

five (one two three four five)

5

FLOATERS

FLOATERS

FLOATERS

FLOATERS

FLOATERS

By

A

S

K

O

L

DSKALSKY

WHY I LIKE IT: Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Askold Skalsky's *FIVE FLOATERS*, "...the hurry to get on with it collecting / the days into the bodies we are given." The idea of days weighting our bodies as we anxiously caution ourselves not to let time drag us down. "...this moment's increment / squandered in an openness under / attention's speculum...the same odors / settle into the morning hours...dooming one / generation to the miseries of /the preceding next." Whirl-winding mindscapes--mental handstands in verbal landslides. "...trapped beings sipping cokes / and fingering their cigarettes." Somewhat reminiscent of Stewart Gilligan Griffin's shy squiggly lines in the fluid of his eyes, the closer you focus the further they stray. "...perfection's muck confirming a remarkable affair / there's no one maybe nothing there... (yea verily).

Five stars

FIVE FLOATERS

Translucent specks that float across the visual field, caused by a region of inhomogeneity in the gel-like fluid of the eye.

**the hurry to get on with it collecting
the days into the bodies we are given
carelessly unnoticing the complex plainness
we are in
the unfamiliar hands and skin
this is the time when nothing
has a name even
this moment's increment
squandered in an openness under
attention's speculum
a fragile glass
struggling with a refractory undeeptening I
plunge into the all of everything**

alas

**centered here and gaping on
the screen's solitude you don't know
the hellish half of it
it overwhelms you just the same odors
settle into the morning hours
on the green workshop of the leaf
emerging from the quiet cauldron
dark exhausted tongues and jabs of hungry
stares a stimulating dazedness the shudder
on the bright wheels of delusion's rung
trapped beings sipping cokes
and fingering their cigarettes
putting 2 and 2 together
but will they get 5 (nobody knows)**

**throw-away truths
in styrofoam the tower there
for jumping off into fissures of
the ocean floor a wake
of burned out cores of dying
stars the particles of democritus singing
in the farmhouse dirt dooming one
generation to the miseries of
the preceding next like a reverie mired
and buried in monosyllables the eye
treading obsessive rounds of daily
incoherent form less grip
more slip**

drip drip

**this medley smells of strong cologne
and swill the shrunken skin
of zealots burning paper at the stake
the inexplicably deteriorating
glyphs shut in
the kennel of their flame
from wall to wall tongues pink
drooling like diogenes asking people if
they're happy or choose tiff
some weep and some meat grinders turn
yesterday's mélange
into ground chuck paragons of primitive
perfection's muck confirming a remarkable affair
there's no one maybe nothing there**

**pinching
fatality's plot its most vulnerable
coil 4 horsemen fiercely on the way into tiny
greens of happiness
stretched out
in dark caves like bellies
of vampire bats hanging upside-
down in the night weary
of moral additives taking
twenty years to die only the deep
survive the depths rich merely in futurity
there must be a world
for dogmas to be false about
(yea verily)
THE POET SPEAKS:**

My Spiritual Teacher, Adi Da Samraj, once said that chaos is also very orderly. Who knew? So in poetry perhaps. The conventional metered and rhymed poem doesn't have much in common

with the more “chaotic” modern free verse, though “free” also has its limits. The mind always seems to seek some coherence, this necessity to make sense, as an eyeball of its image. Still, something there is that does not love the orderly, even in its free-verse form. Chaos has its attractiveness. A secret drive to be liberated from the burden of meaning and familiarity, maybe. Although I’m far from that, with ancient bits of rhyme and meter hanging on.

AUTHOR BIO: Askold Skalsky has had poems in over 300 online and print periodicals in the United States, Canada, Europe, India, and elsewhere.

A first collection, *The Ponies of Chuang Tzu*, was published in 2011. Originally from Ukraine, he resides in Frederick, Maryland with his 3 cats and 3,000 books.