

SING FOR JOY

Which is not as immediate as, say, supper
or as titillating as chicks or fame,
but in a sad world where, no matter how well
we eat or fuck or preen, all things
tend toward suffering and diminishment,
maybe there's nothing better to sing for
than such joy as may buoy us up,
return us to a *right mind*.

Yet if we have not fallen, what's there to rise to?
At best, a long, inconsequential fiction
for which there can be no happy ending,
no hope of eventual reinstatement,
no royal lover of souls to take us back
broken and bitter as we are.

If we cannot sing for joy, why sing?
To show how clever we can be? How much
better than trees at making meaningless noise?

BETTER FAR

I am a speck lodged in the hem of a garment,
dust in the tight weave of a fabric draped

sari-like around the divinity-beyond-imagining
whose nature limits his wardrobe to what is

of love and lovely beyond whatever we may mean
by *beautiful*. Suspended here, I am ecstatic.

Though cancer and suicide have taken friends
and former students, and ideologues everywhere

stain the air with their maniacal raving,
not a day passes without my grateful amazement

that I have not been swept from my small place
by some fastidious hand that knows a hitch-

hiking piece of lint from an integral thread.
Better far this hour than never to have been.