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## *Ars Poetica*

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## Ars Poetica

I see a flock of birds  
scattered over the sky.  
Circling  
slowly, transforming  
constantly changing  
shape from one  
meaninglessness  
to another they paint  
alien symbols & figures  
on the light-blue parchment  
that is not, that nothing is  
but air, but nothingness  
but air  
as still as  
my mind late at night  
newly awakened  
sitting with my eyes narrowed  
going blind in the bright light  
from the white pages and  
my head humbly lowered  
not in prayer, nor desire  
but stillness, as  
to soothe the hunter  
the unsatisfied  
desire, the longing  
that is so unbearably  
                  loud  
with cries and laughter  
from memories not to be closed  
out by my palms pressed hard  
to my hurting ears, until  
the rattling carnival  
procession disappears  
around a corner

receding  
as I am  
surging  
a silence as  
soft as a woman's  
breathing in the dark, as  
rich as my two  
own hands cupped around  
her breasts. And to  
the wire  
spun in blue  
from side to side to  
connect my paper, my sky  
in the paper, from the sky  
lowering  
tumbling, rolling and  
falling the birds come  
for rest. The words  
so precious so awaited so  
eagerly welcomed, land  
first one, maybe two  
even three or four, before  
before  
they are suddenly scattered  
now scrambling up and up  
once again - yes again! - scared  
by the echoing gunshot  
that is  
your whisper  
inside my head.

*Mans Angantyr*