

NEVER ASSUME

A huge stag lies dead, I heft its weight
onto my shoulders, stagger, its bulk
heaves me in a flip over deer's body
by my body, and I am impaled by the antlers
through my stomach and out into cold air.
Soul destroyed my life, saving it.
Soul never dies, is not me, is free,
will not be coerced into any bid
though its binding call is hard.
Never assume anything on the ground of soul
as the love soul pulls out of your garden
only ripens when you are living soul.
Carrying around the mortal wound the air
is brisk, a breeze of sneezes, a cacophony
joist that swings the world like you
on the antlers. Free is not the delight,
it is the weight, the very flag of mortality
that moves you as you stand still,
loving soul, you know how and give all.