

there they are
at it again.
whose hands are these in this thing.
whose hands are these who keep moving
camelot farther down
the road whenever
i get close to breathing in what i want to breathe.
something
or
somebody
is
moving it around
like a corner street shell game...

next to the desert city of gold
its trails littered with Spanish armor.

next to the fountain of youth
bubbling in the equatorial malarial sweat and green vegetation.

next to the submerged harbors of continental atlantis
mists and eddies without pillars.

always moving it
somebody
or
something
just before i arrive.

i have followed
the maps.
the stories.
the astrologers.
the prophecies.
the sellers of bread.
the tradesmen and the stonemasons.

i have followed the birds.

i always looked both ways before i crossed the street
without looking at what was coming...

passing grendel.
passing medusa.
passing mordred.
passing shiva.
passing myself in mirrors with dust.
passing the women with wrinkled magazines in the salons.
passing the men throwing souls like dice in the alleys of time.
and
i tried to stop the serpent from swallowing eggs.
i tried to stop the soldiers from treating themselves to the spoils of a fallen city.
i tried to stop the souvenir sellers from selling relics at the scenes of ancient crimes.
i tried to stop myself before i started stopping myself again.
i tried to lie to the things i could not stop.
i tried to stop the things that lied to me.

who has the strength to lift camelot and move it farther away.
or
what has the strength to bend imagination.

the circus strongman has loosened his leather wrist bands and retired.
atlas has become a delicate sentimentalist and joined the touring ballet.
hercules has opened a pet store for the emotionally distressed.
the cosmic turtle has become a nouveau ashtray.
the heroes have exchanged their spears for diabetic needles.
the heroines no longer make the beds they want to sleep in.
the religious guides guide us like black egyptian cats that will not tell the truth.

what is unconsciousness.
what is consciousness.
what is being.
if it is not me.

moving camelot.
wf.h.
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