

## 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