Surface

after a landscape by Xu-Bing

I came here expecting to hate it.
Really. Stupid landscape!
What could it teach me?
Who never paid attention
to school or teachers.
Above it all. Floating
over mountains and clouds.
Small human figures.
Inky slopes of scree.

I came here angry
that words were involved
reverence, reflection
an audience to please.
But here I am
and here you are
not pleased.

If only you could take me back
behind my certainty
heaps of sticks and weeds

(no stanza break)
duct tape, plastic bags

take me in your hands

smush me to the surface

hold me to the glass.

I’ll be a good boy.

Promise. Watch me.

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