

WHAT IT IS

What it was in the meantime  
few will know, but it happened  
the way flies will appear  
at the picnic.

It is senseless.

About the time all is well  
will the illness arise,  
arching its back into corners  
unrelated to the room.

Truth is like that.

Blooming to its death,  
freeing itself in the prisons  
and the prisms holding light  
by light's own color,

letting it go in the world  
as something wholly changed  
and so the same. A cure  
is an illness in itself.

This is how it happens.

It happens differently  
in the same old ways,  
breaking anew each time  
it becomes familiar.

What it is is life.

What it is is the sickness  
unto death, the ripening  
that brings everything  
to fruition.

9/11/83