

If a Wilderness

Then spring came:

branches-in-a-wind . . .

I bought a harness, I bought a bridle.
I wagered on God in a kind stranger—
kind at first; strange, then less so—
and I was right.

The difference between
God and luck is that luck, when it leaves,
does not go far: the idea is to believe
you could almost touch it . . .

Now he's
singing, cadence of a rough sea— A way of
crossing a dark so unspecific, it seems
everywhere: isn't that what singing, once,
was for?

I lay the harness across my lap,
the bridle beside me for the sweat—the color
and smell of it—that I couldn't, by now,
lift the leather free of, even if I wanted to.

I don't want to.