

Sophistry on the Well-lit Desk · *Lisa Lewis*

There's much to be said for this
Strolling at midnight, allowing
The dog's strong neck to draw
A thread of energy through the leash,
Teasing me almost down to earth.
But the dog is more serious
Than I about this, his little
Workmanlike ears pinned back,
His little arhythmic breaths.
Here under the dormant trees
Is the finest place to be done
With life, to realize I've lived
Not too long, but too well,
And not strictly in the mind.
I would've liked living strictly
In the mind, outlasting
The black spot in the long tooth,
My long hairs adhering to my lips
In the wind. I hate the wind,
And here I am outdoors.
I guess your stupid letter, the paper
Ball under the couch for now,
Enhanced the option. I have to
Laugh. This is justice: live
In the body and be brought to earth,
Suddenly made responsible for all
That flared up in the mind
And failed. Your letter said
You trust me, and for me to give up.
You and the dog both trust me,
And we're nearing the corner
Where we always turn for home.
The rest of life will be like this,
Measured and somewhat arbitrary,
With letters I don't like on the desk,
And yellow lampshades tilted above them.
My response to your inquiry
Hangs from a string for the cats.