

Third Wednesday

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For Sun Weining

Road up road down
still the same road
but this road down
leads not back up:

flux is arrowed, unturned
by Time, implacable, rolling
from general to particular,
rolling its flood forever:

except the mind motors
in reverse, a meager
turning daily further feeble,
axon by axon stripped:

except this backward rolling,
definition stripping back, as
the myriad flower furls
itself back into seed:

except the limbs, the
lungs revert to fields,
to fateful imbalance, like
a face half-collapsed:

the seed rolls down,
unbecoming, to egg not
egg, to impotent potency,
to vacancy wholly partitioned:

as your words roll
in to his ear
you will see his
head is so small

Parable

For the majority of his life N. had a sore need of money, but possessed little and suffered the usual pains attendant on this lack. When, by some divine miscommunication, he came suddenly into great, very great wealth, he lamented: "How the gods must laugh at me. When I was young, restless to sample the world, they saw fit to starve me. Now that I, pauper though I am, have tasted my fill of things and am too old to learn the life of a wealthy man, only now do they decide to glut my dead desire. O how the gods do laugh!" This laughter was, incidentally, a sound wholly unknown to him, and later commentators have long suspected that therein lay the gods' true gift.