

The Elephant

by CarlaJean Valluzzi

Open
With
the
experience

I do these
Things which please
myself I breathe I am
the object

a
Renaissance; the river which
makes me

may do away
and I am myself done away with, the
circumstances can but

begin
This elephant
I inhabit, the shell
this black which no light

Can filter
Into unpreventable experience—
a manual for the tongue

Black
my history
Is what is not My soul What
never

cut
By the present
Life expressed circumference

Described
nevertheless,
All; I guard to be inexplicable after

its centre
—we know
it has its centre
sensitized to

The wind
And unlike the
body to hear and not to hear,

without
Roots, accustomed to
thoughts to itself, maintained
By strange atmosphere;

Spiritual
to the
Become The I light

each
kind of speech
a limit itself, the elephant is
preceded by that

Phenomenon
The formation,
merely—
strike decisively the first

Time
as
the indestructibility of it
and at the

still
Here, Depth Will
Beautiful see no
unreason under it?