Asking the world

The artist is a figment of course

You should read life like a poem when you can. Look for repetition. Look for parallel. Look for pattern.

Look for absence. The artist is a figment. Still she’s rooted in our dream of a pretty thing we wish we understood, garnering our praise to celebrate the easy old story.

Looking for life’s long answers, art’s the filament. I still remember that my first existential impasse arose when my and my friend’s dads had told each of us two different truths on a matter. I don’t remember the matter at hand—only that theretofore I had lived in a closed world of facts. Face the stretch of possibility. Truth isn’t out there waiting to be found. We choose our truths, else let others do the choosing.

Poetry is percussive drifting choices. Homely truths and beggar answers,

begging ruthless proofs then better answers.

Look for discontent, change what you know,

to better know yourself, if not yourself.

Seek out disconnects, such that seeking sees you making currents flow,

do the work yourself.

Once you wrest your discontent, stay with it awhile. Get to know what disconnection feeds it. See the bent bend true. If you’re ever not asking, you’re no more than a desert stone, not even with a wetted appetite of moss or worms.

Understand what it is to come up short at some turns,

Where making answers diminishes the meaning in the question

Submit to those moments sometimes that lack luster

Faces I cannot see have always been disconcerting to me

That I can know what I cannot know and that language

Falls ever to the wayside. Despite this, I welcome open contradiction

Our words were never more than a sketch against that

guttural and howl. The words describing your pressed lips and

your eyes at mine could never live up, so why am I harvesting gerunds?

If not redemption, look again to repetition and always to form.

As a matter of course, task beauty and imperfection.

Notice distress in the immaculate glass.