

# *Confession*

Martine Bellen

The poem confessed  
it has no sense  
of direction,  
a born zigzagger,  
topographically agnostic.  
It admitted to losing  
its Timex, its Tampex,  
its compass,  
its password  
for an ancient, agéd  
voice app. The poem confessed  
to requesting training  
on training  
its gaze  
on a subject, to needing  
a hearing aid  
and Coke bottle glasses.

Who seeks an old poem?  
A poem  
long in the tooth  
losing  
its words?

Who seeks a poem  
that forgets?

The poem  
placed a post  
in the help  
wanted section  
of the virtual paper,  
traveled cyberspace,  
psyche-space,  
collective unconscious  
space, the white  
page space  
of poems.  
It hovered on air  
waves with video off,  
audio mute. The poem  
visited prisons and crossbow  
competitions, barrios,

barges, and botanical gardens  
invisible to sensors and senses.  
The poem pit-stopped  
at the Louvre  
and penetrated the private  
marble space  
of *Psyche Revived*  
by *Cupid's Kiss*.

*Hear me,*  
the poem cried  
to the beholders,  
attempting to awaken  
their hearts,  
to quicken  
their breath,  
appealing to priestesses,  
to congregating soothsayers  
mobs and rabble  
circling the statue,  
unhearing the poem,  
the disheartened poem,  
the hardening poem.

The poem conceded  
to being enervated,  
phlegmatic. The poem  
congealed.

Inside the statue  
the poem presaged  
Cupid  
as an unwrought  
stone before Canova  
spit on him,  
softened him,  
took a blade  
and hammer  
to him,  
used his childhood  
strength  
to fight him,  
flatten him,  
fly him.  
And as is the way  
of stone,

memories  
haunt it,  
meld into it,  
melt it. The sea  
and air  
fashion it.  
It's the flame too.  
The sculpture's block  
is stone, and  
the poet's block  
is prayer.

Inside  
the stone,  
the poem  
is proffered  
a jelly jar,  
told the poem's  
waning gifts  
await in amniotic  
fluid, hypnotic  
fluid,  
though only an oracle  
may unseal  
the jar  
which contains  
the teeth of the poem  
that abide in Nyx.  
*Repress your curiosity,  
link and sync yourself  
to me, the sane, balanced  
spirit sang to the poem.*

*See  
the floundering  
silent  
filmy poem,  
without limn or limit,  
a ragged, invisible,  
unvarnished thing.  
Repress  
your curiosity,  
antediluvian poem,  
we need  
a victim now, a choral  
reprise of sane,  
shaming*

spirits chimed.

*Ain't that the truth at all times,  
given nothing  
around me is mine,*  
the poem says  
as it looks  
at the marble  
statue  
with a mask on.



The poem  
comes  
loose  
like a tooth

Like star blisters  
scratched  
till light  
pus oozes

Poems can be seen  
so much better  
in the dark, can seem  
better in the dark

Can see, like cats, in the dark

No one is alone  
in the cat  
in the dark  
in the poem  
in the palace  
with its storehouse  
of candelabras  
and crystal vases,  
giant tigresses  
romping through  
narrow  
atriums  
into the ventricle of the heart

Search and rescue  
this life of ours riddled with delusion  
with tried light  
tired light

We fall in order  
to love  
each other

The protolanguage that permits our stone tongues

The prodigal

Kiss

