The discovery
of identity through poetry:
a butterfly alighting
on a book of poems breeze-blown
open to a song of butterflies
that by chance touches with quivering feeier
his printed name.
A window is drawn in and hooked against the first rumbling of a storm. A thunderclap—
A web in the window trembles. Out from the center squat high on stilt legs quickly comes the spider to pinch dead his prey. Concentric rings of words hang in the mind of the poet who waits to capture ennui in his web and suck its name.

I want to feel beauty grandeur as one who has climbed tiers of steps and risen above the traffic and cross-movements of crowds pauses on the circumference of a rotunda and feels the cool space in the dome rest on his shoulders blessing him with awe.

On the wave-slapped pier of his identity on a plank road to the continent behind between two stout pilings at the end action and passivity the poet kneels. His brain he lays on seawater out-sliding on what Freud called the oceanic feeling of general compassion. His brain itself bobbing like a sea bottle holding the scrolled-up message of desires he found he somehow had written in code his brain itself bobbing like a sea bottle for months will ride the waves of verbal being to be swept in and crash on an unknown shore (the limit of a continent of experience the wave-slapped moment of his reader’s perception) and lying in the broken glass in the center of prismatic implications the meaning will slightly slowly uncurl.