

At My Age

to have to worry about

having a job

having a roof over my head

having decent and adequate food to eat

material concerns

of all things

while at the same time

in the back of my head

I suppose in some ways like truth
out of the barrel of a gun

the nagging doubts about

love desire temper
the question of meaning

dreams
memory
will

intuition

the questions of time and death
of faith becoming belief

becoming certainty

becoming what one sees and so
in that sense reality

punctuated with

irregular gurglings
gas in the guts

looking for a way out

shapes and colors
inside the eyes

images to keep
the subject entertained

using typography

graphics

the intelligence
of the medium

to bring the eye
in the act of reading
closer to the ear

some point

of feeling

of thinking

some point to jump off
Lovers leap

to exercise

before the next train wreck

our psychic potty training

the cars little segmented worms

(of thought, always thought)

not just derailed but

plunging off the sabotaged tracks

into the yawning chasm

the screaming defile

rushing into the tunnel not of love

where the hell gets blown out of everything

some cliché or other
some western movie
some proverb maxim
archetype myth

to hang our hat on
take your shoes off
curl up

(not around the toilet bowl this time
please)

and sleep it off

allowing ourselves to be

for want of an alternative

when every whatever might be our last

in hope some peace will be

squeezed out with the breath

pressed down under an ordeal of words

taking to the water
slipping behind the mirror

coming up from below
flexive bodies
breaking the surface

scattering the light
dancing on it

hunting the meaning . . . the meeting
David Abram

nothing, presumably, at random:
some purpose; intent; willfulness

on the part of seen
and seer alike

tracker and tracked
tracking each other

O Thou looking a lot like me

who do you think you're fooling?
How close do you really suppose
you can get

keeping
an ear out

following
your nose?

Can the long-sought be caught
by seeking? the looked for, by looking?

Instead of tracking
might not calling

from a blind or something

or feeling the silent
subtle body

at the back of the head

do the trick
better

or is it not true
that what you're after
is already
after you?

and makes (not knowing) that which he pursues
Coleridge

In either case, maybe all you
can do is what you've always done
and try to be ready when it comes.

But more than likely, friend, after all,
aren't we talking wild geese here:
where they go; the letters they make overhead
out there beyond the undulating V

characters from a language lost,
ecce signum, life sentences
sealed, stamped and delivered

invisible as the sounds out of them
to those curled into positions
babes before they're in arms assume,
unable to put the mouth where it wants