth.

### TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, NO 363

What is perceived by a singular presence is a spread of  
Light green curled leaves. The water weeds touch each  
Other in closeness, but there is scattered through the mass  
Small dark spots of uncovered water that hold in their space  
A white reflection of a cloud that is far above, and in one  
Place where the green weeds crowd into a cluster  
And form an uplift stands a gallinule with bizarre green  
Yellow segmented legs. The sunlight flashes her red bill  
As a zigzagging red as if an earth lightning, a lightning  
Silent without thunder. Instead of an atmosphere  
That greys the air, and darkens shore trees, the landscape  
Is bright, and this wavy speck of red enters through  
perception  
The corporeality of a human being and his minds feels  
A brightness that is even brighter than the actual brightness  
Of this Florida winter's day. So now what was  
Yesterday and now absence, but leaving me with words.  
Words spoken by the earth.  
That are more than words and present standing close to me.