

In Praise of Dis-Ease, 2nd Movement (see 1st movement here:
<https://manoftheword.com/2020/11/20/otvut-dumi-or-in-praise-of-dis-ease-a-brief-play-with-voices-1st-movement/>)

...Almost daily

I wish Jim were not dead.

.

Maybe “doing my jobs”

were just what I did?

.

Is that so bad?

And according to

who’s measure?

.

Father, parent,

teacher, friend,

student.

.

Postal service,

bookseller,

librarian,

or pianist,

I performed

.

at least

with an interest

in nature,

.

as farmer, poet,

philosopher, friend.

“Friend,” again -

.

but am I?

Was - ?

Even to a person?

.

How could I know?

That I listened?

Or shared, or spoke?

.

Or cared?

(I choked).

I certainly felt

.

some things.

And smelled,

and sensed...

.

I tasted people,

and soil

and food

.

plants and rocks

and fur.

Perhaps

.

I did hear

one thing or another

Perhaps

.

I was alive

and tasted death

in blood

.

and oranges.

Perhaps

all dust

is real.

.

When I cut my hair

or changed a nappy

or tasted sauce...

.

And...

and...

and...

.

I read some words

(and said some too)

and thought some things

.

and tasted tears

on tongues

(both mine and others)

.

and hit things

and hurt

and harmed

.

and healed,

almost.

I remember singing,

.

that laughter of sounds

akin to a dancing body.

I remember

worry

.

and fear

and joy

and ecstatic things

.

I could grow

beards

and shape

phrases –

conundrums

.

were no problem...

and...

and...

.

I think I loved.

I remember crying.

And the hopes

.

and terror

such stuff brings.

Near to happiness.

.

A childlike blanket,

its clothes

and shelter...

.

its clouds

and...

and...

.

what we might call

(out- or to-wards)

“the heart”

.

the loins

the sweat

the confounded.

.

I dream –

those too

Like angels

.

devilishly played

or pondered.

The fishing

.

the maze

the further

we name “art”

.

The birds are there,

and trees

with their leavings

.

the kind(s).

Like words

or grimaces

.

And gestures

and...

and...

.

that, too

with this.

And this again,

.

the mystery.

There seem to be

moments

without an editor