

## TESTIMONIAL

In the twenty-ninth year  
My mind matured  
To the point that I could hear  
Sounds and see things as though  
They were visions.  
The occasion, Death.  
If like people it took breath  
Or as leaves the stones exhaled water  
That was important  
And meaningless. I began to include  
The insights on Acid. By those truths lies  
Became as useful as those absolutes  
I once thought I could never smile at  
Compassionately.  
My capacity for belief increased  
As my number of beliefs diminished.  
Finally the trees popped  
Or were cannibalized  
And I sat down drunk on the curb  
With my feet ankle-deep in the petals  
That blew up and gathered there.  
Two years earlier on hearing  
The diagnosis was leukemia I lay down  
On the linoleum and saw a door shut  
On what is. The distinction between that  
And hallucination became irrelevant.  
The nervous doctor was an oil painting.  
When I walked outside  
The plants in the sunlight  
Were extremely vivid  
And the people walking  
In and out of Woolworths  
Were as clear as angels  
In an icon. Only two choices  
To stress: go on, or give in.  
Nothing made sense but each entity's  
Hunger to be what it is  
And to thrive until it suffers  
The heart attack of the ice cake  
Or carnation, the two speeds. I walked