



MAPS SONGS LENSES

EDWIN SCHLOSSBERG

Edwin Schlossberg

Being as the time flows  
not as the stories go

stories and the roads change  
commercials to a path fault

stories take time  
living makes time

taking keeps telling  
I become timeless

out of time  
marks to my presence

in time breathing  
my hands out

recording is discussing  
controlling obscuring

delay the participation  
delay the consequence  
suddenly we are in hell

one foot, such pleasure,  
another, one hand joining  
to another, we rule by feeling  
that the touch  
is better than the memory

Kings, princes  
here in words, there in light  
our power within objects  
our knowledge in control  
seeming inevitable being free

but they are within us  
and their choices deny others  
and their wishes exclude, and their claims  
create servants denying the challenge

creating tools creates culture  
creating objects difference reduces  
things between people, not in their place

what keeps us together  
is what reminds us  
of the consequences  
without removing them

the teacher survives even  
his absence

Time slows to become mass  
the slower the larger  
the more we can see

the mass forms a neighborhood  
continually changing  
and the neighbors become  
elastic distortion

our memory makes measure  
the means to a pattern  
the boundary established  
from the tolerance of tools

that which we know  
is only description  
outside of the boundary  
is context is voices  
the life of the mind  
is reweaving these

chaos created by the cycle  
and period of change  
in the field in the crevice  
near the stream in the wish  
on the dream in the quiet  
holding arms in our eyes  
as we search for as we find  
order

then what is the time  
asked, what is the time  
seen, what is the time  
we can never reassemble

consider this but  
a diagram of relationships  
the one most profound  
is between you and the diagram

consider having been  
the way how to start  
the wait for confirmation  
does not recall many triumphs  
but consider with whom  
your voices can mix

open taken with wish  
making the rhythm break  
making it then falter  
what we know is  
simply within us  
and between only now  
only in you thanks

Fixed aspiration fixed assignment  
assemble every idea  
to describe the world  
interdependence requires  
ineffable threat  
process refuses another new thought

living as a goal without fixation  
becoming its purpose  
being its sense

bringing us wishes  
too numerous to count  
dust only gathers  
outside the boundaries  
strict heat growing  
to mounting reaction

demand is sudden  
unravelling restrictions  
together we know  
all current conspiracy

Water, weeds, a fish  
so sunny, heat, musty  
so slowly walking  
this rock, that stick  
that hill

afternoon, breeze, my elbow  
knowing where I am  
seems to vanish, as wind blows  
leaves crack

at the fence  
noting each claim  
I intend to open  
the numbers expand

the heel of one foot  
the toes of the other  
the earth passes under

I look through my head  
my eyes, these words,  
your whispers  
and everything beckons me

in measured remembrance  
life is in order  
nothing to count on  
nothing but wonder



Instincts are programs  
in glass, reflections  
of mistakes, evidence  
sliding through

codes tell stories  
or codes make codes  
speaking often  
or listening well

curling up  
in an easy chair,  
or wrapping a cloth  
until morning

together we constitute  
our idea of each  
without connections  
shells clacking in the waves

no one knows us  
when we refuse each other

eyes opened, world appears,  
steadily revising form  
substance supporting continued attempt

eyes closed, reactions revealed  
choosing sentences echoing valleys  
made without touching

repetition saves time  
realized automatic  
staying and missing  
requires response  
to each final gesture

using words holding masks  
shame behind the staggered hiding

With hands without thought  
lifting and moving  
creating a place only  
present now through our reflection  
recorded and studied now spilling out fact

as known a thought denies its parts  
commands attention  
only at dusk  
as known a thought becomes like bone  
we gesture look up and we have come far

and twice we heard it  
it becomes starlight and twice  
we step into mirrors of self  
we have not lasted alone and afraid  
we have no being except in collection

letters tension lines  
neuronal agreements  
collected works  
mouth casts  
handprints  
stored closets

structure tidal measure  
minimum consideration  
timeless effort  
erosion challenge  
agreed intersection  
stuck piton

information obvious flicker  
structured interval  
contained alternative  
context echo  
disturbed sand  
always voiced

description word kite  
emotion fence  
lapsed seduction  
vein challenge  
control gesture  
cloud shadow

consideration four stars  
inner light  
solid tendrils  
morning clarity  
ghosted facet  
silent resistance

order hasty window  
implied understanding  
enabling inattention  
connected dominance  
absent terror  
continuous belief

Content explanation ritual  
imagined relaxation  
agreed meeting  
archaic currency  
finite map  
worn handle

