

*The Teller*

I know we're supposed to need to tell a story

to tell the truth

we learned about narrative arcs but I must have missed where they said

they were a bridge

upon a time

you'll fall off anyway

that the arc doesn't stop at the ground but goes all the way under and back up again

and sometimes spits you out on the perimeter

at some point where the sagittal and the horizontal cross

and you go sailing out of sacred geometry

airborne on some flyline

but it's not a strong strategy they said for sure

a story that doesn't arc or bridge or rainbow toward an end

it leaves people

unsatisfied

for instance I followed the road as directed and found several guides

and some of the treasure I think but now

instead of some return

I am standing by a river

there's a broken strand of puddles and clay soil and gray-beaked gulls

and the sky is quiet and there's wind

now it looks like for a while I am going to be

standing around as the clouds move across inside the water

and the molecules sparkle darkly

and I see my own eyes

what are you doing these days they say

as usual I say a little of everything

if we took all the air from all over the world and brought it to one place

could we hold it in our hands

my child says

would it make a structure

would the atoms compressed turn into a thing

it would probably be a handful of dirt he says

after a while

his bright face

uncharted country

you can see more like this the healer says  
holding his head in her hands  
her head askance  
let your eyes look as if around a corner  
and the body will show itself  
start telling you its knowing

a person is a place  
a meeting of sound light history decisions  
a motion in a pool

a world is a person  
sitting in a kitchen  
winter sun warming his hair

the crack and whorl of a ribbon in a hand  
dark red aloft against a bright green hill

world without end  
at the close of every prayer  
they come right out and say it

if there's no finish

here must be our home