

Poetry in Motion I

Written by Danielle Ureta-Spontak

England – Courtald Gallery

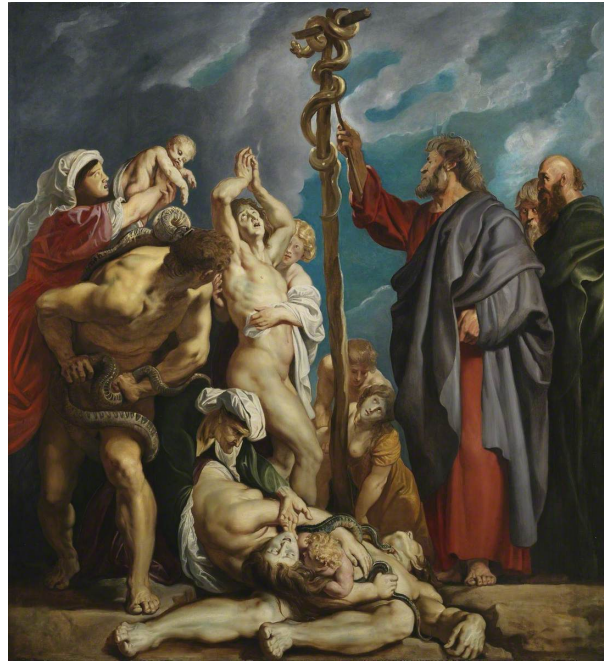
Moses

Well, I meant to summon a snake to shake
up the believers of
Horus and hate,
but serpents expelled out
slithered down
their mouths—
choking, gasping, shrieking, rasping for air,
words long lost on the throats' raped glare.

Well, I meant to shift the water to red,
stir up the pharaoh who calls up the dead,
but the rivers altered
to blood of the butchered—
screaming, sobbing, crying,
lobbing up prayers to anyone
with an ear,
unheard through bust drums.

Well, I meant to convert the first-borns to
split up the stubborn,
but the angels of death flew in from the nest
pecked out their hearts,
no beat to test.
No pulsing, no moving, no fathoms
of how destroyed
a people be
when their children are taken
by godly decree.

For this I am sorry. Creators destroy
as much as creativity.



Moses and the Brazen Serpent
Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640)

Paris – Dali Museum

Thumbed Chess

Opposable thumbed opponents opposite
of each other cast
in silver and gold, behold!

Who shall thumb the
first move?
Fingerprint pawns
or nobbled bishops?
Fingernailed knights or a
queened thumb hairless?
'They finger each other,
thumbs go up
thumbs go down
they scratch each other
thumbs go round and round
opting for strategy on tiled
ground, the skin who does not
care who wins.
'They claw each other,
strumming for the king—

a broken finger worth nothing,
yet somehow, he means
everything. No matter
how they shank, slay, or
maim, all the thumbs
return to their thimbles—

some seized, some broken,
some triumphant, some tokens of a
handshake.



Fingers
Salvador Dali (1904-1989)

Paris – Musée Rodin

Dear Thinker

Dear Thinker
can you help me
think about nothing?
The most difficult
feat, addicted to heat in my mind,
can't stop the flood, the wind
won't unwind its tornados ablaze
beautiful memories purged
absurd wildfires of fury—

help me stop thinking.

Happy thoughts melt, snow in Sahara,
happy ideas fractured, chasms of pain
opened up, fissures of feral,
broken, friend pleading for the end.
These thoughts are not
mine, words of

the pillager, whose are they?

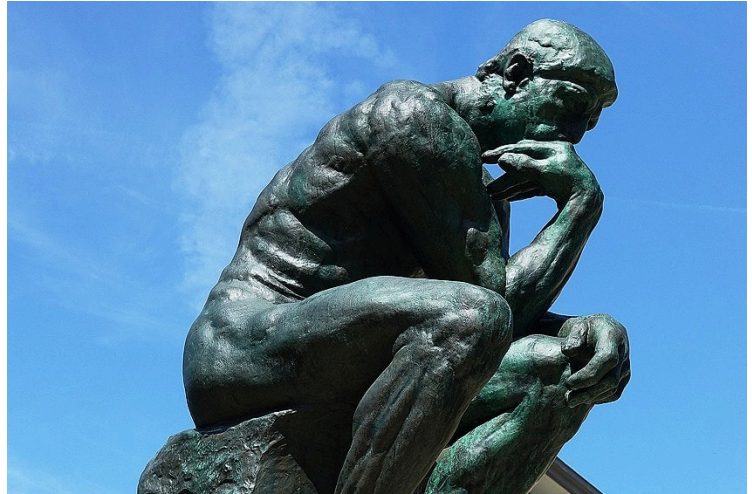
Do you think about
not thinking as hard as you do?

Are you contemplating how
a loved one could hurt you too?
Are you wondering what damaged you
imbued?

Hurt people hurt people hurt people
hurt people hurt people hurt people
hurt people hurt people hurt people
hurt people—

do you think the first hurt was human?
With a bang?
A scream into the world—

a shriek of a universe.



The Thinker
Auguste Rodin (1840-1917)

Paris – Musée d'Orsée

Watch the Watch

I sit behind the clock,
eavesdropping talks,
once we learn words,
our thoughts never stop.
'They tumult out,
an unceasing spout
about all the pouts
of prancing, pacing, prying out
our lives.
Past the carved hours
lay rivers, restive forests,
clouds incapable of
imperfect shapes—
they govern their own days.
If I stripped the watch
to watch the watch
watch itself alone,
would it watch its time
as I watch my life,
now a watcher who
forsaked the watch to watch?
I hold the child in me,
follow a premonition
of whom I'll be,
she tells me she watches
how happy I be!
'The past's thoughts on
the present, the future's
nostalgia for now—
just be here,
right here,
somehow. Watch it
unfold, partake until
it's gone cold.



Musée d'Orsée Clock
Lucien Magne (1849-1916)
Emile Bénard (1844-1929)
Victor Laloux (1850-1937)