

BlazeVox 11

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Cinquain

We dream,
the end of things
constant held the changing
plan. The kingdom sand imagined,
for now.

Clutter and the Infinite Soon

I.

The things I could do, and I know I will soon,
I said to myself without budging.
Just stared off, in doubt, until all
the clutter in the room disappeared.

Absolved in the indistinguishable,
my eyes dried,
watered themselves,
dried, then
watered themselves again.

My brain must have a brain of its own! I imagined.
And that brain, too, must have one of its own,
 which would also have one,
 and so on, all the way down.

A bottomless lake, Thought,
and the deeper I'd reach, the closer I was
to arriving. . . But oh always only arriving!
For if I ever did

finally arrive,

I'd immediately be thrown into arriving again,
to some other destination, some other something.

So I took a deep breath, paused, then self-imploded,
reduced to a black hole hovering
where my bellybutton once existed.

II.

Then something strange happened.

I grew lost in Thought's vast capacity.
How huge that abyss would be!
And how it makes one feel so tiny,
to imagine standing next to it,
or sitting on its edge,
peering in to my own vast nothingness.
Nausea, vertigo, nothing is absolute.

It only lasted five, maybe thirty seconds
(or a hundred or two)
But in that strange moment
I witnessed a pale whiteness
outlined by three white shapes:
two white cubes the size of a dog's cage,
and one white pyramid in-between
of equal height.

A camera-flash faded, then the empty stage emerged
with colorless curtains, shapeless objects,
then motionless actors, breathing
stationary lungs, vacant air.

Something to paint! I assumed
(with all the various colors in my hands).

III.

The scene taking place then began:

None of the actor's motives made sense.
The plot was drab, progressive, disconnected.
Each event (and there were none)
 were superfluous to all preceding.

One could find no meaning.

Unless, of course, they wanted to.

See:

just beside the pyramid a Blue Man watered yellow dandelions;
a cup of brown coffee in one hand, pistol in the other.
He wore pillows around his body,
 wrapped tightly together with barbed wire.
And he spoke to his crotch in well-known formulas.

Atop the box (stage left) sat a Little Pink Girl,
sewing flesh rubber soles to her feet,
weeping over the dandelions, too, no doubt.

Their story thus seemed signified,
 yet still, arbitrary.

I sat in red-velvet, row 7, seat 8, in the shadow.
There I could see them, but they could not see me.
There it occurred to me.
Here, in this container, viewing a story
 with no past or future,
 I was in Limbo.
Past truths, it seemed,
 were made here, in the present.
And the future here held no water,
 only the fears and desires known by all time.

Either way, to think back or envision ahead
was the poetic rabble of each everyone.

IV.

And if I count the innumerable
(which is without doubt possible)
I realize I spent ten and a half seconds
 in that strange black box.
But only now, in this reappeared,
 re-encluttering room,
 may I count it.

And I will always remember
(if it's all I remember from the theater)
 that I only blinked once in there.
And I can say now with confidence
that I have lived on for infinity, and still do.

The Ancient Mortal

deep breath
in the water of whirls,
I felt both my lungs respire.
deep end
on the blue send of waves,
my fingers appear much older,
my skin peels off,
a new begins.

I'm simply slipping
up the inverted slide
wise lies rising
within each wrinkle,
rising,
along each hunch.

and before particles wane,
before the great carbon shift,
a sitting and
a thinking
you'll be,
ancient mortal,
the hour before you're
a star again.