

SIMULACRUM

By Louis Kasatkin

We are Simulacrum
we are not ourselves,
stranded amid the nowhere
and nowhere else;
left to wander between
nothing and nothing else,
wondering what became of those
bright lights in the sky,
the ones Galileo saw after sundown;
maybe they were only there in his imagination,
and we misconstrued our extant pseudo-histories
as to what those lights might have been
had they ever existed in the first place;
So we stumble over the inconsequential,
we fall or we think we fall out
of the nowhere into a somewhere,
and stare vainly into the expectant mirror
which alone adjudicates,
we are not ourselves
We are Simulacrum.

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST

When that wind roars out of the South,
the one called the “Zephyr”,
it tears right through El Paso
with raw heat and anger;
blasting like buckshot
in saloon bar brawls,
it stampedes droves of tumbleweed
herding it like cattle;
Zephyrs sweep away everything,
except memories and their re-telling
that clatter, that chatter across
strung out continental wires,
informing city readers a day
or two later of some gunfight
someplace far away, so far removed
that the recounting of it
enobles the mythical participants;
three cadavers, wescutts buttoned
silver coins placed over their eyes,
lined-up one, two, three
for that new tripod camera,
the faces of Pat Garrett and William H. Bonney
are absent from that white & black portrait,
they got paid their double gold eagles
and rode off.

LOSS

Eyes gaze
at the Meissen
cup and saucer,
white like the
exquisite Flemish
lace covering the
polished teak table
where fingers drum
on a yellowing
book cover;
inside on pages
sepia words crumble
like dried bones,
and the eyes
that once sought
after them
for meaning,
now gaze
immobile,
detached,
at someone's fingers
drumming on a
yellowing book cover
drumming their
own retreat
from philosophy
that long ago
faded
and longer ago

was forgotten,
left
discarded
on the polished
teak table
covered by
exquisite Flemish lace,
white
like the Meissen
saucer and cup.

BROKEN...

The Chanteuse,
alone;
crooning dystopian
torchlit ennui, marinated
in absinthed vocals,
in the salons
and bars of the,
fashionable Left Bank,
domicile to flaneurs
& their bohemian confreres;
wounding their hearts with
visceral monotonous langour,
amid pyres of smouldering
Gauloises, untipped,
stygian-leafed frissons
of earthy odours,
redolent of arcane
manual labour,

debts
and
despair.

Bio

Louis is editorial administrator at www.DestinyPoets.co.uk and founder of Destiny Poets and in his spare time is a civic, community, political activist, blogger and general nuisance to the status quo!