

WITHOUT A NET

You were never important,
not even to yourself.
So wallow in your mire
and learn to subsist in oblivion,
where doors zealously fulfill their function.

Haughty, conceited, hypocritical,
pedantic, somewhat unkempt,
and a consummate, unparalleled miser.

Though you tried to deny your wake,
you have long sensed such dreaded disdain.

From what primitive ocean do your fears lie in wait?

Where do your dreams sleep?

Why do your verses fall silent?

Who stops along the way to hear your voice?

Finally accept the legacy you radiate;
then, perhaps, you might accept yourself—and shut up.

“Adrift, Winter Days” (2005–2014)