

some mothers devour their children  
saying they are giving them life... their life

not the ones their children require.

perhaps it is to let generational ghosts reengage

like the enemy who has grabbed  
you by your belt

saying we will settle it

once and for all and now right now.

outcomes like this never come from a normal life

that become normal.

no point in asking the moth about the flame.

no point in asking the flame about the moth.

nothing comes of these questions

except for the end that begins

to wander into

the next beginning

where some fathers

are waiting

with their inborn authority

if the great mother doses off.

the father who is building strange models  
of something that exists in his memory  
of justice and misplaced emotions  
and emotional hags  
that he plans to  
hang from the cellar ceiling to cure in darkness.

whose fault is it that there is a fault  
already there before you arrive.

you have to jump in to jump out.  
up ends in the same distance that down starts.  
treading the surface is not allowed.

phenomena releases darkness to capture light  
some people want to be the source  
that enters the prism  
some people want to be the differentiation  
on the other side.

but that is not how symbolic life lives  
it is not your friend  
it is your escort.

not your friend.  
wf.h.  
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