

Giving Up Everything

Natalie Merchant

Giving up everything,
my hungry ghost of hopefulness.

Giving up everything,
not haunted by wanting this.

Giving up everything,
the fortune I was saving.

Giving up everything,
I mercy-killed my craving.

Giving up everything,
I've opened up my eyes for this.

Giving up everything,
see the whole magnificent emptiness.

Gave what I want for how it is,
for the stone inside and the bitterness,
for the sweetness at the core of it.

Giving up everything,
the master plan, the scheming.

Giving up everything,
my cursed search for meaning.

Giving up everything,
the compass and the map I was reading.

The hinterlands I'm leaving,
I'm finally leaving behind.

Giving up everything,
the big to-do, the hullabaloo,
the tug-of-war for some twisted truth.
For the everlasting ache of it,
no longer slave, not chained to it,
no gate, no guard, no keeper,
no guru, master, teacher.

See the slow-receding faces
dissolve to black, no traces.