

Elegy of the besieged city,  
the edge of sight  
    desert of the imagination,  
not the dark night of its soul;

structures are transient  
(structures are physical)  
    why place the (t)error  
in debris?  
    there is little left  
    in these riverbed ruins,  
futility enters  
    the mind  
                futility repeats  
    the fugal tune,  
now, a sullen bending of sunlight  
mirror's  
small     black mass of death  
                Celan spoke of . . .  
    what is gained  
    from extermination -

*in memoriam*

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Consider myth  
part of the fabric  
humanity chooses  
to entomb itself within,  
    there must be  
                a modicum of truth  
                                measurable  
    which returns to infuse the progeny  
    of future generations,  
does it exist  
in shrouded levels of conscious awareness,  
    to make itself known  
    like a dim sun's winter influence,  
    thawing only the surface  
    layer of a glacial ocean ?



Experience only proves to intuit  
a remedial flow exists  
in our acclimation of empathy,

as such I find myself  
drawn thru the indifference  
which seems to scream its presence  
in the middle of the wreckage and atrocities:

structures that burn and fall  
for a bedlamite's passion,  
a regime that rises  
to encompass  
the perview of hatred and hell -

pick your own draught of poison  
it matters not  
to the pages of a repeating history,

intimate occurrences forever  
seared into collective memory,  
the slow accumulation  
of factual discrepancies,  
evidence which pays no heed  
to how a truth is viewed,  
either relative or incontrovertible  
it seems . . . in the darkness

the poet's pen still moves,  
it does not consciously aspire  
to destroy lives,  
but it must know why  
it goes thru the motions,  
writing the silent words  
it knows its meaning is  
as ephemeral as any form  
of physicality,  
every breath of sentience,  
even that which does not understand  
(itself or another) -

So many things remain unspoken  
 and elusive to the mind . . .  
     how to circumnavigate the landscapes  
     of these abstruse ontological labyrinths  
     peopled by dark specters  
         rooted in a tidal flow's  
             subconscious undulation,  
 amid mysteries  
         portending a sense of our own  
             inevitable annihilation  
 at the hands of a self-created  
         anthropocentric abstraction:  
 a deity *manifested*  
     from the fears which keep the mind  
         shackled to its own terracentric prison:  
 the rigid indeterminacy of humanity's *dominant myth*,  
     the *facts* that polarize the heart  
         tethered to an anchorweight of faith,  
     sanitized doubt in the face of insanity's reflection . . .  
 awaiting the Damoclean sword  
         which threatens to fall  
         and sever the mortal coil,  
     freeing the consciousness  
     from its flesh and bone bodily limitations -

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Time inside these  
     hourglass cages  
     sands which filter thru  
     random patterns  
     spilling onto sacred ground  
     no transcendent presence is felt  
 to paw the dead of human necessity  
     under eons of accumulative earth  
     the stirrings of flesh cease  
     to affect the nominal heart  
     anonymous and unnamed -

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The process of extinction  
undermines a certainty  
    the mind formulates  
        with its own limited faculties,  
soon the assurance leaves  
    the conflagration as tinder,  
shadow-passions that once saturated the flesh  
    grow attenuated  
        and pass unnoticed  
    under the feet of another's clamoring  
pursuance after verity:  
                    the elusive jewel  
                    of a disquieted humanity,  
shining as clear as a nebula-shrouded star  
seen thru the soupy aggregate-atmosphere  
    of a terrestrial night sky;

        such clarity must  
        serve as an analogical model  
for why the mind cannot penetrate  
    the impermeable essence  
        at the heart of its own existence:  
each quantum whit leaves another touchstone,  
    *another* benchmark of unknowability  
    *another* scale with which to gauge  
an advancement into  
    an ever-morphing epistemological  
    spectrum of ambiguity;

        maybe it is *all* an illusion the mind fabricates  
in order for consciousness to free itself from the ether,  
    to see itself  
interacting within a realm of dimensional duality,  
    or maybe the fear of no-thingness drives the mind  
to create another place in which to en flesh its perceptions  
    in order to question the essence at the core  
        of its own  
        undetected perfection-

CULLED ONTOLOGICAL EVIDENCE

:

hyacinth in a garden  
in June  
confusion breeds  
omens of discontent  
a Shakesperian winter weathered the landscape  
fears that plague the race  
the devouring lion's manifesting chaos  
*theories why*  
Penelope's fabric is unraveled by night  
a crow picks at a straw man's corpse  
a blood clots by freezing below zero  
a bridge collapse was used as metaphor  
*before* fact interceded with a 'concrete' dialectic  
*theories why*  
specifics might be named  
but are now considered part of a collateral loss  
a muddied semen's siring  
the progeny of exorcised compassion  
*theories why*  
names change the faces that retain  
the toxicity and drama  
ink on pages  
breathing spirit into the inanimate  
*theories*  
timeless incarnations  
embodying the stone-cold fates'  
intention  
shaping the sphere