

KARL KELLER

MY CHILDREN ON THE BEACH AT DEL MAR

These are fragments of myself
playing at being fragments of myself
and they will become fragmented themselves
as like me they become themselves.

But then all things explode,
nothing is, all things become,
not merely changing but expanding
and not merely growing, progressing, but exploding.

So my children, fragments
of a fragment fragmented forever,
playing pieces of a creation,
Creation playing with pieces.

So the born idea
that ought to have a life of its own
but breaks into many voices,
tones, phones, particles.

So the single decision
used to define a morality
making courses of action, destinies,
cosmic avalanches of effect.

So the quick hand,
imagination in a linguistic accident,
traveling from eye to mind
from mind to eye interminably.

All is not nothing but pieces,
pieces and process, a wave
breaking into many waves
and breaking again at my feet.

All going, all gone, all lost,
what was begun unique
becomes duplicity, trinity, variegate, infinite:
thus genesis is very soon apocalyptic

with time the maker and the villain.
My God the sun a hole
a way out we turn it greys
you've closed it you've closed the way out!