

## BEING ALIVE IS DANGEROUS

Being alive is dangerous,  
that's what being alive means,  
there's no other meaning,  
no other meaning necessary  
for it takes extremis as norm,  
norm as extremis, and if you want  
it any other way you discover:  
death in life.

Of course, this is a way of speaking of not getting out  
of this living alive yet dying doesn't solve the life issues.

What do you do? How do it?  
And know these questions are flown  
here on wings of doves to pick you up  
and plant you in a foreign country  
where you see that country is home  
of the entire field of the holograph.  
To be alive is dangerous in a funny  
kind of way that is the only way to be safe.

You see the train lights coming, bigger and bigger,  
then, you hear the whistle, realize heard for years,  
without hearing, smoke in nostrils.

How do you make life  
through life that danger is you

and not the other people, a wound  
that inflicted itself as a life? Never beginning,  
never ending, eating own tail, to roll  
the sheer drops off cloud cliffs  
while the eyes that harbor eagles,  
the anchorless life that at every moment  
is the full field blended as light  
form every bush, grass, tree, pheasant –  
see the cries that are you, how you become food,  
whole for the meal worth that dangerousness  
of the teeth – the fear mists away  
when you have it between your pearls  
that if death is its deed it is not a care  
as life reeds into you what it always is  
right in front of you to live you  
as dangerous as a catch of the breath  
as dangerous as a watch of death.