

The Cart is Before the Horse

The cart is before the horse
You look at it from afar and sneer
At the imbecile responsible
You don't see a horse
Free from cargo
From toil, from sweat
Apples and carrots on the wood in front
Gleaming

Ontology

Pressing through
The threshold only a glimpse
Of a world where together was impossible
Take me, tighten me
A bundle of lonely strands when
Union oversteps representation
And
Body with body
Becomes the thing itself

Post-Orchiectomy

I didn't know how long, the limbo
Wondered at the notch of nerves if I dared there.
Avoidance tucked me in,
A bed-swelled bug.
It called my exoskeleton a lovely thing

Slit with steel, absence
Augured the good.
Thank God, thank doctor, thank era.
Exhalation sank
 Into the hardwood

They told me to wait, and I did.
Blood pooled in,
Eager clot to eager clump.
My body made a mockery of itself,
And I condoned the sacrilege

I gathered hospital bluebonnets
For the future. Touch here, do like this,
My shape makes sense if you'll listen.
But my words sketched faint,
Pink and moribund lines on skin

Only when I'd forgotten did it prick through,
Gentle twines of me to me.
This was no reiteration. Unfilled, unfamiliar,
I saw my eyes in a mirrored purse:
The brine of relief, and ecstasy's threat to keep unfolding

Hypochondria Means I Love Myself

In other words, feeling what the body makes me feel,
 Taking in the intensities not just as themselves
 But as symbols of some deeper correlative meaning
 Is the first step in a meditative ritual
 I open the book: feeling the parts of myself
 That before kissed me with treachery,
 Typing in the worries as affective offerings,
 Sending my prayers to those who ought to know.

In other words, what would the alternative be?
 Live and let live, the flat out lie it is,
 Provides no recourse for keeping the faith.
 I have no use for a faith that keeps me locked into
 Illusory hope. Hope must be attached to myself, too.
 I lurk over the portal, reticulate my worries into
 Digital orthographies. Sent, they lie araneous
 On broad fields of pixels. Prayers are slow things.

In other words, uncertainty
 Doesn't negate the possibility of love. This,
 Combined with praxis of the frantic,
 Completes the formula. I did what I could.
 Jolts course through kidneys. Sparks light up
 Organs, cells, organelles. Emotion, the laying of judgment
 Onto these bursts, reminds me of my care of me.
 Now I wait. Now I wait. Now I wait.

In other words, my faith is not only
 In peer-reviewed pathways. The scanning of
 Neural blasts, the narratives they make:
 Throw me mercilessly
 Into matter's great afterward.
 Maybe the reason we yearn is that
 God holds place for futurity.
 Stuck here we wrestle the angel, catastrophizing.

Phase Change

I was born a tender stone
Talcum shedding with touch
Then fingers firmed my circumference
And threw me from their clutch

Nescience peeked the path-side shapes
Before I tumbled down:
Blades that froze from river rush,
Shards from air around

Water stripped me layer and layer
Vapor strongest of all
What required this cruelty of cuts,
What latency hid within wall?

Cry-drops became the matter of me
When softness yielded to flow
Now particles part themselves apart,
And with the wind I go