

Deliberation: The Gospel

I called you from the truck stop.

I'd planned to sleep there
all night.

The attendant mumbled something over
the loud-speaker about how unattended baggage
may be suspect, but I was talking to you, so I wasn't
paying attention.

I was too concerned about the caution tape
surrounding the entrance.

Relief shouldn't need a warning.

I only pulled over to the side of the road to unclench
my hands, in the first place.

Inside, the florescent
bulbs balloon warmly, the window's dirty
glass chimes like a place
I cannot climb into
yet.

Who wants to go to heaven alone?

You once told me I felt pain so deeply you needed
to build a bridge over it,
wide enough for both of us to stand on—
you bought green muck boots.

You became a carpenter.

You told me, "you have to be tough with fruit trees,
don't let them out stay
their welcome."

So, I uprooted everything.

No more peaches.

Suddenly, it was night and I couldn't find the bridge
anymore (where was the bridge).

My search is poorly lit.

The lazy capo of the moon, drunk and forgetting—darkness
doesn't destroy; it only confuses.

I keep straining to see.

Wood or lake or figure;

at what have I arrived?