

THE LOST ART

PREMIÈRE SÉRIE // PT1. AR // BY NICOLE BONOMI

PIECE PERFORMED // EAST LONDON

Who is *this Poet*,

Who dares speak the *truths* of her *darkest* night,
Before a jury who knows no such plight,
Before those who *dare* never leave the *comfort* of a known?

Me.

I, *THE POET*

...No.

"I"

No.

Me,

As an "Us",

In my desperation,

To pour,

To purge,

To **unlearn**,

So as to **reignite**,

*The Lost Art of **Spirit Speak**,*

In a world so *insistent* on the *excavation* of language,

The excavation of words.

Like caves of diamonds *stolen* and sold back in little blue boxes.

Nothing.

Not even Logos,

The Word -

-Sacred.

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And why?

Because, word claimed sound?

Did it **start** with the word?

...Or - was - 'word' - sound?

- And by attributing meaning,

- All meaning is lost?

How then does THE POET,

Whose **love is language,**

And **language love,**

Speak?

Express?

Need a poet bleed?

Need a poet weep?

Or **need** a poet *fall to her knees* and say:

...

This Love I have is **ineffable,**

This **depth** I have -- **ineffable.**

The *celestial essence* that is **I** --- **ineffable.**

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So here on my knees,
I humble myself -- *freely*,
As victim to your ears,
But only for this moment.

For what you *hear* while I speak,
Are ***not my words***,
But the ***sounds*** of a **depth**,
Desperate to be offered,
In a bid, you earnestly ***seek your own***.

So if I come back again,
I may roam,
Not as The Querent,
Restricted at most to her own ocean,
But readily able to dive into a **collective depth**.

So as I speak,
Not from my soles,
But from knees bent,
So not to carry me forward in this moment,
Desperate I am for you to excavate,
Not words,
But a *conditioning* that keeps you in the shallows.

And my desperation -- selfish,
For I
l o n g
To swim
In **your** ocean.

Nicole Bonomi