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panegyric 6.6

in memory of guy debord

there's nothing to feel,
my eternities devoid
of significance
in your absence, half winter
half infinite disturbance...

my stance worth nothing
--so what? I'm pleased to trash it
and instead resist
this new variant of the rent
that cuts the future from now,

our endless cities
from the hearts which compose them...
what is this world
assembled of surveillance,
of ice-lensed, dirtied prisms

that still encompass,
yet refuse to engage us?
come, my heart, return
to me--we'll walk the unmapped streets
that lead to unknown meaning