

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/2

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Life Gives Us Surprises

“Dare to groan, Oh lithe flesh
of timber, you must twist and untwist.”

Charms-Paul Valery

We are travelers on sun-baked roads
and wet pavements, where our paths turn
upon us, with time, to make us relics.

But there are fragments of perfection
to keep us curious, packets of thoughts
and feelings to quench every craving;
water to ice, rhythm in sound
and meaning in person.

The flesh as the fruit in molecules,
grown on bones and seeds that are
themselves molecules, a united variety
of atoms dancing in space.

I bow to the colors of rainbows
and races; air into water, mud into faces,
and wonder who arranged the genes
and its changes, while she questions
in a dream, how it ever got so crazy.

We daze in rituals and institutions,
then drop into earth with a thud,
silent and cold, to become fossilized
and formicated.

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But birth is hopeful, smiles enchanting,
and crying cleanses the soul; and to all,
we frown and laugh, because departing is
sad and arriving is happy, alternating
our love, I believe, why should I grieve?
Life gives us surprises,
surprises give us life

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**There are things in life,
I don't know**

The act of love as an element of the nature
I love and fear;
the stormy winds that break
barriers; the collapse into the origin.

I question every line in your face
as I question every striation
of the fetal-conch.

Your reflection dissolves before me;
first a fish; then a bird;
then a shadow of a primate with human voice
and they all resemble me.

You are called woe to man
belonging to a different order
a welcome vessel for his projections.

Are you a victim of tumescence?
And what of the magic in your eyes?
Should you deny?
Should I deny?

There are things in life,
I don't know.

And Rommel drove deep into Egypt,
no questions asked; and the Nile overflowed
and the rains came to sooth the cries
of the scorched earth.

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For instinct has always ridden time
and time is our undoing;
and what of Him who gave witnesses?

And why my search in ancient lands
for answers that confuse me?
And what of evolution's hold
on primal cause and consequence.

Stories are told; secrets unfold
with bold and undulating truths;
if only the pregenital could tell its tale.

Here I am, perceiver and perceived,
living among the dust I will be lost in;
with thoughts and feelings which thwart
my actions; causing me to testify:

There are things in life,
I don't know.