

Poems for the contemporary aesthetic by: Kenneth Lundquist, Jr.

Philosophical Elegy

Death? Death.
Laments, like the stag,
Mount the attention like a scab,
Picked prematurely by a day.
Wondrous and fleeting away,
Life, like the wound, cankers and bleeds.
Yet we feel the need to sow our seeds,
And sustain this viscous cycle of emotions.
Terse gears and oceans,
Of Time and such,
Give thus too much,
Latitude to pontificate the possibilities,
Of treasonistic actions defining present realities.
Life is but this open wound, this unhealed gash,
Enduring fires burning our existence to ash.
Birth to death and moon to tide,
Each they willfully sit, side by side-
Festering, gushing, putrid, and charred;
Pathetic earth-bound souls forever marred.
Deceased- vital functions at full cessation,
Now begins the decomposition,
Homicide, suicide, disease, or predation,
Ritual disposal follows the obduction,
Detritus the eventuality of physical reality.
A tenet of the imagination is mortality-
A promenade of deception,
Rhetoric, irreverence.
A star-chamber smothering the soul with limit.
The whirl of a malevolent hermit!
A wyvern, under the wrath of Hell,
Carries the ardor horns to cast the spell,
Of eternal damnation- skepticism.
Thus deliver unto yourselves this ism:
A poet's wisdom doth extended,
Take to heart, for all said is intended-
Death takes that which it needs,
To fulfill the requests of his pleads.
We wrought familiar decisions,
And bare the incisions,
To the fabric of our future.
Nay have we a desire to suture;
Destiny merely fills the void-
Or so I have been told.
Live by this until you are old,
For when Death calls for you,
It will be a time for renew!

Consumption

I, the zealot, illuminate-
Dominant in characterization,
Obvious hamarita alludes fashion,
Odium endowed to vivid observation.
Expostulation jettisoned for propensity,
Shrouded in eulogical possibility,
Juxtapositioned to perplexity.
Exuding in callowness,
Repetition of boorishness,
Schematic of licentiousness.
Relished to be a Wanton!
Gratified to be a Sponge!
Enthralled to be a Minion!
Sphinx scale bewilderment,
Clues to the rune in puzzlement,
Absolute substratum, the principal element.
Pastoral association to ostracize,
Transience absent to fraternize,
Oblivion to materialize.
Brilliance of luster rusted,
Essence of vice quadruped,
Carcass in contempt diseased.
Saturnalain!

Sage

A hill green in herbage-
Leaves kissed with homage,
The butterfly skims,
Tossing sun-drenched wings.
Despite the daring cliff-
Delivered on currency of pelf,
Jagged rock and hard earth,
As it were velvet scented in mirth.
Shadowed by passing clouds-
The choir in blue serve their lauds,
Not recognizing the amicable pit,
The butterfly tumbles in a wind fit.
A plot of absent turf-
Portal reversal to natural birth,
Descending toward a mantled floor,
Shade blooms mark a kingdom's door.
Gliding among a flippant breeze,
The soul of term in destined ease.

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Today

From this vista,
From this point,
I gander at the verdant hills.
Rich forests-
Rooted and wise.
Their greenage tastefully
Satisfying to the eyes.
All glits in the sun.
How soon will this become
A fantastic sea of shattered wills?
Like a stimulated stream
With infinitesimal swirls,
Gushing down graduated shelves.
Is this but a dream?
My mind caught in a whirl?
A plight of one's self?
Like sedimentary rock
Becomes metamorphic;
It too will crumble,
Into raw material.
Leaving a base-
Anew-
For me and for you;
A choice to face.
To presume and consume,
Or to know and grow.
Today- listen to the breeze;
The air flowing gently across the surface of the leaves.
It is the exhalation of reality,
Nature's extraterritoriality.
Today- reawaken.
Today- care.
Every minute taken,
Is another less to spare.