

Michael T. Smith

Runed

The expression was like a rune,
Lost into the blank page of history,
Which I yet pretended I could
Decipher, but it – like these runes
Was lost to a second of the past
Recorded in ether, but tugging
At the heart of the matter,
And I raved against
The solidness of emotions,
Against the names we attach
To every thing we see, gone
In the mind after we see it.
Boring into the impressionable
Inkwell of the past,
The expression fled, but it
Remained an enigma, its
Abstraction a gain in form.

Moth to Light

in the beginning was the beginning;
the moth between the light bulbs
drummed out the hour of my birth
with a cadence of fingerprints.

Soon to be on the other side
from seeing the light ere its death,
which written in Sutterline script
is still novel to every creature.

The moth told of a prophecy

a few seconds into the future,
wishing that the Fates
would get their fingers entangled.

According to the logic of time,
we all emerged from this state,
from some Oldber's paradox
where the bulbs are limited.

To whence we return – the end,
or the end of the end,
as stale as a loaf of bread,
As musty as a moth -- yet more familiar

Run Up to Tomorrow's Hags (On Poverty)

Run Up
to tomorrow's hags
and split your ideas in two,
in front of the already hollowed head
of some monster with a title,
who while you kick around this old dirty still
is waiting in a perfect babble,
in which this King has stolen all you own
and replaced it with a jeer.
Sound is stepping up the long stairway
as you laugh at your own funeral.

About the Poet

Michael T. Smith is an Assistant Professor of English who teaches both writing and film courses. He has published over 150 pieces (poetry and prose) in over 80 different journals. He loves to travel.