Song of the—

Vague self who looking ahead says more
Time overflows what it fills but nothing fills it
Birds in uproar and the morning rabbit in the yard
Then it goes quiet and empty as in a dream
When fear and hunger give up the long chase
And death is just a chair in the grass not yet
Assembled

Then the dream of building time
But the tools make you blush they are so naked
And without shame

The children keep asking
To sit in your lap every day long after they’ve grown
Larger than you so large they could if they chose
Make their own chairs out of themselves

But they don’t
They run through the grass before it’s mowed
They run their fingers through the grass and whisper
Into the dirt below keep licking the sun
Keep tricking the worm keep bending your head low
And lower until the blade passes by

Don’t cry
Another thought will grow a head around it
Another word a mouth another moth a moon
Another mote a cloud another atom a sun
Once upon a time in the morning dew
A rabbit left her paw-prints a kind of poem
Written for no one but given to you

Who are you
Child made mostly of air and dust and water
Who became this walking cloud that speaks out
Loud thoughts the wind blows through your face
Moves you to another place mostly the same
As where you were before a minor elsewhere
Called another day another dream another nap
When you sleep standing up contemplating love
That you love that you love
These consequences of the made thing