

Sight

What was and what will be
is beyond even
a long arm's length
beyond a long arm's reach
of we
in this life of opposites

We create change
it in turn changes us
Five year plans
ten year plans
as planted trees
to harvest fruit

Like a stray cat
we face what is
before our eyes
in our face

They will pray for us
. . . but I am hungry
They will pray for us
. . . but I am thirsty
They will pray for us
. . . but I am sick
Once more the scales
of opacity must fall

Over-run with scurrying
roaches of words
and abstractions
scurrying to
cracks and crevasses
to hide from the moment

The timeless present
like an itch
like cracker crumbs
rises and beds with us.