

# THERE THERE

(a search for a language of love  
in an ecotropic age)

by John Campion

for Danielle DeGrutolla and Edmund Campion  
on the occasion of their wedding

Tell me Sancho  
shall I give up  
the path of arms  
to pursue the word?

Don Quijote  
how can I say  
since  
I observe  
that it is  
you  
doing it.

Yes  
but always  
living in others  
we float  
so independently  
our food  
comes  
through  
cord-  
ed  
to who  
knows what.

It's all a matter of how you think senior.  
But I suppose thinking is a kind of doing.

Words imprison the mind  
honest Sancho.

Alas, the mind imprisons our words  
Senior.

Ergo, the words have mind  
that changes the changing  
to find the world after all  
we live multiples  
made evident  
through collaboration  
truth arises  
from how we  
co-exist  
in what  
we choose  
to live  
we do.

Perhaps sensor  
reciprocally open  
energy and matter  
flow in to  
what we do  
we do recursively  
in congruence  
until we don't  
we aren't  
what we are  
coming from  
and going to.

Your place or mine?

Both.

You slut,  
how very  
in-  
discrete,

but do have  
a way  
when present  
art coheres  
    with circumstance  
love makes  
the co-existent  
other.

We're repeating  
ourselves

We?  
    know  
the language  
of present history  
rises from the choices  
we live to feel  
happening  
as they happen  
to disappear  
the name  
we give  
or don't  
is what  
exists  
we use  
in relation  
the future  
now  
emerges.

But how can what  
happens be  
projection?

To make it  
    easier  
to deny  
till we make of language a thing,

We will never know how  
to live the things we feel

that is the thing

but ever ride the swiftly  
changing façade.

There  
There