TUNNEL VISIONARY

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As usual in the environment
I see dead men dangling
and lying everywhere. The rhododendrons
are fecund as gangrene:
rhododendrons not in flower
but in redundancy.
The path was frightening all along:
I had to stop writing, in the light rain
the ink was running, the promissory sky
reneging, remaining absolutely gray.
In crowds of trees I see, between
the trees, an awesome
thicket: so dark green and above
all still: too full and carved.
This tableau is virgin:
it has not held a step
since one was murdered last. I know a body
was perfectly discovered,
I know it decomposed
fast in that creche of mulch.
I see its whole form now, but leave off
horror as I leave off
omniscience sometimes.
Walking, my theorem runs:

if history is a tunnel,
timed ribs supporting a structure,

then it is collapsible
like a traveling-cup.
Chuckling, walking;
that I could believe it to be so:
unpinioned forms of simultaneity
are lodged at all times (face down
in the moss or floating
in shallow foam at pond's edge).
The day is farfetched now:
it all happened, and it's happening in my sight.
Leaf upon leaf, in captivity,

I see bodies in the way all insults
ever loosed are unveiled
to the psychic bigot.
The readies don't need ears
in crowds, hate has a voice
like thought. A veil as thin
as smoke from cooking tells
a king what crime it is possible
to say. And the spooky rhododendrons
grow analogous up and over, weaving
darkness from daylight in kudzu-like
fever to enslave.