

Frame

by blake *Tuesday, Oct 24 2017, 11:03am*

international / poetry / post

the necropolis by the sea,
a city built by the living
but only populated by the dead
which explains its peace

white marble sculptures press behind,
lamenting the mediocre skills of cemetery
sculptors, yet the view is limitless,
unframed, escaping all definition

it is good that someone living is able
to see the sea moving ceaselessly
toward the necropolis -- its time is limited
as time limits all

i steal images of various subjects, none living,
though if life were present it would be murdered
by the picture taken and presented framed to viewers
as a lie, a mis-representation of actuality,
as frames destroy by excision/confinement

i withdraw my eye from the viewfinder and look beyond --
borderless space ...
unlimited, what paltry apparatus is able to capture unframed
infinity?

a frame is measured by its dimensions which vary according
to its capacity
yet only consciousness is able to view the frameless, the moving
sculptures teaming toward the sea and inevitable doom

the cemetery is indeed alive though at peace
as it is unframed, free

boundaries, borders disguise themselves as useful
yet they imprison and lie, unable to capture the moving
splendour of an unframed moment of continuity

i return my camera to its case where it belongs
and live the living view as only a living being
is able

word-chains and symbols race thru mind like a movie
tho only composed of measurable finite images/thoughts feigning
life,
frame by frame --
it becomes apparent that culture
is also framed and captured by language
which traps every expression
described,
culture is only able to re-produce itself as the limited is unable
to produce the limitless

the sea, air and sculptured marble move at varying
rates, which rates define the illusion of stasis and kinesis;
movement thus seen and unseen is always a lie as culture is only
able
to present what is framed by language and its gadgets/productions

culture fails the living test, as every possible production
is stillborn and death cannot produce life

so i return to my japanese companion
sitting overlooking the sea
with exposed navel and lily-white belly moving in unfettered
sight/delight
and feel that movement create movement in the most likely
place --
she turns her asian eyes toward me and my body quickens
much to her delight --
her vermilion lipstick smile
betraying her intention

how fortunate we are as her english is basic and my japanese
is non-existent, tho our living bodies share an unspoken common
language which leaves red circles on her medium of choice