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Lyrical self-reference

ODE to this Poem

I celebrate this poem,
the one I'm writing right now
and you are reading.

Almost written by itself
it reveals its emptiness
like the echo of you kissing JC
to make him ready to cross and roll,
in the Lascaux cave
where Cro-Magnon once painted its walls
with pure ecological products
magically trying to create hunting luck
by those herds of mammoths and hairy rhinos,
and the painter's hand and a picture of a priest
in reindeer horns long before
your kiss nailed JC to his cross.

As empty as this – my poem.

I sing them poem electric,
electrocuting the mind
when read by the defenseless reader,
waking up the inner butterflies,
sometimes nailed in the collector's treasure,
no echo from dead wings.

This I sing.

I celebrate this poem
whose subject is itself – yet not,
whose writer could be itself
but never its own reader.

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