

Set Down, Here, and Now

Set down, here, and now, from your shoulders your grave
And give your life another chance to renew the story.
Not all love is death.
Land is not a chronic exile.
Because an occasion might come, and you might forget
The old honey sting, and love
Without knowing it a girl who loves you not
Or loves you, without knowing why
She loves you not or loves you /
Or you might feel while leaning on the staircase
That you were another in the duality of things /
So get out of your "I" to your else
And from your vision to your steps
And extend your bridge high,
Because non-place is a ruse,
And the mosquitoes on the fence might scratch your back,
The mosquitoes might remind you of life!
So try life now for life to train you
To live,
And ease a woman's memory
And set down
Right here
And now
From your shoulders . . . your grave!