

Rogue Objects

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[the key]

The absence of its serrated blade
in darkness of the waiting lock turns
presence into pure idea as we behold
aspects of a world dawning in the mind
lit from the other side of its empty form
but it avoids our grasp, slipping between
images that never fit, as suddenly a piano
strides its train of strange and weary blues
into the room and you sense my lyric
break and fall from thin air to bebop
riff in oblique tunes too abstract to sound
the aum whirling tumblers in a sonnet
a bunch of keys jangling from the ring

[the galaxy]

In our galaxy of selves, each world
opens in the moment to vanish as we
notice it, but the rush slows to speed
of light, lazing its feline head in tree
shadows, preening dappled fur with
numberless tongues, each blurred into
strange familiars we would snare by
geometry to frame the stream of inner
sense beheld as surfaces of ourselves
splintered into slivers of grief, hope
or memory as appearances; I sit
illuminated in shadows as they multiply
their forms, like sadhus on a feast day
with their begging bowls of moonlight

[god]

The universe is made from body parts
of broken angels only the naked heart

can see, broken for our maker of chaos
who, grandchild with Lego box,
lets rip Armageddon of tumbling pointy
blocks, a greyhound, and squabbling
infants, the list longer than the history
of names; but outside my window,
a few leaves ruffle their feathers
a singular twig, reaching its green
taper high above the copse, upward
into twilight, ignites star-sequin sky
anecdote for the Sun, which through
our longest night, will reimagine light