

1-1-2008

And the Fraudulence of Realism is Hereby Exposed; And the Nanny is Prayed for by a Pious Owl

Michael Blumenthal

Follow this and additional works at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr>

Recommended Citation

Blumenthal, Michael (2008) "And the Fraudulence of Realism is Hereby Exposed; And the Nanny is Prayed for by a Pious Owl," *Yalobusha Review*. Vol. 13 , Article 14.
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol13/iss1/14>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yalobusha Review by an authorized editor of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

Michael Blumenthal

And the Fraudulence of Surrealism is Hereby Exposed

for a piece of cheese babbling in Hungarian will never walk into your town, nor will the anorexic pelican sequestered inside your wife's birthday cake ever lecture you on existentialism and phenomenology, nor, for that matter

will the pitched somnambulance of the hills skillfully interrogate you regarding your religious beliefs, sexual proclivities, and the like— no, nothing they have tried to convince you of with their hilarious juxtapositions will ever be

proven to have existed, nor will the girl in the bathing suit made of bananas actually approach you on that Costa Rican beach, where the monkeys are playing billiards in the trees and the sleek coatamundi that translates

impeccably from the Italian is, this very moment, running to catch a bus before closing time at the casinos, no, none of this can ever truly happen, but it is entertaining nonetheless, it is profoundly consoling to imagine

that you, with your mutually exclusive longings and appetites at odds with one another, can still awaken in the middle of the night, go fetch your King James Bible from the freezer, mumble a few of the Psalms

into the morning light, and some utterly tamed anaconda with the face of a cardinal will slither down from the trees, gently rub its Bach-producing fang against your cheek, and there, in the musically orgiastic resonance

of what you thought was merely another sunrise, a world will have opened itself up to you, a whole universe of celestial perambulations and discordant harmonies, and you, too, will sing along with the succulent stars, and this

will be how it always has been, and the Christmas tree that blows bubbles into the air will bless all your holidays, and the goose's stuffing will sing of the afterlife, and New Year's Eve will be not just another anniversary, but

a tangible Eden, filled with tenderness and spyware and delectable toads.

Michael Blumenthal

And Nanny Is Prayed For By a Pious Owl

*I am the confessor of a coniferous time
and nanny is prayed for
by a pious owl.*

Ewa Lipska, "That"

And nanny is prayed for, and we are prayed for, and everything under the sun
(and beneath the moon)— *they* too are prayed for, and why should it not be so?
Why should we not pray, even if no one is listening, since the music of prayer

is the aperitif of longing, and my wife has just returned from washing the body
of yet another dead man in her hospice of departures, we should pray for him,
we should pray for every extinguished exuberance, and for every exuberance yet

to be born, we should pray for the riffraff and for the aristocracy, we should pray
for the sweet nanny of everyone who watches over us, and, when we are done
with our prayers, we should allow the voice its well-earned rest, we should sit

quietly beneath the moon, allowing what is blessed to be blessed, what is cursed
to be cursed, we should no longer debate the antithesis between free will and
destiny, we should relish the ubiquitous singing, we should climb into our beds,

we should gaze up into the sweet branches of nighttime and bless the owls.