Meaning of Life # 18

by Sean Lovelace

Meanwhile internet, and poetry of moon. Also wings—tucked within tropes (feathery smoke, Icarus tumbling, mind splayed and pinned, a butterfly in Nabokov's closet). Meanwhile ever tried to make rent with a publication? But still, we write. The way of watery light, mystery, an urge to tell and retell. Cave dwellers etching French stone. Vikings over tongues of flame: howls, spittle, the same old stories; same thick wine, brimming from grinning skulls. Men like to kill one another. Have always. And to collect. To accrue and name accrual. To scrawl and scribble, verse or ledger or headstone. I say words are festering splinter, time-sliver, as in image, nothing more (or less). So flutter by the butterfly. Vibrant-bodied, trembling, warm and splotchy. To metamorphous (an inner wish), to undo the done, to fly. To compare moth wing-dust to some pollen or pesticide or ashen fall—a child there, alongside the road, shivering, sifting through insects, skin and shrapnel coal. To hell with the moon! As it cycles, with my television, today's waning news.

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