

“Consider Loneliness as These Things”

Eugene B. Redmond

Consider loneliness a lull,
As some secret space that jails in the mind,
As a circumstantial melody: the blues of
Wretchedness or the blues of joy;
As some totem of penitence or pity or pride,
Sagging from the neck like a lead medallion
Or a dead bird:
Spinning out,
Spinning out wire-threads or hardfeathers of confinement;
As a hypnotist, eye-blind, with psychic sight
And strength to unleash the lances of unexpurgated pain,
Of unquelled thought-quakes, or Watusi-tall dreams.
Consider loneliness as these things.

Consider loneliness as a weaver of want,
As a giver of needs undefined,
As some ancestral repository
For a personal mythic tablet;
As a nerve, nudged overgently --
Or laced with worry;
As a womb, wailing out its
Liquid waifs, its tight lips waiting,
Waiting . . .
As a tyrant, timeless and elastic --
Consider loneliness.