

## TRYING TO GET HOME

At first this road seemed straight and narrow enough  
for everyday goodfolk. Before noon, soft negatives  
of sun biased our path. Later, sullen willful light  
laid down odd shadows without known positives.

Awhile we spoke comforting words, rested in aphorisms.  
Then deepening stains followed our steps we thought  
were headed to safe lodging. Slowly we became tangled  
in skeins of leftover darkness from forgotten ages.

Unsure if we moved ahead or aside, edges raveled, we  
wandered into blear pockets of blur. We told ourselves  
the snags were temporary, there was blue beyond.  
We believed in the color of heaven above.

Vision adapted, comprehension sloughed off like snakeskin.  
Storms twisted around us, we slogged in mire. Missteps,  
darting glances, whispers plagued us. Our hands turned maps  
to dust. And some of us suddenly cried we were lost.

Shards of glare split the murk, cut our feet.  
Relentless rays like Zeus's lightnings lit horizons,  
unknown skylines, zigzagged through trees, snapped them  
like kindling. We stacked the hot pieces in a pyre.

It wouldn't stay lit. Night settled in palpable piles,  
thick-textured, gray-smeared, unlike the original.  
Illumination is a memory from the last century. Nothing  
we do warms us. Logic, magic, rubric are meaningless.

Desperate for dawn, we try to ignite small bills, ones,  
fives, and the wood we gather. It all smokes like leaves  
too damp to burn. We've eaten things we can't name.  
Nothing grows. Seed sprouts wither, rootless as death.

We're suspended in a state of always and never was,  
without natural light. Earth has wandered away  
from its lifestar. Has Christ come again? Where is He?  
Where are we? Our questions multiply, echo, hover.

Looking inside our heads like cave fish  
searching for our lost eyes, we ask each other  
how long we have huddled in this deformed dimension.  
We shiver, and plead for something called morning.