SPHERICAL

DAH

Argotist Ebooks
In Memory

my dear friend

Adam Duhan
1960 - 2019

We are wounded by death / deaths /
and it’s not a benign wound.
SPHERICAL
Without knowing our beginning we do not know how far we have come

First seed sprouted as wordless space

Yes, we have named it many times and still we do not know it
Eden

At this moment
my feelings,
inside and out,
interchangeable

Earth:
to say, it is crumbling
to say, it is broken

Once, there was earth
as two syllables: Eden

On our knees / begging /
we should be begging
for redemption,

/ but / to whom do we beg?
Space, somewhere in ruins,
is the very place of death. Everything is spherical, like earth is the very place of bones

/ and / for what purpose?
Terminus

The darkness we fear
it belongs to us,
the abyss, too,
aligns with our terminus.

We know this and we lie
to ourselves about what is
and what isn’t. Born from it
we are skilled at dying.
First Impression

Tonight / the open eye
of darkness /

everywhere
the terror of stars
rushing to die

fragmented shadows
rolled out as one

Who else imagines this beauty?
Disseminated

Death, indefinable autocrat:  
dusting the universe  
with our remains / all of us /  
disseminated.

In the beginning  
/ all of us /  
from seeds,  
womb, breath,  

heading for the cutoff.
Eternity’s Neverland: Death,
one of those thrills
the unseen: another
storytelling moment.

Each one exact, or consumed,
as if / almost / understood.
Winter slate / ice /
crooning whiteness,
cold air hunting down
birds.

Birds in snow, rain
death

Broken bones / like /
cracked hieroglyphs
splintered,
bug-eaten.
Bony Body

Somewhere / deep / into
the future,
or too late in time

we will say, I was
human,
unlike any god,

I was human
I was earth.

Now, this bony body
in dirt / ash

earth clinging
to our remains
Metamorphosis

When suddenly we shift
to the metamorphosis of nonbeing

how quickly will we understand:
there is no there nor there
Vapor

If only to vaporize
to another universe
that generates
no pain
Earth-Mulch

Nature knows
the inside of us
and, still,
we have forgotten
our beginning

Earth-mulch: to seed
to breath,
not of gods, but gods
not of dust but, to dust

The grave knows:
we will remember
nothing

nothing
remembers us
Equinox

To say that this wind
is a hurricane’s embryo
or these blades of grass
are hungover from dew ...

I lean against this early light
/ my tired winter veins /
chilled to the cold ashes
of a dying season
In leaps and bounds / we procreate with beast-like motion:

seeds sailing from one to the other / as if this is the final port
Light / Glare

To know this is to remember
journeys of grounding:

broken wings / oxygen
laced veins
eyes snapped by light-glare
delicate breath
powdered skin of Genesis

/ shivering / ripening /
visible life
Matter

What would it matter
if we
sold our hearts
for our dreams?

Would it / really / matter
if we were heartless?
A Light-Bulb Moment

This busyness
/ false importance /

We feed off of
rattled nerves

We ... fleeting moments

Cruising time
we live
/ again
and again / until

our thinking is removed

O forging
searching
as if we are close
First Words

When the stars
rage and speak
their first words

only then
we will know ourselves
Shaker

Afflicted with existence
confusion’s hardship:

when / where
are we going
after The Shaker
rattles our bones
until no eyes can see
no eyes can find
no eyes ...
Rocks

We are / like / rocks
    held in
knuckle-tight agony

Sealed inside:
high-pitched squeals
/ shuddering hearts /
Thread-like

Zillions of stars / as though
  belonging to us:
  they are not distracted
  by our presence.

  Our worth
  is less than
  this fake sky:

restless creatures
  who fail to be
  everywhere in the universe.

We are trifle / our circumstance
  will end / as trivial
  thread-like strands.
Incidentally

Shrill voices: wind
/ cat / the cooling
down of souls:

burnt shadows
leave no ashes
Observation

Raindrops / resting / vaporizing
under the sun: rainbows have abandoned their shadows
Boundaries

This sheet of pulp / at once /
missing its green,
knows nothing but
this bleached white.

