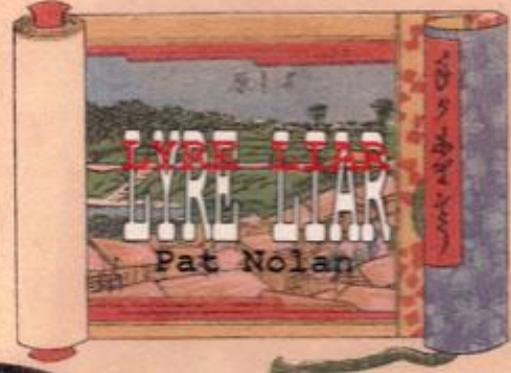




今様美人
十二景



英泉画

泉市

LYRE LIAR

Awakened by ache
 most of day expired
illness while more often than not
uncomfortable
 also a monumental waste of time
bathed in the cold light of calculation
a world of computational excess
I could die tomorrow
 and that would sum it all up

long for enlightenment of early sun
as it lays orange marks
 across frosty blades

this my own personal Daoism
a principle of purity
 in essence
 non-action
as the application of spontaneity

ebb and flow of mist at ridge top
raises and lowers a curtain on
the saga of ancient trees
ranks of giants stand shoulder
to shoulder in drifting vapor
testifying as a chorus of beauty
the archetypes of centuries
reenact their drama awesome
in their stature and stillness
the slow bleed of smoke from
a chimney feeble before the white
cast of billowing atmosphere
overpowering the wash of its grace
a squall's sudden intermission

thoughts and ruminations evaporate
before the vast emptiness of the page
pearls of wisdom go unstrung
 brilliant insights go unset

just the topmost
 tips of trees bathed in gold
still in shadows
 rank upon rank belong to cold

tangled up in the ropes of dysfunction
head held under the waters of regret
an accomplished sadness bereaving
 [the unknown]
puzzle of relationships further unsolved

so it is that I cling to life like lint
that blur at the periphery
 what's always passing me by
failure at the things I wish to accomplish
successful at things I could care less about

lost in movement the acrobatics
 [of language]
finally settle down
 sparks whose glimmer
 fade in memory

how long have I been
 walking around
with my fly
 at half mast

(the poet captivates his audiences
by turning them into accomplices)

as I know emotion deserted by reason
can be flushed out in laughter
yet I'm reminded daily
the brain fails to understand itself

over the phone
 "no brain is an island"
my brother informs me to which I reply
 "no brain is a salad"

we speak in code he and I
 a redundancy of childhood
when the world was light
 and we chased our shadows
instead of now
 the other way around
take comfort in music each note
information
 played in sequence
 instructing wonder

just as when writing if by chance
I use a word
 incorrectly
in time it will
 align itself
 with meaning

compelled to ask
am I really
 as irredeemable
 as I feel

or
if dogs are considered domesticated
why not men

I see it even in
 the kitchen drawer
telltale signs of entropy
how order gives way
 to chaos

I'm still working on
a unified theory of furniture

(cat underfoot
 squawks
chalk it up to just another
misstep in the delicate
dance of

interspecies
 relations)

in my fugitive life
 I fly from the inevitable
my radical beliefs make room
 [for moderation]

*"in search of equilibrium
 the biosphere evolves
around us
 its many grains of sand
we will be left behind
 soon enough
consumed by a soup
 toxic and single-minded"*

against deepening shadows of a forested
hillside translucent trees gather
 the last of the lingering light

aesthetics knows of a sentiment
 of culpability
of unease in the face
 of the finished product
the incomparable erudite polyglot
George Steiner has written
being is
 inescapably
compromise
 and naming isolates
 disrupts unity

even more than in philosophy
it is through poetry
human consciousness experiences free time

Law #1: at the edge of chaos
 act without trembling hands

time change
 mind change
 spare change

Law #2: be alert for the door ajar
 onto the adjacent possible

as space tends to be flat
 in the absence of matter

so speak the mute soliloquies
as the stream
 of consciousness
 of every human psyche

out of wisdom comes grief
 knowledge begets sorrow
 intelligence is lethal

“you can lay your baggage
 on my door step
but that suitcase don’t belong to me”

what am I supposed to think

a stretch of days covered in
a shroud of anticipation
becalmed in a sea of anxiety

