when you read a poem

you absorb whole lines

in a second or less

you don’t notice the individual words

those words

percolate through your brain

bumping into the huge storehouse

of words you have stored

in your far-ranging travels

the words they bump into

bump into more

the wave gets wider and weaker

as it rolls through your mind

a trail of construction behind it

eventually, you have built

a whole city in your mind

far more than the poet ever intended

or far less, depending on the poet

you are the master of that city

and have the right as its master

to tear down, build anew,

erect monuments to your dreams and self. You may never transmit

the image you now carry...it is yours

and yours alone. When your construction is nearly complete, the city of your mind is stored alongside a thousand other cities, and all the countryside that links them. All this have I done to you, with this. All this have I given to you, with this. All this.

And as the great city is shadowed

by the construction of your next

I will bed myself down, in the finest hotel of your imagination, and await my bride, whom you owe to me, and whom I shall exact from thee.