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Dead End

Mario Suško

you should have known all along
things are not as they appear,
though once they do they are what they are –

sheer luck got you across the open space,
creating the illusion the mind's eye
was to be parallel to the line of sight:

but a straight path, whether there or not,
is just a manifestation, to be negotiated
when one has negotiated with its circumference:

you do not see that far, and no compass
could help you circumscribe four cardinal points
of forgiveness from the forgotten intersection –

besides there's one thing always remains
unanswered, how much one is willing
to remember to survive what one has lost –

you'll move on: that's what those gone
leave you with, yet you have to perceive
memory's nothing but an endless dead end road:

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