

## MODERNISMS

There's  
modernism  
of the sort  
where everything  
must be filtered  
through one's  
esteemed  
intellectual  
heritage.

Experience  
made clever  
via a series  
of references  
to someone  
greater—  
and yet  
superseded—  
introducing  
a new language  
technology  
from a linguistic  
laboratory,  
antecedents footnoted  
as needed,  
to guide its  
noble interpreters.

Then there's  
modernism  
where one learns  
to trust their raspy  
voice,  
stuttered  
cadence,  
gasping  
breath,  
weedy garden  
vocabulary,

fraught  
exchanges  
with fellow  
grubs,  
who might hear  
themselves partially  
echoed within  
the clamor of  
words.

Comfort with  
the ever-  
entangled  
moment,  
a damaged  
home,  
an imperfect  
aspect,  
a familiar  
association,  
a knotted  
poking branch.

A taste  
for simple  
complexities,  
the depth  
of jagged surfaces.

Something you  
look at  
and say, "This  
is me-  
to that  
I, at least,  
have no  
objections.  
Would you like  
to hold my  
hand for

a brief  
walk around  
this lake?"

Neither offense  
nor surprise at  
the denial.