

## LISTEN

Why not just stop and listen beyond  
as if to a river  
or rain  
or wind  
or the sea;  
by day and by night  
this going speaks to you in a low voice.

I heard it through the jumble of all my things,  
what I piled against the door at night  
and no one could climb over,  
yet each thought  
held my sleep at gunpoint.

I heard:  
what happens if you notice fear  
living deep inside the body?  
There it is, and there it is  
and it was always there.  
But before that awful always  
was the unlocatable  
sound of wind,  
sound of the sea.

Just listen now, I heard.  
Later you'll sleep  
all the missing years of sleep,  
including nightmares  
as you consent to meet, then part with fear;  
and you may cry at losing something,  
even the bullet surgeons twist out of your heart  
to save your life.

Cry, cry back  
all the missing years of breath  
and then breathe soft.

As if gunmetal gave itself back to the earth  
where it never did harm,  
for when you awaken  
the dream belongs to you, not you to it,  
and nothing owns you.