

Duane Locke

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, No. 20

The far off is
Closer
That the near,
Than the wedding ring
I touch on her finger.

Gold can be cold,
And what is uninhabited can be
Crowded by aliens.

But there is a salvation for alienation,
For deep inside my corporeality,
Deep within what I hear spoken by others,
Spoken by the slave mentalities
Of majority opinion,

Are words never spoken by the human being,
But only spoken
By wood, tree wood,

The wooden words spoken by the wood of cypress knees,
These words spoken by wood are my salvation.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, PART III, No. 25

It seemed shaped like a moon
This what arose from the gulf,
But it had no visible edges, no circumference,
No half or quarter appearance.

If a moon, it was a full moon
Of a vague, faint, quasi-invisible silver,
But no circumference, it was
Palely distinct at times; other times, gone.

Ever when disappeared, it was felt
To be present, close, very close,
But at the same time distant and remote.
My eyes could not perceive an appearance,

But something in my corporeality, my
Other eye saw it and my other hands
Touched it, and felt its entrancement.
It taught me all I had learned was false.

Cassier says we construct our world
Though symbols. But being no thing,
This presence, it could not be another
Thing, a symbol. It was definably non-propositional.

It was not objective, it was not subjective,
But more like a Kantian objective-subjective.
It had no parts to be organized into unity.
Perhaps akin to Bergson's non-Platonic elan vital.

I tried afterwards to describe in my
Journal, but could find a vocabulary derived
From established learning to even start a description.
It was like Augustine and time, I strongly felt it,

But had no verbal equipment to articulate.
I thought of Ludwig Wittgenstein, there are
Many things we try to talk about,
We desired to talk about,

But we cannot talk about them,
And these things we cannot talk

Are the only things worth talking about.
The only things that really matter.

It seems all we can talk about is what
Is petty, trivial, or non-existent. So
We spent the verbal part of our short lives
Talking nothing but nonsense.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, PART III, No. 26

The streets during sleep
Changed their telos, their direction six times

Each street lead to an ex-city—
Rubble and debris from being bombed.

During sleep, I had returned to the phantasmagoria
And the unreal people of the Twentieth century.

When awake, my solitude erased all streets, even
The car polluted concrete one near my apartment.

So unreality of the streets and the unreality of people
Disappeared, were cleansed from my consciousness.

I looked out my window at weeds,

Not the weeds I was told by others to see,
Not the weeds
I was told by tradition and authorities to see,
Not the weeds I was commanded by power structure to see,

I saw not what people and their societies live by---lies,
But I saw real weeds,
Real weeds,

I was enchanted, entranced, reborn and salvaged from
The lies people live by.

TERRESRIAL ILLUMINATION, PART III, No. 27

Knock. Knock.

There is the sound, but it comes not from
Outside a closed door, but inside an opened door--
A knock on a door not even closed.
The knocking is inside my body,
Inside the same space my inner self deserted because
Its hands could not find its face,
Touched air instead of a cheek.
The knocker is the unspoken.
The unspoken cozy within but claims it is homeless.
Homeless because the outside world
Is cowardly and afraid to enter the nature of its thinking.
Outside is content even if depressed and restless
With their short lives dedicated and devoted
To inventing researched proofs that the false is true.
Artists squander time by gazing at untouched marble
They address and kiss and call "Galatea."
The unspoken keeps knocking, but the sounds
Are oboe sounds, gentle and friendly.
Sometimes the knocking sounds shift
And slips from oboe sounds in bassoon sounds.
Hearing the knocks is an ecstasy,
For one is outside the old self
And is inside a miracle waiting to happen,
And when happened, puts a new star in sky
To inform wise men of its existence.
The unspoken knows that I will spread
Its radiance to halo alien words,
And although remaining unspoken its aura
Will hide the old meanings of old words,
Give new meanings that never
Can be determined, fixed, closed.
And will give Cyclops two eyes.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, PART III, NO. 28

Leaves,

Do not just drop.

Leaves spin, often somersault in their descent.

The leaves' antics, their curlicues, are a type of speech,

Not the closet speech of human beings,
Enthusiastic words heard only by the speaker,
As they are revised to mean something else by the listener,
And then disappearing into oblivion as if never spoken,

But an eternal oration,

That remains an invisible solid in the wind
And waits patiently for centuries
Before being heard.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, PART III, No. 29

(for Silvia, and her gift wrappers—the gift,
Chocolate filled with brandy)

A glory
Is
The vastness
Of the tiny.

A speck of
Dazzling bright gold on a black rug,

A scrap torn from a wrapper of dark chocolate and dropped.

This existent, so small almost non-existent, sends out resonances,
Engulfing.

Looking at it,
Feeling the touch of its gold rays as its gold rays kiss my lips,
I laugh,
I laugh loud

At my recognition of what I am not.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, PART III, No. 31

At night, the brain at its spinning wheel
No longer weaves scattered parts into unity,
But the needle is replaced by a blade
That tears apart what already was torn
Apart when sun spotlighted in daylight.
But this antique instrument, the brain
At spinning wheel needs the hired light
From a light bulb to stitch together what
Was apart into the woven. We accept
The repaired as what was outside us,
And then either the development or the
Destruction of our life begins.
A relationships with the repaired
Can repair us, but we can destroy
The brain's hands on the spinning wheel
By turning the repaired into an object
Separated from a subject, our isolated
Selves, and becoming a victim
Of our own perception by using
Instrumentality without love what we repaired.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, PART III, No. 32

Once an object, the cypress knee
With its tiptop of rust-red bare wood,
Green lichen leaves with dark undersides
Scattered down its pearly grey bark,
The bark with a pink dream life,
Ceases to be object when I put my fingertip
On fragment of grey, curled stray moss
That fell to join the life of a cypress.
This cypress knee became a part of me.
I can feel its nameless existence inside naming me.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, PART III, NO. 33

I look long at the wind.

The wind appears to be still.

Then I notice a stirring, a scarp of garbage,
Crumbled-up white wax paper,
Moves over the still green of still heart-shaped weed leaves.

I feel the garage mobility that depends on wind,
I watch the planes of the garage
That is shaped like a warped sphere
Like the earth has been shaped by man.

On the planes of garbage, I see a few tiny specks of dazzling light,
Like the glow of a much-cut diamond in sunlight,

The glow is shaped like a many branched, much leafed crystal tree.

TERRESTRIAL ILLUMINATION, PART III, NO. 34

Love is born from a soliloquy,
A type of hermeneutics of suspicion,

Usually a soliloquy of slippery silence
Trying to slide.

Its circumstance is clumsy, incoherent, having no correspondence,
But spatial

After a dialogue is rendered non-temporal
By closing the shutters over the opaque windows of
Two empty rooms in a self-constituted warehouse.

The love not born in the dialogue, documented contents
Having no foundations outside the documentations.

Born after the opening of the soliloquy, the first
Silent word of a silent sentence. The speaker alone
Hugs himself, and swears on an atheist book that he
Has found
The truth.

The soliloquist goes to the ticket office and demands
As the only member of the audience
That he did not like the performance,
For truth is terrible.