

Not A Wake

A Dream

*Embodying π 's digits fully
for 10000 decimals*

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Vinculum Press • 3/14/10

The first three-quarters of section one (up to the row of asterisks) first appeared under the title "Octopi" in the magazine *Word Ways*, Volume 42, No. 1, Feb. 2009. Permission to reprint is gratefully acknowledged.

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Now I fall, a tired suburban in liquid under the trees
Drifting alongside forests simmering red in the twilight over Europe.
So scream with the old mischief, ask me another conundrum
About bitterness of possible fortunes near a landscape Italian.
A little happiness may sometimes intervene but usually fades.
A missionary cries, striving to understand worthless, tedious life.
Monotony's lost amid ocean movements
As the bewildered sailors hesitate. I become salt,
Submerging people in dazzling oceans of enshrouded unbelief.
Christmas ornaments conspire.
Beauty is, somewhat inevitably now, both
Feelings of faith and eyes of rationalism.

Blinded delusional horses stumble;
Facetious nonsense is a dark, secluded tabernacle.
Comfort's buried: bleed a bit as antidote. Is one recovering?
Verily, octopi sing:
Burning choristers accompany the mournful song.
Don't ponder constantly – existence waits,
Among sunseting tones, bringing it to you.
A wedding of birds and boars compounds with disloyalty,
Devising contemporary treasons.
This morning's displeasure: a badger's life ended,
Frightened to roadkill when a procession of hearses approached.
I whispered the profound truth of symmetrical restraints:
Untie every chain, sacrifice belief, free each beggar,
Go to everybody with peaceful, beautiful hands.

From stairways the multitudes fly downward,
A pointless heaven-like hell to conceive together.
A tourniquet-enwrapped servant walks beside Dover's beach,
Creatures cut the skin deep within a so-infinite void.

THE SOLDIERS

Mud. Promises of letters. Footfalls before sunrise. Countless corpses within fallen barracks. A word blown into a conspiracy, threatened expulsion, bombs for mindless promises, and escaped hostages during the winter initiative. Opponents hatch strategies during Saturday congresses, resistance urging them on. As quick intelligence would be altogether wrong, penetration through the religious or political discords have affected everybody. Battle undermines kindness.

This outspreading reproach from assigned agencies, whilst we amused ourselves, made quite little difference. Here is such a nightmare beyond sleep, an illusion quite fathomless. As we go I reconsider myself. Should passiveness engender strife, and continents divide, leading from that to Empress opposing Prince in an engagement for supremacy? I speculate that something here makes executions seem ethical – peradventure the goddess I had spotted towering within sanctuary groves.

Throughout warfaring zones marine and gunner take his station. I recollect a passage in Pushkin's *Gypsies*. Capt. Antony Stewart sternly passes from before their current ruler, equally his indignity arisen as that I had formerly. Languidly, resembling balloons rising under carnival sky, an atomic bomb flies, alighting ravishing fires. Ashpiles I had not predicted degenerate into airless infinity.

Everything is carrion flesh. Conclusus. Benedicite. Benedicite.

i am already become
a chained prisoner

bells indicate
the starting of afternoon
as Shakespear says

*i oftentime compare thee summerly,
thou rosy as the tender applebloom*

(devising protracted pentameter stanzas)

i apologize for s t r e t c h i n g this story without limits

i
undulate
tediously
bar to bar
with departure as my objective

on finding ourselves
rather tired
Shakespear + i oversleep

arteries sharply break

i remember writing
so i am ashamed at having written

Woody Nightshade (*Solanum Dulcamara*) blossoms

i am until death your dutiful manservant
:: murmuring these ordinary syllables, Shakespear dies

night shift
begins