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
Events Themselves Are Impersonal and Indifferent

What? You mean that steel step
didn’t mean to gash your toe? Nothing personal,
your lover didn’t care
that you became a basket of frozen grapes
wintered on the isle of his
no-more-longing-for?

That the one whose jackaled heart
burst on the bedroom floor:
his death impersonal—indifferent—jinxed by chance?

Be a sleuth. Find the hidden opportunity
in misfortune’s juba dance?

Plucked tail from the untwitching
maggoty beast. Jangled grace in a man
leveled by cancer-eating blood—
or bone—or her viral load.

Oh, forgive yourself for not jubilating in the shadows
of this bosky perch, where light echoes off
leaves the way words echo off your jaundiced heart.

Some gift. Yes, the impersonal thrift.
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.