INCLUSIO

Michael Theune

Black-rooted and wild-eyed, we are,
                every one of us,
born into the smallest room in the world.

Beneath the dry light of the star charts
                we are made
to get a feel for the place, the sackcloth
and the ash, the echoes and what escapes us:

this swell of histories, these dark ages
                somehow
            in the midst of light years.

To be at home in the meantime: this
is our one term for surrender, and we make what we can
of this make-believe,
            our hands held exactly
by whatever it is they hold.