

Poems for
DIASPORA

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1. Time was Usury

Yes, kids, we remember
even if we don't retain some of the more
impertinent
details –
never much for chronologies, punctuality, etc....*you* know how it is.
Time was usury
and we couldn't hack the interest.

We carved
our own calendar, our own
continuum, we
armed ourselves
with sundials and lightningrods
pressed a dog-eared
foot-swollen-soldier's almanac
from the pulp
of our dream diaries, our
furtive
adolescent lustletters
our pantry lists and second-or-third-to-last
wills in testament...

Yes it was earliest Spring
with its sudden bold effusions
or rather late-in-looming Autumn.
as the clouds closed ranks
and thickened to a winterworthy buffering
either way
the blue was blue
and the snap did snap.
We were almost ready for it.

2. Nameless and Long Dead Suns

As our natural
enemies had their rituals, their sigla,
and their profane liturgy,

well,
naturally,
so did we.
So did we.

Huddled in the union halls and public-houses
dense with the lure of smoke and fermentation,
the blended chatterings of the surly and the self-martyred
the angelic dispossessed
and the merely lost

We met in disused cathedrals and concert halls
their pews and aisles bustling
with insatiate hungers
with sprawling, shameless
abundance

in the bulb-lit viscera of flooded factory dungeons
in the din of massed cicadas
on fields strewn with makeshift tents and awnings
which squinted
in the moonlight
at their axes

in caverns pulsing with the reek of tallow, sweat and myrrh
between the rays of nameless and long-dead suns
and in the slow, unbuckling implosions
we visited
upon the shallows
of each other's
quickenings exhalations
and within
the recesses
of our loose,
well-kneaded flesh

we met,
and missed one another,
again,
and again.

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