

Chaos Theory: Ugolino – S. T. Brant

Is our world the world where Ugoline starved or supped his children? Or did he blindly dash his head against his cell? The possibilities! Of all the options that affect us, there's a symmetry to all results: injustice does not expiate injustice. He was sinned on heavier than sinned, but still he sinned, so no pity for story promoted him in hell: he suffered as intensely after in his intensely slow-flowing time. Drops of life leaking from a dam gently cracked, his days spilling slowly when his river formerly ran fast. When sin inconvenienced him. Or is our life a cerebus of Ugolinos? Some moments branch toward the timeline when his kin too tantalized his starving instincts and he ate from the Atrean plate; some we live the cruel life that theatered the vision of a tyrant fell to blindness crawling in his starving tower, groping for his boys, worming across their corpses; sometimes our lives our merciful and wise and ruled by will, and our timeline is the one where Ugolino had strength enough to charge death-hearted at the wall.

The Last Admirer of Anna Karenina – S. T. Brant

I watched a woman on a train...

 Desire's desire. Book writ all in fire.

Fire's text left Heaven desolate...

 god's uncrowded.

Not a goddess can sustain what a crowd conspires.

Fatal will, luggaged sun, your flesh is harvested from your heart;

Lifeless life without Love's pail...

 Life supplies.

There's much abundance in this life...

 but peace?

 with passion?

 When passion multiplies and peace does not...

A store consumed and unenjoyed...

 Oblivion's each instant!

We watch the tide of our desires, we watch an ocean-fire-

 we burn on passions in the wild.

Yet oblivion's each instant...

 that's not awash the tide of fire.

Refuse what vastness can be packaged. Contented in inferno's waves

There's naught on which to spend desire: we are water to our fire.

I say (I know) if Life were all an ocean, the love therein remains deficient.

Desire is unbounded in desire, O Book that's writ in fire. Aphrodite on the train!

She takes her leave.

I dream a candle flame- and in that dream

Time, a child (the oldest child), strides the candle, bright above the flame;

A breeze turns Time to dust which feeds the candle's rage.

I wake. I wonder at the dream. The candle was, I thought, well made

From materials pristine, materials that life (a crowded word) couldn't hurt.

The End of the Maze of Time Leads Off the Ledge of Being – S. T. Brant

I want nothing. I am old. I want it all. O I want back
my Rimbaudian outbursts,
Reveries that surprised, that seas envied.... O...

When the expression of my heart flowed as easily
as the sea, fiercely,
In the tumults of the chaos-echoed waves...
Now I am an old man with a hollow heart.
An empty heart talked out.
My love has lost its throat. The spring is closed.
The well is boarded over.

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Pubs in/coming from EcoTheo, Door is a Jar, Santa Clara Review, Rain Taxi, New South, Green Mountains Review, Another Chicago Magazine, Ekstasis, 8 Poems, a few others.
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Favorite poem: The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock