

The Time Ek Stasis

Minsk

Whispered words. These walls breathe the inanity of accusation
and a moment of gifting passes through what once was identity
so that its dispersement surpasses even reciprocity in a movement
beyond truth and falsity while well worn pillars of objectivity
collapse as if blown asunder by the blameless pawns of poets
ecstatically exhuming treasures of forgotten grace.