I would that we could see from our rooms into faith. I would that we were all willingly blinded by light. I would that we might yet see ultimate darkness. This is what we need to grow stronger, armed against the grimmest fear of celebrating ourselves as heroes, granting our old wish for the chosen hour, when we slay the beast and the beauty, the moment that secures for us our freedom from a perfect world. This is our youthful prerogative, embracing the holy and the profane, against the insidious and consistent trap, humility as goal and fake pledge for the human heart. We can't but entertain democracy and money-lust as twin scapes supporting secularism, avoidance-shade. From our tree our myths are shaped, sticky with truths and token rarities, aligned with heritage and health. Our bed-mortality is roughly hewn. Around our glass altars we stiffly disagree with every creed, viruses to our true body, our souls dreamt. Under slow heaven, our thick frame is built. We don't arrange our chairs within the tenets of any sacred oasis-hut or hovel; our eyes seek new stars as we stride toward sleep with our hands upon each other's genus, our desires flanged as safety against sense. Let's fall into the steaming wound,

eyes roving the span to see pinpricks of light, our desire to be rocked side to side by the blood within, to be lullabied by the sound relics of the inner ear, boom and chime and whisper, the lure of the littlest death and the stunning temptation to flee.

FENESTRAL

sturdy and forgiven. Would that I were purer wrought. We won't galaxy and we won't nova, our churches lined with fur, our think-tanks flooded with hubris, the pews reek of jism and our minds are rank with bleach, our unverifiable

splendors, our cure-placebos.

futures unknown. Maybe we'd laugh at funnier jokes, peer into gloomier pits, our birth powers flagrantly private, our mansions on craggy hills, eaves like evening brows, oriels in dead of winter and zenith perched, our eyes as typical as snowflakes, as

I would that we weren't so squinty, our mullions as wide as our panes, our pains a million times worse when we give in to cynicism, never

swift-by-death, our passion for chaos piqued by order, our dismantled structures and slackened power proof of feminine time, our ease with storytelling shown to be illusion, tree bark more generous than tapestries, skyscrapers no match for

I would that we might soon acknowledge our darker diamonds, our refractions as persed longings, bruised strobes and bendings. Let's imagine ourselves far beyond time, in our classic fens as uncountable as primes, two to eternity. Here lingers fear. Let's succumb. Reinvent imagination, not sleights of spirit trumpeters, wordy pilgrimages to hell worth seas of plot-champagne. I'll hope. Would that we adored language or evolutionary leaps, and that we could predict every fall into heaven, the rush from progress into sweaty intimacies. We can, but sublimation of will for kicks won't temper the widower's memory of the sewn lips. Would that life and perishing would peal for the sake of individual clarity, lung-championing of the widow's verve, the bride's courage, voices raised for reverence's sake—so let's enjoy our projections as living lights in a dying space, our beam recollections of the child's star, the child's coo, dizzy admiration unto adulation across landscapes of charm, of posies, kid-revelling in the pleasures of day, and pleas not to go sunless too soon, not while we yet breathe as if we understood fate and death. I would that we didn't have to be tucked into bed so early. I would that everyone believed in the deeper night.

TIM

RAMICK

our pleasure-principle intact. Let's elude all false premises. Let's abandon tried-and-true methods for could-have-had shocks and thrills. I won't acclimate when it comes to love, while the world warms to mush and luke, for who will honor the historical once

easily duped, still betrayed by our premature reason, too sharpened to acuity before our innocence could stand to embrace our memory of that earnest need to trust. I'll accept my heartfelt spill, spreading throughout the cruel judgment-space of factual amazement. And I'll wish-pray for ways to shine without pride, involving a greater spirit, across our field of crescent courtesy, our frolic through congeniality, across our non-inclement wastes, across that stretch of vision to the widest fields and into our way stations, our evils in our kindnesses, give and bore, those empty unversified vacant lots of rainswept thought, pig sty or lamb shadow, qualify our substantiated sacrifices, protocols, rituals, and forms, our flow back from minim to waterhole, sewer to tarn, our unknowable origins, rickety ladders put aside and our refusal double-crucified to trace bloody passion from ivory trough to moist tower, one thing to quite another, the spear-point crimsoned polemic. Would that I were brave, my faith rendered frontier specific and sent crib-and-groom chambered into our sexy wilderness,

> that we might hold failure as optional and success as failure, the generosity of the firmament supreme to that of any painting, as terrain and as storyteller, the superiority of abstract tangles as potent substitute for ideas of the real, what is felt of infinity,