

"The Round Table"
Georges Braque



Crammed in man's head paper filled
With the word and the word is the lore
of the future that's vanished repeat,
of the patience that loves would implore,
of men whose lives are programmed
Destroying the sought for delights;
Computing a program's compassed
The study that cuts to the core.

...
The cauldron of knowledge boils fire -
The fire that is passions alight:
Can the book quell the heat to retreat
In knowledge the sacrificed love?
Yes, yet the note tells the score.

...
Oh table, released from the rounds,
do it love in its knowledge arrayed
as a virtue that structures pursuits
or the structure pursued that unmasks?