

who in this is my companion... the sacred married to canon that
cannot avoid the adultery in imperfection
 prophets thrust into prophecy
 not protected from its curtains of fire...
 throwing out explanations of what love means
 with the things they accumulate
 in the negotiation between what we are
 and what we cannot be.
we live in the configuration of masks with voices
 existing in a chorus of other things...
 the things that pass both ways
 with a heart that does not always heal.

this place is not the land of settled agrarians...
 it is the place where we sit around
 night fires and where organs are eaten.

a chorus of other things.
wf.h
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