

Suspended Somewhere in Ether like an Absalom by His Hair

I am thinking about empty space, what nodes
weave themselves into cadent strings of nucleotides
in a crippling season of carnivores, unsung psalms, sunlit glades.
The silence and emptiness is carnivorous, it devours
every man-shape or intrusion of shades suggesting man-shapes.
I was tenant of this sanctioned place, briefly aloft
for a moment this past Sunday. In the milky, miles-long
nest of blueness we call the sky, a latent mass of clouds
advances on a crow like tasseled exponents of annihilation
from on high. Gradations of danger outlined against
the blackened ambushade. Vendors stuff their pockets
with dollar bills and tickets as if that would lead to redemption,
decrees of emptiness rendered catatonic and cartoonlike.
These pamphlets to time derived from already-dead
ancestors ventriloquized and sulking in the long cold
corridors of oblivion. Places of some mean darkness:
schizophrenic void in which the dollar makes its argument.