

Peripeteia Palinode

A premonition in the shadow of her hollowed thoughts:
My love's presentiment is brittle-
Is foreboding
Shall I fear Dante?
Do we understand each other?
Am I to remain genteel and in a daze
Without age to muster out all of the embedded tarnish?

I too might render this presage:
Can we really tell the future through each other's
confidence, our glance and a sense of knowing one another
before we help ourselves to body and stiff sentiments?

Has not the tri-breasted empty boned oracle pronounced
the self a figment of my literary cackle?

Did Ginsberg not teach me anything?
Maybe I am not as well read, just yet.
Just yet, just yet

So how may I serve thee O' love?
My lame lament