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*From* OF CREATURES

*You Have Existed, Strange Indeed*

You have existed, strange indeed, that your contents like all dreams make good children, every one happy, who gave yet required all such painless miseries, lives invented instead of yourself, finally possible, they are pure.

That is just a word, an imagination that is that they are, silly invitations to you, should you have recognized them earlier.

*That Nothing was Impossible, a Kind Word*

That nothing was impossible, a kind word, a number probable, of how many known, doubt they were natural, not thinking innocence, and not averse to.

We could've always just gone there now, the beginning abundant but experience absent, not ordinary, a word of proof that many others seemed enough patches to fill in the dark where.

Enthusiasms were long-gone stars, still thought we existed to them, only friends, and strong enough, just for nothing satisfied with creatures we're no longer afraid of.

*That Now You Are Amusing, by This Time*

That now you are amusing, by this time probably returned our always painted, peeling and I'm unused to your brushes, in each a different after lifting more than merely all the way.

Kinetic, nearly clothing as the sun streaming through my glasses, spectacles cracked and bandaged with needle and thread sewing your vision on or.

The ghost of your smile having yet to grow that spring, neither obvious nor protective, you bit your lip I joked, the snowflakes which only years ago were pieces melting into the puzzle the band-aid of our kiss was.

*Or Isn't, or Whether Sweetheart Sick*

Or isn't, or whether sweetheart sick or well enough not, or whether of these things are nothing to me, microscopic elephantine, from the other every.

Man is a suffering delicate, equally of happiness, villages of little instants, vanities, caring whether true, or.

Nothing at all resembling an abyss.

*Into Pieces of Sorrow We Broke*

Into pieces of sorrow we broke beneath our own shadow puppets, small steps around all our lives to see and speak of what memory's left of it.

Of elsewhere, a mural was my own shadow for the first time I was afraid, amazed and in me how far by doubt plagued to say, did you love me attracted to you or your own vanity, a little while clung to such gentle excuse me's.

Graceful, for a time ageless, myths glued together, felt just like us.