

RE: Recto / Verso

David Eso

*poem in imitation of bookishness
for René Daumal*

Daily, when the sun trades its crutches
for stilts, make hay!
For Tweedledee and Guildenstern!
Two friends who commiserate
foreign frictions in an altered state.
Florentine gelato
on Guildy's tongue, both
British at boot and chin.
Tweedle, blurry his passport photo
spies shapes in Copenhagenean clouds
wherein two crows, relatives, relate
protests to each of the nearest breezes.

The moon drops, drops, drops and then it lands—
what a wonder what wonder withstands!

The holes in our plot stopped-up, or fretted
over. The rest just this:
what should be and not should be.

Make way for Rosencrantz
and Tweedledum—
who never meet. Having only friends
they have none and have known
only black damask of fictive paragraphs.
So? Fit them to that alter.
Press the mask's open eye
to the key-hole spot
in the middle
of your own
and only
back.