

I am edging homeward by grace;

I am slipping with raucous pleasure to Hell;

I am shyly accepting Hope;

I am gleefully slitting Hope's throat with habit.

I am polishing

quiet, dusty dreams;

I am grinding diamonds

against death.

I give myself in

to myself and what I suffer;

I fold, collapse,

and I am waste.

I give myself up

to this othersome joy

I know only by fearful awe;

I am filled, centered,

and held.

From here I depart,

always to the same;

To here I return,

always more,

always changed.