

the custodial cats of the fulcrum of memory + three

by strannikov

whether constipation is predicted

whenever memory does go deaf
it doesn't shout or squeak alarm—
if its silence doesn't roar aloud,
nothing need be missed, placid souls may persist.

no matter how out of sorts they may leave us,
our tangled times (out of joint or no)
our entangling times (our briars lattice-borne)
strangling times (clutters of the virtual, too)
say that they measure our bodies' clocks,
these clocked bodies, these timed bodies timed
to empirical curiosity, timed
to every surveilling device and screen
to learn whether memory more can speak aught
or whether knotted tongues prefigure alone
knotted bowels in tortured linear style
(I still await the colonoscopy app
and some cell phones lodged deep in some colons, too).

interventions of distance

this anonymous frustration of today
may soon have a name—may soon borrow its name
from a pondered page neither typeset nor read.

every expectation modest great and mean
will in moments grow distant: distance will hide
our expectations from us again, again.

once that dread has a name will dread then subside:
then will roads return to their actual lengths
which—to be human—must be measured in strides:

to accommodate the lengths of our new roads,
we soon can start to move our cities apart.

must read

nothing must be read
nothing can be written, too—
nothing must be said:

the stones say nothing
the stones do not see at night
by day they hear naught.

lapidary lives
and not sedentary graves
can guide our words now:

where everything lives
reservoirs and rivers dry—
peer now into dark

with slow eyes now peer
into the sorrow of what arrives
into the challenge of what dust yields.

the custodial cats of the fulcrum of memory

a pathetic place for memory to hide
for memory prompts to get parked each night's sleep:
a device, an external memory, pah!

do not count, then, on the quanta of your soul
to practice patience the day your mind gets swarmed,
your intents, sadly, those of someone's dead cat.

“the calendar of my future was in there!”
yes: all tomorrows belong to the dead cats,
their decisions relinquish one day per day.

(cats sometimes provoke imbalance [themselves poise]
to yield an outcome, enamored of their game.)

