

FOLLYSOPHY

Dominique Hecq

Poetic form is the innocence of the grandiose.

ALAIN BADIOU

Today I feel altogether unbuttoned.
I rejoice in these vast barrens of white
And, you will understand, transform them
In the expansive tracts of my genius.

*If you were to try to flatter me
With bardic vocables and sepia verse,
I should object.*

I think I shall sing,
In a variety of forms, of light,
Of sincerity, and of love, of course.

*Oh, please. I don't give a shit for love.
Fashion for me a desolate confection.
I feel the need of a substantial torte,
Lightly powdered with desperation.*

Crooked gums under snow? The light falling
All afternoon? My large and tragic face
In the glass?

*I am no longer young.
My soul unravels to infinity as I contemplate
The woman I loved in the naked presence
Of a handsome fellow, come upon
In silence and with joy.*

As in the dark
We are afraid. As we wake. Opening,

Again and again, our soft and empty hands.

*I cannot move. For the moment I am draped
In glacial distress. I can see the grand,
Groundless abyss under the dispassionate eye
Of vacant heaven. I can smell the nape
Of the neck of despair. It is coming to fasten me
In a tender embrace.*

How the banded lapwing
Whistles, fatherless, from the plain?

*You know,
Love seemed the grandest plan of them all.
Perhaps the heart is simply too small.*

It may be. Tough I can't tell for real.
I find it hard to imagine the stark
Language of a large and foundering body.
What I see is an array of banks and streamers,
Patches of light, and hanging draperies.

*I will expand, I think, at the last, through the sadness.
See these slender rivers of ionospheric grief,
The noctilucent clouds and the vast desolation.*