

i know a man
 (i know many males; few men)
i know a man
who could lie away
a month's money drinking
and say it so pretty
you'd believe
 oh, anything...

i know a man
who's wondered about
 the wee folk
(and looked for them, too,
 i'd warrant, behind cracked doors)
and times when Other voices spoke...

(cont.)

in a tax collectors' world
he sits counting,
 reviled, reviling
himself for his permissions
 to lesser visions
allowed to haunt
 when they ought not
 ("taking it all too seriously"...)
an outgroup son of Levi
 leaving his seat immediately
to follow passing Reality
 hand to the plow, never looking back

a man who might
for a poet's soul
well be counted lost
but he's not

poets cut their baby teeth
on the existences of such a one,
 living poetry...

The Kingdom of Heaven is like this:

you and me

together more than we could be

apart. Our overworld kiss

of unity

creates a greater Reality.

One loving, becomes two, making three:

Love, Loved, and Loving,

comerged in perfect freedom--you see?