

# five discards or less

*by* strannikov

Contests of meaning hand over hand up thick vines axiologies  
riding bamboo-clad brass poles into waiting flames pale days  
never seen

thinking for yourself no one in the world to teach writing for  
revenge

to spill your scruples commit crimes and be on time with  
pathologies

the boats sail at dusk passengers eat sweet desserts their  
collisions met.

Tomorrow is but the pupil of yesterday paradises fade  
described descriptions with not the time to read them in months  
they'll be new

paying for our speech convinced of our fresh mistakes most all  
tears deceive

turns of phrase and lie with honest inspiration are the healthy  
real?

think through decide once meteors planets and stars the great are  
insane.

Gather your tastes and let logic explain ideals all pains are severe  
narrate nothing great find the small interesting what's close to  
your nose

strange creatures and words on the doorsteps at the gates  
and heard from both sides

each hair casts shadow ever reading never read reviewers review  
who dares to lay hold of whate'er beggary lacks while greed lacks  
much more?

Let anger be slow and let thoughts delay your speech and find the  
fit time

beyond perceptions what will endure beyond sense but long quiet  
graves?

to deceive others do not bother to deceive yourself first of all  
the interruptions that keep us from our purpose inflame our  
purpose

modesty is born it cannot be taught to us diamonds come from  
coals.

What words will endure past those skulls that once denied that  
nothingness lurks?

those plans that were made by the graveyards' residents remain  
unfulfilled

weep or go stark mad your amanuensis fool will bury your words  
and petrify them and who knows whether or when grass will grow  
on top

gifts sent to the dead benefit neither sender nor recipient.

