

after the hard times of winter
when snow and troubles are falling...
cold
hard deaths
where old tired things come to an end
in their last season.
new death
where weak new things
do not make it through their first.
the goddess sends her daughter
and vegetation back.

it has nothing to do
with the supplication of defeated servants
it has nothing to do
with knee worn prayer books and missing pages
it has nothing to do
with remembering the last dance rituals of passing
it has nothing to do
with food offerings on silver plates
it has nothing to do
with the impatient curses of abandonment

it does not happen for our appetites.
it does not happen where our hungers are formed.
it does not depend on what has been done.
so we wait
in a herd
shifting on our feet
making the sounds of the unsure
waiting
for what is coming.

genesis
without poetical lyricism
unforgiving
competitions
reproductions
embracing our thoughts
and everything existing
in the light
out of the light
behind the light
everything is busy
in the mountains
in the deserts
in the forests
in the swamps
in the grasslands
in the coastal flatlands
on the high plains
an erotic punctuality
insistence...
punctuality that is a discipline
without any discipline at all
embedded in existence like a seed
without manners.

i do not care
if she arrives by foot
or arrives in a procession
or arrives on her calloused toes in a ballet.
i am glad she is back.
it does not matter if she is orthodox
it does not matter if she is a rapacious heretic
it does not matter if she is a healer with faith

it does not matter if she is a healer wearing a nihilistic shroud
it does not matter if she is a witch
i do not care if she is from the cold north countries
smelling of oily fish
i do not care if she is from equatorial regions
smelling of malarial beds
i do not care if she smells of spiritual incense
I do not care if she smells like an untended stable
i do not care if she needs slim altar boys
I do not care if she wants women from the choir
i do not care if she needs the restless tongues of temple snakes
i do not care if she is wanton with me
i do not care if she is wanton with you
i do not care if she is a debutante who knows how to dance
I do not care if she drags her hair across the threshing floor
i do not care if she sheds the skin of old lovers
i do not care if she breastfeeds new ones
i do not care if she has one breast
i do not care if she has thirty two
i do not care if she wears gowns of dragon scales laminated with pollen
i do not care if she wears nothing at all
i do not care if she knows the name of her father
i do not care if she dishonors the name of her mother
i do not care if she uses a tortoise shell mirror
I do not care if she uses your spine as a brush to groom
i do not care if she has dementia
I do not care if she can lay out fate
I do not care if she responds to revenge
I do not care if she responds with vengeance
i do not care how she made her living before
I do not care how she will make it next
i do not care if she tastes like an orange broken open

I do not care if she makes you spit out the seeds
i do not care if she floats down the stairs
i do not care if she is crawling up them
i do not care if she wears the fragrance of the universe after winter is over
i do not care if she pulls herself out of the decay

i do not care if
the ants
the beetles
the frogs
the spiders
the scorpions
are woven into her hair
i do not care if they swarm out of her mouth
i do not care what rests at her feet
i do not care what her feet rest upon
i do not care about the configuration of her body
i do not care how she washes her soul

i just care that she is back
standing in this field of wild sunflowers
standing in this field of hungry beasts

i do not even care if she tells me about your death and sainthood
i do not even care if she tells me the truth about my death
i do not care about what happens next
i just do not

as long as the honey lasts
and we can dance until our legs give out
and share the loose nights of spring.

the goddess sends her daughter.
wf.h.
2020