

MAGRITTE'S MUSINGS

A MOTHER DREAMS OF HER MAN, HER CHILD, HER NEW LIFE

I choke on brain tissue,
measure dreams against reason.
I will you to understand,
to turn a corner with me,
connect a lost heaven that leads
you forward down a new street.

Indeed I, with the black eyes,
and silver hair circling my brain
like broken grass shoots,
will cross borders to understand you.
You who suggest I like laws
to protect me from the prosaic.

A silver moon-song becomes
a compass, reveals the blueprint
leading you past a cadre of tall
soldiers. Cross a street, and there's
a boy and a girl behind a white
chain mouthing facile laws.

Truly an argument to milk
against heaven; to twist
sense from silver.
Aware of my meaninglessness
you turn willfully to a new city.
Understand the bank unwinds,

to twist forward; it sprouts
a garden—stubbornly, not
orderly—banal as bliss.
We choke on a street of gasoline,
smoke; the intrusion of dry
grass burning.

The tomb of displaced children
exposes sanity undercut;
irrelevance circumscribed.
Time broken unwinds like
burning trash, limns linnets dying.
They fly in circles, umber angels
against the moon.

MAGRITTE'S MUSINGS

“no more than the bird with the piercing voice” *

night is rendered mute
blanketed in storms
of soot, smoke, blood-stains

the youngest are always
led away first in no
particular order

maybe
by height;
eyes eloquent

shrieks strafe
the air
in the beginning

but shortly it is silence that
makes the eardrums
throb and bleed

(* from one of Sappho's fragments)

MAGRITTE'S MUSINGS

DO NOT IMAGINE

Do not imagine it's for
lack of trying
to gain some historical
perspective from those who
have gone before.
Those whose poetic voices
speak through our utterances.
It is not without
confidence and truth.
She believes in all that is,
and that was, in the past.
And it is these that keenly
whet her for more;
for excellence suspected,
never-ending,
and a diamond newness
to the work
about to begin, once again.
A shuttered window thrown
open to tomorrow.

MAGRITTE'S MUSINGS

When No Sense is Nonsense

The taste of morning is tangy
and fair as it drips off your toes
like the juice of a blood orange.
Noon's scent is all frayed edged
swamps gone crackling dry on top.
Late afternoon, settles like
three hundred thread-count silk
on your thighs just before it slips
off into early evening, that sleight
of hand time when your eyes
do deceive you.

And the sun setting?
That sounds like death.

MAGRITTE'S MUSINGS

WHEN DREAMS SEEM DISTANT

when dreams seem distant
and doors slide shut
and bringing home the bacon
holds sway over every literary
endeavour with which you might
hold truck

you sail on backwards
through trials that would cow
a lesser being or tie
one up in knots but you
hold fast, will not see
all go up in smoke until

you scrape out every vestige
of dark creativity
sandpaper smooth all
hopes, thoughts, ideas;
then, like E.T., phone home
and, bleeding out, tell them,
“send up the balloon.”