

# CHRIS MOYLAN

## Three poems

### **Sleep**

All this talk of pits and fires,  
of saving and wanting, it's not  
interesting anymore, not here.

The body is going on vacation.

The body is taking a leave,  
as in gone, as in not there anymore.

The body is mythic gone, elapsed,  
immaculate awol. So long gone.

The body gets too big, it wants  
too much, the body wants  
the wrong things, it doesn't deserve

graphic, frontal, and worse.

The body is gone. That's all.

That should be enough.

The body is nobody, then, and  
never was. The body is nobody  
now and always is. The body  
has a new attitude. Don't  
take it personally. Don't take it  
anyhow or anywhere, don't  
leave it. Don't give it any mind.  
The body is not there.

The body is a word, that's all.  
It's all trees and forest, now,  
it's all leaves and grass. The breeze  
makes a soft, shivering sound,  
it's shaking off what does not belong—  
the body in the grass, the body  
in the scene. The body is making

A pass at the extreme and  
the absolute, the body at the centre

of everything—the grass, the green,  
the scene, the sky—the body  
is leaving, the body is saying  
goodbye. The body is drifting down  
and going to sleep now.

Just what? Just rest, all the rest,  
in darkness, in sleep, in quiet,  
in peace, just rest, in nothingness,  
in sleep, in sleep, awaiting  
the dream that justifies the shock  
of sudden breath. Our Lover  
is jealous and never far...

### **After Clausewitz**

A serious means to a serious end,  
never absolute, never an isolated act,  
never a single, instantaneous blow.

With the utmost use of force, utmost  
exertion, dream becomes art,  
art becomes knowledge. Knowledge  
then, becomes simple, if not,  
at the same time, very easy. (How

to wash your hands, how to tie  
your shoes, how to connect the dots,  
how to take them apart again, how to

explai



**Learn**

After the anatomy of angels,  
the anatomy of pleasures, after  
pleasures, the anatomy of silence,  
after silence, silence, after silence...  
Learn to praise in a new language,  
or no language, no words, acquiring  
terms where and how one finds them—

no conclusions, no inferences, and wait,  
turning the same phrase over and over.  
After the pleasures, after the denials,  
meditate, convince oneself, one's days  
are filled with pleasures, one's nights  
with raptures everyone needs to forget  
and forget, from one moment to the next.

Take desperate measures; forsaking  
all others, forsake yourself. Embrace  
all things, embrace nothing, withdraw  
into smaller and smaller space, until  
it's not space any longer but rumour,  
nuance, the slightest shade of difference  
where there is no difference, there is  
no point in making a difference so  
there is no point, no place, no space.

After the anatomy of angels, the anatomy  
of pleasures, after the anatomy of pleasures,  
the anatomy of silence, after silence,  
silence, after silence I will hunt  
you down. I will take you.