

WORDS SURFACING . 22 Dec 2005
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I DO NOT BELIEVE
for Fiona Jack

What to do in a world where
even abstraction is deemed formalist?

The weight of history
and its cynics

To turn inward and yet not
be narcissistic
To turn inward as if turning outward -
that is all we want

Not to be judged
I and You, separate forever
(I the apple)
(You the orange)

I serve myself to you
Is that romantic?

If not me, then who do you desire?
Our ancestors?
Our critics?

I can never satisfy
Nor do I desire the progress required to do so
I step forward. You step forward.
I have bigger feet, and the gap is misshapen.
Apologies are expected.
If only they could be delivered

Sad people, sad proud people, proud people

What if difference were beautiful?
What if misunderstanding this statement was beautiful?