

## THE LAMP OF REVISION

Later, when those mysterious  
words would again possess you,  
desire and ideas from yesterday  
could cause familiar people  
to seem imaginary. The zodiac  
was useless, hours were ancient,

memory was just memory.  
You began with the thought  
to improve what you had made,  
but then maybe it would be  
better abandoned altogether,  
to try and make something new.

So here you are, beginning  
again what you'd once believed  
was finished. Present pleasures  
anchored in the past, you walk  
across a familiar landscape  
and arrive at a new mountain,

as if there were such a thing.  
Never sad, never powerless,  
you are a climber whose form  
of joy would go on and ever  
upward to murmur strange  
opinions into a thinning sky.

## THE LAMP OF THE MOON

“The world sucks,  
let’s drink some wine  
and look at the moon,”  
she summarizes her  
favorite classical Greek  
and Chinese poems

as they sit together  
laughing and sharing  
a can of sour grapes  
beneath a waning moon,  
November 24th, 2018.  
The moon sometimes

seems to be a line break  
for a night-walk:  
you look comfortably  
up at it from a dark  
path, and when  
your gaze returns

everything is darker.  
The world sucks,  
so they drink wine  
and look at the moon.  
It’s perfectly alone  
as it moves the sea.

## THE LAMP OF BELIEF

The universe may be a material reenactment of spiritual concerns, or else a series of contradictions resolved by intuition, discovered in foreign languages, organized as an execution on a hilltop.

The universe may be a hilltop, foreign and spiritual, as an execution or organized contradictions, discovered by a reenactment, resolved in intuition, a series of language concerns or else material.

The universe may be a spiritual reenactment of material concerns, a series of intuitions resolved by contradictions, discovered in a foreign execution, organized as languages on a hilltop, or else.

The universe may be a reenactment of an execution on a hilltop, or else a series of foreign languages discovered by intuition, organized as spiritual material, resolved in contradictions and concerns.

## THE LAMP OF FLOWERS

As the beauty of a blue sky  
beyond the young gardener's thumb  
held up, to slow the dripping blood,  
above their heart, filled with longing,  
goes unnoticed because of pain,  
their face, as if determining

the answer to a mystery,  
both relaxes and gains focus.  
Volcanic in its origins,  
the island's dirt grows flora well,  
but it would be wrong to reckon  
that large numbers divide the worth

of each discrete blossom. In fact,  
the opposite is true: because  
they are surrounded, people here  
exalt in a taxonomy  
so detailed it makes a formal  
study of even the plainest

bloom, so the gift of a flower  
is intellectual and sweet  
because it echoes the time spent  
reading science and old poems,  
like the one that ends with the line:  
three roses in a palace vase.

## THE LAMP OF REVOLUTION

Like the small light that will confirm  
misunderstanding as a great  
shadow behind a small person,  
some crimes stand apart from  
themselves to become laws. And  
then flows the blood that washes

clean a great multitude, but only  
after their tragedies have ended,  
and so one way of life consumes  
another as the future takes revenge  
on the past to save it from a history  
of resentments. What confusion

is there, always in the way that  
one would speak of who one was,  
of their excesses and wants, these  
contagions often confused with  
life? The world changes but not  
the way the people in it change.

The better the teacher, the less  
useful they become with age,  
as each epoch invents the means  
by which the next will destroy it.  
God is the sun. The sun has set.  
It rises again, then re-disappears.