

2017

For Borges

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Recommended Citation

Conwell, Ian (2017) "For Borges," *Exile*: Vol. 52 : No. 1 , Article 11.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol52/iss1/11>

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For Borges

Two paths diverged in a garden
and you killed somebody for it.
Time forks perpetually
toward innumerable futures,
but they're all dead-ends somewhere.
Tilting, slippery planes slide across
a patch of lotuses floating
toward innumerable futures.
Everything happens to a man
precisely, precisely now;
the sway of a hydrangea
and the bow of a banzai
are inconsequential precisely,
precisely because they are now
outside his plane of reality.
Centuries of centuries, and only
in the present do things happen,
while a tilting, slippery lotus
floats on a plane of undulating glass
free of imperfections or stains,
save the coral hydrangea's twin.
The garden whose Ivory Labyrinth
is speckled with rouge orchids
and blushing chrysanthemums
bleeds infinite passages
for a man to walk; breeds
innumerable futures where
decisions might be made in
their respective presents.
Two paths diverged in a garden
and somebody killed you for it.

Ian Conwell, '07