

Poems by Marc Vincenz

Godwilling

As if a single god-bird might engineer a perfect single egg
upon an outstretched sky as if upon a hand and peer in

dotingly upon its singularly-anointed god-children. As if
its beastly god-children might animate one round world

and venerate the breath of a single, dying sun. As if
they might annotate adolescent tribulations in the name

of god-granted immunity, illuminate vacuum-sealed
darknesses in a germ-free mythology. As if a trillion words

were more iridescent than a throbbing butterfly wing.
As if through the miracle of the internet a single truck

might deliver organically-grown bananas right to your doorstep;
and, godwilling, without infringing a single godly copyright at all.

For the Bittersweet Color of Ancient Gold

(i)

At last I find myself
in a near-perfect stillness
not entirely devoid of sound,

but with a vague back-
beat: sunlight and birdsong
and the vines, now flower

now fruit, once the promise
of forgiveness, deathly sweet—
I can hear their bells

encouraging a good rough wine,
and a fire sizzling
in ancient wood—at last,

the childhood whiff
of matches and manure,
the rolling fields of the Downs

where Father shot a fox
and draped the dead king
of burrows and vixen,

its feathered tail a crown, a spine,
as the blood dribbled
down my new white

communion shirt, banana
linen from a backstreet stall
in Manila when Imelda was king,

Mother bought with a single dollar
exchanged at the Hong Kong
Shanghai Bank in Singapore.

(ii)

Ah, at last the good old days crowd
into a corner, shuffling and elbowing
and I can see all their faces:

the hopeful, the vengeful,
the glass-clean eyes
of Buddhist dreams, and those
rummaging through
the costume of their interlocutor
in twill and tweed,

pinpointing the needle
that swivels far into the future,
deep into the magnetic north.

(iii)

O journey
O time
O careening wave
and the welts of bungee jumps,
I know you well—bless you:
in all manner of wooly-eyed prose,
in the icons I've mastered—
in name alone,
for all the headless ghosts—

Why now? Why
in the last days
of Greek myths
when only planets
carry the names
of stone gods?
Why indeed?
Why indeed gold?

Only a single birth
is required to change the world
and gold we know
is forged in the heart of suns.
So why then, Avalokitesvara—pray
do tell, did we arise together
from the ashes of a star
and spread ourselves across
a cold night, so far—?

(iv)

And, at last, pray do tell:
what shimmers more
than ancient gold?

Give me a swig
of your hard-earned smile,
give me your teeth
flush against mine
—at last, and thank God,
eventually, at last—
let this be the very heart of the sun.

I wish you could see the birds here, baby.
I wish you could see the birds ...

Ah, so many rebirths—
how can love not be
our truest word.

BIO:

Marc Vincenz is Swiss-British, was born in Hong Kong, and divides his time between Zurich, Reykjavik and New York. His work has appeared in many journals, including *Washington Square Review*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Saint Petersburg Review*, and *Guernica*. Recent collections include: *Gods of a Ransacked Century*, *Behind the Wall at the Sugar Works*, *Mao's Mole* and the forthcoming *Beautiful Rush*. A new English-German bi-lingual collection, *Additional Breathing Exercises*, is forthcoming from Wolfbach Verlag, Zurich (2014). Marc is Executive Editor of *Mad Hatters' Review* and MadHat Press and Co-editor-in-Chief at *Fulcrum*.