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/l”
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?)