

**Mark Vuaran**

## **In search of**

I catch myself thinking while writing 'is this the poem?'  
Words catch my mouth, bitter as lightning—is this the poem?

The cicada's memories discarded, a copper effigy caves in,  
And far away green wings are flying—is this the poem?

In the Marianas, old souls dwell in robber crabs,  
But still their young steal shells to hide in—is this the poem?

The smallest matryoshka doll is always so hard to open.  
Hold it to your ear, do you hear someone crying? Is this the poem?

On Valentines Day a kick from the stomach, the tender  
Violence of a body's ripening—is this the poem?

Soon, make the screen a mirror, graft the machine under skin,  
Let code-lines mesh with genotyping—is this the poem?

Millennia lived together, so tangled in this flesh—  
Survival does not equal dividing. Is this the poem?

They told you sharks never turned on their pilots—that's your blood  
In the water—they've always been lying. Is this the poem?

The cloud shadow passes, but in its chill I remember -  
What if he had got that knife in? Is this the poem?

Strange loops writhe inside, nightmares can be sensitive creatures—  
'You go!' 'Now me!' 'Whose turn for riding?' Is this the poem?

Last night's kiss a broken bridge—now we're both in the abyss.  
In the darkness I keep rewriting 'is this the poem?'

Let the treasure maps go Marcus. The boundary between two  
Things is just a matter of timing. Is this the poem?