

Symphonies of the Shoulder

Thread

Penetrated by its own finality,
the human creature
explored itself:
and found lies,
dissolving in the slow movements
of the unadulterated crane.

Discovery

In a fractal and fragmented unfurling,
I slobbered and grappled a slimy wet trail
that dangled in the confused tropical winds
from an ancient oak:
and from the ancestors trickled, then flooded
the wisdom of the crane.

Consummation

From bubbling swamps,
two human creatures
 dripping mud into fetid quicksands
arose, shining, with muscles softening
nerves fluffy and whisked, and
kneaded each other into magma,
origin of life:

my shoulder,
carrying the weight of the West,
spreading its unbearable bulk and shearing joys
into every unplowed seed
until it pumps filtered blood -

my shoulder,
contraption,
lie,
mental dragon -

disappeared, for a moment,

beneath the sideways fruits of Eastern civilization
and the hands of God.