

From *Of Beings Alone*



Lissa Wolsak

If a world so loved

an audient soul ..

thus

refracted

the sky-like listener

in a sun-dress

with a

primordial

treatise on light

close to
the manifestoeist
the woman
and eventual
parthenogenesis
extends so vastly
one's unlived life
pre-echo to aftermath
the tip of the tongue
blade of the tongue
back of the tongue
root of the tongue
and through the whole
they would thread
themselves

seize on
a humiliated people
betrayed by its leaders
vis à vis some boundless
timeless ground
by nature, those of the
lunatic .. consummate in
lightless
domestic tableaux,
their creaturely
furthering
toward us,
magnetism awash
in some tightly curved dimension,
indefinitely touching
decapitating, spurting and ravenous
bristling amongst electricities
leaving only a tone

the questioner lies
upon my heart
in concreto
in farthest undark
wasn't the discus thrower
wounded and embraced?
to wit, phases of the throw
semi-helpless
alocation
in all heart
to his struggle with
epiphanies

but truly
Being wildly
misunderstood
the expanse
until now
subsumed within the
heart
a slight change,
a divine sigh
that is hanging
evidence

presume

death's labor

forcing the feebler love to hatred

awareness escapes all language

as their linguistic cocoons falter

the range X had for experiencing

they vowed to someday

access this spectrum