

The sheaves

tie the bundles bundle the hours
bundle the bundles tie the hours
tie the day tightly
round and round in raffia
tie the dusk; shackle the night
and its scrimmage of desires
yes bind that too
i must toil day and night
the road taken i must tread
to its end carting a cart
always careful to find my footing
balance the day; balance the bundles
the late hour presents itself
what is unfinished waits and then speaks
in a still small voice
there ahead is the continuous road
i must take the undeviating unswerving way
desire is penalty in the field of the wolf
i must guard heart and harvest
the sheaves must be delivered

do fingers write a poem i wonder as i tread
the mind and the hand work together
the two dance together somewhere up ahead
beyond me in places i cannot yet see
my cart is empty now; my footing is sure
i have my footnotes; i have taken into account
my life; my death i can even think about candidly—
something i could not say when this journey began.
in my rucksack i carry all that is worth owning
i look down at my worker's hands and his open book
i look down at my callused feet
and think about this winding path he trudged with me
it's all in order now:
i must keep decreasing so he might keep increasing
what he chooses is what shall be.

