

a seethe of particulars

As once Aquinas & the gowned ones sought.

or is there within the dream

a melting,
a colluding toward
a mirage

a celebration of all shadows in

Plato's cave.

Stria 3

A silence along a space
As of a suspension
As of a shadow unmoving

The single moment within a flow
As though hands
Might enfold,
A cupping
A palming of an instant

High in the village of Soggetto
We drank far into night
We attended the aged guitarist
As he wound sound around
The silences

A moment is the story of a lifetime
Alyssa said
Through the perfumed smoke
The spaces slowly arriving

A mind and a story she said
A moment holding within
A vastitude

We are the streamers unweaving
As we draw spaces in the long
Corridors of the moment

She said.

Stria 2

The constructed self they said
A devising out of a felt need,
A departure

Cezanne paints the woods, a mountain
Off there

A colloquy of trees unspeaking in
Their gowns of greenery & bark
A brush stroking, a palette of oils
A fabrication of a visual

Does a poem negotiate the spaces
The temporals
They asked
A linear formation, a breaching in
The complicity

Take the train to Prague they said below
The rain
Turn left then right proceed
As though a goal
A song you must compose

Each of us a composition of masks
They said

Beckett knew:

It is most difficult to traverse
A spatiality
Not likely that your daytime self
Will construe its passage
Through the maze.

Stria I

An object shaping a space
An arrival of a thereness
 A containment of a time, a space
 A resolution so as to
 Stipulate, refine

This is not easy such
Navigation of a being
 A being there
 Because once they asked the
 Overwhelming question:

How is it a compression such that
 A touching feels it,
 An object
Suspended among such flux

And we the seekers composing
 As though in dream,

 A writing down
 As if to grasp,
 To confirm.