

Michael McGuire "Something About Everything"

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SOMETHING ABOUT EVERYTHING

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A slave to the furious wheel of my miscellany of want, I
question the

logistics of the limp of my logic, wonders escape my
senses without

being milked of their ecstasies, so lost am I in the folk
and familiar of

habits in motion.

My agnostic attitudes, the worlds prolific platitudes, so
alas something

about everything feeds me sorrows, and blank
revelations forecast

blank tomorrows.

I flounder and waste time working trifles, and sulk
upon all natures

most common themes, but the alphabet can misspell
any omegas to

alphas, and shape sense into the raw materials of any
construct of

words.

My agnostic attitudes, the worlds prolific platitudes, so
alas something

about everything feeds me sorrows, and blank
revelations forecast

blank tomorrows.

Even the bounded world is swallowed in a boundless
universe, as one

man is swallowed in the miscellaneous mass of
mankind, all

knowledge on pawn of the soul and sift of study, and
the butt of

histories sardonic sense of humor.

My agnostic attitudes, the worlds prolific platitudes, so
alas something

about everything feeds me sorrows, and blank
revelations forecast

blank tomorrows.

The beauty of all things falls victim to my blinded
insight, chilled in

high summer torched by winter in perpetuum, marked
in this myth the

bread of Able is the feast of Cain, the honey poisoned
in the ipso facto
sweetness of taste.
My book of agonies, edits the worlds ecstasies, so alas
something
about everything leavens my doubt, and minutes to
memories; days to
eternities merely prolong my pout.
dec. 07

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