June 2014

This Is About Love

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Recommended Citation
Merua, Mike (2014) "This Is About Love," The Laureate: Vol. 1, Article 12.
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol1/iss1/12
Come to; see re-creation of life bounce off walls in a room half-covered with photographs. See shoes on your feet at the end of the bed, clothes on your back frayed and soiled, light in your eyes through the cracks in the blind. (Sunlight has the obscure essence no other light can capture, pure energy. When you are hit in the morning there’s no chance... What doesn’t come from the sun, kinetically speaking?)

This morning, you have woken up from the sun and although you have the stomach ache you start every day with, you have learned how ignorance can lead to bliss in the end (you realize you used to experience this (in a different sense) every day, but were unaware of it) and you notice, instead of the stomach ache, the specific pattern that is lit up on the wall as the sun comes through the slots between the blinds. These lines are not parallel with the floor and you notice this too.

Thinking about old times... One picture you look at on the wall, from an old time. Is that right? How does time work again? You confuse the three dimensions of the room as incorrectly composing a fourth on the wall, held by a mirror, reflecting the wall of photographs.

—Wait!— Is that mirror of time reflecting light from the sun too?
—Bang!— Ok, that’s all here...you are obviously a child of light, a child of time.

Wake up, the quilt covering legs, a shirt, the torso. The fan in the south wall blows a steady current over the quilt covering the legs. One hand is next to the fan and when the fist clenched unfurls and the air current falls between the openings of the fingers, the air enters the hand and your eyes are open
and noticing everything; like there's that wall of photographs. Around your room some furniture, wooden, orderly, but too cramped to leave much room for... standing, walking, dancing, exercise...

Maybe light from the sun as well. It seems to flow through the room, but double up on itself before it has time to disperse correctly. This leaves an uneasy feeling in the room when standing up, although the energy evens out by the time it gets to the area next to the walls. Excellent for sleeping, reading, listening.

On your bookshelf you have a book on modernity or maybe not! Perhaps it is free jazz or no, Hawking! Bunyan or Jung or Faulkner? No! There are no books, however there seem to be some floating ideas there, lined up like bars of a cage. You can see how they are so silent, hovering in modesty like a child prodigy made to perform against its will. (The most clever child, of course, realizes what will is, and chooses to let the audience entertain itself, thus enclosing the child in a rather pleasant cage of drama. Only it must never become involved, for what happens when the dots of line between actor and audience are decimated and spread thin throughout the room? People cease to believe they know what is happening. Must they, at this point, pretend to understand? The air becomes slightly denser, it is a bit harder to breathe. More coughing in the audience. The child also becomes confused and he forgets he has a will, concentrating instead on the troubles of others. Forgetting how he performs, he must pretend to remember. What an awful situation, ending only in accidental dishonesty and false sympathy.)

The both of you are standing up now, and there's little area in this room for such an absurd action. It necessitates the state of being face to face, and for such giant creatures in this space you look at your faces and into the eyes. In the background, one sees the wall of photographs, one sees the mirror and reflection—but the foreground is where attention gathers. The light from the
sun comes in right between the faces. The eyes are deep, both eyes are deep, but at the same time it seems like whether you could see through the eyes straight through to the back of the head, or into the eyes but stopping at the mass of pink tissue, this is momentarily irrelevant. All attention is centered in those circles, those two circles on the surface of each eyeball. You wonder if maybe the design should have been with the two circles next to each other, touching, instead of one inside of the other.

“Coffee and a bagel, as per usual?”
“Simple, effective, nourishing, but in an absolutely minimal sense.”
“Oh you and yr minimalism!”
“Repetition is also a form of change.”
“The passion for destruction is also a creative passion.”

Bagel shop and coffee shop share a parking lot, share a customer base, share a system of commerce, share a common goal of making money. They please you, it is pleasing to see effort in the eyes of those who work. Their effort (if it is sincere) in their eyes is a form of pleasure for them as well. They inhabit their world, and their goal in their game is the successful happiness of those they serve. But indeed, a game? Perhaps, you think, you should get your bagel and your coffee and play solitaire all day and all night and all life. Is it selfish, to play games with your self, to succeed in games with your self? But there's no time for that now, you have walked into the glass door of the bagel shop and must open it to avoid further injury and embarrassment to your team. They need you.
In the coffee shop, you sit at a square table upon which you set your coffee and your bagel and the ashtray you plan on using while smoking one hand-rolled cigarette. (You will smoke this cigarette because you know that it is possible to savor the taste of a cigarette, experience what sensations the cigarette has to give you, outside of nicotine and addiction. You roll the tobacco, you feel the tobacco, the particular texture as you pull apart the moist light-brown strands and encapsulate them to form a cylinder. You feel the dry paper against your lips and the smoke in your mouth is a sensation you have experienced so many times you have discovered every subtle facet of its taste. A unique joy comes in knowing that in a way, you are the creator, the builder of this object you take so much pleasure in. (In a moment you realize the matter comprising this cylinder will soon be all but nothing and you briefly draw a parallel to the collapse of the universe.))

Now you have these things: bagel, coffee, cigarette—and the business is finished for the moment. You move on to something new.

You are sitting in a chair at a table and then you sense your insides filling up. You are unsure as to what is happening, but you know you may explode soon. It seems natural, but super-natural. Currently, you are not bloated in the sense of being weighted down, but instead experience a sensation similar to that experienced right before you had sex for the first time. Now imagine it, you do, you feel the explosion there, but deep inside waiting to happen, a different feeling then when it is happening. Happening takes a moment, but the anticipation of course lasts for several moments, over a duration. Unless of course, we speak of happening... oh shit, that’s right, that feeling. You stop thinking and get up in a rush to go get rid of the feeling, it is not completely unpleasurable, but you are sure the release is needed. There’s a door across the way through which exists a room you know will be of some help to you.
But in your rush to get out, you do not notice what is happening in the moment you stand up. No one tells you either, because they do not know what it means yet and sit transfixed, trying to give it meaning before they give it words. You run to the room and enter it and maybe through that door you see an early Kentucky morning, rolling backroads covered in a dense mist, a river and a bridge to walk over that river. No, you run to the room and meet a new friend. No, you are there and there are other people there too, discussing metaphysics or geometry and you figure they are high on LSD, although you are not sure. You think about where you are and the times you've been here on LSD and how that goes, all the while completely ignorant of the important events that have occurred on the other side of a door. It seems to always happen like this, over and over.

You see you leaving out the door as you sit back down at the table.

Suddenly, you try to communicate and find you can only do so with jagged speech (lacking adjectives and articles, for instance). You can count only odd numbers. You find you can only see one side of what's happening. You go to look at your eyes and find you cannot find them at all. Your mirror image is a faint outline of a body, hardly distinguishable as you.