

Forgive me, I was naive and easily led astray, always
saying yes on the lost path, and please
while thieves picked my pockets clean.

To some I might have appeared—

A boy, blond in the twilight, carrying an atlas
almost as big as himself, tilting it—north, west
east, south—never quite locating paradise.

There was a shining city and behind that a shadowy
forest where animals roved and our bodies
were taken. They sent me there to tell our stories

which were mocked, derided. I learned their language
of razors and gears from which we made
a smaller city, an effigy in one of our fields. We

still give tours that lead up to it from our woods. You
enter, opening a steel door and stare into the noise.

When I Died,

I saw a man tearing down a blue house
but inside the blue house a green house
slowly appeared as the man motioned
toward me, suggesting I enter, opening
a white door where the man became
a woman in a yellow field with snow falling
upon so many people walking toward
a blue house, and they were telling each other
they had never seen anything so green,
not even the grass under the red sky of their names.