

Seeking Dantist

CERCASI DANTISTA (NON DENTISTA!) settantenne in buona salute per amicizia epistolare in Inglese e/o Italiano, con possibilita' di eventuale incontro. *NYR Box 68435.*

Septuagenarian in good health seeking Dantist (not dentist!), for epistolatory friendship in English and/or Italian and possible meeting.

Speaking of other things my Comedy
Jesus is calling, calling night and day
My thoughts, by reason of the present brawl,
Still live in my heart all alone

Dear Dantist,

My own Jesus was never built for comedy. Funny how things take on lives of their own, and call and call from the far shores of reason. This should be about time passing, about rivers of words swamping hearts, about the great silence of animal thought, crawling through animal minds unsayably.

Instead, it is just a tiff; no brawling to see here yet, my dear companion in underworld crawling.

Some bring up Orpheus and Eurydice at this point; I'm pulled inexorably back to riffing on Mike Baldwin's Coronation Street knicker factory.

Time will still us all, last of all my lonely heart.

My fondest regards,

I

that I through him may issue from a doubt;
Raised his head, we heard him say.
when lo, a mountain loomed before us, dim
To live forever more, just o'er on heaven's
shore

Dear Dantist,

From doubt I issue, to doubt I return.

When your turn comes to cross over to my shore, lost in fog to where you're standing now, the cloud of doubts and I will make you feel at home.

We could take a turn in the foothills of the looming mountains, before night falls?

We'll fall too when our time comes, whenever it gets back from where it hides while not being our time.

While there is no way for us to know, this is a known unknown in our proliferating Rumsfeldian taxonomy of ignorance.

Take care. It's one of the few things I can give you.

I

he told me thereupon, "whose name is
Crete,
'Cause My Bucket's Got A Hole In It
the coin!" said Sinon, "I 'm for one
sin here,
Just mind your own business

Dear Dantist,

I'm unsettled tonight, by my own business failings and a
looming cold.

Sinon's fever's cursed to never break, but there's a hole in
my bucket (dear Eliza) and nothing to plug it with.

A coin would make a good plug if it fit, but Sinon's not for
handing it over, not even for the promise of ice to douse
his burning brow.

His business minds itself and I'll mind mine, though
ownership is, at this point, disputed.

My only sin has no financial element, but is nonetheless
transactional.

All my love,

I

was stretched at length the Infamy of Crete,
Mama's day with her children is through.
'O Lady of virtue, thou through whom alone
On a stone, these words were written

Dear Dantist,

Trailing my fingers along the stone walls of my tower brings comfort. Once I could have flown from here, following my father's voice, and made for that other island home. Leftover voices crawl here, animal and human, inscribing themselves thread-like in the stone. When my fingers pick the threads out they fill the air with music.

I've drawn myself a labyrinth with my fingers, where my fear of being lost forever in the vast blue can curl into almost nothing in the dark.

If you came here we could make a burrow for two, in this stonework outhouse home.

There will be copper in the leaves this time of year, and choppy seas to cross.

Copper in the leaves, honey in the groin, song in the stone.

Speed to my side, my love. This sort of thing can come alive.

Yours,

I

Notes

Dantist image:

<https://pbs.twimg.com/media/FCnxc1MWUAUbg3w?format=jpg&name=900x900>

Hank's Inferno is a bot built by Daniel Devine to generate cantos from Dante's *Inferno* and the work of Hank Williams:

Images from *Hank's Inferno*

https://twitter.com/hank_in_hell

Hank's Inferno <https://hell-island.com/hanks-inferno>