

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.