

Futurist Myth

Text by Vivek Narayanan
Images by Alfred Hanssen

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The post-diluvian forest beginning
had shadow-spoken of the Bomb-Moon in

us, hiding. The empirical index finger
pointed elsewhere; so who heard? Not letter

or word. Body felt the Bomb in its shape
from the pith of its long spine to its nape;

and true, factories fought the gods for speech
and the sky's labials were banded and breached--

until floodlights belittled us; and made
a stark, recurring circus in the shade.

So the Bomb-Moons spoke again, multiplied:
and for each one that spoke, the other replied—

I have told you almost everything. This
is what happened. (Though it includes a wish.)

Shadow fruit: street lamp in the afternoon
of sparkling metallic paint. And Bomb-Moon

floats still, a chain in painted paradise:
for sunlit patterning, one pays this price.

Listen: in a city's radiant speechlessness,
we note how rarely visits the goddess

and how often the neat ticker tape TV
(like song from walls that repeat around me);

and we repeat Klee who said, "Only one
is true: in me, a weight, a little stone."























