

ADAM CLAY

Odd and Full of Love

Northampton County Asylum, 1863

Once along this path it was as if God stirred me
Between the eyes. My head: a frog falling from a cloud
To a meadowed land where woodlarks forever search
For twigs too heavy to carry. Upon waking, the stulp
Where I stood was no more. I witnessed beetles moving
Near my face as if for the first time free from the galling glow
Of the sun. Larks reappeared. The song of their hungry young
Sweetened the air. The beetles dropped to their holes
And I thought of Mary and the many trees
It would take to build a ship to sail to her.
Hourly now a voice asks *Well honest John how fare you now at home*
And my reply is thrown to the pigs each morn.