

## *the Gnaw*

Willful descent  
of collective urgency  
to control – to own, profit  
no matter what the imbalance.

Step down into the conundrum  
there it is  
scraping at the skin  
finally, a decisive question –  
not flesh for the hunt,  
but the gnawing appetites  
of possession –  
flesh for use.

Caught between twin towers of decision  
we do not resist the hedonistic desire for this odyssey.

All critique eludes the blade  
of an inevitable surgery:

*Knowledge of a precise understanding  
eludes the moment of incision  
of clarity, as if –  
the whole is a goal  
flung too far beyond  
hearing / seeing / sensing / knowing / believing*

A question that we do not expect  
foils the pressure of the pushing will.

Quit looking for holes!  
it doesn't have anything to do with holes.

There is always a hole –  
holes for eye sockets  
mass graves,  
ruts dug by armored beliefs  
carved by some fixed desire  
or rift in the tapestry,  
no matter how well woven  
or graced with magic  
*there is the gnaw –*

Some formless, unfathomable void  
whose very hollowness demands shape, volume, cost  
and weights its pressure  
on matter  
and the heart:

*Knowledge of a precise understanding  
eludes the moment of incision  
of clarity, as if –  
the whole is a goal  
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The cruelty of this insufferable disproportion  
legislated greed and myopia fear  
are disheveled titillations  
a cabaret pantomime.

And what truth, if any, to humanity's failure?  
our efforts distorted by  
an unrestrained seepage –

*of ancestors  
privilege  
old blood scars  
and the harsh geometry of genetic vision.*