

GEORGE EKLUND

Essay on Ars Poetica

Damn the art of my seeing,
how it makes the stomach suffer
in the cleave of the moon,
in the dark waters of dawn
that hold us all in every breath.
There was a cup of tea at my wrist;
where did it go?
God damn the art in the blue haze of the bare trees.
Acids repeated in my misshapen head,
in the small events of the cigarettes,
in the Caspian dream of yellow sand
and the broken fingers that bloodied the chain.
The yard lights burn in the dreams of cows
a mile off the highway.
Something twisted shapes the tree.
A fever of light throbs up the hill.
I have destroyed everything.
I have touched nothing.