

A TREE COMPOSES THIS SONG

Each morning
as I dig in dark soil,
I throw out the dirt,
appear as a different person,
a different being, wholly other,
at times, a tree, a snail, turtle,
a juniper, an enemy of earth mover
and removers. You cannot find
what you seek. I am not I. I am
no I -- to hug this truth does nothing.
If I knew, I would tell you.
Instead, I've a light by which to see
that you can use to be here, too,
to see for yourself that replete splendor
and the frightful life of the inhabitants. Releasing
yourself from prison is a life -
long task: first, find life,
next, sink the ship, third,
Alpha Centauri is here, mark fourth
like Marco Polo you've no home,
and as a final bender unraveler
you walk out of the cave
with the light of dark glowing out
of you and so you are stream
whose depths is the river's flow
and gives life to others, even,
and because it contains death,

gives everything, everything, nothing
remains, until you are so wet
with life you are anything, everything,
am, even, a love that is the very
nature of the spirit that moves
the mountain sitting in you
when you began life as a soul
with presence when you felt uncomfortable
being a tree. A tree composes this song.