

i look for my ancestors in my possessions.
i know they are there
lurking in neural celebrations leaking into spinal fluids
with their not simple problems
with their not simple solutions
coveting the unfinished business
of orgiastic myths and cathedral dreams.

most of us want to work our way
out of moral ambiguities
but our exits are our possessions
and every possession in the end
is ancestor veneration
that does not want to miss
being there for the big finish.

our ancestors own us.
wf.h.
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