

## THIS IS THE FEELING THAT BREAKS

This is the feeling that breaks the ends  
of your words; the wind that blows an already  
hard rain into your face. You look down  
at the ground, but it is not going to assist  
you. It feels itself under attack, betrayed  
by the explorer's shoes, the road that  
followed him in, the house built at the end  
of the road. A door opens, and light falls  
onto the ground; what disturbs your sleep  
in the same way? Now the deer have a drum  
they play only at night, to warn the earth  
of their arrival. Everyone in the world  
hears that drum, out of one ear, the sound  
growing dimmer and dimmer. There are more  
footsteps and more trees losing their leaves  
in the middle of spring. There are feelings  
that cause you to put your hands over  
your eyes, that lead the usually immobile  
branches to slap at your ankles and wrists.  
Your only defense is that you are defense-  
less; that you have come out into the open  
expecting some open to be there.