

Ladder

I remember what I say:

if you should do this for me I would do that,

if your singing shadow would travel a certain place with me in my ears and encourage me home,
if unseen I may look into the glow of my tent and watch Rachel's gentle fingers tend to my things,

if I may have fresh berries to eat dewmoist plucked from bushes I have worried,

if I may take up this warm wool by the fire and wrap my cold graceless self,

then I will build you a holy place with one leavened stone.

I can not keep this promise nor any of the others.

When I came here before I was the same as my son who shrieks with glee when he plays.

I was my sweet little growling bitch when she rolls on the sunny matted grass.

I was my delighted lover working her rising loaves.

Where once my belly was the morning sun and the cool water of my father's oasis,
tonight it heaves and swells my hands quaking tremors.

I have a tongue fat as my wrist;

my throat clogs with silver arrows.

My love my home wife children dogs - your humming stone has forgotten me all.

Now I long with every single cell of my sweating sinking self
for you to pull back on my hair and open my throat;

I am sick with this yearning for you to dump in
the black dreaming universe from that big brooding ladle of stars.

I am hugging the precious humming stone to my vacant gut and I swear to you:

If you take me over where I see that swinging ladder,
so I may climb with those winged bright beings,

my love my home my wife children dogs I will give you everything
and more

whatever you want,

I will oil the roundness of your stone you can suck out the marrow from my bones
but bring me over to that golden helix so I might fix everything,

so I may be a dreamer strong

gods angels

go up

go down.