

MUSEUMS by Jeffrey Mackie

The bright light shines
And it shows
That nobody's shadow
Is clear

I can see things in the light
'the unambiguous strain of capitulation on your face'
In the flea markets
They are selling the history
Of the twentieth century
Kitsch objects of ironic value

At night the museums are dark.
At night
Everything becomes a museum
I close the computer
And it becomes
A museum of my thought

When it opens
I see my words
Behind a glass screen
My mind is a museum
Of memories
I have a few objects
A few photos
Some words written
To accompany them
I have argued with myself
What is valuable?
What can be thrown away?

Jeffrey Mackie is a poet living in Montreal, Canada, he does a regular literary program on CKUT radio in Montreal. He has been published widely and his poetry has been used in academic courses and also translated in Croatia.