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Richard Anthony Furtak

Struck Dumb

And when your vehicle for being here,
for being-in-the-world, is rudely forced
into captivity—when cylinders
filled with hollow fibers, in machines,
are “literally” keeping you alive—
to quote the MD—then you may be able
to save the possibility of being.

A while prior to fright’s impetus,
before the doomsday rooms, all you could see
appeared unreal—what the clock displayed
could not have been the time. Somehow, you fell
into a parallel realm, where—waking from
a dream—you find yourself not *here* or *now*

—but in a realm that falls short of existing.

Zetetic Reveries, #3

You slipped from quivering into a dead sleep
—when matter was a necessary evil—
along a stark, dry valley. Nameless weeds
brought up mnemonics on an unkempt field.

Unlimited, the universe at night
emitted silences. Tomorrow's eyes
assembled. It was then, or not in time,
to make a tangled music out of sighs.

With everything and nothing to be done,
a few anomalies remain behind.
Pieces of being, which have come to us,
possess arresting places in the mind.

Richard Anthony Furtak lives in Denver and teaches philosophy at Colorado College. His books include *The Sonnets of Rainer Maria Rilke*; *As a Patient Thinks about the Desert: Poems on Illness, Mortality, and Healing*; and *Love, Subjectivity, and Truth: Existential Themes in Proust*.