

every time i find the way  
i lose my footing  
just before i lose  
my way again.  
the ones who  
have a simpler paradise  
have never seen  
the scaled hydra headed paradise  
that taunts  
with kill all my image heads  
and you can open the center  
behind the weaving coils  
weaving space with the infinite  
and striking at anything  
that approaches.  
you and the others  
who are among the chosen  
were armed with one sacrifice.  
i do not know why  
i was called to sacrifice everything.  
again and again  
the perpetual loss.  
there is nothing gentle about the fields  
i cross  
to my temporary threshing floor  
slippery with essence endlessly bleeding out.  
the wind current birds that follow  
for the left behind carrion of belief  
on the cultivated trail  
have never sung about morning  
with beaks of sweetness.  
the mountains are without  
spirit guides  
who can find the easy passes.

the rivers rage  
without rain.  
the promising valleys  
are without fruit trees.  
the deserts and swamps  
are the same lonely ocean.

my paradise is always the next one  
trying to defeat me by revelation  
and asking me to make  
one more last step.

i find the way.  
wf.h.  
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