

i will never rise high enough to call the rise an ascension
of deeply spiritual proportions
that finds paradise...
not the stuff i am made of.

i am a lowlands creature tangled in lowland vines
and tall grasses
none of which can rise higher
than moral entanglements.
perhaps i should rethink this thing
called paradise.

i have been told
nothing there will eat you
there are no cruel children rhymes
there are no skinned knees
there is no reason to try to imagine more
even if you have less imagination than most.
the sublime is brilliant
there is no reason to plan for anything else.
here in the lowland vines and tall grasses
there are plenty of fears
but i can live with that
because i get to live with hope
because hope does not exist
in paradise...
why would it
even exist as a concept
or sentimental memory
after all every issue has been resolved.

i think i am where i belong.
i hope things are going well for you.
i hope to see you again with your dramatic smile.
i hope this message reaches you in time.
everything here is in bloom.

i will never rise high enough.
wf.h.
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