

2 Poems by David McLean

and Buddhism buggers off

everywhere lie good things and yet still seedy suffering,
this passionate structure that embraces us,
and though (i) fall so easily, so fallaciously,
into the burgeoning fellated meaning of a foliate tree
(i) unfortunately persist in being this me -
for, when Buddhism nihilistically tried to bugger
Dame philosophy,
she promptly fell asleep

come winter, come ice, come coming life

this year here could be mellow heaven already
if life would die to its wintering forgetfulness
and aseptic peace snowed to history
like bodies falling in advances over the steppes
to oblivion, the baby steps of God's soldiers
to that bestial blessing, nothing;
yet stubborn summer scandalizes still
with its muddy ugly, clumsy life
that loves the unwilling world round which it writhes
tonight, days wait that the sun shall rape awake
a while to their plenitude of life
though sleep needs us, and we need
sleep to fuel us to fullness,
replete with dreams and facile memory,
the charming absence of meaning
to menace heart's hibernation,
the icy beatitudes that drop
their crystal meth upon us, sweet as
history, sweet as death, yet life surpasses
then with its sublime sublation, further bearing
entropy's burden, for mere winter is empty
as desolate waiting and carries spring
on its bony dead shoulders
rejected –
that homeostasis that surpasses love and sin,
life's cancer within the crippled skin.