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T.S., Where Are You? Are You Happy?

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Jay French

T.S., WHERE ARE YOU? ARE YOU HAPPY?

—for T.S. Eliot

i.

hot, heavy
from flattened toes to bleeding soul

BECOME! BECOME!

‘He who is not righteous is not redeemed.’ Yes?

Blather
of concrete intellectual sidewalks
separated from grass by
an invisible boundary

but a
boundary
nonetheless. is grass to

be so confined? yes

‘i should have been a pair of ragged claws
scuttling across the floors of silent seas.’

Was it you that said that?
Was it you, Tom, for whom the mermaids
would not sing? you?
No matter.

sun hot, heavy
presses us (flat) earthward
home. home
is where the heat is home
right here this planet home
this frigid tundra is our home

?  

ii.

gray dead cement old broken decayed holy

wonderful revolutionary new garbage cans are an important thing to have around if thats all you want out of life (and sometimes its all you can get)

T.S.!! oh that you were not such an abstract term with dents in the sides from being wielded at the hands of too many frustrated garbage men and they too have been whipped by the same wind.

iii.

afternoon thunder in some down town city street my God! I thought you knew what it said.

mirthless cry of despair

hot heavy
despair

you told me what it said
and i believed you. could it be
that you were lying?

afternoon thunder blues

But this is NO CITY!
no.

it is parched wasteland and
(though you never said so)

you and i are searching
for something other than water.

we are hollow men
and cannot decide
if the rocks are red
or blue.

where vultures swarm and
carrion-stench fills the air you see a
place of death
avoid it or (no difference)
run toward it as
fast as you can (i'll hold your lies you
will not need them)

Where vultures swarm and
hot, heavy
fills the air

you are kneeling with your
knees raked and skinless and I am
standing in the sun hot heavy

with a

bent back