

*I have had an interest for some time in  
writing nonsense poetry. Poems that vaguely sound  
like they are saying something, but in a vague way do not.*

## Clarity, perhaps

There is in that mechanism  
some forgotten allowance  
a shared sense of judgement,  
alone  
beneath our instant sensitivity  
a whirlpool of saturation,  
those who capture this  
the few  
that transcend hypocrisy,  
transcendence from oblivion  
the matter is of no past, no present  
from the outset the perception  
alive with ache,  
with sounds, with fear  
as only controlled patterns can evidence,  
changes in culture allowing such impedance  
as if the only slack for the sifting of the grain  
and the pain will disappear  
and reappear  
never showing false clarity,  
perhaps