

Mercury in Retrograde

Running water/wasp at screen/ its legs
Prick the metal not burning/ nothing burns
Like silence/ except for the sound
Of betrayal./ It is a cry
 all its own

and stands the creature in its own light, declaring
that Consciousness is the knowledge of shame.

Aquinas' unmoved mover stands
braced by the chaos of movement. Only weather is as cruel.
Amidst this we formed language,
etching out symbols. Phonemes granted faces
unions that beget new sounds through which to paint by.

Man began to lie upon switching from picture to sound
Pictures intrinsically linked to actuality- irresponsible sound
habituated to be/ random/ and therefore unreliable/
capable of betrayal/. One cannot trust a sound

that has no face/
to bind it.