Space neglected understanding  
interest interval  
imagined domain  
timeless bounce  
reflected belief  
remote exposure  
senseless window

numbers higher order  
definitive touch  
physical song  
resilient gesture  
without present  
sunlit shadow

Thinking order contraction  
extensive recursion  
only measure  
time exchange  
reified pleasure  
ultimate cave

language parking lot  
evaporating lake  
fog boundaries  
seemed stories  
broken code  
trusted medal

change staged memory  
living definition  
frozen weather  
assured joy  
untimely comparison  
inner warmth

Consciousness social nerve  
physical loss  
center of trust  
endless laughter  
growing character  
demosthenes lamp

History selected perspective  
pattern avoidance  
non-objective reminiscence  
collected writings  
fictionalized weather  
old news

Boundary immediate response  
scientific essence  
convening intersection  
visual memory  
in the beginning  
known catalog



memory awkward examination  
social engine  
pleasure rope  
imagined fence  
art mirror  
self inventor

Self echo  
neuronal collaborator  
purchased slide show  
genetic ghost  
hypothetical dummy  
ridiculed host  
nested interval

conversation tour change  
independence denial  
arrested ignorance  
secret strings  
living proof  
improved climate

love great circle  
complete response  
ultimate complexity  
stunning simplicity  
at long laugh  
central purpose

insight seasonal brilliance  
removed advantage  
precious shift  
slight pressure  
horizon disguise  
inquired revision

measurement fine line  
skill inventory  
time pressure  
cosmic embrace  
ritual tickle  
reified synapse

Time energy sponge  
evidence display  
intersected departure  
smallest repetition  
preposition generator  
memory fence  
senseless whisper

chance belated wish  
unimagined concert  
insensitive explosion  
dead wrong  
inconclusive menu  
clay defeat

words time current  
unheralded celebration  
collected maps  
universal section  
measureless seed  
essential tool

Tool hard song  
ancient skill  
borrowed wisdom  
fresh moment  
shared purpose  
puzzle puzzle  
informed scent

Context dynamic model  
self including  
inclusive description  
shattered isolation  
measureless exaltation  
widening glacier

observation transparent album  
distilled protein  
folk lens  
focussed moment  
archaeological reflection  
lithe periscope

understanding courageous struggle  
sensitive march  
edible thought  
packaged interference  
responsive alienation  
time coupon

Poetry verbal battery  
lyric ache  
medal of aspiration  
unfaceted charm  
disturbed pattern  
echo in dust

system animated wish  
conspired dream  
bounded drama  
honored guest  
edible scheme  
shadow cloud

An edge and then over  
curious but with style  
a discovery full freedom

it the whole everything  
does not exist but our each breath  
every single whisper renews

what is known lives  
in our nervous systems our words  
what is not is becoming perhaps now

how we see and through what and when  
structures the neighborhood and what lives there  
strike a match smell the flames' edge

Grains of sand, snow, piles of clothes  
atoms and planets, our eyes change  
tools to see shift, time to watch spreads  
is theory our friend then, is theory then spent

following the twine laid out in a circle  
spinning the earth, weaving a crowd  
which is the measure that solves the assignment  
when can we stand on solid drawn ground

crumpled and fading the maps open mysteries  
of who wants us to know what about wintertime  
how close to the marsh did this man's feet tread  
where is the ocean brimming in this persons veins

with whom we travel and why we are going  
are platforms, are positions we can now take  
but where we were stopping and what did we do there  
can only bring messages of autonomous death

arriving with gifts both present and wrapped up  
we make what we know by how we pretend  
to drop the rules of units and people  
and open our hands to the crowd that has grown

inside our bodies no plan is in action  
living itself reveals the whole plan  
outside we must remap our new journeys  
including the scale shift of what there is left

Each map connects each map  
reduces each map reveals what we could be  
each map recalls passing each map  
distills pride each map  
mirrors structure each map  
shows us time each map  
combines voices each map  
signals intention signals the shift  
in wishes to need breaking the trance  
of obvious fighting asking us only  
to remember our size

lifted into the past  
of command amazed by diagrams  
of how things might be  
we stop or at least should consider  
that identity is far  
more interesting than entity entity complete  
and identity including dusty and tired  
the journey is endless the dreams  
cross our signals merge all our junctions  
our wishes our memories our hands on each map



edge creates difference  
weather the outside  
growth that within  
the speed of the changes  
determines the boundary  
our edge is a vision  
a poem of life's stuff

how stable, how rapid  
how easy to see, how often  
how brutal , how hard to perceive  
uncertainty comes in regard to prediction  
not to the process  
undisturbed when unseen  
that tree laying in the forest  
that wish just stirring  
in your innermost heart

