

**A Perfect Contest,
In Its Way.**

In hurtling through the air
the car had turned
no more than twice,
and the man at the wheel
not having time to pray
settled for an oath,
eternity his destination,
his source, and the ground of
a finally unblemished self:
but completion,
never quite content with one
demands fulfillment
by the many,
and those behind, in piling up,
could neither grieve,
nor make merry
at how effortlessly they had come
to having won,
that hapless plight sought by so very many,
without a moment's waste of time, -
the one so often spent in losing.

Alfred Gosschalk.

A Pillow.

Between the napkin and the shroud,
Atlantis and the Pyrenees
pain is but a pillow
for the new-born, and the dying head.

Between the nightmare, and the sun
a rage, a turbulence of life,
compelling sleep
and its mockery of wishing.

Thus, the wind that whips the errant seed,
rips the cover from the tomb,
and bids the spirit, and the bone
couple in outrageous love.

Alfred Gosschalk.

Altogether Fishy.

Take the ocean now,
making dry land possible
for a global moment, - and for man.

You may (or may not) agree with me
that that is what it's for.

And one needs to bear in mind
the fishes
who were once content (as now)
before a number hived off,
read Darwin, or Wallace,
and (how depressing) grew somewhat
better brains,
and grew feet, and noses,
in order to be man.

Alfred Gosschalk.

It Was Paid For.

It was not like coffee,
beer, or a straw coloured Chablis;
nor like being deaf
or short of a limb, or breath.

It was not like missing a train,
or missing winning
by a single number:
it was much more like a killing;
and so he drank it
and enjoyed it,
though he wasn't thirsty.

Alfred Gosschalk.

Vacant
Possession.

When one and one
had yet to learn
to come to neither
more nor less
than two,
and blood and soup
had still to learn to boil,
then it was that
time had still to learn to make
a mind:
previous to which it just went on, and on, and on,
and on -
with nothing there
to 'tell the time' ,
to say 'it's time to stop, or start' ,
to divide it into micro-microscopic parts,
to groan, and curse the 'time' that is so wretched slow,
or to complain how madly fast the 'time' does go -
with nothing there, .
nothing there at all, before something
took possession,
and learned,
or stumbled on, how to make a mind.

Alfred Gosschalk.

**A Tenant
So To Speak.**

He owned his head he said,

his shoulders

and all the rest:

but on somewhat closer review

was perforce content to discover

that they were his

solely by virtue so to speak

of a contract

strictly non-renewable, and as it were just to rent.

Alfred Gosschalk

Defiant.

In defiance of the death
that endeth pleasure
and in love with the death
that stilleth pain
and within itself containeth
the possibility that transcendeth pain, pleasure,
and the desire for just one more day.

Indisputably one has to be born for this;
and yet with equal certainty
who in their right mind in the unlikely event that
to this infamy an alternative
became manifest, would dare
to choose to have it any other way?

Alfred Gosschalk.