



...march 26, 1991...

**what is poetry? the song unsung?
the walk unwalked? the rhyme before the
rhyme?**

**the rhythm of a thought? the entrapment
of a concept inside truth? and what
is truth? what impels the head and hand
to retrace words and phantom images
of mind and blood?**

**a russian poetess
once said that poetry is like a cat –
you do not go to her – she comes to you –
both sphinx and feline echoing dimensions
eyes and ears can't trace – she creeps in silence
swelling into sound – until the sounds
and syllables leap out of dream
with unsheathed claws alive inside the brain.**