

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/3

Kyle Foley

domain unreachable

it is true that the bengal tiger is one of the most beautiful animals on earth
but how vexo-afflicto it is that they firmly belong to a realm that we cannot access

they wrestle with agonies tremendan
and obey urges irresisto
and battle obstacles incredeeblican
that we are completely incapable of understanding!

much like a nation that refuses us visa
or a celebrity that ignores our letters
or a party to which we are not invited
so too the tiger's beauty can only be seen and not experienced!!

•

how much more platmo-beautiful then is a member of our own species of
the opposite gender whose beauty we can not only see but experience!

when we enter into a relationship with a female
their entire history becomes known to us!
their total mind is revealed to us!
their complete reality is exposed to us!

and not only is it simply beauto-graceful in discovering their world
it is also halo-marvalo
that our habits alter to conform to theirs!
and our offspring develops in their womb!
and our tastes transform to reduce friction!
and our thoughts translate immediately into words!
and our emosha are shared in completicum!
and our actions influence their state!

how rapto-blissful is the cherubèska of romance!

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/3

no longer must we privately against the ogre-claws of defeat kick-box
nor must we independently the gem-rave of beauty inhale
nor must we individually the injustice of man mind-fight
nor must we in solitude with the demon-cry of obstacle wrestle

but now we form a bond with a flame
that invests us with spirit-treasure astronomically!
that fortifies our strength exponentially!
that endows us with fire-gems of amazum!

so when we witness a female
her thrill-opals surging
her avocadum enriching
her petunias blossoming
it is not simply her physical beauty that excites us
but the fact that we
might one day come to experience her entire psych-rivet in all its rainbow-
gloria!
or might bask in her embrace replete with dazlo-phenomenal spirit-
wealth!

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/3

your pilgrimage to jerusalem, sweet Mikey, has ended

your pilgrimage to jerusalem, sweet Mikey, has ended
but your pilgrimage into life has just begun.
for six months you marched, you walked, you explored,
for six months you plunged into the unabated madness
that is vagrancy, vagabondage, and transience.
you slithered through europe and asia's folds and ravines,
you met with its inhabitants and its citizens,
you shook hands with the foaming alligator,
you wrestled with the giants of sleep,
and you touched down amid a pool of jasmine.

it is right and fitting that jerusalem's
showering flash of spirituality
remained lock and barred.
jerusalem to you represented the ideal,
the flashing flow-gem of blaze,
the immense medallion of shine.
as the great philosopher santayana once said:
"ideals are the offspring of aspiration.
they push us onwards into the untrammeled deep,
they menace us with their confusion and their fang-spell,
they are not meant to be grasped,
yet nevertheless they succeed in inspiring
within us ingenuity, industry, sweat,
dream-phantoms, flying bewilderment,
cascades, cosmos-trance and foam."
ideals make life worth living,
ideals goad us on into the pit of spears,
they lure us into the thunderstorm of steel.
jerusalem for you, sweet Mikey,
was what that famed landmass of india
was to christopher columbus,
what alpha centuri is to the astrophysicist,

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/3

what a grand unifying theory is to stephen hawking,
namely, a brilliant material object
that would send one into raptures of euphoria,
his soul overflowing in trance and hallucination,
myriads of rage-bellows his body kidnapping,
if he ever succeeded in capturing its rainbow.

i too have sought the ideal's
promise of crazed joy, sweet Mikey.
i have stood face to face with the madman!
i have braved chasms layered in manglo-death!
i have wrestled with the three-eyed bugbear!
and kneeled prostrated before the fight-mongrel!
all in the hopes of obtaining
the ideal's shangrila of amazement!
for 14 months i studied the financial market's
minute by minute movements,
for 32 months i pursued the lorelei's insane array of fire,
for a whole summer i devoted myself to charity's
flight of eagle by clearing new orleans from its tsunami
of rubble, mold and mildew!
for two years i attempted the literary world's juggernaut
to tame and surround through my completion
of a work overflowing in enterprise and invention!
but not yet have i even come close
to the ideal's labyrinth of demise,
nor even approached its quake, its pulse and its glow.
nevertheless i must continue my quest, sweet Mikey,
the ideal's heated spasm to obtain.

and so too should you take up the soldier's weapon,
man the helmet of mars,
wear the shield of poseidon,
and march on in search of the ideal's splash of crystal.
let not sloth's orangutan layer your ears with mucus,

Wilderness House Literary Review 12/3

let not the ferocious cobra suck you into a fen of piranha,
let not the blooded bloat-beast ransack your bile
with liver, disease and hookworm,
rather let every fiber of your being emanate rainbow,
let all your blood sing and swirl,
let your heart be the lion,
let your mind be the eagle.