

# In search of reification

*by David Ackley*

Unrecalled, the term  
could no longer think its meaning.

Wisp fingers  
found only the lint  
of recent occupancy.

It slipped the seam  
without goodbye.

New words, fat with their  
own content, found other realities;  
the space went unlet.

Not an essential word,  
too long for its purpose,  
It filled a small chink in  
my apprehension of the world,  
where the leakage began.

You don't know how much a shim  
means until you can't close the door  
of perception. Here comes all this unregenerate  
stuff, like demonic mouth-flies at a hole  
in the screen.

For want of an abstraction a shoe is lost;  
you step on a nail  
and your jaw locks. Quick, give me a diphthong,  
A phoneme. A homonym.

"What's the word for for?"

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If I forget thee at least  
Let me not forget the name of my name.

