Naked at Midnight

it’s not so bad

at least I can share the moonlight

with all these souls, the women are willows

the men are oak, and the children I never had

play in the corridors of my mind

I teach them things, while their parents

grow new leaves in the spring

shed old leaves in the fall,

whisper nothing to god, they’re happy with that

my head is up here, where the air is thin

my feet are way down there,

so I ask them, they know as much as anybody

who or what is god anyway?

at least I always have someone to talk to.

there is always another god where

the last came from, and he teaches me

things while I play in the corridors

of her mind. So what

is this god? that I should have one

to remonstrate with, argue with, beg,

cajole, witness

this is a thing in my head, I know it,

what difference does that make, it’s like

there’s a chip on my shoulder

what? a silicon chip? a chocolate chip?

god is a baked potato, how can I possibly care?

maybe it’s everything. I keep stars in

jars in my bedroom, they talk to me

as I talk to the willow, she drapes her

succoring foliage like graceful

curls around my shoulders,

they’re only there to support my head.

Oaks are great trees, they talk with

slow authority, none of the namby-pamby

of maples or show-off chestnuts, look at

my fruit, it bounces, so what?

maybe if I just could find that voice

those oaks will tell me what it’s going

to be like to carry a chip on my

shoulder forever, there are so many

children I never had, water ash, fire ash.

it’s not so bad

god is always with me, even if he

doesn’t exist, I still have someone to talk to,

the children I never had are fighting again

and the moonlight is mine, all mine,

you can have some, I’m generous that way,

but you’d have to eat an acorn to impress me.