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The Destiny of Questions

Why do questions sound like hope?

Is time curative poison?
Can ancient grapes contrive
wine's great enticement
to love but love not anything?

Will the moon
scythe its white foliage
to sagely stuff stunned skin?

What do we say about this?
That we are holy?
That questions are connective listening?
That ears are a pharmacy of yes?

That we are holy?

After a Day Spent Contemplating the Unconscious

I waken like fish lifted from water
tossed to weathered thought.

Waves, stretched to a crenulate mirror,
sense what depth sequestered.
My swim, churned by all that swam,
returns as a swerving specter
perfecting my pantomimed
mind's questing reflections.

In sleep a tapestry needle ticked
to obliterate my idioms
stitching-in a neural swan
an undulant skeleton
the liquid oar of a tongue
each entered by the whisper
that precedes the world's brief weave.

How intricately I am sewn together
with what seems strewn apart!
All wheat is easeful current.
All earth the eloquence of elements.

If I were to unfurl the floor
I know not whether
my feet would harvest their steps
or, in a sweep, travel all yellow
to red, red to infrared—
scythed by the rest of color.

The Sequel

The deafest angel,
holy dozing,
threading breath
through threadbare curtains,
sits oblivious to shouts
for the show to start.

Ticket-takers
witness watchers
recollecting the shredded trek
of victim over victim
to the top of human
Everest ripping
their intestinal jerky
of one long
godstring to heaven.

A telephone's
black punctuation,
pausing the angel's
non-causation, recalls
a blank commotion.

Behind the curtain
squirms the sequel
to every scream a body
bloodily flash-flooded.

Deep in the synergy
of celestial dreams,
the angel sees
each star's restless prism
behind the screen's
night-imprisoned shine.

Will the audience,
projecting figure-eights,
perpetually circulate
what persists in flicks?

Uncrimp the acidulous
to reconfigure the infinite x?

Watch: the angel,
waking up, saws
his wingbone to a bow
sorrow-strumming the wind's
long drawstring

deftly playing dawn's
cadenza without the notes
music knows.