

# **So is the Madness of Humans**

## **Poems by Monty Reid**

### **Dress Rehearsal**

The madness of animals is to think that they're human.  
So is the madness of humans.

The madness of animals is way ahead of the madness of humans.  
So is the madness of humans.

The madness of animals comes in through the little holes cut  
in all the surfaces, just like the madness of humans.

More animals are coming. Their faces have been processed  
to let the whole world in. So is the madness of humans.

## **Opening Night**

They are waiting for you to appear.  
There is space for you in this theatre of light.

The space you have entered is unreal space  
but is the only space where the animals can see you.

You are bearing the signals they have been waiting for.  
The signals of light-emitting objects too far away

to be remembered. Except by the cameras in their eyes.  
Sit down in front where they can see you.

## **Farm Family**

They are in the failing structures, but they aren't here.  
They are in the wrecked vessels, but they aren't here.

The spooks of light all look like animals to me.  
They are waiting for your response, somewhere else.

They have emerged outside of us and perch in the chemicals.  
The chemicals have always been clear about it.

I used to have someone to miss.  
And when I close my eyes the animals are there.

## **Fresh Faces 1**

Look how you looked before, I tell them.  
How's that, I asked.

Undiscovered, I tell them.  
Don't preen, I tell them.

There is the coursing of blood.  
There is the pose of the wind.

And then I became a fish, I tell them.  
It could happen to you.

## **Fresh Faces 2**

They have gathered together to watch tv.  
This is the only bar around with a big screen.

You want to talk to them  
as if discourse was more important than good hands.

They don't cheer for the same team as you.  
They know language is a bad contract.

Shut up and watch the game, they say,  
again.

## **Angelina**

When you see the photograph you touch your own face  
absentmindedly. Yes, of course it's you.

Stop talking about the face as if it was just some category.  
Stop talking about the face as if it was empty.

Only the privileged think the subject would exclude us.  
Only the privileged want to keep on talking.

True, the light of countless stars roams in your eyes.  
And now it wants out.

## **Rhode Island**

Don't you recognize me?  
In all the zones of probability.

In all the temptations of space.  
Don't you recognize me?

In the dark space where things cannot be put.  
Don't you recognize me now?

There was something I forgot to do. I was  
supposed to count how many of you there still were.

## Untitled 1

They are staring into your room.  
Like all the rest of the photographs did.

After all, what does any image need but more room.  
Or nudes, maybe.

No. No nudes.  
An image needs more room.

Yours.  
Take your clothes and leave, now.

## **Rachel**

The absence of evidence is not in the photograph.  
The evidence of absence is not in the photograph.

Yes, we were lovers a long time ago. It's true,  
that shot doesn't do justice to your beauty.

But always  
you have to work with what you've got.

I'll be here watching.  
Call me.

## Untitled 2

The light is full of questions.  
Where were you? When?

Move over where the eyes were  
and let us get a good look at you.

The pain of the body running out of its own presence  
can be managed these days.

Yes, you're guilty.  
You were guilty from the start.