



Richard Trant

Two Poems

Picasso at the Well

Out of the unsounded depths we have emerged,
alive and glowing. Can you deny it?
Our exploration of the scaffold of breath teaches us this;
autumn leaves whisper the trick of the turning screw.

As if our hands had any choice,
spiraling ascent or voluting declension,
we climb the imaginary staircase,
returning again and again to our inescapable themes,
goddess and her man-beast, trembling
as they approach their pathological union.

Using any means whatever,
the images must be broken, transformed,
as the Andalusian knew, the plasticity
of objects within consciousness.

Now let it happen:
let us be lifted like serpents in the desert,
through an imaginary sky into an imaginary heart,
beyond the exhilarating glitter.

Axe Man

We were left walking and blinking.
How could we really do anything else,
shirtless boy and his pug down below,
yellow police tape fluttering fitfully.

You said you knew no good was every going to come of it.
You couldn't believe it was happening.
Vessels of impediment giving expression to the flow of fluid and molecule,

the man you couldn't help becoming popped up
dutifully in the precarious photographs.
Are there things we're not being told?

I knew enough to be afraid in light of subsequent revelations.

That blonde, that wicked, wonderful little blonde,
like Ishtar lifting her breasts to her doomed lover's face.

What can we say?
Beauty brings a smile.
Ostraca in apparent relationship are elusive
because they cannot describe the hidden one,
cannot be voiced.

She, lion-headed,
drunk to stupor to become sexual love,
out of her vacuum cleaner box
attended him, gave him a shot
of the Irish whiskey of life, satisfied him
permanently.

She won't appear in dreams because they cremated her body,
burned her up with their own desires.
What former neighbors do to each other.

Richard Trant lives in New Jersey.

Photograph from Cultural Elements