

Nothing Outside

Il n'y a rien hors du texte.
– Jacques Derrida

There is nothing outside,
Absolutely nothing

Noticeable outside;
Nothing standing, there,

Looking back from the outside;
No one coming, none disappearing;

No sun hidden within
A shadow;

No one bending, not
One sitting,

None moving as if to
Lie;

No rancid corpse
Stretched

Out
To be eaten;

No whiff of wolves prowling, no cursing serpent
Lying,

None there to quickly strike
A heel,

Or steal;
None camouflaged out there,

No one to lay
A hand,

Kill,
Nor one who can redeem;

Nothing whatsoever
There:

Descartes' Lover

Cogito ergo sum.
– Rene Descartes

The lover caresses her own rising
womb, and displays the twitching nerve's
rhythmic pulse to her determining will;
and dreams lap in the dark.
She too is caught
in a hushed presence.

She puts one foot forward, releases
the other of the burden
in an unerring balancing act
of a sailor treading on sea. Exhausted
she becomes salt, forever
beckoning her beloved.

The one who looks is never transformed
into stone; the hero's mirror will be smashed
into smithereens by her love. She is a goddess
sweating a river. She is you
and me, turning transparent
into water. The wave that dashes, sprinkles
a thousand drops, scatters,
dazzles; captures the rainbow shuddering
in each tiny tear that she gathers
into a single tsunami. She is black
Saraswati, pretty with a book and a guitar

rolling toward him
with the gentle
swish of thoughts draped
over one shoulder, revealing
the cleavage of her soul;

she is the one who rushes seismic
to him with nerves, with
eyes and hands.

The one who had been watching
Me dream-up their performance.
Sshh! his mother said,

You know there is no crow.

Wow! I said, Wow! Wow! Wow!