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To Shirk the Duty and To Only Love the Way of Doing Things Which is Sweetest

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TO SHIRK THE DUTY AND TO ONLY LOVE THE WAY OF
DOING THINGS WHICH IS SWEETEST

Come from the primitive pigdark, the brute lifts and is lifted. It settles in myth and motorcycle, in the charm of a body's new form, in its entrails and eyelids. The old habit floats and scuttles, its hem drags in the pine needles. New consequence autogenerates from the same old passive action.

A radio tower is lifted, steel bar by steel bar. It is given guilt and history by the forceful bodies of mourning doves and rough-winged swallows. It is given arbitrary artfulness by the flared, langed panels and lights. It is given duty and performance.

Fichte said the pupil "learns willingly and with pleasure." But an old twinge is carried in the box. Brought from the car into the warm house. Carried to a new era: papers dispersed, academic medals, old poems. A letter that says nothing says something.

We learn, horrified and anxious, but still eager. We learn, frowning, deep. The anguish circles, pleases. I mean. We are brought into masochism as if it were a gift. Strapped and laced and full of vintage knowledge, we lean against our own hearts. We learn. Like how the letter signifies a rotten board, that summer, that summer. The board. Split. The barn, full of hay and skylight. A body, both frozen and falling. A shout. A call out to nothing.

The radio tower serves as a middleman to nothingness. In silence, it roars. In stillness, it kills. The fast-strike hawk who errs, the electrocuted chipmunk.

Nobody is ever really injured. The bruise pleases. The bruise, whose nascence is unknown. Which simply appears. Which is learned when the eye moves, when the skin is bared. We are slicker and wetter. We come more easily. This is the advent of comfort, but also the startlement of our selves.

The myope is attractive, sensuous, peering down, breath closing in on the doomed skylark. The primitive is broken over the egg-white. The new thing changes us not even a little bit.