

Despite Horrifying Sadness, the Birth of the World Again and Again
for A and Alain Badiou

Three days after the world failed to end
the sun soaks in.

We joke about our lives
as an echo -- the bottom coil
of a slinky dropped from our window
by hands and smiles that are also ours.
Later, I'll remember the faint click

of rosaries. The sun will continue
to shine, birds will trill and coo,
and something like God will flash
and disintegrate and all will be
as the wind chimes tell it:

soft, bright clashes. Feeling what is far away,
by proxy, no invasion was necessary. Though

we are crushed and growing
despite the weight. A river runs nearby.
The trees and bulbs bloom,
again and again,
as we walk past

and out of the scene
with an exchange of letters,
sly kisses,
we pretend to understand
are necessary.

How lovely to know
such things can be carved

from our hands. Each touch leaving
a new map. Every blood-pure desire
another direction the mind takes
to see the world
breathe --

and there you are
and there the sun
and every lovely thing
choked down
one spin at a time.

$$Y(t) = A * \sin(\omega t + \phi)$$

That sounds wonderful,
to break

in this clean division so many speak
so fondly of.

Our trend lines in homeostasis.
No longer crushed, just balanced, into splinters. Naturalized beyond help

like a physics equation or baby grand piano with our fingers' blood not yet dry
on the keys. and the more I think of Zeno

the more I move
from horror to parody.

I love you --
loving me loving you loving another

epiphany that breaks my throat into grace. Feeling exhumed
then crushed by this expanse we exist in

it should not be so easy to be
happy with the sunset.

Both Renaissance and the morning after.
Like trying to explain thinking of you thinking of you thinking of your cat thinking,

I stare at the couch attaching words to an emptiness.
How many times did I not understand

when you said good morning?
How many times

did our footprints fill in
with snow until it looked like the world

erased us?
Of course, we keep

moving, stamping new prints
until, behind us, holier

and holier, the page
disintegrates.

Like the Ganges, Our Mouths

She broke in with the spring rain.
The whispers in thousands of erupting drops --

loud, then hushed, then another
unremembered voice for the world.

Now it's just her and the glittering
sun beam rebar smashing in

from our windows. We live in color.
We talk over crocus

and kiss goodbye with an orange
in my fist. Even our shouting

is hushed with pink blossoms.
Silly, this indifferent storm and then our silence

again -- like stepping with red robes into
the Ganges and filth

only to rise with eyes leaking out the sight's
ecstatic rupturing and singing praises with howls

and arms akimbo -- our words
tossed into air and told to fly.

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But the weight grows,
our baptisms continue,

our bodies drink from the world
until we have no choice but

to hurt. Look at the feet, the legs,
our fingers -- look at the stones. Watch

the blossoms sift and pile around us
like a statue of the Buddha

in one of Issa's poems -- the air cool
after the children's games have ended,

as the earth's cold shoulder
to the sun begins,

and the curious songbirds
have left -- like our own desire to move --

this terrible, small hope.