

of maps and holes
 (ON THE FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
 OF DESCARTES' BIRTH)

Lucia Sommer

in this place
 approaching millennium
 (after centuries,
 always approaching millennium
 as toward some state line,
 or star)
 where think to see
 but just are

were taught value of sight:
 "make body disappear
 make of world, body
 to see
 to sea/I"
 forget smell, feel
 of love, fright

forget childhood's mouth
 skin crave
 asshole's bliss
 to touch limit

body's trembling intelligence
before the grave
damp want of connection, this
terrible ecstasy of incompleteness

now safe
with glass, pen, paper
dry clothes
all but eyes, closed
feel whole
now see everywhere:
points, maps, holes

(a philosopher we call dead
saw space and time thrown out ahead
still could not evade return of birth—
so who has learned of thought the worth?)