The Soon to Be Immortal Talks to Himself

Randy Phillis

I have given it all away except hope:
the house, the clothes, the furniture,
the mementos, the incense. It's a long
journey. I'm pointing toward heaven
and they're waiting.

I'm ready and so are they.
I'm as light as pine needles:
After three years of only the needles—
no rice, no wheat, no quail, no fish—I
am very light. As light as
I can be.

And here I stand, the rocks
of this spur pricking my feet for
the last time. Below me all the faces
who come to see, laughing, believing,
above swirling blue like the robes I'll wear
when I arrive like a swan.

Below me, only the faces.