

TO AND FROM
ANONYMOUS MORTAL

Died, *dead*, *DEATH*, my dear!
What is this '*passed away*' we hear?
Mere words,
as if taking but an hour away;
not eternally gone--
just on to live some elsewhere day?

I know how you feel.
Your body's given out;
maybe stuck in a wheelchair--
lots of *non compos mentises* about
with the poor young wage slaves:
we know how *that* went--
labor's children of immigrants
serving aged bodies' bent.

I know: *dead, dead, dead*--
you don't want it in your head;
or, dwell on the many
that'll "pass away" today.
(A young girl with a bomb
killed 70 they say?)

Or, consider the wasteland
of unvalidated mind;
woes of Time's great thinkers
left behind;
or, even those who did live a
perfected story--
one quick little trip through
recognized glory.

Post-mortal Immortality even scientists
contemplate
(indeed counted on, by some truly great) .
All that this "I" is able to comprehend
Is that identity ceases with Body's end.
As if posthumous adulation could compensate
for no living Self beyond Death's gate.

Crippling "*longevity*"--unspeakable, is it not?
No thanks to Science for what it has wrought.
To whom to express it?--how handsome once,

how deft;
of all past determination now bereft--
not to our children, 'Heaven' forbid!
They have their own trials, such as we hid.

Everything's taken self-evident by the human
eye,
while geometrical fractals frolic in the sky;
and all those lengthy formulas--what a
mathematical tedium!
Blind circumnavigation of an all-pervading
'base medium.'
But Humankind will be forced to give in
bye and bye,
and do its very best to square the 'pi.'

Despite all good words of long-dead sages,
world seems bound for a second of dark
ages.
And this "I" here in *its* chair--this Time-induced
solitude--
would give a last tooth to be with Harrison
and talk longitude.

It depends on so much more than where the
body's been,
whether a mind can believe assisted suicide is a
sin.
Tapping life's final door you and I might say
plenty;
but why bother repeating words of History's
many of lost identity.

Think of it this way for our children,
bottom principle:
is not our heartfelt wish, each be our disciple?--
use their youth to forge cherished preservation,
so that existence on Earth may know that
elevation
toward the good dream of which we were so
amorous--
before they, also, must become anonymous.

Body needs to breathe, eat, eliminate and
sleep,
no matter what the season.

And just the same, rain or shine,
Consciousness looks for Reason.
Yet irrespective builder of bricks or of words,
Nature governs Mind/Body as inscrutably as its
birds.

'Lord' knows, didn't we try, always,
to render Purpose to Life?
Certainly *some* day ('Lord' willing, we thought),
Reason *must* replace living's inexorable strife.
But woe now again it recedes on suffering's
beach,
rivulets of hopelessness leaving us perilous
in the breach.

This 'Writer' is done, for its present life--
not to die; no *that's* not true--
just finished with the insistent legacy
parental 'love' decreed her born to do.
'Domestic' on the other hand
has no choice but to continue *her* work--
creating not words but Life itself;
none of *those* duties can she shirk.

(No wonder our old aunts all wore jersey...)
She sets the iron back on its trivet
*(little need of it on this particular skirt
Drawn from the weekly laundry basket).*
Now had she been born in other
circumstances—to royalty, say--
a slave in dungen dark--
She'd still be able to tell the season
and when flowers were blooming in the park.

Spring, early summer, early fall, fall,
Early winter, deep winter—the season's all.
And how wouldst she know?
Well, by what she did press—
Whether a gent's linen or lady's muslin dress.
But she at the mangle would not envy the
laundress,
bent half the day over vats so steamy;
lifting out those water-heavy garments--
royalty knows not, how heavy water can be!

But what, we can wonder, was it like?--
for that innocent girl of the Temple story?
Certainly she didn't do laundry duty?--
being destined for eternal glory.

Now we're told Science is to map the brain!
'Though I know you don't like listening to me,
should they figure out how the wiring works,
one thing I can imagine that we'll see:
they'll say "Look-- this one works good;
but this one's likely to give us polemics."
(What's that theory that Hitler pursued?--
(I believe that the word is *eugenics*....)

True, conscious old folks can feel sorry for
themselves, as rightfully they should;
keenly aware of Time's relentless movement—
not forward! Oh, back! If only it could!
How long it takes for Psyche to awake!
Yet I sense Grace's approach, you see--
Consciousness discerning for Self's sake
how Superego held Scripture over me.

*(That nun of DePaul in her big white hat
said, this be "mortal sin" and that, and that.
Die with an unforgiven one on your soul
and you'll wind up a piece of coal.)*
Yes, it was a "mortal sin" on that Friday I ate
meat. If I died unforgiven
I'd be the "Devil's" treat.

But Saturday afternoon I made it to confession,
careful thenceforth to avoid regression.
Then, lo! Pope Pius 12th, some 10 years later in
'58,
decreed it no longer mattered what on a Friday
I ate!
So goes it, my Father wouldn't have me say it at
school,
'twasn't the first time Man changed a God rule.

Science versus Religion--the gloves are coming
off;
the rug of redemption to be torn from its loft.
Many the souls that will be given to wail
as 'after-lives' vaporize in the cosmic grail.

No question, it can make one feel like a fool.
But when Peter plead they bear arms, lost his cool,
remember Jesus's remark toward the end of that fro:
*a time will come when you too must be borne,
wherever you are to go.....*

Oh Reich, Einstein and Jung--where, when you I need?—
the first, who captured life-energy's penetrating seed,
which aged body is full-sensitive now to receive;
the second's uniting of cosmos,
unto which each self must leave.
Call it "orgone;" call it "cosmological constant;"
obliterator of all achievements extant.
The third, to confirm my's final "individuation,"
sentencing one to that unheralded nation
of all who lived to dredge Reason's lore,
forced to abandon it before Death's door.

I think the I's finally figuring it out,
*(but it will take a cigarette to write it:
What is it that makes humans fearful to know
what we're really like, that we fight it?)*
I admit times I want to sit on the curb and cry
when Thought becomes weary to the bone--
like a child tired and cranky
with no one to take her home.
But don't sing me any platitudinous songs
of rationalizations of human existence;
Mind knows too well the endless throngs
who gained nought for civilized persistence.

Given choice: name immortality, or
Consciousness freed from its tethers,
this I would trade any honor that might accrue
to feel motion -created wind through it feathers.
About this thing called "Consciousness"—
as Ancient East sought to state--
Where and whenever despairingly it appears
Only one of two ways can Mind take

To shut all doors to apprehendable realities;
retreat from day-to-day actualities;
be taken care of, Body the focus:
Mind relegated to unbroken forgetfulness.
Or able to face the challenge
(even if bravery does come reluctantly);
dredge all those years of Self's responsibility
accept it lived only as it was destined to be.

So then, like I, sit back in your chair,
perhaps eat a piece of candy;
rest on the laurels you have earned,
and flavor your coffee with a little brandy.
For in Truth, so crudely when all our numbers
are told,
has Time seen how cheaply our history's been sold.

For what progress in Collective Consciousness
has been won?
What good has all humans' sufferings done?
Did all feel this hopelessness at their end,
having believed in the purposes their efforts
would lend?
Philosophers, poets, scientists without number,
consigned to that unknowing slumber.
Enough!—enough written that Life becomes
not what it seemed.
Let this be last bewail of all that has been
dreamed.

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