

The Funambulist

Stretched tight over the square, he sits down
at a table and chair
and eats his meal of spaghetti. The town is dirty
but there are lights and people
press against the wide face of the artichoke
girl; all staring at the sky
as he hovers over them.

I am not present: the poet too
watches the screen. The poet is not there.
In his dreams he observes himself struggling on lone
chases through woods and passageways,
in his fantasies he is driving up a sheer ice-mountain
meeting the resuscitated body
of the dead T.S. Eliot.

Simian face: his smile can be seen
to be merely the contraction of the
circumoral muscle. His ptotic eye gapes
his attempts at speech reveal
a congenital transmission of ptyalism.
O poet with your imago
playing with echolalia

poet with your teleological nose: infibulate
your lips. You and your erethistic
fingers. Not in your dreams now
are your neologisms struck
dead. The aphasia is not in jest now.
the image is empty and the crowd
is roaring for the funambulist.

Publication history

First published in this version 2007

© Robert J.C. Young 2007

To cite this poem:

MLA Style: Robert J.C. Young, 'The Funambulist'. 2007.

[access date]

<<http://robertjcyoung.com/funambulist.pdf>>