

*Perhaps It Would Help  
if You Thought of the Poem as ...*

by Jason Ryberg

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a hermit's hovel of many mansions,

a shimmering silk kimono billowing  
on a clothes line in central Kansas,

a meteorite, suddenly fallen in your backyard  
(pulsing with a strangely hypnotic  
and inviting glow),

a particularly toxic strain of word virus,

a flaring moment of clarity  
in the middle of a mosh pit,

a tattered travelogue entry written in hobo code,

a series of lies that leads (ultimately) to (something  
resembling) the (big time, capital T) Truth,

a random, haphazard arrangement  
of the 10,000 myriad archetypes of the world,

a sum of parts that is somehow actually larger  
than its whole,

an unexpected arrival at reality  
via the unwitting disengagement from it,

an open-air market bazaar in a lost city,

a Chinese puzzle box or Russian nesting doll,  
flowering open and open, forever down and down  
the spiraling, helical dog-tail chase for the Good,  
the Just and the Beautiful, etc., etc.

Or, perhaps it would help if you thought of this  
fragile little contraption of memes as a mechanical  
butterfly fluttering the non-Euclidian geometry  
of its flight pattern through a forest of wind chimes,  
still glistening with rain from a brief  
morning thundershower.