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THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF SPINOZA

I grew up in a place troubled by leaving
ships, the parish of sunset, particularly stubborn
flames lingering on the ocean, the sudden
gold abdomen of the ocean or a bed
laid out with the bachelor's stillborn evening—
with nothing to do but be roamed by late light
he is murdered there by heaven. I had to
listen to the behavior of flames with my eyes
closed, had to drop a cup full of red wine
on the blue carpet, had to take that carpet
into my dream and wake to an anemone
laid over my eyes but my eyes were closed
it was only the shade someone had painted it
red _____

I grew up in the powerhalls of the sun,
fingertips parented in light, the light itself
extending tea-like realms as the ships
left, their holds filled with empty eros
modes of optician's glass or bottles
waiting for something not of themselves.
I lived in a demonstration of flames
not far from the sea, gold beacons beckoning
the surf for amber folds as inside the house
sconces rang, the walls tinged with unsteadiness,
all the yellow childhood gerunds hastening
towards red and dark, through dark and sleep.
I was dressed in blue and told to stand there
against the wind off the sea, stand there
and repair the abstraction of our foe
or simply imply the loved one's absence
across the sea, where all rest is missing
and evening hails an endless splintering from its candle.

To take on that kind of responsibility
was _____
and I lived as two people standing on a shore,
the left-behind tides returning there to be read
as a white cargo supplied to the hour's lateness
and stranded on it, as a family would fade
for the lone observer who draws a cloak close
across that hour of pacification,
no jilt sun going down
in which the sea didn't turn slightly
in the mildness of its wounds, the waves still verging
on being—overcome—from blue—to red—
and so shiningly without the usual guilt
_____ I
could not be wrong or right, but accurately there.