

Serindipit/US

And *who* are you? Who *are* you? Who are *you*? The meaning beneath the definition altered by emphasis, like looking in the mirror and seeing only hair and nose and teeth but avoiding the eyes. Indeed, those reflected, refracted light images de ojos tossed back into your own receptive, wanting eyes by a coated piece of glass; is there nothing truer? If glass is just melted sand, can your body be nothing but a misshapen collection of cells, of nerves, muscles, flesh and bone, tossed like a garden salad by the Great Waiter? Funny thing is, the harder you look, the faster it runs. Runs away, wanting so bad to be found but only on IT'S terms. Terms. What do you require? Thirty days—same as cash. Low, low rates OAC. Hurry. Operators are standing by. What are they standing by? A shadow of themselves thrown by the sickly, yellow fluorescence of artificial light. Where are the valid ones? Locked away in some Italian prison for telling the truth. Locked away in the prisons of their own minds, mining for even more truth to cause more pain to purge more validity so that one day when they pull away that one final non-descript stone, grayish black, like their eyes, like their soul, the answer will be clear and the weight will lift and they will arrive again at the place they started from and never left but journeyed far and wide and deep and powerful...and they will pick up the rock, glowing bright and gold in the single ray of sun, and they will hold it in the palm of their hand as it slowly, decomposes into dust, ashes to ashes to earth to...

When I was a child I spoke as a child. I wish I could remember what I said to you, if I met you. Did I meet you? Did we play together? Did we stand above our dirt mounds while my trucks pushed dirt up onto your pile and your dump truck hauled the dirt away to a place that had no need of significance, like the peace signs we doodled on our Pee-Chee folders or the bathroom tissue grabbed from the supermarket shelf? Did we turn to our mother's who were sipping boiled coffee and smoking Kools in their gingham-print frocks at that precise moment in time and place, tell them that it is only in being creative that the individual discovers the self? Did we tell them we were going to be writers, with a W, not just an R? Did the Sunday preacher tell us who we were back then? The only line I remember from a thousand church services was stolen from Ehrmann's *Desiderata*, found in a church hymnal that I borrowed 30 years ago and plan to return when the poem becomes clear to me.

"You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here." I think I do. Don't I? Hope so, though I have yet to recapitulate and ventilate the preconscious memories lest the change upset the homeostatic balance of things. Ah, balance grasshopper...wax-on/wax-off. And so we refine and re-define.

It's just some endless film loop, really. Just looking for anonymity when we need it, fame when we're horny. Old enough not to get carded,

young enough to cum twice before you fall asleep, watching our life change, one damn wrinkle at a time, trying to get to a place where our nerve endings dance and dangle and then just blow up in the end. Trying to divide ourselves, like cells every seven years, reborn, rebuilt, the fountain of silicone. Better to be *something* than *nobody*.

And now, to be known has become its own virtue. Famous for being famous. Taking it easy, but taking it. I am a romantic but not overly romantic, contextual, conceptual. I hope that I'm never perceived as a handcrafted chair, fine Corinthian leather for all to oogle over, admire but dare not touch. Sew me as a saggy couch, full of holes, stuffing oozing out between the millions of butts that have enjoyed my padding. A big game hunter I would be, your fat, comfortable, gregariously loving ass my prize. Or a painting maybe, cheating death by creating immortality on a canvas slopped with petrol-chemical products in 64 colors, each a metaphor-labeled fluid medium, the illusion of permanence dripping through our ego fields until dried. Until we need to peel it off, chip away the layers and let the little truck driver come up for air. But at least honest about every stroke and every grain of sand that falls from the top and is replaced by snowflakes.

The defining moment, to define the magic that draws us into the whole, the music that flows in genetic beings; our definition of Self is bound by how we perceive its/our value. An audience of one need only be satisfied. Yet the human animal is the most social of all living creatures—murders, rape and war not withstanding. Love: the desire to flow together like water until you can't tell me from you from me. And in the next moment we are like rabid mongrel dogs willing to eat each other's liver for the corner office and the last raspberry scone. And so it goes. Give it a moment and the idea may meld.

The two stand before you now, raw as a December oak. Solid, weary, strong and endangered. Sometimes you are so perfect I have to make mistakes for you. But my dreams are now raw-made, rough-hewn, and the madness I feel claws its way up from some rooted bowel to strangle the old, give birth to something else as I drown in my future. Happily. If only for the sake of the validity as it dances in wide circles on the tip of an ancient arrowhead. Still, I cannot travel by the way I came or dance to the same dance. We must first loose everything to find that something, that somebody. And realize that while life may be a circle that can never be squared, the corners, out of the stream and the flow of some Great Spirit's breath, do not provide the safe harbor. The unclouded recognition of oneself must be in the design of something beyond and something herein.

And the "I" must become the US.