

MIND,

what slant tonight?

What voice-over having sought and found an answer
now returns
to still the stillness otherwise
unresolved?

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Spring rains beginning,
a little more light in the evening's thin reach—
I step out on the porch,
feel myself shredded, rent,
dispersed in the shadow of a shadow's after-flame.

*

I know so little of desperation,
of the talons dipped down to snatch
at my bones.
Instead, this whimsy, this delight,
this celebratory leap at the world.

*

Mind, even so, so much unscripted comes
to bear, rewriting the script.
So much that can't be rescinded—a mother's choice,
a soldier's next step, one car veering
into oncoming lights.

*

I don't know who tells me to rise, but I come
to the pond and sit for a while.
And some day
I will see some other sky begin to surface,
inside which, soaring, I'll lift up emptied hands.