

THOUGHT

Not always
the correctness
of a thought,
but how it moves—
waltzing
from darkness
to open light,
or stuck
in goopy tar,
gasping,
stretching
for it knows not.
Swaying
from escarpment
to meadow,
pausing at vantages
to glimpse
its crooked trail.
Or settling
in a gloomy cave
ending the journey
before sunset
out of anxious hunger
for certainty
—missing pink-orange
breathings
over the valley
animating its
quiet stillness.
Does it fly
beyond maps
and ancestors,
or stifle itself
chained to
ghostly pioneers?
—My mind
needs fresh motion.
Without it
it becomes
a sluggish bog,
aching to be
stirred,
awaiting a
thrust,
to be washed
away
into rushing
rivers.