Today

The artist is a figment.

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.