

Poem of No Lines

Word poisoned I'm chasing this and all possible ghosts through future fields and if I heard you correctly there's another poem I'm trying to write one more honest about the lost utopian optimism of the 18th century today during this climatesick October morning I'm listening to a friend spot invisible warblers in the oaks and rills of Greenwood Cemetery my father died on a day like this five years ago for us an eternity for him never before making the connection between τραγωδία and τραγούδι everything traced back far enough is both a tragedy and a goat song

I continue to shed sonic hair as the Brooklyn fugue levitates these pseudo-gothic cathedrals upwards against the laws of Manhattan Island the new Patmos

Merwin's couplet etches in my mind an image of a dead president in a coffin carved back in 1855 out of the bark of a tree that will one day use the nutrients of my corpse to further expand its roots I'll be leaching zinc calcium iron phosphorus into the ground decades after

wishing I had your protestant ethic at shutting doors completely and setting fire to the landlord's towers chasing the last checks I Google katabasis to cosplay at being an Orpheus that keeps his

cherry-red surf crashes against an opal jetty that stretches a hundred or so yards into the sea like the tentacle of some Minoan myth the water's celebrating an imagination that can transform water into wood wood into planks planks into ships a ship into the epic's technological allegory for

stars remain the first means of telecommunication a patterning of wires and fiber optics that make the sky a postal system for the transmission of lost poems

the anonymous citation that claims the "pastoral was in its very origin a sort of toy, literature of make-believe"

poems hold gravity at abeyance the child can escape from her fall the one
stitch above her eye will never be sewn and when she's still young I'll still
be nutrients spinning through the roots of that tree but for now I'm
thinking of my incident on that Vespa back in 2009 when I crashed on a
stretch of sandy coast my right foot now forever puckered and scarred
looking like the volcanic landscape from which I trace some kind of
ancestry

it's been five-thousand years and we are still declaiming the same spells
plagiarizing Sappho my slow mouth releases a word every 639 years I'll be
done with this sonnet in 2640 will anything we recognize as human be
around to hear the final syllables the shadowy lyre I've been plucking
these notes from the same one used on Lesbos back in 599 BCE it's still
in tune and it's only been five-thousand years of this kind of loss and grief
if the entire purpose of the Tradition was to make living just a little more
bearable it would have all been worth it