

Something to do with the falsities  
he succumbed to, this desire to rid  
the one side of the self, the other.  
He fell prey once to extremes,  
and hasn't recovered since. Just  
a simple view of life. Nothing too  
absolute, nothing so complicated  
as thought; that would be too much.  
He had had enough: he had had  
too much.

He had had her  
after the dance, a fling, a swirl,  
and she a lonely little girl.  
She succumbed: he was numbed.

An eagle will do, or a snail.  
A brain. But what's beneath this soul  
is the surface of a life,  
exposed in actions like salt.

The ocean stood still for too long.  
He fell into it and scraped his knee.  
Generally a fragment, but to him  
a thing to escape from by running headlong  
into it.

He stopped.

It felt like succumbing to a worry.  
Except he was in such a hurry.

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