ENCORE WITH RECTANGLE AND PHILOSOPHY
Encore with Rectangle and Philosophy

I built a house
and had ideas in it.
—Ron Padgett

Initio it was weird,
everything,

Boom!
ribbons and shimmering everywhere,
and this and thisness:
stop, look, and sound too
waiting to come out
as soon as movement said to,
and a bone walked around
as if something had happened to it,
like, an infinity ago.
Excuse me.
I have to get up
and walk around a little.
My abode
is dark and cozy
but sometimes it turns me
into a bowling ball,
and yes
I weigh sixteen pounds
and am suddenly marbleized
as I hook into the pocket
and decimate all ten pins
in one explosive explosion!
—Wait, *decimate*

is not the *mot juste,*
nor cave nor bowling ball.
(My soul has just multiplied itself,
in case.)

On second thought,
I don’t think
I can get up.
Would you give me a hand?

Shakespeare?

What is Shakespeare?
The fellow bound
upon a wheel of fire
and rolled up into the sky?

•
I’m stuck to a moment,
then it goes away.

I am not stuck to the world,
I am the world,
two feet tall
and zero deep and wide.
Look at the picture
in the dictionary
next to the word mysticism:
there’s nothing there.
What do you think about
that?
(You’re coming out of the wrong side of my head.)