

WHERE MAYAKOVCKY LIVES

Michael Hill

A spirit descends upon me
And I dream
The ordinary world changes
Into the one where Mayakovsky lives
And Breton

Though surrounded by sleepers
Energy crackles in the air.
I alone perceive the pounding of my heart;
All others are suspended in darkness.

Thoughts form, words appear
But at the base is feeling.
You know it: the one you get
When you are touched by genius.
The chair and floor disappear,
Becoming heroic figures, archetypes.
You, yourself, become one
Essential to the continuing existence of the world.

Forever have I lived
I was always here, and you-
You come and go and reappear, changed.
A theme returning, a flashback
From some ancient and buried experience.
Did we meet in a dream?
Have we walked this lane in another time?
Was I sleeping then, or drugged?
Do I imagine this memory?

How much time spent despairing?
What is worthless or valuable?
Does life seem like a waste of time?
Is the universe a void,
Sucking all meaning out of life?

(At this point I enter the spirit
Wherein all is all
And nothing need be said.)

But the fine feeling passes at last.
Once again I sit in this chair
In the room at this address
And nothing has changed.

Too many hard hearts giving nothing
Crushing the soft ones who give it all.
Time and love and gentle touch
Kind words hard to find
But good to use and give away.
Some are swinish; they only wreck good things.

The grinding wheel of time and state
Smashes all opposition.
The poor are forced to suffer,
Nothing is handed anyone
On a silver platter, alas.



Drawing: Evgueni Bosyatsky