

## PERFECTION IS AT ITS HEART SORRY

---

*Heidi Johannesen*

The night is unworkable. The tree outside  
never sleeps.

Imagine how crazy it is—  
all the roots and branches it's stuck in.  
And the ground—what if it wants to get up  
and climb into the tree

in the dark?

There is no center unless you choose one. You have  
to choose one. Even the world needs  
a home in the dizzy universe.

The leaf finds a shape  
if it can

and hangs on.

The leaves fall because they are dead.  
They are not trying to find their roots.  
They are not symbols.

\* \* \*

And there is nothing beyond you  
that hasn't taken you with it, though maybe  
it's holding back  
needing something to say.

Words won't do. They think they're doctors.  
They turn you around and around until you fall off.

They say try thinking about a nice place.  
They say the world might be easier  
when you are off the list of possibilities.  
They say pretend the tubes aren't in your nose  
and it's snowing.  
If they say they don't know then

they don't know,  
but definitely if they chop you up  
they won't be able to find you

or the good news of the ground  
where the darkness comes without falling,

you understand.