



Shipwrights

The Review of De-centered English

www.shipwrightsreview.com

On Turning 40

By Berndt Clavier

To be forty is my heartfelt pleasure
erring, erect and tearing apart the still
small voices of Sunday morning seminars
love-calls in the kitchen, trifles rich and creamy.

And the mounting
sense of something slouching
like a posture or two
as time crawls insect-like to raise
its members in solemn judgment
of all things left behind.

My beetle brow knows this before
my hand recognizes the corneous sound
of membrane-wings flapping against
crisp bodies. All my mornings should be like this
spent and wasted by attentions leading nowhere.