Epithalamium

- Do you think we’d return if given a second chance?
- A second chance for what?
- To improve ourselves.
- We might save ourselves.
- Accidentally.
- Then we should know our end.
- If we knew truth we would be senseless.
- Truth is not the point at all.
- Well, what are we discussing?
- Our return. Our return.
- Possibility does not entail actuality.
- Well then.

I imagine we’re in paradise;
we stand on our heads
just as we first came out.

- You need to get the crap out of your system.
- How dare you! We’re in this together.
- I’m just saying you need to change.
- What do you suggest?

- A crow, a lightning-bolt perhaps.
- How common! How possible!
- We want something necessary, something stagnant.

We stand on our heads side by side.
Perhaps I’m wrong about the setting.

- Tell me a story.
- Eurydice dies in Hades.
- She doesn’t.
- She does. She never returns.
- That’s real sad. Tell me another.
- I see two pairs of fossilized bird wings.
- A marriage! How exciting!
One White Hair on my Head

When I remove my hair-dye gloves post-retouch root treatment
I see the dye has still stained through onto my fingers
I count them ten and it matters because they’re not six or eleven and
although losing is never an embarrassment, there are only five
and another five, I cannot calculate the exact number of neural thoughts
it takes me to think this but they leave me one by one
as I scrub off the blue-black and this becomes
a parable for something we might later discuss
but what about this:

You may have suspected mister rat
ate too much and so died inside that kitchen cupboard
which no one ever opens unless
yes screwdriver for bolt or hammer for picture
but if you were to wake to some swinging stench in your heart on your ceiling
then surely you would become a poet and or a cynic.
We’re taught and deceived to deify the dead,
equate purity with the immortal being
but how do we still praise potentiality so?

Too many small thoughts not enough fingers to count them on
so I have given up poetry. No, it’s your inherent property.
We’ll argue about necessary and sufficient,
the inherent and accidental,
whether or not all this applies to existence.
We’re good at that sort of thing.
Philosophical knowledge carried us this far
but I have cellulite and three wrinkles to follow you
through long elitist years of silent bookworm research

on bourgeois-book-smelly good texts,
not enough. You may agree with this in part;
The gods you are defending others defended before
and you don’t want to marry me.