

Elijah Perseus Blumov

Coney Island

I and my beloved, motionless,
observe the choreography of clouds
embracing and releasing that same moon
all others have made fodder for the soul
before our time, and now. Still, it's ours.

We aren't so different from these waves, she says,
pursuing that grand, fatal pantheism
natural to the brain awash in beauty.
But I would still preserve dichotomy:
cosmic, dark, sublime, and deadly nature
ravishes one's vision on the left;
on the right, a merry world of lights,
a whirling flurry full of foolery,
engineering, neon, paint, and sulfites,
lusts and laughter, cute, grotesque humanity.
One's life, of course, is the negotiation.

What are they doing here — these children, parents,
friends, and lovers, seeking simulations
of their deaths? What can it be but love
for life that drives them, not adrenalin,
but gratitude to come back to the lights,
and to their loves, out of the reeling void?

The grin she gave me then — the utter joy,
the carnival and moonlight in her eyes,
the sacred architecture of her cheeks —
I hope to die that vision in my mind.
I want to say: how could I be content
to be at one with waves, with you, with God,
if it would mean I could no longer be
a separate thing to love a separate thing,
a creature capable of love for you,
for you as you? No god has had the world
as we have had it — the colossal loss
to come is loss indeed because of this.

This night shall never be again, nor we,
yet only we have ever lived to see it.
Let me hold you, let me live it more.