Doug Bolling

Caesura

Look, there's no metaphysics on earth but chocolates,

Fernando Pessoa, "Tobacco Shop"

They left the seminar and
became naked

these two. two bodies. two minds.

(the souls they left fondly wrapped
in the Grecian urn for
further consideration)

It stormed. It was a slit in sky
A rumble among heavy things.

They swam in the pond of brine & toxic fish.
They were believers in the zero sum.

These two. Lovers of chocolate.

They ceased their eating only to pause.

The mindless joy of being just what chocolate is.

        They gave back the books
        leather bound
        precise
        annotated

They lived in the chocolate kingdom
all their days
        They were wise, multifold of non-being

        The chocolate told their story,

                each succulent bite an epic

    sometimes a sonnet

                  all that Hamlet missed.

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Absence

Incurable sleep of being,
Vestige of what never was. . . .

Fernando Pessoa, "Lightly, listlessly, my Thoughts"

In air of empty rooms they
turned.

They became air.
They became the sleep
of themselves.

Ten shadows lined the walls.
Each shadow a text
of an unsayable condition.

The stranger entered there
to find himself,
to touch his own cogito

a candle flame in the shadows.

Stranger was wide & deep.
He was a figure of fashion
wearing the garments his febrile fingers
devised from the best of cloth.

Real/Unreal

Stranger lived until he died.
 He was a fashionable man
                of an assorted haberdashery.

                0nce he crossed a sea
                and never returned   as himself.

He became the air within a shadow,
made poems of silken thread
                that wound about his end.

The Bird of the Poem

Bird poem. Poem bird.

There was a bird in a web

          of syntax
Feathered bodice   dazzle beak wise among branches

  If windswept wind veer   sun blind

        A solemnity among   cloud slants
              going west
              or south.

    Bird had no answers
        no name
        except itself

An un-nouning, a thrust of wing along a
            linear compromised

Bird soared, dived, colluded in a swarm of
                expectations.

        No moral here
        No teleo telling where an end

        Bird became poem
        a mélange of ink across a

            whitened skyscape
            unframed
            feathered only

             of words.

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