

Perhaps

Perhaps: this place

There is a justice owed,
if we could but know that judgment –
secreted beneath this blanket of beliefs

Abandoned for a careless increase
our destiny, all too often desecrated land
emits a ghost light
that contrasts the flickering somnambulant addiction
of a culture gone to rot.

History gets a little fried out here in the paisley light
with a viscous current of place
our trust swept up in eddies of dumb desire
navigating by the deeds of our fathers
imperceptibly – yet inevitably – becoming lost.

Unequivocal negotiations
defy our most ardent avarice

But then, how ought we know?
Precisely because one miscalculates the subtle
and Reason is such an exquisite veil.

Perhaps: that photograph

We come, and in incomprehensible numbers,
to stand where others have stood –
where this, or that occurred, some sense of origin

Drawn by anticipation of our intended selves
I was here with you,
or perhaps, not yet you
In this place at this time,

Or will it be forgotten –
because I could not be wholly present myself...
the present tense dissolving into stillness,
cloistered now in photographs

Possibly: I was part of something
began this, or offered that
I am – this stunned stillness
held in affinity
with these others – under judgement, likewise

Perhaps: these words

We may have written:

Dear mother – father, brothers all...

When we really mean the soul of us.

Are you still my teacher?

Yet, how long has it been

*since you whispered of unknowns,
or breathed with song?*

Could our voices plead,

Its been difficult, this journey

that we have also loved

now, finally come to this...

Or, does this hand scrawl a fretful list of things to do?

dutiful labors, or those little chores too often left undone,

like our most fervent promises

kept only in words.

Perhaps: our deeds

Actions taken

Whatever calculation drawn, or endless weight of pain –

Turn not to this:

Life's blood boiled in anger

raged out upon our hollowed marble steps –

Striking all held dearly sacred,

now betrayed

this delicate balance staggering to the breach.

Often the thinnest of edges split the moral separation –

Commanded by the boasting phantom tongue –

Like all alabaster fairytales that frighten sleep

Point – *sin salida*.

Yet, in this vast conundrum between our fates –

Is the road all must venture.