

POETRY
SHAWN SCOTT

Cover:

pistols from a duel that would not make her a second,
drawn to seal a note in her glance.
a tear to mend the pastime of fading,
a fall into death's recursive crash.

turned stones would not douse her flickering torch,
ignite her straw bed, the retreat and advance.
a north wind prevails on the cool rain,
returns me to where I am.

A Question (posed without hope for doubt or its cessation):

what ousted minds are these,
whose membrane burst and clothed the world,
now siphon- that we might clothe ourselves.
now we- that a trap has been set.

out from the expanse of waves and beams,
hewn of marbled antipodes,
we are a held breath to a bolt of lightning
seen from the roof a long time ago.

and from the mouths of drawn on constellations
we hear the voice of the poets,
now and then used as code-breakers.
and have said to ourselves,
disgusted with our love and hate,
the whole alone could sate our imagined loss.

so marvel where spirit once was levied,
now sealed with a whimper.
but then as now with no place to go
but where we have been drawn.

One Fine Evening:

tectonic clouds reveal heat lightning,
a barometric tear igniting,
man who still might be enkindled,
and to unburden proton spindles,
he offers up his own resistance,
entropic hands unbend his hindrance.

lost in the all too sane paranoia,
lost as the intellect's last refuge,
and in the ambiguous meanings to live
a multiverse of eternal returns
from a chair on the back porch

and to laugh, *sotto voce*.
a laughter sick with desperation.

The Brighter Side:

I close the trunk that housed me
and sink down on the room's bare bones.
shot through with the force that binds the stars into constellations,
that bind the atoms and unbind the quarks.
and so the world has torn.
mad from wonder - alive with sorrow.

At w12th:

I once stood a while at w11th,
to see white blossoms in eccentric circles
out from their perches fallen,
onto the street encroaching.
at a corner where blue in green was the national anthem,
and wind tugs at the end of an old coat -
as enduring a companion I cannot recall.

I pick up these fragments with a familiar motion,
held with a single arm in the rain one night at river's edge,
held as the known of unknowable, or now, as the memories
that mean the most to me aren't the most clear, but the most distinct
(though from their definitions distinct ideas are clear ideas
which have no part that remains unclear,
the same cannot be said to hold true for memories,
which house the clear and the unclear together,
often on no uniform basis - so memories are forged
when distinction has been made, and one is like or unlike
the other)... she lingers.

Patience:

a soul once tarnished with true sadness,
often feels lonesome without its presence,
and schemes with sorrows on far off shores,
whose beacon spins and swirls the light,
now mingles with the darkness and torpor.
the night has been carried, once moorings have lifted.
a nominal prince has rewritten the details.

You know me, who have asked
much of death and received little.

Ventured:

has the silence ever screamed its nothingness
(all at once, and undiversified) from deep within and startled You?
or have You carried another soul alongside You, such that,
as friendship has been formulated as one soul (undivided,
but not undiversified) in two bodies, a friend has been,
in the paradox their absence creates, a second soul that
comes into presence along with and shares in what happens to You?
we too are a part of this going-along-with,
should the world be one of reincarnation.

Aside:

and so upon me now falls another silence, whose limit I now break -
as broken once before, as first words.
but this is a choice, made without the freedom to unmake -
made with the rest, wanting to be different, to be made even without me.
I wonder, not what, but how the choice would mean, had we been free *in it*?
we might've learned something. I wanted to learn something.
to be precise, I wanted to learn what, as I could tolerate no more hows.