Lives of the Mind

Dean Young
LIVES OF THE MIND

I wake in pajamas crenellated and badged, my head full of 18th century French battle strategies. My god! I’m Napoleon! What can I possibly say to my creative writing class now? How stop Heather from deliquescing when I explain why Ed thought her poem about her grandfather’s funeral was about a fashion show?

Heather, good specifics but you must attack in a pincer with the foot then follow on the flank with the horse. You must try to appear bigger than you are when encountering the coyote. You must move towards the body-blow even though it’s counter-intuitive, then when the baby’s out, dry it off, and keep it warm. No need to cut the cord unless the hospital’s miles away.

All the wrong people are dreaming of Duchamp. Art is one prolonged un-understanding just as dawn is day’s un-understanding of the night and while suffering may not ennable, it sure sweetens the singing voice. Oh, how I miss those small flakey cakes of Corsica. Frequent urination is often a problem for older men but no one’s having the problems I’m having. Retreat? Never! I believe this heart will be my only heart, this mule my only mule. A shadow races through me, profaning the sky, and I walk without a companion wolf. Ridges of high pressure, continued valley heat, these wounds are not deep but go the whole way through.