



The Condition of Each Self

after Nathan Oliveira's painting "Untitled / Standing Figure #6" 1990

Its growth was sharp
given the weight of the night,
its blooded blackness
reddened and blue.

We stand against both:
the coming and its going.

Covering our privates
it flows about us anyway
like rain as grain.

If we have a leg to stand on
it tends to be a lean.

Not so
with attachments
smeared as they are
at our roots
they form a clearer balance
in the thick of things.

Growth every pointing
to ground
scratching at the surface
of our demise
inevitably
the color growing behind us

except for one strange mix,
a thin dark line,
reminding we're still "in" it
carrying accumulate towers –
the homes, the genes, the ocean –

a deeper form of sky
and weightier
as if large enough
to make it matter

with certitude forming
the conditions of each self.

N Filbert 2012