

There We Were Again

refinement upon, but not a break with
- Harold Bloom

There we were again, afterwards
as usual trying to find ourselves in time,
misreading our planned obsolescences,

one after another generation
of all-boy bands trying to better the score
Papa Bear played for Goldilocks.

Copulation makes us think says Hobbes,
in every proposition, of the cause for which
these names were imposed on that thing.

But how transumptive if not exactly transcendent
the intransitive becomes in a state
of radical equality, a kingdom,

say, of just two individuals
where self-reflective chains of similitude
are broken into flickers of binary alternation.

While we flash our two-finger victory sign,
hierarchy rears its ugly head
at the very point where things come together

but no apologist for divine right
can shake our faith in democracy whatever
the iniquities of Gallic interpretation —

yet who's on top, even in these times
of diagonal collaboration, matters
and does tend to make one think.