

## **Blok Illuminated: An Italian Memory**

*The bar, the tower, the shuttered house*

*Each enveloped in brilliance*

*Along the twisting road.*

*You will never return*

*Yet all will remain unchanged*

*Clear and sharp, in the sunlight.*

## **I and Thou**

*To admire, yet not to envy,*

*To challenge, but never to despise,*

*To love, perhaps also to pity,*

*To transcend the singularity of the self,*

*To see in you the luminosity I see in me –*

*That self-same consciousness I possess –*

*The image of the self refracted through itself.*

*Yet not to require reciprocation,*

*Bowing to the asymmetry of the I and the Thou.*

*That is what is required of me –*

*And so, paradoxically, also of you.*

## The Doomed Environment

*Through the doomed environment I stride*

*Musing on the violence*

*Done by my species*

*To the natural order.*

*From this current reign of idiots*

*There is no escape*

*Despite the tawdry dreams of billionaires*

*Feverishly plotting the overthrow of gravity*

*Or worse.*

*Nuclear war, climate catastrophe*

*Twin dooms*

*One fast, one slower*

*Scorched earth, baked earth*

*For both of which we have to hold*

*Ourselves responsible.*

*Nothing else to blame*

*Just us.*

*Butterflies and polar bears*

*Cardinals and catfish*

*If they could just protest!*

*All unknowing*

*Free of the very concept of doom*

*Is it not monstrous that these innocent creatures*

*Should themselves be doomed*

*Through the initially unthinking  
But now deliberate actions  
Of a legion of arrogant strutting bipeds  
The product of a massive evolutionary error.*

*Yet, self-doomed  
And knowing it  
I stride on  
Along with the rest  
Into the furious future.*

### **With Apologies to C. P. Cavafy**

*I see the days past  
As a row of lighted candles –  
Golden, warm, lively and enduring .  
Candles of memory that can always be relit.  
The days before us remain uncertain  
A potential, but finite line of unlit candles,  
The nearest yet cold, unmelted and straight.  
I don't want to think about them; their form doesn't interest me,  
Nor do I look forward to their future glow.  
I look back to my lit candles.  
Turning back, I rejoice  
At how fast the line of light grows –  
How fast the glowing candles of memory multiply.*

## **Eddies of intent**

*Within the purposeless current of time  
Eddies of intent occasionally swirl  
Only to vanish with a smooth rapidity  
Their fugitive meaning effaced in the unceasing temporal flow.*

## **Time Stilled**

*A subjective experience offers a potential stasis  
Within the flux of time,  
Made real through a poem, a painting, a melody, a gesture.*

## **Epitaph**

*My past grows vast  
My future's much diminished  
Everything considered  
It looks as if I'm finished.*