

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.  
2023