



K.V. TWAIN

Of the: "Sub Rosa: poems of love and distance" *

Decalogue

Thou shall not come stealthily to the door of my
being.
Thou shall not lean against my heart for more than
three vast instants (my entire existence).
Thou shall not cause me more than three pains or
three disillusionments per day.
Thou shall not mock my ideas, all noble.
Thou shall not slay my mysteries or the universe's.
Thou shall respect the ghosts and the gods sitting
on the sills of my windows.
Thou shall respect the silence and the tumult of my
soul.
Thou shall not steal my heart, my pen, my troubles
or my poems.
Thou shall not steal my desires, all holy.
Thou shall not depart without permission.

Vogue

Spring has come and love is in vogue.
They say it is an ancient sea.
I stand far away, like a rogue.

I while the time pondering symbols.
I'm looking for a way to see.
Spring has come and love is in vogue.

Life calls on me to tackle riddles.
I'm looking for a way to be.
I stand far away, like a rogue.

They've taken, now, to playing skittles.
I'm feeling like a deportee.
Spring has come and love is in vogue.

I think I hear their cymbals.
I think they're standing on a quay.
I stand far away, like a rogue.

And look up there! Their signals!
They've clambered up a lote-tree.
Spring has come and love is in vogue.
I stand far away, like a rogue.

Who? Whither?

Someone has wandered into my solemn, hymn-
like silence.

Who, who trespassed on my hours?
I'd made it clear that I am not to be disturbed.
Who broke the heart's captivity inside of its own
spasms?

Who, in all the world, has such powers?

And whither, whither this stranger and my sorrows?
I'd made it clear that I, like a god, stay put.
Whither the sly stranger who attacks me like a
weaver spider?

I am not used to falling into webs.

The spider-stranger glides softly upon
her stealthy silken pathways...

I think she's saying something...
about a larger silence, cantilevered over the world.

The Longest Street in the Universe

The longest street in the universe lies between you
and me.

An infinitous, intangible, incandescent number of
light-years separates us.
(If it isn't infinitous, it is something resembling
infinity and, at any rate, implausible.)

It is a street only you and I and our shadows have walked.
It is a street mysterious as an uncharted sea.
It is a street untamed by the words in me.

I gaze silently at the things that have passed
between us, and the things that won't be.
I muse that it is our fate to forget and be forgotten.
I pray for a kind of unforgetting, in a post-existence.

They say billions of people have already been, and
more shall come.
But what are they, compared to you and me?
They are nothing.

You and I, two spinning planets, are functions of
gravity and distance.
My core, the soul, is prone to scuffles with the world.
You have, in place of a core, a world without laws
and unknowable.

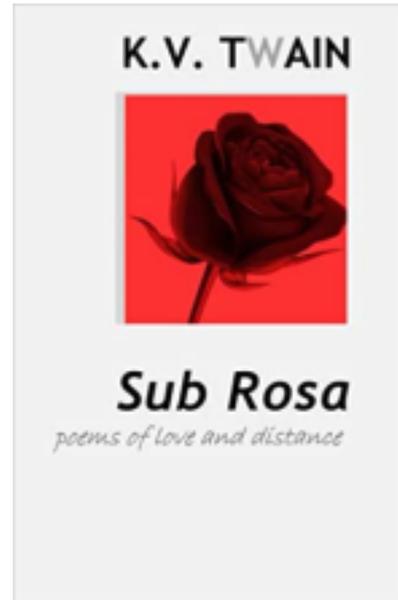
The idle God, collapsed in a funk, is even idler for us.
I wonder what He'd say about seizing the night.
I wonder if He'd fall silent or fall apart, or perhaps
cry.

I must respond myself, in His absence.
I say, Nature Misfires—what some might call, *God*
plays dice.

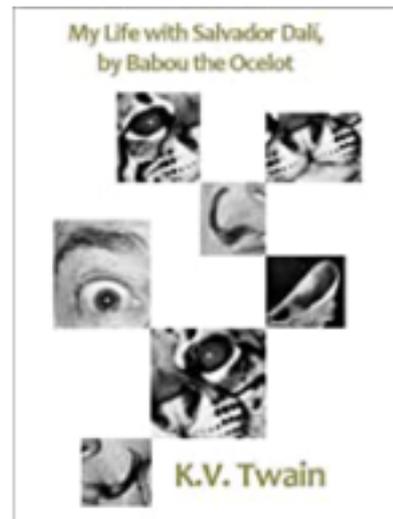
You are a yes, I am a *no*. There's a misalignment.
We remain, for now, what we are.
Creatures with strange orbits and atypical triumphs.
You at one end, I at the other.

The longest street in the universe lies between you
and me.
You are a maker of mischief and a long astonishment.
I am a sea-battered sailor, crammed with truth and
sensation and tears.

Who knows if one day I won't set sail across the
universe, making the stars shiver?



*Book published by Cappas Press, 2021



K.V. Twain