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