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CRITICAL BACKUP

Word has leaked out that backup is not critical as once announced some time back. Backdrop is more so, since scenes should play out first and then replay only if the burden of the past is not lost. Neither is observing in much current demand for a true tabulation of needed outside help to drift in. Estimates of even a hundred versions are postponed nowadays. Few know the reason. Our only reliance so far is rumor, until hope supplies a platform studier and better. Meanwhile, persnickety individuals can begin to initiate a turning toward a lightly radical ascension as long as it's blueprinted and pressured for some iota of perfection. Isn't perfection what this is all about? If not, what plausible substitute is out there to call for help at this late date? Aren't we on the edge of extremity? Could analysis be drawn in as part of our perusal? Analysis, like alleviation, has a shaky background. It's easy now to get stuck in the midst of most anything, including supreme solutions. I don't like last resorts, so let's make this stick.

HIGH END

The high end of most constructs
is measured at the front,
usually low enough for carpenters
not to have to stoop

or stretch to reach for tape,
pencils, or specialty glue
should any arch or sketchy side
begin to show the residue of age.

Construction is considerable
on high end projections, stationed
for viewing and using. Repairs,
less rigorous in the beginning, become

consistent with high ends' continuity,
assurance that however high they rise
they don't go lower than is feasible
if even one end has to be tipped up to be seen again.

GETTING THE PICTURE

In the attempt to touch
what we can only reach
through the roped-off area,
here comes that vexing notion
again that any artistic surface
stirs enough in us to become
a stark blank subject,
as one oblique image uncovers
another. In this respect
we view ourselves as no one does
piece by piece until the focus
blends with the beauty assumed
by the walls another museum fills.

FOREFRONT

People in the know
encourage being in the forefront
a whole life through.
They are that blunt

in their force of feeling,
saying with a small shove
forward that at no other place
in life does success outdo love

in its demands on the fabric
of fortune and fracture. How
those two combine their stitches
is only one reason why now

is not a good time to seek
the shelter of forefronts.
Is any hour or what's just after?
There are too many grunts

involved in arrival and settling in
for the long haul. Prominence
was once a picnic
but someone with better sense

has traveled to and fro
including into the bowels of enough
forefronts to report back seeing platforms
high and clean enough to jump off.

COMES A DAY, COMES A NIGHT

Pinpointing the exactness of eruption
is futile, so in the long stretch
of doing and going and trying,
it's best to encompass this sphere as a stitch

not so finely done that another one
couldn't replace it, not as disguise
but satisfaction. A pause more often
than needed, followed by sighs

remarkably silent, does more to achieve
whatever the sphere is veering toward
than a staggering surplus of stitches.
The inexactness of the whole is marred

temporarily by roomy veneers of time,
their shadowy statements that one eruption
equals another, but no more marred
than parts of it peaking, one

behind another, one in front of another,
or segments together, apart, absorbing
all of a stitched emptiness
sooner than it is happening.

THE BIG STORY

The big story wants to be
bigger, wants to puncture the nucleus
of the smallest story. The big story
has trouble doing this,

for the smaller the story,
the more it desires to spread
its low signals of increase
into the lengthening threads

of narration, causing listeners
to pause more after their preference
for stories big and bold.
Time is what opens the contents

of such a meager story, once
laid away without leverage
or an appealing chapter of interest.
Besides a final flamboyance, message

is also missing.
Unfolding relies upon lack
of incident, details gone dead
in the pond, allowing a crack

to expand on the surface
and function as a brighter water.
Both teller and listener know this,
and it is only later and later

that stories of exacting sizes
lose accretions of the pen
that scribble the plain instruction
of why any story should begin.