

i am now asking myself to become less aware of my awareness  
of things that have to be true  
of things that have to be thought  
of things that need to be attached to what is existence.  
wanting a mind that is not misplaced.  
wanting a breath that exists in breathing.

no longer being in the  
beginnings  
endings  
unknowns  
knowns  
with the death singers  
    dragging their feet through the dust inside dripping water  
                                worried about whether the tide is going out  
  or if the shore is rising.

i do not expect myself to answer  
    as i participate in the laughter that laughs.  
        as i participate in the grief that grieves.  
                                what gets us  
                                gets us  
                                in participation  
                                not in what participation means.

i am now asking myself.  
wf.h.  
2022