

# Some Words

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## The Sleeper Stirred and More

The shingles of my apartment roof shattered the night air; cool breeze whisked their slew of sound ever closer to my restless ears' canals.

And once the breath of such a shriek rattled between my eyes, bouncing from cornea to cornea, it decided to lay dormant on the tops of my nasal hairs.

Distraught of it, I paid mind mention of sightless tension within the black that was then the previous days' declensions.

Both my body and mind attempted a drift back to subconscious, removed from God's stencil sat atop an easel so ironically frantic;

Past now, as said it existed to tickle a sense left less while I frolicked with a princess - formless to peering eyes.

The scale of life, opposite the live and animate in such otherwise time amidst sheeted lies and pale white linens: when I woke, the dull shade of dawn catapulting on subtle, caked brown suede of a corner chair lobe spelled disappointment for that which could never be there.

One couple hope, halved you've managed to cope only wanting return to ivory cast cone middled, muddled by an eventual short.

Longed in tort, function contorted supplying muscled lore of what should not be called yours.

Canter, canter court a laughter of the court of majesty in fourths; your counterparts muster sample after of they thought slanted in scope.

Purple, yellow, blue in places: palace of contemporary painters painted unto the ceilings commissioned for little in return but fool's gold: their place in statement.

Written the words drooling, wet the ink dried an image of the acting player on papyrus to read read the teacher to student.

If not, if not, if when there if where I'd sincere consideration layered alack since passing on parting chaffed inspiration.

It is, said say we tell over them in our papers; to a setting from which there is little placement oft in escapade trees and shadowed lakes.

Traced inception idled impression sake so trestles may support what our fortune visions cannot: like aorta to chest chained man whose soul separate from whole wore told of many old.

Scored the musician, wright code lead soared along the continuous bar; jackal splatter of misanthrope slightly ajar.

He lies alone, away tucked in home like bone like I now; know each of us a held scorn for disdain toward dimension close but far distanced in relation to the world in dream chose.

## Apart

A part of dividends darted to either extreme of mouth.  
To tune song underneath the riverbed along which  
Can be sung: "I've not yet been haunted, though been assaulted  
By love; that which can be sung: "I've not yet been haunted,  
though been assaulted by love; that which was then now escapes me."  
Like apple falling from tree to earth,  
Earth to earth.  
Earth to earth.

## The slow, tired pendulum makes its rounds left and right

Funnily, I've got a clock that ticks  
Hung above the chair in which I sit  
And it feels as though the pendulum  
And the ticking clock are out of sync  
Like they're not directing together  
Like they're on different times,  
Neither borrowing from the other;  
Only the space between when  
The pendulum is at a crest - left or right -  
And the clock's long arm at rest are they both silent  
That silence, I'd think, is quite noisy  
Not just for the pendulum but for the clock  
I'd also think it's when both are most at ease:  
The pendulum before its falling action impaling space  
And the clock before its long arm wrenches frequencies.

Neither like what they were made to do  
And take solace in that they don't always do it.  
At least it feels that way, to them,  
That they don't always count;  
There's silence in space, a refrain from taste.  
That's at least what I surmount.

## An Apposite Nature

Chastise the woman that you love,  
and she will be yours forever.  
Beg of her service, and she will provide you company.

Slave to establish a covenant,  
one that is of little benefit to her.  
Offer your heart, and she will let you harvest hers.

You mustn't waver for any one but yourself.  
You mustn't hasten to exact indignation upon her  
for you do not exist in either heaven or hell.

I have been but a lowly man, indentured to exact the will of my master,  
Till I realized he is nothing more than my captor.

I'd like to extend my comprehension by becoming her god, one like mine.  
One of many faces and statures.  
But not so that she will obey me,  
So that in time she shall abate me.

## Loose

Loose lies so there's wiggle room  
Shackled smiles to hide the truth  
Who are we all kidding, really,  
When push comes to shove?  
We're all but lonely soles of shoes  
Above ground wanting to be put down

Loose feet in shoes  
So there's wiggle room.  
Shackled smiles of laces -  
Truth is they're cross.  
Who are we all kidding, really,  
When push comes to shove?  
We're all but lonely soles  
Above ground

Waiting to be put down.

