Michael Hollcraft

Ontology

"It is the way of poets to shut their eyes to actuality. Instead of acting, they dream. What they make is merely imagined."

Martin Heidegger. *Poetry, Language, Thought.*

"The answer to the question of the meaning of being is still lacking."

Martin Heidegger. *Being and Time.*

1.

Invisible ink
characters appear
in my script.

Standing above a candle flame,
they flicker into existence
upon a vellum stage.

Today I'll
wear an eye patch.
Walk the plank.

Walk on water.
Speak in tongues.
Take a vow of poverty.

To advance the plot,
I'd even beg
the question:

Will my protagonist
wander into the third act,
wearing just a trench coat?

2.

Pierre enters the first scene
Pencil moustache in hand.
A leaden caricature
contemplating erasure.

Felix stalks his prey
through the second act.
Hungry as a saber-tooth tiger
crouching in ambush.

Lucille is petting Felix
late in the third act, she walks to discover
Her slinky feline asleep at the wheel,
careening towards oblivion.

Billboards flash neon commandments:
Distill essence. Inuit.
Be bold, outrageous, consistent;
Experiment.

3.

In my coffe cup, freshly ground
Philosopher's stones percolate;
thirteen gulps and still no gem.

My eyelids flutter above
my journal notes,
scribbled on past due bills.

I begin a winged descent, turn
my spindrift gaze towards the
Mysterium tremendum;

Dive-bomb the slipstream,
cloistered being
Mother - of - pearl.