

Because There Is

More to the self than
 the self can
 Account for, I stop
 between the North Tyger
 And the South where it
 slices back across

I-26, all poppy-banked,
 white and bright red.
 One thing's for sure, I've lived
 enough to know as
 Soon as you say
 something foolish,

Like, "I haven't had
 a bad time in almost
 Two years," well, God hurts
 in mysterious ways,
 And you know what
 can happen. Here,

Nothing special —
 the white fog
 Pooling in the valley,
 the cloud-rivers
 Winding thinly
 between the pitched hills,

And, from the pines,
 that great breathing
 We think, at times, mournful,
 or then again, just
 The beginning of whatever sound
 desire might make,

And only me here
to hear it, and only
Me here to choose — or not —
all this time,
All along,
the road at my feet.