

Orientations within the Zwischenwelt

by strannikov

Times within times without, times connected disconnected.
Locales poised between concentration and neglect, stupidity from
further stupidity, ignorance sifted from ignorance of unknown
provenance.

Saved or started by the limits of cosmography! Gravity
and dispersion both present and able. (The day dims the lamps lit!)

Those moments yesterday, remember? In the afternoon
just after that little snack you'd stolen: your back was turned to the
sink, what were you thinking?

Those moments tomorrow, anticipate if you can the
moment you wake, the first moment the day transfixes you: the
summit of immediate intents the loo (and well immediately, of
course), then beyond: the waiting hours of other ambition between
the waking and the dying of the day.

All so many tightropes never end to end: stepping or
leaping from borrowed tightropes to borrowed tightropes, and
rarely the same tightrope twice!

Any day morning or afternoon, an injection can come
recreational or medicinal, enough to nudge trajectory one hair, or
two. Each parallel path a separate direction, our compasses lack and
do not share measured scope. (Parallels wind up diverging each and
every time, it only now dawns, because of simple failure to maintain
empiric observation: once supper was packed sometime a century
ago [it was close—the supper could have been packed late in the
earlier century], everyone forgot that the only notebooks were
already filled, or that already their notebooks were only filled.)

Calibrated stems of mercury are not measuring immediately adjacent spaces accurately, two inches away a blowtorch chars metal or skin, the thermometer registers neither heat nor sound.

Planets spin on microscopy slides, bacteria whirl in galactic splendor above observatory domes. Puke congeals, shit slides too much like liquid brain. Muddy children play in piles and pools untidy to the nose grating to the tongue deafening to the skin acrid to the ears putrid to the eyes.

Or again: sphygmomanometer headbands do not measure thermal spectra or cognitive velocity with enough accuracy (or reliability) to forestall the kinds of brain ossification and cranial petrification that afflict us almost as much as igneous residue and sediments beset and overtook the late residents of Herculaneum (and of Pompeii).

The gutter between pages one and two is never crossed!
Licking bowl and spoon taste and foretaste follow.

-END-

