

Dasein

How death waits forever & this is life
reading a book by Barack Obama

Regarding the wistfulness of belief in life everlasting
but not forever and certainly there is no belief in the death of flavor

And then there is the Barack Obamaness of the fleeting
how coming here and coming here until one

can't stay anymore until the body & the soul
would like to live together again like George Bush

as they have lived together and here I'm thinking Nancy
and Ron like darkness on a lake & the forest how it would break
down into individual trees at the advice of its birds

what do we the living know of the dead
except that we have been born of them

and that we are not their future
and that Nietzsche is now more dead than god

It seems unimaginable to fly w/o grief
and so it was that we only dreamed so that we might need ourselves

Such is life that the dead are ponderous as seen
from miles away through a train window as it snows

So one's life and one's death how they are there in the twining
so forgive us

And the John McCainness of the palpable
and the Sarah Palinness of having to read and of sex

then later scattered in death camps in the trees
the Colin Powellness of that smell as the sun continues to rise

Thus the bone's soldier are brought to their knees by rain's fidelities
and the horror of the voraciousness of squirrels and how their babies fall from oaks

To want grace more than birth how the tongue can't talk
to deliver itself from thirst as the dead wait in the trees for December

& we work in droves burying our dead in those trees & think that life
is remembering such as fog in some marshes

To live out the McCainness of one's statue or to be born unto the Obamas
How the dead descend from the trees unto us & then suddenly go away

How the alive store moment in the breast
And how the dead are likely to freeze solid

& how the Obama comes out of the kitchen
& we notice the absence of bees

Well on our way to the dead the alive banquet on snow
& the dead suffer through pleasures of the absence of pain

& the forest comes to us but we come not again

O the dead the dead certainly they are bereft of their toys
and the alive are the last to know

thus the Obamaness of hospitals not open until dawn

Then the McCain who has armies upon armies to get over it...
Then the Obama who must choose and there's no aliveness in choice

Such is the aloneness of departure after arriving for a visit
Such are the impossible demands of the understanding

A Broken Piece Of Toy Seen In The Grass, And A Mother's Day Dinner

This morning I was entered into; a hole opened up inside me,
as I inadvertently opened unfortunately before a piece of eglantine plastic

seen off the sidewalk, a child's broken toy, some foolishness cut me

through the eye when seen in foliage like grass, thought to be a jewel in light of that.
So, there next to shrubbery, gleaming and without much thought I tendered myself

to it and it cut an equal toy out of me to perish in its place
there in the grass as thunder to my dryness, and as such

there I go, just an hour after dawn, which hour I run through as the wind
is all phonics and I had hoped, without much thought, for adoption by the beautiful,

the valuable, and now had to swirl around it to heal, ongoing, cut by the sight
of the toy, due to its loneliness, which was winning.

Then later, the heal of that wound might necessitate a bonfire like in Germany.
And part of me has become this eglantine toy because of how badly I wanted it.

To be precious. Like the crow flying above me is a bobber and I'm the bait
and the hook all messed up together, so I'm actually loaded onto myself by vibrations,

having caught myself through a flash of plastic like this and pulled through a hole
onto ice, defining myself not only as bordered but as broken, with the blue

over everything as black girds a frying pan, or the frying pan is, or death,
in that desire for things like toys is an escape from it, just as the sky itself is a border.

Thinking on such vainglory and poetries, notorious, entered by the sight of the jewel,
then passing from the wound as one thing passing into another, I ran from it

at six miles an hour for an hour.

Sanity wrapped up in instant, how the many parts of myself are just juror
pieces and the eglantine toy a trial or a wound I might gather around.

The loud banging of the one on the one?

I heal that regularity which can't exist by continuing, the sort of continuation that ends
in tomorrow night, if I remember correctly, where I've invited you over, where candles

will again be leaving and entering by this same door.

As we then eat some salmon, the stomach's glow likened to the glow of healing, tomorrow's candles a fix, happening that night.

How you and I were a mom injured all those years ago by myself but only by the opening of a door because I was made by you

as you were made of much the same thing of you, and then years later you were again being made the same, and so that's how we existed

and I loved each of us by what can only be described as a hope for theaters in which to be born, where our coming together, though not often,

will be matters of extended play.

I'll see you tomorrow night, then, and given something similar happens as happened years ago, when I light the candles we'll be entered by it

at the same time, if differently, and thus we'll be gathered and joined by hoisting wine inside the same injury, situated here, together, and eventually

the night will go where everything goes, between the two of us, cut as we are by observances of the beautiful, an equal toy then cut out of us to balance to the detriment

Back In The day, Buried in that Time

1. Viewing Of The Casket

He's finally safe. Under layers and layers of it.

Rebuking with stoutness the tendency to whisper that is rage, swathed in our fatnesses such as health, we are gathered around him, breathing.

But where is he gathered? Childhood, perhaps, that time beloved of surrealists, the age of collaborative fears.

Perhaps he's back there, now, where I've put him so some day I could swim down to him, where he's being kept, now, for his own good,

for that which can't be prevented happened.

Just as, sometimes, when someone is injured badly, a coma is induced to protect the body when there aren't enough provisions being offered,

so that the body doesn't run out of itself.

So too, in a way, we have done that to him, induced him there, in the past, to dwell only in deep time, as far away as possible, where it's safe, or safer.

Here, in our life, he's run out of options and now that's the only way to keep soul and memory together.

How long will he have to be quarantined there?

How long does it take for the body to cure the present of its absence?

2. The Funeral

No one says much about the elephant in the room, which is the fact that the room is full of time, and time is weak.

That running for cardio-vascular is weak as is success and family. The universe is weak and gravity isn't strong across any but atoms,

and hospitals are fine but there's that institutional smell, and the people there, although friendly, can't, in the end, really do much, and the clothes don't fit.

Abandon all hope for our food is weak, without staying power, and not uplifting, and morphines need to be steadily increased, and pain, although momentarily intense,

can only hold on to you while you hold onto it, and surgery and healing—no, he says,

no more, and when he can no longer talk, so says the official document,
and stretchers and ambulances—more flash than substance.

Visiting nurses know many different ways to come but only one way to leave.

3. The Internment

And so I put him there, in the past, for his own good, even
though, once there there's little chance of getting out again,

and when we ourselves are gone, he'll be lost to it, left by himself
to run through that field, to walk out, at dawn, in Iowa, excited

to be there, school just having gotten out yesterday. Through the saw grass
by the creek, which, this morning in particular, has some water in it, the crows

begin to fall awake outside our dreams for them had we been able,
even though excited, to sleep last night, steam lifting from the corn

that, in the dark, seemed only darkness, years ago, and we, he
and I, running through it that particular morning, up to our fresh years

in such stuff, where, to live like this, unchanged... to throw stones at the side
of the barn and to wait, there, all morning, if necessary, with our guns,

for the birds to fly out