

This universe one turn of phrase in a language
embarrassed by misappropriation of funds
no amount of monkeying around with words
 in parliamentary counting-houses can erase
though an eye-talian aesthetic sensibility
toward certain delectables of eye-magination
may distract both penny-wise and pound-foolish
from the verbal economy informing the mind

This history the history of this
civilization sold short where shades of meaning
twitter of copyright syntax custom duties
 levied by no-account goldbugs given offices
by an electorate who can't tell art from arse
the pinwheel of the stars from kaleidoscope stones
tumbling into mirror-perfect symmetries at the end
of a long cheaply reproduced tunnel vision

All written and spoken matter fair game
to a hammer saw auger and language handyman
material grist for ancestral mills — some ground fine
 some cracked some active working assemblies
some mere toning exercises in juxtaposition —
consciousness, almost by definition enamored
of order, thriving in a haphazard medium
it seeks to exorcize by artistic suicide

Cobbling together in make-do fashion not exactly
a lineage or tradition much less a community
of sinners saints or figures otherwise indisposed
 yet some nimbus of persons in their individual ways
like-minded toward overlapping though hardly congruent
ends, several generations of kissing cousins
incorporating traits that can hardly be put into words
a peaceable kingdom *avant la lettre*

Positing an anonymous basis or principle
that brings together disjunct phenomena
from literature philosophy the arts — in music
 for instance a fundamental duration a rhythm that cannot
be heard or denied — without which there can be no objective
standards by which to set values no scale of such values
only audience consensus to go by
only public opinion to authorize judgment calls

To come to this: gathering for recreation
in watering holes where impolite conversation
relieves symptoms of odd man out disorder —
 good fellowship making up for the suffering
solitary discombobulators of words
endure rolling line after line through the wringer
the *hurry up please* ching! at the end of each measure
announcing it's time to push the carriage back to the left