

Poem For Kaja

Before your madness crystallizes let us
discuss antipathy.

You are America whipping
its country words to Zero.

I am America

for the examined life worth living on a sin-
king ship.

Will the taut rope electrify -- turn
to magnetic steel in our determined hands?

I sit in England with the moon in my pocket:
no windows no doors: across the firmament
I see a red raw bleeding sectioned sun.

Orange of California spills blood as well
or New York's bitter Concord Grape.

Like live hair of the weeping women of Wales:
hiding the warts of Louisiana's trees

Spanish moss hangs. Rivers of Florida still
flood from drinking French and Spanish blood.

The pomegranate is halved on all the continents.

Running not travelling you whirl with spin-
ning mirrors and prismatic lights:

your pain
is multiplied -- childbirth of a steadfast wound.

But for the analyst

the sight of salt sifting
into the sore -- puckering its convolutions with
ticking of the clock

knocks him insensible.

-- Christopher Perret

Rome, Italy