



remorse

My eyes were broken.
My ears dysfunctional.
I could only see the outside of things;
 hear what I wanted.
Better to have been born in sacred darkness,
living with eternal quiet,
than leave the trail I left
through the playground of my boyhood Mind.

Striding too fast through the summer fields,
minded of schoolyard fantasies,
 or something;
everything except the grasses, the flowers faces,
on the way down to the river.

I had no inkling
that the cattails should have mattered to me;
how I could have mattered to them;
nor thought the fate of the butterflies, bees, insects...
 captured in my jars.
Empathy with grasshoppers was out of order.

Adventure. Discovery. Mastery.
Not the pleading eyes of frogs,
the tender mouths of fish.
The clouds told only of coming rain, or not.
My world had nothing to say.
It had no voice. It didn't speak.