

meanwhile i reside in overdue rent
of academic life. my absent breath
is print on page. how quickly it is spent.
the critic's rage celebrates its posture.

MANFRED JURGENSEN

Nolde: Flowers and Clouds

painted 1933; the drama unfolds.
the coloured flowers are the knowledge that they grow,
the ever changing clouds sense of a god who moulds
his presence into passing shape. the movements know
the secret of their projected composition,
the reds and browns, the corn-poppy drowning the sun
and the iris' light in which rays have begun
endlessly to lure the nature of our vision.

history is a painting of the forbidden
forces; the skies are riddled with terror and fear.
within the form of genesis lies the hidden
meaning. it is a pattern abundantly clear
in the vegetable mind; thought studies how to be
a mullein regally blue, or the soil of home,
the bleeding evening of all the days to come,
part of the immortal tyranny of beauty.