Negative Capability

> *I mean Negative Capability, that is when man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.*
>
> —*John Keats*

I've always wondered who or what should have it—
the reader, the poet, the poem, or all three—
though my favorite word is "irritable," because,
indeed, isn't reason in poetry irritating? Ambiguity
is the sire, & mystery is the mother of art.
I'm capable of more negativity than I give myself
credit for. Death masks darken every door,
& liminality becomes a way of ceding the great
drag show of humanity. O Keats, would I were
as steadfast as thou art, I'd be a sparrow in a field
of sorrow. I'd feel compelled to shave my legs
for the first time this century. I'd be your odalisque,
your paramour, your never-say-never-until-never-is-
said person. Your messy ending. Your thwarted song.