

de ol' psychoanalytic tar-baby

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answers stuck of lost question
but suffers the odd trauma
wears the celebrated smile,
afterimage of an ego's sediment
glacier ideal
that tears the hair from living things
yet
I trace the labyrinth scar
through inflatable mountains
and actual, to kill
with my knife of me
the photograph of life
and embrace there beyond
to where
my black unmet
tends a shattering's ghost
with ancient memory's dream,
curls my silence
like a reflected sleep
of forest's moon
about a death that is real
again