**Abandoned**

there is no wise one

no hermit seer of the middle distance

the one who brought me here

held my tiny hand

has turned out to be a master

not the one whom i can trust

i don’t pine for a leader, a guide or a seeing eye

i need only the good wishes

of the love you carried off

i was lonely the minute you left.

who will tell me the ancient stories,

count the stars with me,

pour the sacrificial libation over the side

of the paper canoe?

if not for this, why was i circumcised,

admitted to the ancient circle,

taught to dance in the light of the fire?

why knock out a tooth,

tattoo the blue mask over my eyes,

place the golden rings around my swanlike neck?

have i displeased you, my lord?

do you not wish me to walk in your shade?

i would have dwelt inside you,

made a home among your sinews and bones

then passed on my little knowledge

to those of little brain

too late, you had your chance

my path diverges, loser

and as you watch me walk

into my vanishing point

ask yourself

where is my worship now?