

*Analects (Noir)*

O, my little helper at the magic lantern, nicely  
browned—*focus, focus!*

Better, much better—to see the tempest in a teardrop,  
Armageddon  
poised, on the tip of a pen.

Didn't You tell me?

*Think—*

*before* you lie. Trembling one, *Don't. But,*  
if you *must* lie—lie in lavender, in blue/blue streaks  
across volcanic sky.

Lie  
as *blood sport*, (my beloved, my criminal heart)—

spitting  
your conscience into your napkin.  
burns a pinhole in God's favorite tie.

The mind  
Oil leaves a rainbow

on the water.

—Robert Nazerene