

The lost poems disappear these
Two ways only in the world,
My poems get lost to happy
Scribes proclaiming the truth
Of the invisible lines paralleling
The words on this page, the instant
Aristotlean criticism as the pen hits
Paper, the lines behind the creation
Untouchable; the invisible lines
Are false starts and bad choices -
These are the lost poems.
The lost poems are the professorial
Labeling of the convention behind
The creation being created, the figure following
The prophesy hunting down the
Hunter, philology killing metaphysics.

You draw the acception you say,
I am the opiated unsung
Shaman, I am the perpetual
Sophmoric dance student; I am
The sigularity, I am the futuristic
Statesman.

You are the singularity unto
Yourself only, you have been
Sold the golden chains - sadly
Not knowing it

I am telling you my muse