

When Problematics Took the Place

Back when problematics took the place of certainty. . .
or no, not even that, but of unquestioning assumptions

when doubt more radical than Descartes' wildest dreams
pulled the rug out from under every body leaving

the table and musical chairs without a leg to stand on,
notions of truth, love, beauty, justice, the good fairy

doing headstands in group therapy with bearded ladies,
homicidal *enfants terribles* and baby dolls gone berserk

either/or just one more example of dialectic
binary revision logic-chopping Mother Nurture to bits

for ex-professors of why-philosophy to masticate
thoughtfully during breaks in their new 9-to-5 jobs
helping elderly kindergarten kids to get over it.

Willie Woozer and Minnie Haha lying in a ditch
to each other about everything that used to matter

arms and legs and hair and eyes and tongues knotted up,
stuck together like dogs after what was supposed to be

a simple act of non-analytical transference
seed to egg and doors floors windows walls the same old faces
down at the post office older grayer more etched and lined

but recognizable in their eternal return with a new twist,
innocence the designated driver for crack addicts
stepping on their mothers' fire engine red toes.

London Bridge is falling Lloyd Bridges calling
into the dammed and hopelessly diverted Colorado

whose head is in the Rockies whose dry mouth empties nothing
into the Pacific but old film clips and condoms

cooked up in somebody's aborted wet dream
up the river with no puddle on life sentences

for nothing more than being born with self-consciousness
devoid of the slightest idea what it is conscious of

except an aggressive gang of propositions, modifiers,
nouns and conjunctions running amok in a slough of despond

the pilgrim's progress stymied by Paul Bunion's blue thumb
Mon Santo and Ray Theon clearcutting Dante's *selva oscura*

where Everyman, Friar Tuck, Lily of the Valley

and the secretly married Magdalene unlace Queen Anne

while Woody Woodpecker taps Morse code on the chamber door

It's the 21st century, time to wake up. damn the torpedoes full speed ahead

just who do you think you are anyhow and why all this

day in day out reconstruction of particulars—