

Feeling Guilty for Lying

*Desire for knowledge
is the mark of the beast.
- Anne Carson*

1

Feeling guilty for lying
in bed so late in the day

comparing fantasies
for one we could live in

without feeling we were lying
to ourselves again

Not so into the moment
we would, to have our wishes

granted, gladly starve
(not noticing we had died)

Not so into consistent
emotion or predictable

behavior (knowable
if we kept above it)

as to sacrifice
intense immediate

incendiary pleasure
here and now

2

All desire they said
must be frustrated
since in the nature of things

it can never be
satisfied being
by definition

a missing presence a lack
which simply can't exist
under conditions of plenty.

Love on the other hand
thrives on fulfillment
dwindling to nothing

(a ghost of its former self
grown fonder yet)
in scarcity models.

3

To be mindful, to have in mind,
to turn one's attention to, to court
were all one word for them it's said

all *eros* being to some
degree desire for desire
not for the one being desired

not for another object lesson
but to reach for something perfect
in being possible

using one's imagination
(intelligence art language
mind) to bridge the difference

between one desirous and one
perceived to be one desired
(a tenable difference).

Falling in love and coming to know —
both she said make one feel alive
as no other activities do.

6.

For sure nothing human
you said eyes straight ahead
above the blacktop still wet
from late afternoon rain

midnight out in the sticks
middle of nowhere
myriad red lights
ahead blinking at random

against the feral darkness
keeping their distance
as we drove toward them
getting no closer

slower and slower dropping
into first wondering what they
might be what we might be
getting ourselves into

this time then stopped
turned off the lights stepped out
into thousands of tiny black spiders
floating in the humid air

on filaments thin as mist
ethereal in the moonlight
invisible when clouds
veiled the face of the moon

newborns borne on the breath
of a midsummer night the next
generation heading west
lunatic eyes spectral red

8. Roadrunners

a motion on the road in the distance
On my way to work one morning, I watched
a roadrunner in my lane some distance ahead
run about halfway to the centerline,
turn, run back to the berm, wait a few seconds
then run back on the blacktop, stop,
turn, run back, hold, repeat again
then again every few seconds like frames
of a silent movie looping over and over.
When I drove past I saw the other one
on the gravel dead. Later, on my way home,
the same cartoon still playing itself out.