I turn to its blank expression
dictating these thoughts

explaining this to myself:
these confining boundaries

O humanness:

between that eternity
and this space
between that sky
and this earth,

is everything / really / one?
Bones

Abundant strength of ice

mountains are
too old for this

/ fallen granite
stony skeletons /

all bones
nothing else
Condition

Regarding life
/ inside and out /
we exist as hollow

know this as
a broken condition

Hear this:
In The Beginning
is never-ending
Extreme

Day / night, nothing
more than
being here or not
What is more
extreme than this?

Stars and black holes
are of one consciousness?

Both, more threatening
than the other
/ and / we know this

/ except / we know zilch
about how they work
or who works them
Wordless

Standing
against
sky
nothing but
light / dark

At that
wordless
moment
when death
takes you back

soundlessly / hushed
Looking forward, neither square nor round, a grave’s rectangle:

earth-hungry
tender worms
Measure

At that point when the universe is nonexistent, what will be measured Light or Dark?
Void

With so much light
it is only wise
to make it darker

Straight ahead
the void

Without breath
everyone returns ...
Modulation

In that final drop from thoughts to thoughtless

... space,

Eternal?

Understanding this then we can see behind the mind
Bare Bones

Horror of decomposition
rot, stench
/ and / for what
the bugs, worms?

What is alive
is nearly dead
what’s dead is
a lousy skeleton
Existence

Space between thoughts
there
you are not
there you are
without

In that space / unused / existence disappears, or ... ?
Shadows

From flames / before
the birth of moons /
star-makers throw light

where shadows probe
the cosmic rubble / What if
shadows are looking
for bodies?

What if / after life /
we morph into shadows?
Drops

If each drop of darkness
is a broken star

if each part of evil
is a clump of that darkness

/ then /
stomping out the stars
will evil be gone?
Twilight

Dissecting the universe:

drifting

light

fossils

vast lines of ghosts
thin / round

vanishing

near the window:
night falls / 
like rocks / on people
Lament, Again Lament

Inner house / of emotions:
  last breath,
  desiccated by the highest light

  pulled, yanked and
  burnt to dust.

We are wounded by death / deaths /
and it’s not a benign wound.

Forevermore:
  unreachable fantasy /
  in front of us,
  mortality’s vortex.
Directionless

To live / a short duration
on earth / tormented /

then / leaving
in that unnamed direction

/ and / for whose benefit
In order to survive, change, to change / turn
Interconnection

With our belongings
/ trappings / look
at what we’ve done
to this planet

Touch the sea / drink it /
know from where
we have germinated
Balance

Too much light
one goes blind

Too much dark
one falls
deeper
into darkness

It is wise
to maintain balance
Man

I say this softly / Man, forceful creature / a living misfortune
misguided
misdirected
Inferior

Everything rots
while time survives

so / then /
who is inferior?
Cancellation

Ego driven,
we have failed.

Time is coming,
/ a final disbelief /
at losing this world.

We are no longer needed
no longer trusted.
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The poems listed appeared first in these publications:

Indefinite Space: “First Impression”

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Dah lives in Berkeley, California where he teaches yoga to children in public and private schools while working on the manuscript for his tenth poetry collection.

His eighth book is, *Full Life In The Day Of A Poet, selected poems* (Cyberwit Publishing).

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Full Life In The Day Of A Poet  
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Something Else’s Thoughts  
Transcendent Zero Press, 2018

The Opening  
CTU Publishing Group, 2018

Say This In A Whisper  
Red Wolf Editions, 2017

The Translator  
Transcendent Zero Press, 2015

If You Have One Moment  
Stillpoint Books, 2015

The Second Coming  
Stillpoint Books, 2012

In Forbidden Language  
Stillpoint Books, 2010
A great gray swollen body 
carries out the law of transmutation 
taking no notice of us

-- Gunter Kunert