



Image from Mawer

Richard Trant

Cave Canem

Something as settled as sentience must have a seat.
Please take yours, you'll be called when they're ready for you.

Golden child of sense perception,
what do you search for among the tombstones?

Exculpatory guilt, self-congratulatory
notes fleeing eternity, a stroke of the pen on Tuesday?

Oligarchs and kings, what would be the need?
What could wanton self-expression gain,
but to keep the wolfen from the door,
temporarily?

All this beauty coming in has to do something.
Repeated realizations of circuit,
closed ring igniting visible energy and matter,
whispering *come away, come away*.

Close off the wave, I say,
bend it round till you make it eat its own tail,

see it light up quick, *la corona*,
elliptical only in consequence,
rounded only in desire.

Richard Trant has published widely. He lives in New Jersey.