

## Michael McGuire "Interpretation Of The Weather"

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### INTERPRETATION OF THE WEATHER

Individual eons of loneliness; suicidal spectators,  
caressing the  
palpable nothingness as to arouse it's somethingness  
and steel off  
with it's appetite, oh the burden of this desire could  
not be sustained  
by any without the ardent passion of indifference.  
I could use the weatherman's throat to discover the  
poison in my  
rainbow's rain, no undisciplined metaphor but  
meaning beyond;  
meaning within; meaning undone, nuclear warhead of  
an artist; his  
thunder plagiarized.  
Votaries for the age and ailment; cracked mandible;  
Fraud's fist, oh I  
just give up; give in; give over (I do have love; do I  
not?), after I  
discovered time I hid it in the crying; sighing; lying;  
trying, trying,  
trying; dying bones of the clock.  
And whatever this is that enters my wasting niche of  
being, the  
world's lionized sham; is it myth in the matter that  
spills my guts  
thither, I find in this useful nonsense some tenuous  
component that  
renders my touch useless.  
Is this not the motion of now; of all time; of any thing  
sensible of  
movement? when did the solid seed of the water give  
drink to the  
stomach of the rain, and now can I refuse my thirst just  
to spite the  
vintage?  
The gloating hypocrisy of death; an afterlife (yes)  
played out by some  
troupe of strangers, this wonder cant be reckoned: it is  
the wrecked  
and scattered oeuvre of god, and I am ruined amongst

the ruins so to  
be captured inert.  
So I am losting; disunioned; and precipitated into the  
drag of the  
routine weather, and I can observe all that used to be  
me and think  
(what? what?), but there is no why in this mandated  
philosophy; just  
the tautology of why not.  
And so it will rain or it will not and I will get wet or pay  
off the  
weatherman, and this attribute of agony will give my  
ghost over to an  
honest medium, and she will sing the song of me to the  
listeners in  
the darkness un-timed.

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