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 realties;
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 dipthong,
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.