Elegy of the besieged city, the edge of sight desert of the imagination, not the dark night of its soul;

> structures are transient (structures are physical) why place the (t)error in debris? there is little left in these riverbed ruins, futility enters the mind futility repeats the fugal tune, now, a sullen bending of sunlight mirror's small black mass of death Celan spoke of . . . what is gained from extermination -

> > in memoriam

# ()

Consider myth part of the fabric humanity chooses to entomb itself within, there must be a modicum of truth measurable which returns to infuse the progeny of future generations, does it exist in shrouded levels of conscious awareness, to make itself known like a dim sun's winter influence, thawing only the surface layer of a glacial ocean '? All that is real must carry its shadow within its being, uncertain shades approach at evening the blood conduits pulse a little harder as the imagination tries to find angels amid a turbulent darkening sky;

the futility to (constantly) endeavor to keep clear the garden path, never more pristine than at the moment

of its perception (conception):

sands fill the hour

glass shards of immanent transcendence reflecting a heart's intent, its arcane presence resident in the indoctrinated mind shadowed by weeds and mired in debris, the spatial distributions of negation and its progeny: a spiraling paper-space of a history's accumulative erratum-

#### ()

Familiar things need not struggle for recognition, but in this room there are minds cluttered with the abstractions and obfuscations made clear via the imaginative inroads of an equivocal fate rhetorical prescience need not apply to further cloud the issue by introducing nomadic thots that scintillatingly filter thru a less demarcated area of awareness - Experience only proves to intuit a remedial flow exists in our acclimation of empathy,

as such I find myself drawn thru the indifference which seems to scream its presence in the middle of the wreckage and atrocities:

structures that burn and fall for a bedlamite's passion, a regime that rises to encompass the perview of hatred and hell -

pick your own draught of poison it matters not to the pages of a repeating history,

intimate occurences forever seared into collective memory, the slow accumulation of factual discrepancies, evidence which pays no heed to how a truth is viewed, either relative or incontrovertible in the darkness it seems . . . the poet's pen still moves, it does not consciously aspire to destroy lives, but it must know why it goes thru the motions, writing the silent words it knows its meaning is as ephemeral as any form of physicality, every breath of sentience, even that which does not understand (itself or another) -

So many things remain unspoken and elusive to the mind . . . how to circumnavigate the landscapes of these abstruse ontological labyrinths peopled by dark specters rooted in a tidal flow's subconscious undulation, amid mysteries portending a sense of our own inevitable annihilation at the hands of a self-created anthropocentric abstraction: a deity manifested from the fears which keep the mind shackled to its own terracentric prison: the rigid indeterminacy of humanity's dominant myth, the *facts* that polarize the heart tethered to an anchorweight of faith, sanitized doubt in the face of insanity's reflection . . . awaiting the Damoclean sword which threatens to fall and sever the mortal coil. freeing the consciousness from its flesh and bone bodily limitations -

### ()

Time inside these hourglass cages sands which filter thru random patterns spilling onto sacred ground no transcendent presence is felt to paw the dead of human necessity under eons of accumulative earth the stirrings of flesh cease to affect the nominal heart anonymous and unnamed - Storm clouds build a fictitious narrative a cosmic error is detected by faces behind a transparent pane, the engine seizes and ceases to be of significance as a symmetry of forces interact according to a plan adumbrated at a fuzzy logic's point of conception, assurance is indecisive and sketchy at best a faith which sees the reason why deity removes itself for the eye's desire for empirical proof -

## ()

Another displacement in the continuum . . . a photo of a remote disaster does not seem as real as the rain that placates an inner desert's arid waste, fatigued at the thot of another incursion

of romantic aspirations . . .

the headlines lay waste deep in deception: the misfortune of more than one

who have given their life

for fallacy and fabrication,

it is only these hauntings of the open window that echo distinctly

down an anteroom's interior chamber

and onto the overgrown weedy seedbed,

a meadow that was once promised by the gardener's ghost, prescient yet ostensively outside

this timeline's pedantically real trajectory

The process of extinction undermines a certainty the mind formulates with its own limited faculties, soon the assurance leaves the conflagration as tinder, shadow-passions that once saturated the flesh grow attenuated and pass unnoticed under the feet of another's clamoring pursuance after verity: the elusive jewel of a disquieted humanity,

shining as clear as a nebula-shrouded star seen thru the soupy aggregate-atmosphere of a terrestrial night sky;

such clarity must serve as an analogical model for why the mind cannot penetrate the impermeable essence at the heart of its own existence: each quantum whit leaves another touchstone, *another* benchmark of unknowability *another* scale with which to gauge an advancement into an ever-morphing epistemological spectrum of ambiguity;

maybe it is *all* an illusion the mind fabricates in order for consciousness to free itself from the ether, to see itself interacting within a realm of dimensional duality, or maybe the fear of no-thingness drives the mind to create another place in which to enflesh its perceptions in order to question the essence at the core of its own undetected perfection-

# CULLED ONTOLOGICAL EVIDENCE :

hyacinth in a garden in June confusion breeds omens of discontent a Shakesperian winter weathered the landscape fears that plague the race the devouring lion's manifesting chaos theories why Penelope's fabric is unraveled by night a crow picks at a straw man's corpse a blood clots by freezing below zero a bridge collapse was used as metaphor before fact interceded with a 'concrete' dialectic theories why specifics might be named but are now considered part of a collateral loss a muddied semen's siring the progeny of exorcised compassion theories why names change the faces that retain the toxicity and drama ink on pages breathing spirit into the inanimate theories timeless incarnations embodying the stone-cold fates' intention shaping the sphere