

A PROSE POEM TO ROCK CREEK

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How become the subject of my own discourse?

Especially if, to be frank, I prefer the ferry between slim self and voluptuous other, first appearance on either side, disembarking from the ferry just long enough to reboard the boat and shove off towards the original shore.

A pleasure rider, not a commuter, you might say, though everyone is either commuting, commuted, or co-mute in everyone else's coming to and fro.

Yet it is by virtue of this weak flow, these plays of correspondence, that I become one of Your readers, part of that froth which whitens every sea.

Simply, I heard language and wanted to get to it, through peculiar rock and pause.

Therefore You must tell me one of Your secrets, how a lamb was born with the fur of a wolf, or why You continue to insist on offering the elevator as a trope for Thought.

The depths seek to take my place, violently.

Creek raised significantly by the rain, the right hand moves the pen.

Final causes are per force repressed, except for Your estuary, which I can't hide.

So aim-inhibited love makes the smallest sea and carries us out on voyages far from our original, inarticulate lust.

A chaos tempered by constant ideology, a large tree overshadowing the impersonal abyss: to weep for the viciousness of the culture is to feed that culture, capitulate to its viciousness, enter the sea.

(Nothing can mitigate the trees without orgasm.)

(I do not claim to speak for the labyrinth, only from it.)

At least I have avoided worshipping Success, that bloated idol.

But all those avoiding it, we've been told, will be left out of the scheme for Creation, and must instead split firewood: a steady, light, snow.

(I forgot to tell You: every word in the manuscript You handed me so solemnly was unintelligible.)

(Oh, I forgot to tell You, light is not irremediably 18th century, as this wood stove proves, but here is a text that simply can't be read, steely escalators descending into a fucked metaphysics.)

Creek raised significantly by what is now raining down (before it was coming down as snow), stillness the unattainable value.

Would that this earth had remained in bondage to its meadows, as a moth is balanced on the computer screen where dragon Meaning lurks and flames.

Perhaps I have stayed in one place a bit too long.

Forgetting: the loss of Lady all miracles lean away from.

In like manner, I become the non self-identical subject of my own discourse, but forget.