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Disposable belief

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Disposable belief

(for stuart)

I
the voice not in time
with the shout chorus
is always mine;
the impatient destructor
that never cowers to say
“nothing of yours can be right.”

She jags her even, metal tone
to the cold brilliance that wanes above,
smudged with the rolling,
shapeless eraser of winter clouds.
The titan ensemble that holds the day
low-flying,
and on wires.

They carry the moment
I suddenly realize:

This—
this is the time
that I kick every sorry thing
out of the sacred place that I am not.

I will then cast these into the mother's gut
that could overwhelm all disgust,
and drive me far
into the law of the unforgiving soil.

Or to a cool, motionless somewhere—
to die limbless, clean,
and spent;
fed to the ocean
by the void, insatiable sky.

Love,
even if I were to fall to dust
and to take part in your flesh;
even if I were to ingest
a lean, choice cut of you;
you would not be that far into me:

I would be alone
with her,
and a cannibal as well.

II

Swing I would,
if I could hit the "and" of four,
and understand the trinity of one;
yet, I am none.

You gave me a book, and a rock,
and an ache so dull
it would not go away for days.
but, ah—

These words
are speaking faster than my thoughts,
sparking mobile art
in plasma and synapse,

like last night's spot of blood—
still descending from the granular,
lipid-white wall.

III

Near innocent
on the campground
with the intent of a Tortured,
German-Jew King;
at the sight of this massacre
I could grow sick,
but I look so charming out of my skin.
Out of my clay and short a rib,
perhaps.

Come, Tool of God!
Let us conquer the in-betweens
and the unfit abuse
their ill-conceived spaces
contrive to contain;
Let us race
between the city and the battle-line;
Let us shake the earth
on the front of a war we can call our own.

IV

Shell-shocked,
she enraptures like a lazy cat
shedding her fur in spring;
like the season of birth
fast asleep in my thawing bones,
she is waiting
and wanting

—ryan shafer '94