

Of The Hand Light As A Feather

Of the hand,
light as a feather
forging ancient fjords,
you can only dream—
the carpenter, white oats
of hair now blotch his chest,
sommambulistic ships with precariously mushy beams
now dock his homely wharf—it used to be,
in using glitter for scaffolding, you would only breathe.

Of the hand,
light as a feather
forging ancient fjords,
you barely believe—
the undertaker stacking stones
along the edge of a menacing cliff
(resembling from ankles to cape to cuff links
the teachers from which we all glean)
says, come sleep on these stones
stacked higher than high, where and not where
age is transcended by the sun.

Albeit,

there is only one age, like anything dreamt,
for instance, effulgent lights and a sacred piece by Monteverdi,
this, too, is novelty—or burgers,
fries, and a large coke chock-
full of ice.

Of the hand,
light as a feather
forging ancient fjords,
you barely perceive—
dark, blistering whales time's
breakers have strewn the beach with
say, simply let spume sway your feet and,
like the sand in these waves fussing, mincing
up our giant fins, smother the whole gamut of dying for anything.
And far more thoughtless than “pillows of sand and water”.

Of the hand,
light as a feather
forging ancient fjords,
you can only dream—you,
albeit a dream in the first place—
birth, life—and now living it—you
exist for dreams. And heavy in thought, choked
with nerves, and with breath like a nagging kickstarter, you
want rest, want to ease your bright, swollen brain.

Of Soulwork

I said the tree was so real it looked like fiberglass, and nearly translucent. Even under it, I said, an old '55 Chevy was letting out a piercing scream, and which, upon hearing it, I thought of infinity; I should say convinced my thoughts, or my ears did, of my eternity;

and when I said existence is really just consciousness and I am anchored by ancient ears seemingly blended with a new body, I realized I never considered the callousness of "Prime Mover" in this regard.

As my friend reiterated what I had said and considered what I meant, I squeezed a cheap water bottle for a sound like the sound the tree made when I leaped into its super-real trunk: crunched and buckled between my fingers, as expected. And while this was the moment I looked like a fool, and the moment plastic appeared ever more shotty and despicable, I

suddenly felt synonymous to my environment.

My mom, as I described all of this to her, was doing my dishes and mumbling to herself. My neck felt fuzzy; I could see myself as a small part of an atmosphere extending trillions of miles in every direction, of which my mom was the nucleus.

And to think of flowers and Schopenhauer at a time like this... If Schopenhauer were a flower, said flower would be made of rocks, and more like a tree. Unperturbed by temperature changes, ignorant of the need of light, except for a type of hardness synonymous to a spiritual light, it is not that Schopenhauer needed as much as he knew something soft and wet to attain

existed in the air around his expressions.

A terrible worker of the soul he might have been, Mr. Schopenhauer.

But now I think I have confused him with Mr. Neitzsche's spirit dress of titanium rooster feathers.

Oh, Mr. Neitzsche... *dance, dance...*

Note: That niche field of study, called Nietzsche Science, purports these feathers to be the natural evolution of rocks as evidenced by most Yves Tanguy paintings which,

by way of recent hermeneutics, are considered
representations of ancient paintings, which are the markings
found along the inner walls of our seemingly modern bodies.

A Square Whole

The aesthetic? The framing the happenstance
with little pieces of wood? Well but then you could

open a door,
come right in, have your circumstances hemmed in
by the pleasurable nature
of wood too.

Naturally, a tree will slip into life.
Little do most know nothing
for this need go even a mile.
And a good piece that is good
might well be made for peaches, or two birds
dialoguing under said title.

And a square hole's the limit, just
up a bit, aged, scuffed,
rinsing relentlessly, blue, fated
ever to be a hole for whatever is
propped under it to make things truer,

however obtuse the village passersby
napping in a feeling of living long enough
to build houses up with surer stone
than types the past used to use:

One can only imagine what happened to those nutballs,
their hunger something not quite hungered for
(though likely influenced by pitches
of fledglings), when the rocks of their
buried mountainside cave,
like the mind denying help
from a time which only time perceives
and which, as luck would have it, drains the mind,
were finally realized

into granite. Highly absorbent antics,

perhaps, like snow to yellow juices, lured them upwards,
enough to stage an Ayurvedic coup.