

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.