

Your Frighteningly Mundane Revelation

(Here's a contextual question:

Do you remember your daddy telling you
to keep your eye on the ball
but your concentration

flagged, so you were struck
precisely on the bridge of the nose,
and you saw swirling nebulae

and flashing supernovae
and felt as if the ball was lodged
in your face and blood streamed

down only to peter out
in the alluvial fans
of your white t-shirt?)

You stumble along for a brief
respite, grateful for relief
from the pressure of balancing

between something and nothing
for just a little while,
when you look down,

maybe toweling off after stepping
from the shower, or maybe
putting on your socks

in the naked illumination
radiating from the bathroom
door left open,

and you say to yourself,
"Who was it who gave
permission to these yellowed
thickened toenails to claw

themselves into existence
out of the very flesh
of my body?"

(If you only had the energy,
you could scrabble up the nearest
tree like a Madagascan lemur.)

"Is it because my feet are so
far from my brain
that they believe they have
a right to a timetable of their own

and keep their secret desire
hidden, buried inside leather
and beneath tongue and lace,

until their devolution
into primordial appendages
is revealed, aghast,
as faits accompli?

What if my heart aches
to return to the dust
from whence it came

to bury itself
in the blindness of the earth?"
Where would you be then?

– Jeffery Greb