2003

Sestina trying to be a tree

Samuel Keyes

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In one concept of beginning life is a metaphor for green:
with the logos contract meaning is music.
Therefore let us start at the beginning:
a little boy, desiring to be perfect,
spends his early years building a dictionary
of the experience that comes with age.

He knows stones age
more firmly than what's green
(he read it in a dictionary
while researching the origin of music)
and he who is perfect
has no beginning

nor ending; yet in beginning
all come of age
with what is not perfect.
Not all is green;
there is death, even in music;
no absolute within the dictionary

he is living; the abstract dictionary
fails before the beginning
for within its vacuousness no music
soars to explicate itself or age's
raisson d'etre; there is only the green
boasting from the void of perfection.

No thing is perfect.
The boy knows this without a dictionary.
All withers from green
to empty, so he begins
(now further in age)
to trust in music.

Who can doubt music?
I doubt intimations of perfection
and we are all young—true age
doesn't exist in our dictionaries.
We grope for beginnings,
feel nothing green.

Envoy
Age is an imperfect dictionary
One walks in green pastures
to not hear the music of the beginning.

By Samuel Keyes