

GARY HAWKINS

SONG FOR REDEEMING BALLAST

I am the one laid adjacent.
 I am one to you by angles
 of your unwavered gaze defined.
 I am sighted. I am weary.
 I am a glittered button in your small freckled hand.
 You will this morning take the first dose
 of your now endless prescription and turn up the incline.
 I am weightless and I am nearing.
 I am like all the other men.
 I am beholden. You will begin
 with a sheer headache, a lofting,
 a room that seems possible, that can expand.
 I am exhaling.
 I am fingers worn smooth on a smooth stone.
 I'm elastic: I am grown.
 I am that which in pieces rises, aglow.
 You will stand upright, pitched
 to the next world of your own.
 I am the one lying adjacent to you.
 I am the man for whose hunger there are many vines.
 At the tops of hills, in a solstice of light to come,
 we will reside and will not know.