



Christian Nicholas

Spontaneous Regeneration of What

Death slips in a puddle of its own decomposition.
Point of pressure:
does this aggravate you? my voice?

Everyone knows that God created the universe out of:
5 loaves
2 fishes
1 bucketful over-the-counter steroids

but only you & I know that:
he dies every time we consider our
(not our own, but) finitude.
Whose time is this anyway?

Not Father Time
not the benevolent old man
who posed for the picture
(we saw it on a cereal box) w/Baby New Year.

The pirate w/ two peg-legs
patches over his eyes
a fever-brained parrot on each shoulder
& a shipload of scurvy ghouls
who poison the heavens w/ reasons for living.

Sometimes, things just disappear
in light in void in time in space
(the space reserved for your) indifference
(shrouded) in beauty in love in comedy.

It sprouts sympathy.
It crawls w/ a left-handed compassion.

Imagine Sissyface Happy

a train moving from point A to point A
a logical system of logical systemization.

2.
Let me begin again:
Even an occupational exhibitionist
can afford modesty under certain circumstances.

These might be those circumstances.
A few magical, satisfying moments
in which dreams are realized
universal ethics are established
& reality asserts itself
w/a grin that begs to be knocked off its face.

I am very, very sorry.

3.
Square one:
It could be as great as we thought it could be.
It could be as great as it told us it could be.
I still think it could be the new love

(calculating, manipulating, manipulated
cause, effect, infinity
a thousand tongues of men & of angels
but withered, tearing its hair with calloused finger tips)

or at least a new love affair—
good & evil in a motor lodge off the interstate.

4.

One last time:
This is an evaluation or
(or of) a prophecy
written in the rain with a faulty pen
while I was waiting for the voice of God.

I'm still waiting, as I'm still waiting
for the oceans to boil with His empty vengeance
for Him to call Himself itself
for it to be no less and no more than it has ever been
for it to be what it has always been.

Amen.

& also amen.

At Your Funeral

I'll tell the mourners you lived in vain
but I won't let on that they live in vain themselves.
It'll be a secret
my lips sealed by a steamroller gone astray.

They'll toss fresh dirt on your
disappearing shell & imagine
themselves happy
saving the world for less
than the price of a cup of coffee

I'll elevate their souls
if only to watch them break
the laws of physics w/their fall.

They'll name me no ideas & no things
nothing but a shadow cast by weak light
& I'll waste my time calling them a fire
smoldering in the belly of a great fish.
Of course we'll fight like animals
for the right to be more.

& the loser will be wrong
& the winner will be wrong
& our prizes will be dignity
& cowardice.

We'll leave them in our pockets
run them through the wash 'til they're identical.
Then we'll rename them both vanity
& my secret will be revealed

like a body turned inside out
raw as red to the touch
sweating nature, soaking up time.