

Seven stages of pain and other poems

Seven stages of pain

Plainly spoken, grief isn't one of the first stages of pain,
it probably isn't one of the stages at all

Grief is part of the framing, an element
that makes it all come together, together with loss

and the tumbling of any and all mindsets
you were nourishing until something hit

that place where the body meets
the nerves that make living organisms express pain

This is the first stage of pain, the second
stage of pain is one of withered intent

the third is a stage of waiting
alone in the dark nature of souls and matter

the fourth stage of pain is the gift of clarity
the fifth the knowledge about death and eternal existence
unhinged, the sixth stage of pain is downhill
and so the seventh stage of pain will be

the rattling of autumn leaves
on a porch

in the past

on a Sunday morning

after the fact

On Thought

How often does one perceive oneself
as a faceless person

the unhinged idea of an I
contained in invisible matter

someone only truly existing in the mirror
and then rarely as imagined

the mirror is the prologue, a gatekeeper
to a world beyond visibility

to the chamber of the moment, its endemic pulse
the world like a trembling through the rhythm of trees

dead or alive, murmuring granite
sounds of arcane metal, echoes of waves of sound

substituting one another
as the moment implodes

gently, it seems
though unstoppable as breath itself

proceeding in through new untracked voids
through time and place, through labyrinths

laboriously constructed

in the evening sun of Greek mythology (and psychology)

through waves of any kind rightfully belonging
to The Periodic system and all its plastic logic

proceeding through and through
and throughout

no questions asked, no fingers fiddling
no hands, no movement up front

there is no visible skin under the shade of the night
grey and absolutely unyellow it is

no dots, no pixels
falling freely upon the velocity of the instant

is the night a void of light?
is the shade just something's shadow?

is the night a time or a place?
is it a holster meant for my image in the mirror?

the night, my realm, my mixing bowl
never yet scratched on the outside

by streaks of lighting from passing cars
or the rhythm of the train of the cars of the train

of the cars of the train of the cars

of the train through the part of the night I cannot reach

while it slowly passes in still more silent stillness

though never it never completely stops

the night, my realm, my mixing bowl -

it isn't marred on the inside either

by my willingness to conduct emotions and sensibility

in my direction and my ability

to make them go away or at least pretend

meanwhile, back in the chamber, receiving

the memory of the flight of feeling: wingspans of doves

I know I always fill voids

with associative metaphor

the fight for insight:

subtle eagle eyeing

(but then it is just as soon forgotten)

the state of I and I in the private cosmic realm:

pure hawkishness

(no more birds, please)

begin, begin again: meanwhile, back in the chamber

receiving the remembrance of flight

and the feeling of flight, but nobody
nobody wears a body at this stage, no body

somebody said poetry can never be false
since it carries no assessment

but it does carry naked assessment, or is it the I
winding its solemn way up and further, in and out, to and fro,

its pendulous beat
leads its own monotonous dialogue

such a vacuum of reflectiveness
though it doesn't really exist, does it

time finally punctuated
by residue sipping from the ceiling

like snow, or maybe not, but white, like certain petals
penetrating all of your striding thoughts

as it were. For once you could actually see them, dialectically
right here in the room, as a complete coincidence

center and periphery coinciding
as if floating in a sense of beyond

mirrored, measured, meant, mended, mustered
all the thoughts came tumbling down. No more perceiving

The rules

I don't know what everybody else does
right now, or if they feel they need to catch the moment, I follow the rules

Carpe diem is not an option, it's a must
a determination
if you do not catch it
it catches you and God know where it will take you

I tend to follow rules
while pretending nobody wrote them
stating they are neither judicial
nor constitutional
or unconstitutional

Rules, they are laid out for the sake of time
with the philosophical necessity of breath

I try to follow rules
sometimes they seem to follow themselves

There is a sense of caution
like somebody talking in mid air
with you waiting for the wind to carry their words