

CANTICLE OF THE NIGHT PATH

I want the moon to overspill, spill over, and drown me in dust light.
I want whatever happens after that.

I want the owl's one note to lull doubt to sleep.
I want to walk the night path.

Let the deer sleep, the creeks sing, the ferns loosen their infant fists, I promise I won't look.
Let the stars open like time-lapse roses, I promise to close my heart.

I want to taste the ozone, the fire-cleaved air, the acrid certainty of terror.
I want to be picked up and shaken.

Let day's slow fall, resistant as a single feather, be done.
I want what has nothing to do with wanting.