

Kick and Muff

David Seiter

I hear the fist-sized heart
cannon in the fog of rhythm
death and future.
From it I take the few things
I need: the Russian
kick and muff of this generation,
militant voices hammered
in sonorous thrusts
and undulations—vocalizing
a disintegrated voyage
toward the mother.

These aesthetic battles are the story
of a youth. Today
I am Napoleon—
Napoleon and I—
in the resurrection.
Gradually words begin
to ease themselves free
of this dull roar, free from the black
thrusts of desire, free
from the emptiness of heaven.