

And You.....

So the person that you are on Maya's beach  
Pokes among the garbage of his thoughts  
When all is said no need to try  
For Brodsky has outrun the modern reach  
Although his poetry is deep and still unsung  
Except the cognoscenti whom he loathed  
And only loved a few who shared the laurels  
And his two masters-wife of later years  
And Christ in spite of every caveat  
Which metaphysics must reserve in practice.

I see that Lorca's axiom of instinct  
Brought to its analytical conclusion  
Is the source of all his genius,  
From that impulse all the rest can flow  
And silly death which plops the stone  
Whose ripple spreads throughout the cosmos;  
For we seem entangled one by one  
To everything there is to find  
And when we ever solve the universe  
She has endowed our minds much larger  
Which lives by its creative drive  
Defying logic by its own invention  
By calling such and such another name  
Thus truth and madness are brothers in a circle  
Tis we are infinite and so we win the game.