

GAIL WRONSKY

Go On, Sure, Why Not

My beloved black bamboo seems wrong
today here next to the live oak on my
terrace. Though as I say that I know it's
what I've said each time I've arrived at
this precise moment, before I pause then
notice a tribe of red ants stuck like dried
blood bits in thin cracks in the oak bark. To
go on, at that point, always seems an inadequate
description of what it is we do when
Brahma wakes. Even *living* fails to describe
this inhabiting of eternity in which we
pause occasionally and insist upon staking claim
to an aesthetic point of view. *One wants
to be singled out.* At the same time, one

wants to be hidden in a thicket of sharp
black leaves to be nothing
but a pair of orange eyes without
the human burden of self-awareness. Pure fear
pure hunger pure procreant urge pure
thoughtless push. When Hamlet says *My*
thoughts be bloody or be none at all he's
thinking too of the grave where there is
no thinking blood no bloody thinking.