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ALBERT FRANK MORITZ

THOU POEM

Thou poem of lost attention and half try,
do you fear more the inner world or outer?
I do not love the self less than the others,
my name is legion and my mouth one cry.
Thou poem of the unwell, of the dry well and doom,
and the snake’s on your lip, in you the toad persists.
Did we come here just to read of what exists?
I champ at my winter bit to be in bloom.
But what’s the difference between you, poem, and the flower?
Don’t both break from the compost as long as it may be?
You are the one who knows what metaphor
and imposes it. Two dandelions are not similar to me.
Thou song of all-powerful individuality,
if only I could rest in you escaping me…
You would never again be troubled by the nudity
of the mother, or the Heart Fall’s killing roar
as you slid toward it, catafalqued on the fluid
descents of a new old world, shrouded in greenwood.
Thou ignorant epic of half-knowing ever more,
thanks in thought’s ruin for reminding me.