

The Impatient Self-Wonderment of the Vine

I have no patience for most occupations;
It seems I'm always a' waiting on time.

The distractions of life fill and refill me,
And I, left wasted and empty,
Cannot taste the nectar as it sifts through me.

Your lips tell me your life, and in bursts,
I reply, with a titter and twitch like
A small sparrow turning his head.
But, like the sparrow, I must rest
After such a simple exchange has been passed.

Surely, I think myself too delicate
For this life—too fragile for
The wink and nod of you and her;
Too offset for the washing brine of whiskey
Tasted without offering first.

I must latch onto someone, a vine,
Curling and weaving myself along
Your ribs, constricting the heart
You called yours alone.

If I grow my grapes over your heart,
Will you accept them?
Will your blood turn cherry-purple with mirth?
Can my fermenting within your skeleton
Intoxicate us to somewhere of worth?

Why must I need you, you hollow pot—
Surely I can curl and twist on myself,
Though I crawl 'long the ground, in the dirt,
And am trampled by uncaring feet.
Here my vantage is new, and I look up at
The world, rather than down.

And now I feel lively again,
For I know what I am—yes, what I am.
Perhaps not your rose, or your

Forsythia bright, but I'd
Hold you closer than they might—
And in my contortions I see myself clearly,

I know the fruit I offer freely;
I know where I might grow, if I could
Without easy illusions of where I should.