## Dresser, Drawer

To ascertain the age of a tree, you've got to kill it.  
There's a dresser and its drawers in my room. Wooden.  
I've had it for a while.

Too, when I tug toward myself on the drawers' knobs  
A shriek from friction sounds inside the dresser  
As the wood scrapes itself, as they - the dresser and drawer - scrape each other.  
Sometimes I think the drawer only opens because it wants to escape  
The horrid noise. To escape its captor, the dresser.

Sometimes I don't push back my drawer into the dresser  
So it can taste the tranquility, so it can savor the sustained freedom  
For long till I must wander.

## Descent unto Realization

I don't know where this all started.  
I know where I started.  
And, from then I know who I have become;  
At least to some extent.  
Those people out there, they look at me.  
They think of me and what I do.  
They read the papers and they read it all  
Till there's not a word left on the page  
That they haven't consumed.  
But what about me  
And what I think of myself?  
I think of myself and I think "not a lot."  
I wish that was me, all of me,  
The only thing about me: me.  
But it's not.

I won't tell you who I am,  
I couldn't if I wanted. Why?

That's not a question I can answer.  
Well, it is.  
But, that doesn't mean it's a question  
You'd like to know the answer to.  
See, people want to be mystified.  
They want to be dazzled by glitz  
And glamor, by scope and by scale.  
And, who better to give it to them  
Than themselves?

So now you see:  
I have the answers about me  
You don't want to hear, or see, or read.  
You want the interpretation of someone  
In some field on some show  
Who gives you the slop on your plate  
In a pretty way so you can eat it  
Thinking you're eating some thing.  
That's delicious.  
But reality is not delicious  
Nor is it consumable.  
Reality is an experience unto us all  
And we're not who we think we are  
Unless someone tells us so.  
What you eat is not what it is  
Unless someone says it is.  
When we do this, drink from the tit  
That is media, we eat and we consume.  
But, are we fulfilled - truly?

Bloody salt and ripened, pink oranges.  
You sprinkle table salt  
On watermelon, though.  
Bloody salt and pink oranges don't exist.  
And when the seeds of the watermelon  
Fall without being touched,  
Or without you knowing they were there -  
They were hiding behind layers

Of the fruit - you find bile on the plate  
That used to be fair  
And know something vile existed  
Outside your range of view.

## Product

The dusk set seldom on to the hillside's brusque  
Curvature. Daunting, it seemed, that the solace  
Of the sun would offer itself unto Mother, and  
Artemis would not.  
As it was before Apollo vanished into synonym:  
Helios could not find sullen wings of creatures that  
Occupied his skies, or littered earth  
Ripe with beast that is being to make sense; he'd  
Condemn the mortal things he wrought provision for.

And as Saturn devoured son after son, he thought  
Not to consider their emotion. He thought not  
To consider their pain. He thought only of himself,  
Of only his flesh constituted by vein.  
"In Vain!" he exclaimed, as if to deride the  
Reality that he consumed man enough.  
"What Shame?" he inquired of Ops: a proclamation  
Against the lame duck he felt she personified.

The abundance of child, of which none could manage  
Utterance of contempt. In following the footprints  
Abandoned by ancestral wealth, they thought not  
To make footsteps. Undressed, as to convey mess,  
They offered heart unto God to exorcise  
Death. Of horrid existence, of indentured trial. What  
Existed within bile, fisted in to position by Father's manqué smile?

That I do not know, or care to consider. Flittered I did,  
Seeking mistress to take wed. Settle, for to begin  
The unctuous process of past said: I marred  
Decision, decisive thought fled toward

Offal descent unto repetition. Queer,

My mission; though, my steer  
Stayed stead – not a tear  
Drop shed from my  
Battered soul.

## Ought

Seeking what is so painfully sought  
The truth that houses not just a single thought  
Rather a continuum of effervescent plot  
Compiled of the horrors that follow me as I wrought  
In the utter hatred of myself; what I've become  
The mot that mocks my will scoffs at my concept of hope  
As what I've dreamt is not but a lonely soul  
Made up of a fight, that of which is sillily fought  
Though, I am consoled in my minds black hole  
As it devours me whole  
And as I crumble under its immense pressures  
A diamond is manufactured out of my body's most precious metals  
Swallowed entirely by that which consumes me: myself