

five discards or less

by strannikov

Contests of meaning hand over hand up thick vines axiologies
riding bamboo-clad brass poles into waiting flames pale days
never seen

thinking for yourself no one in the world to teach writing for
revenge

to spill your scruples commit crimes and be on time with
pathologies

the boats sail at dusk passengers eat sweet desserts their
collisions met.

Tomorrow is but the pupil of yesterday paradises fade
described descriptions with not the time to read them in months
they'll be new

paying for our speech convinced of our fresh mistakes most all
tears deceive

turns of phrase and lie with honest inspiration are the healthy
real?

think through decide once meteors planets and stars the great are
insane.

Gather your tastes and let logic explain ideals all pains are severe
narrate nothing great find the small interesting what's close to
your nose

strange creatures and words on the doorsteps at the gates
and heard from both sides

each hair casts shadow ever reading never read reviewers review
who dares to lay hold of whate'er beggary lacks while greed lacks
much more?

Let anger be slow and let thoughts delay your speech and find the
fit time

beyond perceptions what will endure beyond sense but long quiet
graves?

to deceive others do not bother to deceive yourself first of all
the interruptions that keep us from our purpose inflame our
purpose

modesty is born it cannot be taught to us diamonds come from
coals.

What words will endure past those skulls that once denied that
nothingness lurks?

those plans that were made by the graveyards' residents remain
unfulfilled

weep or go stark mad your amanuensis fool will bury your words
and petrify them and who knows whether or when grass will grow
on top

gifts sent to the dead benefit neither sender nor recipient.

