



## *The Poem*

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I read the poem in D minor.

Philosophers and Mathematicians pout in three-part dialogue  
and throw crumpled bits of themselves  
at the sound of a fugue.

Eco and Borges get lost on their way to the washroom.  
Zeno proves they will never return;  
led in by a black monk, they agree.

The monk smells of potatoes and dirt  
but is determined to ignore himself.  
He produces a map and God directs.

Categorically impaired,  
Kant slurs his umlauts and spills bordeaux on the map of France.

Thousands drown.

A call is made to the moralists.  
It sounds a bit like a tree falling in the forest.

They peel themselves away  
from the naked light of the kitchen.  
The light pulls itself together as they leave.

Was it accidental?  
... Essentially, yes.  
Was it right? Was it good?  
...What is Right? What is Good?

The spinach dip.

They assure us that no one suffered.  
Well, no one particular.

The One screamed a single note.

The rest of us simply harmonized.

They seemed to like it.

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*Edited by Patrick Edward Meyer.  
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