

Idealisms

If, as idealists say they believe, to be born is to be contained,
then whether or not (as they've also said they believe)
love makes the world go round, birth is both separation and release

though only to another enclosure — a reservation, say, or asylum
if you wish, or wilderness broad enough to escape the boundaries
we wander within — without, that is, noticing the fiction,
the friction from rubbing against the cave wall mentality
the blind eye hates immediately for being hard,
inedible, a poor stand-in for boundless love,

confusing the act, the active voice, with pure reception, ultimate
utter satisfaction that never was possible
even in that place of no want, no *No*, of timeless
seamless *Yes* before the walls made themselves known
pneumatically, peristaltically, ejecting (or, again,
rejecting projecting erecting, as you wish)

—creating I and therefore you as well as it,
for love is junction as much as jecture, verb more than noun
ever can be for one, as we know, begins in two.
After all this time I seem to be breathing again.