

## POEMAS ORIGINALES DE MINA LOY

Pseudónimo: Kosk Yn Ta

### **Time Bomb**

The present moment

is an scission

of Past from Future

—

leaving

Those valourous disreputables

The ruins —

sentinels

in — an unknown dawn

strewn with prophecy

Only the momentary

goggle of death

fixes the fugitive

momentum .

## **There is no Life or Death**

There is no Life or Death,

Only activity

And in the absolute

Is no declivity.

There is no Love or Lust

Only propensity

Who would possess

Is a nonentity.

There is no First or Last

Only equality

And who would rule

Joins the majority.

There is no Space or Time

Only intensity,

And tame things

Have no immensity.

## **Parturition**

I am the centre

Of a circle of pain

Exceeding its boundaries in every direction

The business of the bland sun

Has no affair with me

In my congested cosmos of agony

From which there is no escape

On infinitely prolonged nerve-vibrations

Or in contraction

To the pinpoint nucleus of being

Locate an irritation            without

It is                                    within

    Within

It is without

The sensitized area

Is identical            with the extensity

Of intension

I am the false quantity

In the harmony of physiological potentiality

To which

Gaining self-control

I should be consonant

In time

Pain is no stronger than the resisting force

Pain calls up in me

The struggle is equal

The open window is full of a voice

A fashionable portrait painter

Running upstairs to a woman's apartment

Sings

“All the girls are tid'ly did'ly

All the girls are nice

Whether they wear their hair in curls

Or —”

At the back of the thoughts to which I permit crystallization

The conception                      Brute

Why?

The irresponsibility of the male

Leaves woman her superior Inferiority.

He is running upstairs

I am climbing a distorted mountain of agony

Incidentally with the exhaustion of control

I reach the summit

And gradually subside into anticipation of

Repose

Which never comes.

For another mountain is growing up

Which       goaded by the unavoidable

I must traverse

Traversing myself

Something in the delirium of night hours

Confuses while intensifying sensibility

Blurring spatial contours

So aiding elusion of the circumscribed

That the gurgling of a crucified wild beast

Comes from so far away

And the foam on the stretched muscles of a mouth

Is no part of myself

There is a climax in sensibility

When pain surpassing itself

Becomes exotic

And the ego succeeds in unifying the positive

and negative poles of sensation

Uniting the opposing and resisting forces

In lascivious revelation

Relaxation

Negation of myself as a unit

Vacuum interlude

I should have been emptied of life

Giving life

For consciousness in crises      races

Through the subliminal deposits

of evolutionary processes

Have I not

Somewhere

Scrutinized

A dead white feathered moth

Laying eggs?

A moment

Being realization

Can

Vitalized by cosmic initiation

Furnish an adequate apology

For the objective

Agglomeration of activities

Of a life

LIFE

A leap with nature

Into the essence

Of unpredicted Maternity

Against my thigh

Tough of infinitesimal motion

Scarcely perceptible

Undulation

Warmth        moisture

Stir of incipient life

Precipitating into me

The contents of the universe

Mother I am

Identical

With infinite Maternity

Indivisible

Acutely

I am absorbed

Into

The was—is—ever—shall—be

Of cosmic reproductivity

Rises from the subconscious

Impression of a cat

With blind kittens

Among her legs

Same undulating life-stir

I am that cat

Rises from the sub-conscious

Impression of small animal carcass

Covered with blue bottles

—Epicurean—

And through the insects

Waves that same undulation of living

Death

Life

I am knowing

All about

Unfolding

The next morning

Each woman-of-the-people

Tiptoeing the red pile of the carpet

Doing hushed service

Each woman-of-the-people

Wearing a halo

A ludicrous little halo

Of which she is sublimely unaware

I once heard in a church



—Man and woman God made them—

Thank God.