

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*