I talk shamelessly about works
I have written as if they were
 fait accompli
while in a parallel universe
each word uttered
 each supposition
ensures their flaws
 diminishes them
as if they were done to death

hounded by this deep pessimism
I retrace my steps
 day by day
I have the honor of being me
why can’t I accept that

same with the physics lesson
I learn from my socks
when there are two of something identical
one is always missing

mist smoke shadows lifting light rising

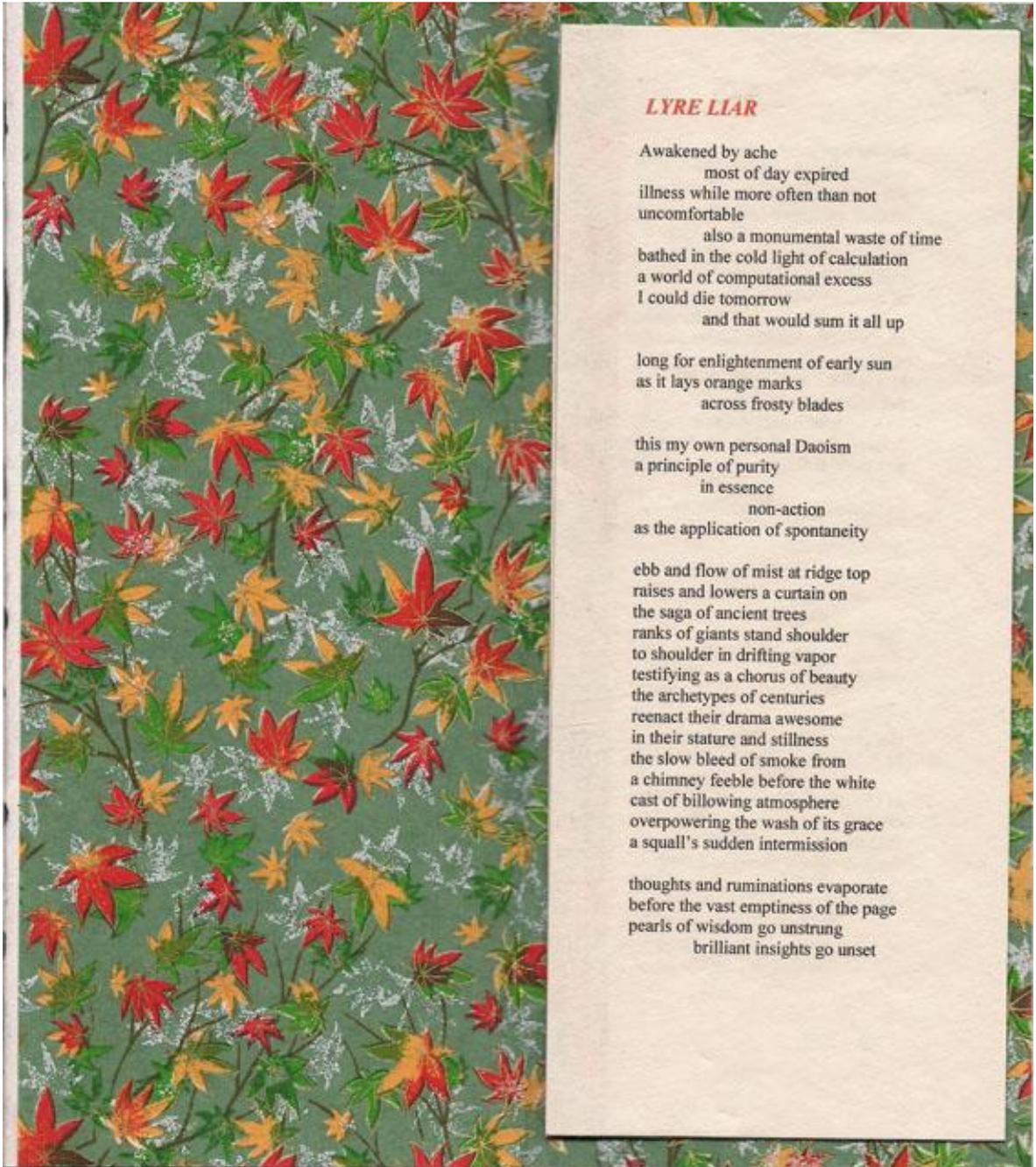
observation reflects
the average of all
 possible histories
at the edge of every moment
 the past redefined

in my futile attempt
 to diagram the limitless
I am bound only by mind
(what the Chinese call “the square inch”)
there is however
 a probability
I suffuse the universe

2005

Lyre Liar
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Printed in
limited edition
for the edification
amusement and
amazement of friends



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