

The Last Page

Monolith

Still the poets wrote of their mothers, their fathers,
Of their favorite rust-red houses in the deepest recesses
Of loved cul-de-sacs. They scraped skateboards off ramps.
In their gray hour they plumbed the funeral pyre
Of blossoms they discovered endlessly exorcising
And reinventing themselves, the plumb or level line,
Some vantage point, some holocaust of mind
Casting colors like a film projector, how such things
Never gained a foothold in nature, so why ever
In poetry and architecture, new figures, new orders
Coined for each new day, each one fully temporary,
Absolute and necessary, of nature and man-made,
While in the pup tent of the central cortex,
In the form of Kubrick's black monolith,
There was no chatter and this time no laughter.
Though something shattered nothing broke.
From their old chairs the poets took note,
From the language of love and dust looked up
And cupped their spent fathers, the lovely interior
Made by their mothers, and the curve of each year's flowers.

Stephen Haven