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CONJUNCTION (VERSION 2)  
Edwin Thumboo

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V 2

Sometimes, when the sun is twice itself  
With light that quietly breaches certainty,  
You feel the distaff side grow warm and glow.  
Pores of light open: something is to happen;  
Without charts, free of knowing intimations.  
Perhaps a visit that starts a high-road journey.

Not into the desert, but the sudden squall within,  
Partly familiar, but whose eye this time The turmoil of unknowing  
Which leaves language lame, without the fever  
Laying energy behind the eyes,  
What you didn't know, of deeper things,  
In a world of dew; brief statement in shooting star;  
The preached that kept its secret all these years.  
Or the moon sipping a few stars before rising.

Words feel a somehow finger on their shoulders

They start to feel a special spine of feeling, of things  
Long there, unsaid, waiting for conjunctions,

Perhaps an ancient thought that made a universe,

gave it planets and moons  
Had suddenly awake again.

Those are the big ones

A discourse whose power is

The uncertainty principle becomes certain –  
For a moment; long enough to do its work.  
We go back to the ordinary; to what we know.  
The day will not alarm; a return to familiar times.  
All is usual. Once more the world has four corners.  
At least till when the sun is twice itself again.

20 October 2004

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