

before i can be sure  
i like to put my emotions on the rack  
and stretch the connected threads of affections and betrayals  
to see how they snap apart from my soul.

it is sweaty work done in the near darkness  
where everyone thinks i am thinking but that is not  
what is happening in the torchlit  
ambience of truth.

this is not the place for meditation  
this is the place where the truth comes out  
in the cranking of gears.

often i am surprised by the strangeness of attachments  
as they continue to convulse  
and try to reattach before they dry up.

what i have discovered is that the rack must be sturdy  
and maintain a steady purpose  
even when its knees  
feel weak.

after it is over i check everything and every part  
for a pulse...

the pulse is what i love.

before i can be sure.  
wf.h.  
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