

Trumpestilence

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+ (hat in the ring)

the penthouse the escalator he rode down
descended from a gilded nutshell that enclosed him.

unlike hamlet he was never visited by nightmares
consequently his ambitions never narrowed.

he imagined himself king of infinite space but lacked
any genius for hesitation any sense for the question.

a sinister cartoon he wore a dark suit a bright tie and a mask of flashbulbs.
a thrasymachus of sorts rich unbound shouting down the experts.

now enclosed in the nutshell with him we descend into our own bad dreams.

++ (running backwards)

the truth of the matter will not come out it will not be said
it will not remain it will not be held born as it was from our promise in ashes.

it pools inside a rhythm a fluctuation of mutual unfolding of shared enclosure
a sun sinking below the joint of sky and sea as daylight recedes

as dilate eyes greet dusking light shapes move within the darkened fold
of a common promise we tear blindly at our own garment.

born as we were from a bleeding the children of a primal violence destined to
be belated to take measure again and again to a pregnancy without term.

having arrived late to our own inception we stumbled .

+++ (his ascension)

somewhere between a shadow and a thicket we fall.
thickly tripping like silent children of a tumble and a tremble.

when we rise to speak again awakened there will be
a slow viscous rising like smoke rings waxing thinning and stretching

somehow still yet somehow somewhere else. for these days too
will pass they already recede towards another horizon

another joint fusing open sky to open sea. when we arrive
the angel of history will be waiting wondering how we could

in this time of trumpestilence ever think we have the right to forget.