

## Frame

by blake via dulcie - Jungle Drum Newswire *Tuesday, Oct 24 2017, 11:28am*

international / poetry / post

the necropolis by the sea,  
a city built by the living  
but only populated by the dead  
which explains its peace

white marble sculptures press behind,  
lamenting the mediocre skills of cemetery  
sculptors, yet the view is limitless,  
unframed, escaping all definition

it is good that someone living is able  
to see the sea moving ceaselessly  
toward the necropolis -- its time is limited  
as time limits all

i steal images of various subjects, none living,  
though if life were present it would be murdered  
by the picture taken and presented framed to viewers  
as a lie, a mis-representation of actuality,  
as frames destroy by excision/confinement

i withdraw my eye from the viewfinder and look beyond --  
borderless space ...  
unlimited, what paltry apparatus is able to capture unframed  
infinity?

a frame is measured by its dimensions which vary according  
to its capacity  
yet only consciousness is able to view the frameless, the moving  
sculptures teaming toward the sea and inevitable doom

the cemetery is indeed alive though at peace  
as it is unframed, free

boundaries, borders disguise themselves as useful  
yet they imprison and lie, unable to capture the moving  
splendour of an unframed moment of continuity

i return my camera to its case where it belongs  
and live the living view as only a living being  
is able

word-chains and symbols race thru mind like a movie  
tho only composed of measurable finite images/thoughts feigning  
life,  
frame by frame --  
it becomes apparent that culture  
is also framed and captured by language  
which traps every expression  
described,  
culture is only able to re-produce itself as the limited is unable  
to produce the limitless

the sea, air and sculptured marble move at varying  
rates, which rates define the illusion of stasis and kinesis;  
movement thus seen and unseen is always a lie as culture is only  
able  
to present what is framed by language and its gadgets/productions

culture fails the living test, as every possible production  
is stillborn and death cannot produce life

so i return to my japanese companion  
sitting overlooking the sea  
with exposed navel and lily-white belly moving in unfettered  
sight/delight  
and feel that movement create movement in the most likely  
place --  
she turns her asian eyes toward me and my body quickens  
much to her delight --  
her vermilion lipstick smile  
betraying her intention

how fortunate we are as her english is basic and my japanese  
is non-existent, tho our living bodies share an unspoken common  
language which leaves red circles on her medium of choice

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2956.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-782.html>