The Moscow linguistic circle (not to be confused with the Prague linguistic circle)

who would have thought if i had not
had i thought it
if i had not taken part
in the mystery of his poetics were his
name Roman Jakobson
but it is not and he is not
a poet but a knot in our throats
so that when we speak his name
the poet dies and he is not Roman Jakobson
but a penguin who suffers the torments
of guessing what meaning is meant and
if this is poetry surely
we are all doomed but
when we call her Roman Jakobson
she dives into the ice and others dive with her
and Roman Jakobson is lost
because our eyes cannot distinguish one
penguin from another and when they come
to the surface they are the tide
which brings us a new poetics
more critical than we previously imagined
and so we continue
but differently
calling everyone Roman Jakobson
and when they turn they look at us
like penguins they are confused
and they do not dive but ask why
Roman Jakobson is not yet alive
since we imagine only the name and
we repeat the name again
and again when we’re confused
because the poem is a mystery
and we begin by calling out “Roman
Jakobson! Where is your poem?”
and the world takes one last breath
before exercising the demonstration
that is language and wrests it from
the current belief system and
when aquarium volunteers look at its throat
they find the knot that is Roman
Jakobson who hid from the world
when we spoke his name but if
we had not taken part in the ritual if
Roman Jakobson suddenly
revealed itself as the ground of being
and this was the light of being
if Roman Jakobson took part
in our destiny we would have
had souls we would have
made progress we would have
written poetry and called it Grigory Vinokur