Alaska Quarterly Review 23. 1&2 (Spring/Summer 2006): 238-39

Some Considerations of (Untitled)

Michael Theune

Lines 1-9, The Period after Parentheses

No voice from heaven but whisperings
And the sense of plans
Being made without you.

At the grave of the Image,
The mourners peek at their watches.
A supposition breaks down

Into certainty.
O something about the fortune-telling gore –
O something like never being naked enough –

Lines 10-14, Transcendence as Interruption

The world is a whetstone –
The world is a whetstone.
The world is a whetstone (and its blade
" " " " " " "
a poem titled accordingly

Line 15, The Captain of Thieves Keeps His Hands in His Sleeves

(I have used all the words in this poem.)

Lines 16-23, A Landscape, Broken, Turned-Into

Aware of it only
When it wasn't happening,

I spurred on the word for
Horse which died

Beneath me
And rode on, I

The High, Via
Aurelia, l'Rue de Condor.