Columbus arrived at the coast of his journey  
later we arrive at the edge of a river  
a material, a theory, the cells of our body

each time we discover what has not  
been known we descend to a place  
regarded as foreign

but the journeys we take now  
use tools that explore places  
and rooms of the stuff  
of what we are made

Columbus sailed back to tell what he found here  
later we wait to hear what we know  
being both mind and the subject  
everything starts in the coldest found yes

our knowing collective our task introspective  
we talk test and reveal to our self  
arrived and arriving exalted new traveller  
we are the unknown and the way to conception

I want you to follow me through old places to a clearing  
pass out of the purposeful, the informational, the timely,  
pass out from the limited, the linguistic, the hierarchic  
pass by the stories, the histories, the timelines,  
pass through the academics, the cultured, the ritualistic  
and now slowly watch what is fluid and changing,  
each view of it different each view is dependent  
on where has been movement on where there is talk  
each part is a sequence each part idiosyncratic  
but always agreement through dictionaries of yes  
this journey can happen in words and prepositions  
but only when questions overwhelm grey bound days  
lost is never close to losing  
the light as we find it becomes our whole path

words were invented

words were misunderstood  
and transformed, words became places  
words became life

we talk to ourselves  
we talk to each other  
in stunning reversals we talk  
without words

our growth depends on collective  
attention, agreement and wonder,  
incorporating fear, our chance to transcend  
the limits of symbols is the chance to recall  
their ineffable shape

we invent not for the object  
but for the chance to become  
both stardust and light  
both sensing and wonder  
in the midst of the hiss

plans

without excitement  
and danger fear  
no overview  
myths in retelling

with ease  
and contemplation  
metaphor reeling  
in fish

generated internally  
and followed with feet  
prepositions abound  
and noted seem fit  
to renege the possible  
causes loss of the passion  
and yet what emerges  
sudden renewal

it is the weight  
of success not the sense  
of accomplishment that drives all  
the energy out from the veins

The parts deny the systems' whole  
and systems arrayed cannot be stopped  
we are trapped into believing the past  
as the present the future the closest  
to being the truth

so no two things are  
each as we see them each is a part  
in our wish to compress things  
in our desire for knowing we  
lose no time make no space

we ache to break away to rejoin  
speaking to clarify then to confuse  
starting to wish continuing to worry  
what use how joyful what challenges make

across the water, as sounds like flying fish  
words whip wave crest  
wind soften foam breaks  
eyes like clouds  
cross distances leave envy  
finally no one left to reenter  
no one to write no skin to itch  
we were here we missed you  
we will be back we will embrace  
again and again as the seabird returns  
and brings all the sand back  
and takes it again

We look at the world through a variety of lenses

Each lens changes what and how we see

Each lens defines a set of things/activities that exist only in that lens

To translate/transpose from one lens that has been established to another requires translation

The translation enables the observer the observed and the communication to be understood in the lens in which it has been translated

Lenses (visual aides) but can also be ideas, languages, times, philosophies

Translating between these lenses (you become a participant in the observed field by going through the lens you must realize this and retranslate yourself as you enter another field) is the task of the future creating the lenses has been the task of the past

Will we grow crystals  
with our learning within them  
will we grow people  
who are not who we are

will we allow the death within beauty  
and lulling sensation  
to break with our memory  
our dignified whisper  
and spread what we wish  
thin sticky and blind

will the whale surface  
and me deep within  
to rescue the premise  
unbroken commitments  
codes to be lived in  
not simply not matched



Flies on the window  
busy intermittent narrowing  
the odd light at dusk in early spring  
leafless on the hill  
craning to see  
to feel the excitement  
and grounded in the slick stony throws  
pulled up to make sleep continue  
or something new wait

wake up say magic words  
starch these clothes straight  
stop breaking the nest  
defiling the weak  
rewarding the worthless  
buying forgiveness  
bring one arm and then another  
there is nothing left for the corrupt to consume  
except the spirit reading these words

Like parachutes,like handkerchiefs like choking  
these leaves start all over the clean veins of winter  
and worry abounds too like new frozen sap  
that is struggling up who can think to own trees  
except for the small eyes aching to die

sunk in nature abiding the changes  
in light of the whimpering  
I quake with the leaf  
but to get outside this stifling condition  
requires a madness  
found only in method

very far from now  
there will be a spring  
unfettered by might  
where the flight of a small moth  
creates laughter for years

to get there suggests  
to not bury wishes to not  
let concerns keep wandering away  
this is the moment when changing  
can blossom or this is the time  
when dry ash drifts down