

PETER COOLEY

The Fist

I found the sky within my opened hand.
It really wasn't what I had hoped for.
I bent to take a look, my lifeline's palm
stung like the sea when we go down too deep
to fill our nose and eyes with the dark floor
and pain, awakening, tells us where we are.

Do I crave this terrible awareness?
The question comes too late. Once we admit
the almost infinite into ourselves
there's no difference between hunger and ache,
thirst and pain: we crave, we sate, crave again—

and all for the transcendence we can't get
except in seconds when the sky stands still,
cloudless that instant and all light takes us in.