

Worldview

Water, ice, shards of glass:
that night you talked of touching stones

to feel, feel
that spirit in that space, a dusty

place where men stand,
tiptoed for thirteen years,

hanging from ropes, tapping
into a higher self than themselves.

Water, walnuts, starbursts in the grass:
what if you tapped into time right

here, here
where lesser selves get high on sleep, where

a forehead fits a pillow fits a hip, where
skin is spanked or bitten or kissed

where

you might still say, "God,
I wish I could feel that again."