

CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 75 *CutBank* 75

Article 63

Fall 2011

Ontological

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Recommended Citation

Wrigley, Robert (2011) "Ontological," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 75 , Article 63.

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ONTOLOGICAL

Whatever it was, it was something
we'd never imagined, never imagined
imagining, dreamed of dreaming,
or thought up thinking of, whatever it was.

It was biggest little thing in the world,
teeny and behemothy. It had a very thin
thickness about the edges of its middle,
and darkly pale it was, a very black white.

The flavor of it was blue and windy,
its scent was altitude and distance
and wafted like the cilia of a stone.
You smell the sound of it coming

like an apple made of lampshades
or the weeping of angels underfoot,
the kick and cough of a Styrofoam flamethrower—
whatever it was, it was nothing

to mess with. A fiddle not, diddle not,
austere Rimbaudian pantyhose grab-bag,
a God carcass gone to seed at the body farm,
an invisibility that went on forever

right there in our hands, butter-fingered
though they were and are. Jar
the solar system fit in, infinite shoebox,
wrist for the watch the cosmos is,

voluptuous and priestly. Ought to be a law
more grave than gravity, an egg that lays
itself, a homely Romeo. Ought to be
a thing you can't see anything but.