

The Best Thing My Father Did Was Lie

until all were devoured, but it won't happen.
Worms tried to bite the big ruby,
sprung their jaws and died. Only harder stones
can make dust of these. Or some marvelous ray.

Until unequivocal then, the beasts will eat,
the jewels will glitter, each its own irrelevance,
and I am tired of watching.

All the truth ore is down there in either sludge.
This quasi-I must jump off one of these sides
and grope
for nothing absolute.

If only some almost holy wind would push.