

## ONE HEART

I stood on the el platform  
saw the old man with staff

I became that staff - everything  
I said that day, heard, read, bled

I became: a walking staff,  
a meadow of metaphors full of thistles,

milkweed, cormorant, cranes,  
katydids of every mouth wing.

I could not not be whatever encountered.  
The distress, panic, sheer blissful fright

for I thought I was somebody  
to believe I was in my skin.

I didn't see through the illusion  
of what I was though the truth

was speaking me all around  
in the ocean of resemblances,

and each resembled everything else.  
Deeper into madness, into inherent sadness

that lives that comes from river  
I could not step out of, it took me

down to the caves, where for years I lived years,  
dissolved in the brackish acid of truth

until resemblances could not be torn apart  
and love's intimacy birthed me into one heart.