Conversation Peace

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: March 2000.
Conversatlon Peace

I

Tertiary-
   begun in motion
with little thought of the end.

Last night I saw my mother's poetry,
my references were borrowed.

In morning new light-new warmth-births
new water.

In years new sense drives meaning
from second-hand words-

tried to speak to it,
these ideas have no shadow,

In the beginning there was silence-
   A world devoid of sound.

Pulled back into motion,
a stream of buildings-movement cannot be achieved without.
In 1972 the lands of southern New York flooded.
My movement pushed upward-brother was born.

"Meaning," my mother said, "is grounded in your work.
The lazy man never achieves meaning."

Airlifts were provided where expansion proved too much-

Heavy with sleep-without thought-without existence.
Heavy with time-in birth given words-
In the beginning there were no words.

"Your brother," she said, "was born the day after school ended,
as though he knew I had been fired."

Tightly, the words spun around me enclosing
my past into conscripted citations.
Eves are failing beneath the wake
of glow floating just beyond contained edge.
Grounded absence distracts moments
that bubbles fail to protect.
This division passes through me displaced by time's move/ment

In movement-

Presence still exists in time
without place.
Place still exists
without physical trace.
In time existence provides
trace for end.

This movement passes through
me, a strain of existence
proving past presence
with present mass.

In motion-

Reoccur in me, a change for the end.
As I tread on leaves,
no limit will affect me.
I abort, I conclude,
I do not repent
I revert-

resistance lacks movement.

Resistance lacks body.
These bodies remember,
my body fails.

Protection exists in body-

Reach and consume-
reach to consume,
consume my reach.

This morning I awoke and consumed my body whole.
Movement does not exist,
-broken

III

Tissue slipped,
lost form after given space.

Secondary-
- begun in motion with little thought of the end.

Dreaming, sleep-like,
but awake,
sight still not there.

But here, the words
slid into darkness,
our night begins here.

-This is where shadows live,
all time, no space,
less space
between us.
Where we stand,

awake, drop-like
and aware,
nonexistence still exists.

One path,
and another.

But dreams survive,
where speech fails.
In words,
our expansion gives space.

No more silence-,
this is where we move.

IV

Sliding, down, up,
into-
space opens spaced in spaces.

Our meaning is slipping-
it had no place left to go.

Too much borrowed,
Need-
      new references,
feeling too old in these clothes.

But,
the space stretches similar-
      now I can write letters to myself.
Spaced, still and silent,
clinging through every last-
      these words have no shadow.

And no space.

Nothing broken, nothing less than
      into,
nothing more than silence.

V

Coming awake suddenly,
      eyes peer through air
grasping for the spaces between dark and night.
My mother sits passenger side,
      face tucked tight to glass,
mumbling something out of reach.

"Mother! Mother I cannot hear you! Mother I cannot understand!"

Primary-
      begun in motion as the end.

More tissue has slipped,
      there was no place left to fall,
or hide.
      Broken by literature-
      ideas are no longer pure.

Needs have deserted-
      to find space between flesh and words.
I am ashamed of the language I speak.
The language of the body,  
the language of lost lines.  
I cannot transcend this.  

Losing feeling,  
lost timing.  
More body --- Less words.  

"Your poems," she said, "never change anything."  
Only statements of things past. Nothing new."  

Our histories are the same,  
stationary,  
falling  
while the masses rally in  
together, all empty in blankness,  
one by one fading  
out of time.  

VI  

Into  
the abyss.  
Still true--  
empty.  
And beyond all gone,  
need still present-  
end History.  
Everything passes through,  
barely held together-  
stitched.  
And beyond all, needs still present.  
Fall in front-  
and into  
what we may never see.  
Fall in front  
and into  
the quiet noise destroying our spaces between  
what speech may come next,  
or what silence may end.  
Speech holds tight-  
when the end comes,  
I will quote myself.  

--Mark Bowers