Michael Theune

Another Quietist Controversy

It seemed, Amerigo, a black and reasonable comedy,
Full of impolitic disappearances—in one act alone
There was a bout of love made hastily
On the Icarus featherbed, an application
Of black and blue mascara, then *poof!*—
The tomb vanished with the corpse.

The guards who did fall asleep could not see
Beyond the lights of their own fires.
At least that's what they said.
A search for secret doors revealed nothing
But the investigator's good behavior and whole bouquets
Of flowers pressed between bookshelves.

As you know, the standards dropped, and, with them,
The dollar. The citizenry complains of words
It is possible to mouth but not to place.
Is it ironic? Alchemic? It just seems fitting now,
Amid lost and natural causes, that the Body turns up,
The fabled Body, yellowed, yellowing, in the last pages

Of that unfinished Book of Paradise—