

# Flights of the Mind

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Set in Gentium and Mauritius in Scribus 1.3.1

## *The Beauty of the World*

"What is this quintessence of dust?"  
It is art — form and color, shape and hue,  
From warm ochre to deepest phthalo.  
It is poetry — rhyme and discord, coherent disunity of verbiage  
converging to vocalize the impossible.  
Flowered vale and country air honey-sweet,  
Chilling breath of autumn wind.  
It is balance — light and dark  
Played in gentle gradient across a monochrome photograph.  
It is sun — tossing wind against wind,  
The dynamic force in a static system.  
It is music — euphony and tritone, tone and wolf  
Singing harmoniously in perfect intervals  
Diverging upon contrapuntal fugue of mind  
Returning in gasping Kyrie upon plagal resolution.  
It is religion — pomp and ceremony  
Reductio ad absurdum  
At the collision of man and deity.

## *Ode to an Air*

And there is a song  
It echoes in the trees and swims along the seas —  
A descant to an enigmatic theme.  
It rings among the knells of ancient holy bells  
A harmony unspoke it always tells.  
  
And there is a song  
It strikes in fiery rage without its boundless cage  
A passion to a love of endless age.  
It bellows in its might and whispers in the night  
Goads on the wayward soul to flight.  
  
And there is a song  
It weeping softly cries and revelling it sighs  
An elegy to tongues of mortal lies.  
Screaming in the sails and moaning with the whales  
A symphony of unremembered tales.  
  
And there is a light  
It opens wide the gate and shadows over fate  
It equalizes destitute and great.  
A dimly blinking star that shimmers from afar  
With light that penetrates the distant heart.

## *A Look Through the Bars*

They said it was my own world.  
I couldn't see theirs, they said.  
But I didn't listen.  
They said, look at the landscape!  
How lovely the sunset.  
I saw only the last grasshopper  
Scratching a serenade.  
Butterflies lovely this time of year  
And flowers bright in bloom, they said.  
But they could never smell or see  
The callow autumn winds.  
He's trapped in his own world, they said.  
A prisoner in his mind.  
I stared deeply into the cell and wondered  
If they weren't all trapped inside their own.

## *Esse*

I stood in front of him ready to fight.  
I stood in front of him ready to fight.  
Every day I fight nowadays.  
I looked at myself, a strange symbiosis  
Locking us in mortal aggression.  
But within me there is vacancy but for one.  
One soul, one mind together in unity.  
So I swung —  
Blindly at first, then  
Jab  
at my jaw. It smarted  
And then I thrust my hand to the bridge of my nose.  
It cracked and I bled. First blood drawn.  
I stared into my swollen black eye.  
That look drove me mad.  
I kicked out my legs  
SLAM  
I stared up vaguely at me. I looked like heck.  
Bending down— Looking up—  
I knelt and said,  
"The pantomime is over."  
He gasped and flushed, not dead but never alive.  
He never looked like me, except in form -  
He was what I wished I were,  
And what I hoped I would never have to be.  
To be - rather than to appear.