

Carried Into Redemption

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I know that lizards like jelly, because i have fed wild geckos on the roof of my hut in the seychelles islands. she was called the morning lizard, and i would drop clear ponds
From the tips of my fingers for her to drink, and drop gobs of silly flavored jelly on the counter for her to lick.

I know that it is possible to become intimate with a stranger, from a distance, across time and continents, because i have knelt before a young master in a very private tea
Ceremony. i watched him move, whisk, wipe, fold, touch, offer, drink, enter, exit,

Well this one wasn't so good.

I have debuted at carnegie hall.

I have been homeless, panhandled on the streets.

I have witnessed death, and birth, and graduation.

I have been told to leave, and invited to stay.

I went to a big new years eve party in new york city, with many famous people, the mayor, baryshnikov, jessica lange,

I was at the opening of the film which one best film that year.

I was kicked out of high school

I was given the key to the city of baltimore.

What a kick. i'd like more of those. i was arrested

I am the highest point of my family tree. i call them to fruition, i sing them themes about the beautiful sky, but they cannot see it. there is a canopy above them, being

Woven out of determination to grow. out of the legacy of pain. i call them but they do not come, they cannot come, no sun hits them.

I have swum with turtles in the open sea.

I found ancient, rusty nails on the shore.

And written about the boat, the sailors, and their homes , from one piece of survival.

I grew up in a hospital, watching my brother die.

I grew up in a hotel room , watching my mother bring home left over food. for our dinner.

I have cried myself to sleep by the cold sea, with no coat or blanket or dime for the phone,

And awakened in the warm sun, in his arms, hearing his grunts and the rustling of his leaves, his great purring

And measured love by these things,

And so love became a fearful calm,

And i have always run

Back to the storm

The lion completed, weakened by love,

Send me back to the hunt

My lord

I have turned my back to the sunrise from hotel rooms

And called out the name of the setting sun from the desert floor

I've been where it was happening

I have made it happen

I have walked down tiny lanes alone, for miles

I have planned revolutions

I have carved myself into moderation

I abandon my own shadow

I have been attacked by droves of red ants.

By crazy horses

By crazy people

I have been carried all the way, by someone, now and then
But he is always too tired to stay then
And i hate him for loving my weakness
I have been in a helicopter, flying over the alaskan glaciers, and i have be
en in the concord, faster than sound.
As much as i have learned camouflage, i have left my broken body on the plai
ns at dusk
I been in a jet when the oxygen masks dropped
I came out to the car and my daughter was gone from her car seat.
She had followed me in.
All of it is written over and over again.
I have skiied, water skiied, raced in the water, i have played baseball and
cards.
I learned chess at 8, when i learned my funny valentine.
I met bob dylan. He called me a poet.
I rode with maximilian shell, and leonard cohen in the same elevator.on diff
erent occasio