

PETER SEATON

AN ETHICS OF ANXIETY

If in the depths of a warlike people
You owe survival to wicked spirits
Warning you to seize the occasion to escape
Deadly contagion, by taking another mad rush
At the good and the bad
Words lingering heatedly within objections
To traditional sacrifice, diffuse excess,
Unconsidered immunity against everything
You say when would this desolate impulse limit
This adamant world to the scope of your assumption.

When would you write what you would read
Of the sequence of all sexes rigorously reasoned
From the secrets of great premises for what
Was a true penalty and what was far and wide
Definition inheriting but that
This is words for a fraction of a better word
Is not merely lost, it's bound
To the mouth blessed with a body
Administered by the nature of words determined
To be true. How else can you write
In someone's own words.

Or invest them with sublime expedients
Of abandon cautiously preventing all that stuff
That all this is fresh with
From talking and doing no harm and note that
That leaves monstrous proportions of writers
With words in the womb. And that couplets
Loose in a stanza on the ways of wars
Accept piles of letters
Heavy with accessible sounding leanings
Whose powers I may now distrust.

In order to be in the books, loved
For each letter in a word overflowing
With the problems of poems poets
See more books at the same time. They see
Parts of the world assigned to poets
Inspiring male material with a male name and
Justice of the order of power in the will
Dominating bodies in the same condition.

They imagine you've just been told
You can't be trusted, and that the world presents
Genetic intimacies no longer loved for torments
Represented in republican neglect. This plight
Of the face of the earth that you reach
Through my senses adapts the time of your life
To when wild words sigh. This forbidding evidence
Of reckless life dominates a consequence
Of projection like lust preceding a deliberation
Yielding to my next purpose which is something
Different in discoveries
Of fragmentary men put together
In an embarrassment separating the estrous
Instance from someone's sobering love.

If that's a meaning-making process that
Unbuckles English six to ten times a day
In the safety of our steel bodies ready
For excitement the people
You train to take place stop being taught.
A stand-in for the symbolic being probably
Here, complicated by saving my life,
Acquires episodic reason to leave the end
Of the past to an animation
With which people will their presence
On an atom of all places. Sometimes
When I'm writing wounded, dead,
Ambitiously deciding to be jealous
Of the way I dressed myself last night I
Become thought of in the revels and rituals
For improving links through the loveliest universals,
The kind that complete a delinquency that suits you,
The kind that rub a little unity in your dust
And radiate some essential to attention
Leniently imposing the beginning on the past.