

## a-textual threnody

history leaves no scream  
a will to kill  
the imagination gains  
its legs  
touching the beatitude abstractly  
drunk with insanity  
the morning paper's clutching  
debris thots and columnar deaths  
sepia-marred black and white cropped rectangles  
the sterile industrialized evolution  
negative dust on the other side of the atom  
the bomb makes good  
philosophical conversation  
no mean-street gutter-speak  
nor inabilities to mollify  
the missing element  
the lacuna  
which moves  
thru the heart like a dragon  
its tail the alienating factor  
its breath  
the aspiration of bums  
intoxicated with deformed sperm's estuary poisons  
at night the gas lights  
the piss-stained pavement's wino-galaxy dreams  
and a lust which means  
little to a starving soul's insatiable appetite

choking on the avenue's carrion  
imbibing the bodily fluids of angelic undercurrents  
the sacred  
citadel of a locked cathedral  
the collection plates  
and coffers ringing  
with faith on sunday mornings  
the good-book charities  
and prayers for the battle  
waging inside the excess  
of avarice generations  
a lineage  
forged from the dust of adam  
the exclusive  
rights of the selected few  
the repose of those providence chose  
to lead all men  
in their ways of hate and fear  
the monday morning quarterbacking at the water cooler  
the nine-to-five commodified sublime  
the belittled space for potential  
drowning inside an ant-farm (cumulative) acumen  
lemming-centered rugged individualism  
empty heads fill  
on each alternative wednesday  
lunch time with the soaps  
cleaning house and leaving the unobtrusive  
ruins of autonomy  
on a cutting room's threshing floor

a pretext for the ruminative miscues  
the anamnesis which cloaks the darkened clarion  
a blood-siren's immortal rage  
the wick still warm  
the breath quenched  
the emasculated entities masquerading in words  
the truly destitute  
iconographies  
and the angst living  
amongst us in an unwritten epitaph

*Ric Carfagna*  
from *Notes On NonExistence: Concept Zero*

## lux aeterna

to still mourn  
for compassion lost  
the sense is one  
of death's emancipation -  
the innocuous stars  
and stripes made glorious  
in aggression  
the night I pen my allegiances  
within this turbid verisimilitude  
knowing there is  
no perfection  
gained in the complacency of indifference  
and so to abandon  
whatever extant lucidity  
returns from this blood -  
less a conception  
than an ideological darkness  
I surround myself with  
(the repose  
of an arcane isolationism)

*Ric Carfagna*  
*from Notes On NonExistence: Aeternam*

## sacred ground

these dead monuments  
which hold close  
to the promise  
of resurrection  
as in one harmony  
the unseeing  
rationality of worlds  
torn  
by degrees of cruelty  
as we cannot  
persevere  
and identify  
with an impotent spectre  
harboring silences  
which have scorched fields  
and exalted  
strange graven images  
the ones we emulate  
in static likeness  
and enslave  
to the fictions  
we lay  
at the feet  
of our dead

*Ric Carfagna*  
from *Notes On NonExistence*

## wayfarer

To conjecture a wilderness,  
a land begotten  
by an uncommon prayer-  
too many days  
where the heart grows  
weary from travail,  
too much grieving  
at a wall  
where stones cannot see  
a difference in the faces  
which stand before it -

To know that the blood which flows  
on and through this sacred ground  
is that of ourselves  
and of our brethren,  
the stranger is only the alienated  
part of the heart which remains  
divided,  
seeing a mirror onto a desert  
a reflection of itself  
immersed in its misunderstandings,  
exposed to an arid wind  
which buries it beneath  
the emptiness of silenced voices -

Weep not for the want of war is  
battling against an innermost need,  
all these panaceas

offered through disparate faiths,  
divisive signs  
aligning us with the abstractions  
of a little seen  
dream of emancipation,  
humanity holding out  
its gaunt hand of want  
groping through the myth of verities,  
the writ on endless pages of ancient lore,  
too much to consume the soul  
in the stead of an intimate understanding  
of itself and its desire  
to see the pain which is ever-present  
vanquished from the face of a land  
upon which we all stand  
and share a common fate –

*Ric Carfagna*  
*from Notes On NonExistence:Aeternam*

what remains *to be seen*

I

I take it you have seen  
the evening headlines -  
the palimpsest which filters thru  
bloodstained coffers  
and the mind's  
fixed point of liberation

have we put in doubt  
your unalienable faith ?  
muddied the sanguine rivers  
of which your holy book speaks ?  
do you see this resultant  
as parts of an original sin  
impoverishing  
a heart's desire  
to return  
to a promise land  
victorious (?)

maybe there are no questions  
for these answers  
and no loved ones  
waiting  
for a pile of broken corpses  
neatly buried  
and forgotten  
as time  
is . . .

## II

*. . . again  
above these  
floating limens  
evolution scans  
a harbored probity of loss  
returning to  
a soul's blood-taint darkenings -  
as there seems  
no end  
to advents of new testaments  
justifying inquisitional pieties  
while evoking  
the unnameable gods of immense silence -  
gatekeepers  
to the grave's disquieted conscience*

*have you probed  
the (heart's) hardened surfaces ?  
or scoured the fields  
for consummating voices  
droning bloated ideologies ?  
erecting silk ramparts of an etiolated discourse -*

*. . . or lastly  
have you (intimately) followed  
this coil of smoke  
beyond the sill  
to view a human nature  
burning within  
its great nexus of burgeoning malignity*

*Ric Carfagna  
from Notes On NonExistence:Aeternam*