

## WHAT'S ALREADY HERE

What's already here, close by,  
will sometimes answer, not a brutal question,  
but the continuing need—  
river overheard  
whispering to itself in the night.

Your own heartbeat going on,  
on and on  
and on until it can't:  
heart that floods and empties  
with unthinkable constancy

*lub-dub lub-dub lub-dub*

until it can't, true—but now it does,  
and sometimes in the quiet of the night  
you hear it.

Quickening with rage or fear,  
shock or desire, pounding in your ears  
as if to remind you.

And the breath  
breathing itself all the while.

Oh, but that one most terrible question?  
There isn't time, you say, to pause,  
you're losing too much money  
or your only chance.

Yet in listening, in opening  
up and out from that fraught state  
with its bad advice—now or never,  
all or none—  
you flare: lily, horn of stillness  
and sun and rain fall through,

finding the root.

Oh, but face into the sky?  
How how can such immensity befriend?  
Won't it pull you from your life,  
too far up and you fray, dissolving  
like a cirrus cloud  
into the void?

Or, will a flock of birds arrive,  
swift in its unhurried passage,  
strewn wide and reconfigured—  
birds in daily peril,  
bright and free.