

BELIEF

-after the freeing of the West Memphis Three

Deep in our own inner caves the heart's canary sounds a warning.
On the other side of speech is a language that dreams us.
Echoes hide out in abandoned words. The air hardens.

A home invasion, a meth lab, a father killing his family.
It Had to Be You, Les Paul played on his guitar with seven
crippled fingers, but *who* is never named, or is us.

These
clouds begin to picket the horizon. Pine sap leaks from
a wounded tree. Even the flowers seem to take on
the color of night.

There are times when it is better
to close your eyes to the world.

I have been watching
a fledgling drop from its nest, flutter a few feet, and again,
until it flew not back, but into another tree. The wind tests
itself against my torn screen. A few thorns of light jab
out of the darkness on the far hills.

Who are you
if your dreams are dreamt by somebody else? In a dream
of freedom we return to a place that is not
the place. Orpheus'
poems could not create the world he needed. How
many times do our words become cells? How do we
remove those splinters of memory and remain ourselves?
Most of our dreams are the seeds in sidewalk cracks.

By now my fledgling has its own dream.

Tonight's clouds
will cover the meteor shower. I remember the fog in
the valley slipping forward like a glacier. At other times
a whole world rippled in the river.

It was David Hume
who said we had not a single reason to believe in reality,
but we must act as if we do. Even when a whole life
seems mothballed.

Now we know that our moon collided with
another moon whose remnants we can't see on its far side.
Moonglow is how Les Paul would have played it. And us?

Who are we if someone else's dream is really ours?