

diplopic haiku

by strannikov

the day looked clear at
modernity's early dawn,
Dark Ages had passed.

“Binocular Bosch”,
let's call him: distant from him
men had to look small.

behind the deep dark
of fire-licked backgrounds, men melt
in his conjured hells.

Saint Anthony's Christ
does not guide conquerors: He
leads only the poors.

no shrouds cover Christ:
the Holy is not hidden
hiding on His Cross.

(Do not be deceived:
the Holy is less remote
than we from ourselves.)

the conquests commenced:
mystery, the claim came, would
all abandoned be.

Copernicus spied
a new centrifugal spin:
Bosch saw what he meant.

Bosch's brush foresees
the descent of bestial men
for van Leeuwenhoek:

swarming under glass,
virulent as a virus
under our own gaze,

specimens ourselves
consent to surveillance, helped
to become microbes.

our fogs are as thick:
Galileo no sure guide,
all road signs are lost.

does a telescope
bring Andromeda close by,
guide us there more quick?

telescopes once made
the heavens appear close—now,
heavens only veer.

or could this be true:
we hurl the heavens away,
make ourselves remote?

centuries alone
our ambitions of reason
tore us from our heads.

under the moon's gaze
for our entire lives, we think
ourselves now steady.

