no choice about the terminology

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we had no choice about the terminology, about the phraseology, certainly not about the ontology.

coming to terms—minus a lawyerly term sheet (with all the debits and credits

and loans made in bad faith…plus a little vig for lubricant) to guide us—

coming to terms with whose cause was just-er, jucier, more favourable to the creator

or god or whatever being or life-force or ghost abandonded us, more teleologically aligned

faith, i dunno, the world spirit? ferchrissake. for my sake. or maybe my spirit?

there is sin in my heart. there is evil in the world. come to terms with that.

come to me, tentenhawitha, come to me and sing with me this song.

we bawl and brawl over different terms for keeping what is ours.

coming to terms becomes telling a joke coming to terms to becomes missing the joke.

co-term, intern, return. go back to where you came from.

each adjective has such sharp sharp sharp edges, slicing off fingers and toes and entire limbs in its quest

for confinement, clarity and consensus. purity, the wolf-lambs bleat

we must remain pure, we must remain unsullied, we must remain pure we must remain

we must remain we must remain re must remain. we must remain. we must remain.

we must remain. we must remain.

We must remain dead.