

The Crucifixion of 0

Hyper-capitalism does not believe in
the power of poets.

At best, it is indifferent to them.

This makes it necessary to separate
my identity as an artist from
the work-a-day me where
self-expression is a
conflicting interest is
"Other."

Today a hard-working man can't
even make a living wage from
artifacts lovingly fashioned by
his own hands.

If my situation is observed
scientifically, accurately like
the life of a bug under glass,
like the true weight of
this split identity impressed
upon me—
might the cure for
my nausea, my re-unity
begin with a proper
diagnosis?

Like many of my
Brothers and Sisters,
even as a child of seven
was I a bit like a Rimbaud—
a little rebel already
sensing the creaks in
the ancient family Body
Armor?

But,
what does a child know
about knowing about real and
not-real right and
not-right Self and not-
self?

Still by some medieval
alchemy the crucifix was
passed yet again from the

Great Mother to the
Son forging a new link in
the chain already as old as
the coastal hills of Asia Minor
by the year Zero.

No,
the expanding empire does
not believe in orpheus, free thinkers,
visionaries, amazons, and tricksters but
we will never be short of Jokesters,
a mild night balm for
the wounds.

ron dante

May 1, 2017