

A FEELING (NAUSEA)

And, how does it feel? To define
things which can never be had.

To point a finger and designate
a thingness, as opposed to another.

A dingy perimeter all about the body,
only defined by everything, shouting,

from the edges. Whoever called a star
a star was not thinking of a wheel

of iron grinding down on itself, of nothing
but an engine; whoever said that light

was light was only thinking of themselves.
What is not light also spreads—a comfort—

a cradle—a holding, it might just say, “Here,
all this space, just for you,” and then retire

to an agnostic slumber. It is strange—
and incongruent what people define things by.

In a battle to escape the pain of the eventual,
a finger points to reshuffle bodies—you first.

Then tries to hold that body responsible
for returning to tell, what really happens

when the last of a body scatters like the fringes
of laughter.