

The Nature of Our Lives

It has changed somehow, the nature of our lives.
Tell me, was before truly a softer time
or is this a trick of memory—
to sweeten and wash away the edges?

Say it isn't only me,
but the whole family
who's swept up in the tide
(though the steadfast will deny it).

Just this morning I hurtled forward
contorted in a new uniform
at once deliberately marshaled
and privately abashed.

Longing secretly for inviolable haven,
the private cache of dreams—a painter's umber garden,
where vocation is threefold:
read, write, grow things to eat.

Jump cut to a present so factual
it crushes even itself.
I fall in line with my race, tinkering and hammering away
at the sorry flesh of our mother's womb.