

Dialogue with Disciple

by [Richard Kuslan](#) (April 2024)



The Garden of France –by Max Ernst, 1962

(Master, what is the meaning of existence?)

I once had six ch'in of flax.

–A koan, ca. 8th century, A.D.

The gods *(what gods? whose gods? where gods?)*

Hide seeds within the pod of man

(what pod? what man? in flesh facades?)

The lightest touch may set them off

To spore upon the wind and spawn
In fertile soil ... ah, you scoff.

(I do, if semen's meant? Well then...)

Jest not: These seeds are never seen.

(Huh? Why confuse with riddles when...)

Concrete's told in terms concretely.

(Ah! Analogy sways the brain?)

A seed takes root! *(Master, teach me!)*

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Richard Kuslan is an admirer of Donne, Sheridan, Byron, LeFanu, Trollope, Orwell, Sacheverell Sitwell, Christopher Logue and Jean Sprackland, among (many) others in the English language. He marvels at meaning's fecundity when language is constrained by form and delights in the melodies that take to the air when the beautiful is read aloud.

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