

Here, San Francisco

I lie on my back, I see the sky  
Small, disused bells tremble in my chest  
Nothing else moves in the clever city  
Not even doors, not even hinges  
Find the secret of motion  
Here, expanse, mere time, a kind of redemption  
Swallows reel in the stillness  
Over the city, over bridges,  
Over a man terrified in his sleep  
Of his distant life  
Beyond hunger, discarded clothes  
He wants to shout, he shouts  
From the heron-dark  
Makes the immovable move  
Toward the end of this thread, I meet him  
Our arms are stretched out  
Stillness, hold us  
Let us go

Kathy Garlick