

LITANY

Wherever we go, we must go in darkness.
We have eaten our candles. Cattle must always
be accepted. They are useless and as benign
as Christmas. Rats are hated not for their faults,
which are ours, but because they are consistent
in our virtues. In the cellars of misers
each rat is a hero. I shall be such a hero
with a black wagon and bell, walking the streets
and accepting the living. We read of directions
in books. I know of roads that shut down at night,
go off on their own explorations.
They are modest and no super highways
are among them. Bite into an apple
and a small voice shouts hello. Be respectful
to your food. Run down the street shouting
and everyone shuts their doors. Join them
in darkness. On the roads we have taken,
cities are the last stages of the cattles' journey.
Chicago welcomes their conventions. The right roads
will discover my humility, tell me their secrets.
Eventually, when people reach Chicago after years
of darkness, cattle will drive wagons with streamers
and favors. Avoiding the occasion, I will go north
with a road in Wyoming. It will tell early stories.
Each step will brighten toward the sun.