

I Hold Nothing

Mount Eerie

Your love
swells and pounds me.

I know nothing (now that I know you).
My face goes blank
My eyes go open gates
and the world can go (in them).
it can make us wealthy
and take away
so
I hold nothing (now that I hold you).

There's no place to spend our money where we live.
The generous world suggests we live generously
so we lay
under low wide branches
of the oldest tree on the dune,
or in the hay,
where we will stay for so long without moving
that the careful birds finally relax
and make black nests in your black hair
and find ants walking around my unmoving feet
and we will only notice this play of the world
(that long moss is growing on us)
(that that wind has rewritten us)
(the give and take not stopping ever)
for only a moment
and then, having briefly noticed,
let the world roll on, doing this,
through open gates.

In a generous way:
I give long walks to the dogs.
I put commas and periods in song.
I give closed eye to the day.
I give peace to the long decay.
(we do not need to fear dying)