reality concedes, for once

by strannikov

reality concedes, for once

Professor Magritte's proof is beyond reproach,
his empiric claim immune to harsh rebuke:
eggs swinging from their cages' perches don't sing,
they flutter their colored shells only for show—
only are wingéd eggs capable of song,
their feathered throats alone capable of flight.
this careful observation came somewhat late:
eggs once were painted as if in cages born,
as if melodies could warble from soft shells.
what had people been thinking for all those years?
only can feathered eggs fly, wingéd throats sing!

risks of belief

numerals and numbers take no grave risks,
they demand belief:
but words only risk
their commitments of defying belief.

least of these

want to write works of poverty, kids?
do not write work that cannot be sold—
write what cannot be given away.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/strannikov/reality-concedes-for-once»*
Copyright © 2018 strannikov. All rights reserved.

two haiku one cup

particulate tea
(jasmine) constellations swirl:
the sky this cup holds.

a compass my cup:
facing east I sip tea steeped
in a Chinese pot.

hendecasyllabic café

beckoning with citrus streaks blue cobbled streets
and stuccos lit with gold lamps guide strollers here
to Place du Forum in Arles and this café:
late summer's night (as a painter depicts them),
drawn in short spells beneath the gold awning hung
where life and loafing cohabit, tables, chairs,
absinthes and brandies, cognacs and café noir,
tobaccos in lungs, noses, cigars, and pipes,
soft powders and sweet scents, perhaps the apt smile—
the terrestrial portrayed in this small square:
so say these stars that closer than people loom.