Poured Out

so much of me is poured out, twists down pipelines of ever-increasing pressure

drawing moments of my life, and the transitions of electrochemistry in my head

there is glory in boyhood, the drivers and demands of the young body

drained and drained again, but still and always replenished somehow

now, as I swim through the ever-saltier waters of middle-age

knowing that the seemingly-infinite scopes of my powers are dwindled

i am grateful that for every loss of detail in my world, my mind perceives more –

that for the apparent weakness of my vision, i can see the edges and shapes of a woman

in finer and finer grain, and feel no loss

and as long as my will is projected on the screen of the sky above me

i do not lack for life, still the desire to alter things with the force of my body

reigns over my times, even as I pursue the fleeting demons of pleasure

and capture, in these hands of light, the entrance to the manifold mysteries –

there to stand guard, a sentinel of meaning, powered by lust and want.

these things never change

but there is a difference between meaning and explanation

i have no explanations at all, but a sack loaded with meaning lies at my feet

i cannot tell you why, at my age, i am so motivated by the once-raging hungers of my body

i can only tell you that it means i have lost no love for the world and its contents

that my love is for rocks, trees, concrete, all manner of living things greater than a virus

my love is for qualities indefinable and as invisible as air should be

and here, where my footprint sinks minutely into the asphalt beneath my wandering feet

i know that the evidence of my passage is indelible, and that with a pen of glass

filled with an invisible ink it is written that i have been here, and here, and here

that i have struck the ground in the same places that have a million others

and that they are mine, all mine, all mine.

\**Note to layout artist: if these lines are too long, just use a hanging indent.*