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 only they could 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.