

BlazeVOX 2k9

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PARIS DURING A FRACTAL SUMMER

It was suchness in Paris, not
New Hampshire's wine frappe,
Cold, diluted, drunk in
The darkness of barn shadows,
Pianissimos on prepared pianos,
White gloves with one white button
Unbuttoned to signal a barbed wired
Wrist, and a cosmos of crosses,
Crucified saviors, crucified thieves,
Sugared, perched atop wedding cakes.

It was a Paris without pre-given concepts,
We rapturous together, I
And a Slavic-Teutonic blonde,
Had found, after a long search,
This concealed café and its Armagnac,
Its long, lank linden tree
That is rumored to be where
Samuel Beckett saw a bum
Asleep as he pressed against
The beats of his heart
An empty bottle of cheap Bordeaux,
And was inspired to write
"Waiting for Godot"

She expressed her dislike of Beckett,
Cited the passage where the protagonist
Could not tell if he were having
Sex with a man or a woman,
It did not seem to matter
Since he had no audience like a Cynic.
The joys of quotidian sex depends
On imagining a large number
Are watching and applauding.
Theodore Reik said there are always
Three present when two are having sex,
But I say among our married middle class,
On good erotic nights there are thousands present.

I said what I like about Beckett,
Is his presentation of a child-father relation.
It is a warning about believing
Anything that is traditionally sanctioned,
And dangerous are most parents.
It makes one suspicious
About the proclaimed beauty
Of diamonds and orthodox
Zen meditation.

We again looked at what is
Called in English a tree,
French, arbre, German, baum,
And agreed that language
Does not represent,
All mimesis is a myth,
A tree is a tree, is not a tree,
It is a sur-tree. Language
Does not identify, for
Nothing can be identified.
The world is a concealed secret.
We only dominate fictions.
Language is an openness,
Not a closure, an openness
To what is beyond language,
An openness to be unsayable.

We never know or perceive things
We experience our openness
To things, and when we experience
Things through openness,
The thing is a thing, is not
A thing, is a sur-thing.

**LIFE IS NOT UNDERSTOOD
THE WAY MATHEMATICS
IS UNDERSTOOD**

The gulf, concerto
Grosso from conchs.

I look at windows
Painted opaque by overseers.

Outside, I hear the illusory wings
Of lovers flapping futilely.

She exchanged her useless
Wings for fins, swan away.

He never saw she was gone,
Although he heard air splash.

He had the illusion
He touched her white gold hair.

He kept flapping his wings,
But he could not fly.

I keep gazing at my opaque
Window, panes painted dark blue.

The overseers all had died
Over twenty years ago.

No, I won't break the glass,
Cold or a god would crawl in.

Outside, the gulf, concerto
Grosso from conchs.

**THE SHORT HAPPY LIFE
OF FRANCIS AND FRANCES**

Heard a buzz, a doorbell
With a base voice,

She took off her tight
See-through cerise dress,

She took off her flesh,
Put her flesh in refrigerator.

She appeared to the visitor,
Who brought a pomegranate,

As a Skelton of white bones,
Immaculate white bones,

The bones had been scrubbed
With a deperfumed soap, whitewashed.

He saw her empty eye sockets,
He knew she could not see him.

He chopped down the tree
That breathed inside his chest,

Buried wood chips and sawdust
In the graveyard of his right hand.

His hand became heavy with tombstones,
Instead of reaching to touch white bones,

His hand drooped to his side,
It became paralyzed,

Turned into petrified wood.
She admired the shine of the stone.

The pomegranate gripped in
His left, now clenched fist.

He opened his hand into a platter,
Handed the white bones the pomegranate,

Her finger bones pierced the pomegranate,
Her teeth speared it, it bleed from its side.

**THIS SAND ON LAND WAS ONCE
SAND THAT WAS UNDER AN OCEAN**

This sand, a Modigliani skin tone, creamy,
Pink, pale brown, a prone nude, is described,
Designated by squat, pyramidal lumps
Of pocked, scattered limestone to have been
Once the bottom sand of an ocean's borders.
Its then subaqueous flesh caressed by fins, the fingers
Of Sargasso fish that walked upright barefoot
From a coral cave to colony of sanddollars.
I was a place where existence was a possibility,
Not a slave to ad-men's committee's slogans,
The rumor of frenzy, festivals, corks on bank vault floors.
In this sand, in love with weed roots, I can
Feel a trace of wonders lost when the first
House was built, I can feel a trace
Of the lost eroticism, sea squid flashing
Spirals of rainbow light through dark emerald waters.
This was before the boredom of the kitchen casserole
And the anguish of the vacuum cleaner.
I can still feel a trace of the wonders
Destroyed by us with our religions and sciences.

EIN NACHT IN VENEDIG

A Venice canal, the night's
Quick-
Sand--gondola, like all
Gon-
Do-
Las--black organ and silver shiver,
 But
Silver-silk quadrant pillow with echoes.

An echo reopened a closure, castoffs
Like social handshakes, the disarticulated
Vaudeville acts dreamed and concealed.

The echo asked,
Why did I like a net-caught butterfly
Flap my wings so slowly,

Why did I when pinned with the pin
Inserted through a crack in a cocktail glass
Merely repeat secret theories
And wave goodbye.

It was because her thigh was hidden
In a stork's shadows,
Because her lips were laminated
Under movie lagoons,
Because no one ever knows any one else.