

Make Full Use of What Happens to You

In the face of broken
 build a tower of breath
In the eye of deceit
 carve a hive of light
In the rumble of regret
 fashion a new net
In the oracular gut
 leaven what's left
In the fall of grief, harvest
 winter wheat
In the infested wound, bring leeches
 to swoon
In the empty bed, writhe
 a pelvic bone
In the stung heart, harrow
 a new song
In Fortuna's backswing
 let fallow fill wings

Know What You Can Control and What You Can't

Undress your wish to direct your nevertheless.

Your chant of self-promo—just cant,
your face—a faltering race

away from that withered fate.

What others think is a sink-
hole of jitters that drinks you

to fretting—and you'll miss the dance.

So what if you live in a mosh pit of who
did what to whom and what you blat

about someone will be blared about you. Why not
abide inside the flicker of mind, a companionable
controlled clime (your own thermostat, preset).

Power is such a fickle hour, mean wealth
shackled to itself. Only by
attending to what is outside

your purview (repute is a beaut)
will you be undone. And that's no fun.