

## Paul Kahn / TWO POEMS

### HEAVY SUNDAY SERMON

I am hard to talk to some days  
considering the shapes of things.  
No streets run parallel for very long,  
(space thru time), all lines  
disperse. How to get there  
from here: first we must locate  
where we are, determine the relation  
between that & where we would go,  
conceptualize the path we are on.

The map tells us nothing of the territory,  
only a record of the differences we use  
to perceive it.

Locate the self one day  
bare ass standing by a storm sewer  
in a dream, that place, embarrassment  
of public exposure, the dreaming self  
dives into the sewer hole, makes the  
move necessary, we have found  
where we are going, crouched in fear we are there  
having dreamed our self exposed.

## TAKE THIS

Here, you must  
make up a way  
to say this, you

must learn to walk it  
out & back, to walk  
it, with feet, to make up  
words for it, speak  
it, with your tongue, feel it  
out. We are our own  
worst, & besides can't you  
stay out of the way, let the man  
thru \_\_\_\_\_

The shore. He swam until  
he reached the shore. He asked many  
fish where the shore was but they each  
denied knowing of its existence.

And  
when he reached the shore he walked,  
as he was meant to, onto land,  
across that interface which was  
the shore, his own skin becoming such a shore,  
in his mind, which had always been, in fact.

Of rock this is built, & any one who approaches  
this place will know how what is said or  
stood on is of rock here.