

OIKOS*

Camilo Garzón POETRY

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It’s only in the house
of the impoverished in spirit,
that you’ll be able to find grace.

The emphasis of what’s lacked
will be seen in the austerity
of what’s fairly given.

And critical, we are,
of each other’s motives.

This instance,
this set bar,
is only as low as its motifs.

Because, I know now,
*I have only those keys
that are of no use to me.*

The ones that led me and them
to commiserate in boredom
and replenish this oceanic feeling
by replacing our hobby for a fish toss.

Like the home found for a pain
who lacks the condition
of being part of the house.

Living in a nucleus of warmth,
these cold, dingy particles,
speed up the periphery of what’s damp.



How, pray tell,
do unlikely partnerships
become familiar occurrences?
When fraternity arises
between the bald-headed
shopping for hair
in a barbershop.

Scarcity dwellers,
let's call these lackers,
who are trying to contain
the unintended consequences.

As companionship surges
amongst the hearing impaired,
who feel their own drums
pumping in the concert.

And don't ever think
to mention these ropes
in the apparent house
of those who are to be hanged.

Or claim a press conference
surrounded by extractors of secrets,
while scarcity dwellers fail
to contain the aforementioned consequences.

What is that everlasting annoyance
you feel at the unheard mutiny
of the so-called dawdlers?

Sometimes it's found
in the pretension of not recognizing rarity,
claiming blindness,
just before being lit by a sunset.

Other times
in self-denominated gypsies,
finding static solace
amidst some moving carriages.

But, to crack down what makes a house,
the nomination of its laws,
is all you'll need to browse.

The shared disgrace, the laws of this place,
give its residents a home with grace.

And once you know,
that this is your home,
this is how you'll grow free to love
and the heart, a wanderer.

**Content Warning: Potentially offensive language*

