

LOOKING FOR GOD

The night fell down the steps
Like a soft rubber boot.
I knew what was left
At the top of those stairs;
I did not ask, "Who is it?"

I have nothing
But the knowledge that I have come
And will leave with one question
Which will never be asked.

The streets stretch like tongues.
The things I've taken will not be missed
Until long after they are gone.

In the morning, you will fall
Out of this night like
Someone who knows the way well.

I can imagine you
Scrambling around in the grass,
The trees screaming their heads off
While you look under the stones
For footprints.