

A SONG FOR MOTIVES
—Ginger

In praise of a blind spirit
a cantata for failure, a desire to act
only on that first idea after death.

We've been drowning for so long
why not swallow this ocean, why not
save this outrageous life with small gulps!

If you only knew how many hours have grown back
to their first second, how many hands
touching only their own legs, and the body

gasping for silence stumbles over its own disdain
jumps in a sack and flings itself off
a bridge to the warmth of interstate highways.

But under the highway the same wagon road,
and breaking through our control the same bloodsong.
So the motive;

our wings, brooding in their dry shells
folded under the spine
let them choose to endure another blessing.