

Doug Bolling

scree tones 4

down the long corridor the
mélange of murmurs

the years you have believed
as though a door
might open

the listenings you have spent there
hoping to breach the
final barrier

but what is a word they say
but a shadow across the light

a shaping of a prior emptiness
a pressing of air against
a world

you remember how those about you
spread their voices over the stones
like a quilt of many colors

how the silences tore apart the grammar
and left only shards

you remember the lovers at the far station
dreaming
waiting

scree tones 8

Human perception is a saga of created reality

_____Don DeLillo, Point Omega

mountains and the seeing of them
imagination shaping whatever the object

I hear them now,
voices loaded with swarm
of the seeming personal
a rhetoric made in
 others tongues

The faces come and go
each one a mirror bending
otherness to unspoken
design, a game of now you
see me now you don't

outer become inner,
projection booth streaming
world into imagery,
a self made movie.
