the old… much older
older white moon rises like a primitive altar
in a powerful shimmering of all
our known and unknowable secrets….
secrets that are cast in wild spells
seizing our bodies from the inside
by what has always been there
transcendent and animalized
stitched in the skin of a snake
and the wounds in our nightly prayers.

we must first settle the question of who we are before
we can settle the question of what we have done
in the difficult chambers of the heart where there are no clocks on the walls.

settling things.
wf.h.
2018