2-15-2013

Upshot of a Lecture

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WAY-OUT
We come as close as we can come
to once again relive the past
but talk of times enjoyed or shared
and the reflection of dim memories
in mirrors of another's soul
do not bring back the moment
which forever is part of us
and forever lost
transformed by time and other times
into a blueprint for tomorrow
for we will come again
and seek to disinter the past
half-decomposed
metamorphosed our souls
seek to escape the walls
of time and space.
Cor W. Barendrecht

WHY DO THEY TALK ABOUT HEARTBREAK?
IT'S THE THROAT THAT'S KILLING ME.
You are a brilliant person, darling,
Though sometimes somewhat less than bright.
Like going away, for instance:
What unspeakable stupidity it was,
What damnable logic withal:
To abandon hope like a jalopy
Encrusted with salt, rotted by winter.
And now there is memory,
Memory hounding me in paralysis;
Suspending me, skewering me aloft
Like a butterfly, or a moth,
Or a specimen of the romantic.
In the kitchen at night with newspapers
The narrow columns of global hurt
Contend with downtown's weekend sales:
Tornadoes at up to 50% off;
Thirty thousand hamburgers lost
In the Bay of Bengal.
Then, ah yes, the disaster comes on again:
The throat aches hollow to a nightmare;
Pain oozes out in measured drops,
Falls with a tap on the ads
And finds itself smeared across the cabbage.
Gordon Taylor

UPSHOT OF A LECTURE
It is far easier
to die
on stage
than it is
to finish
the act.
Cor W. Barendrecht