Rooms

as i bound childlike into the future

i am only too aware

that i exist in all times

and that all i have suffered

lives within me and i within it —

somewhere, in a forgotten room

i still sit on a mountaintop

sucking what heat i can

from a dying forest

somewhere, in another room

i still stand screaming at the night

poison in my hands and mind

handcuffed to the rails

of the rollercoaster of love

there is a place where i will make tea

for all eternity, watching

as the kettle heats to boiling

and my heart lies abandoned

just next door

yet this is not to say

that i do not dwell also in laughter or play

i knew those things, and know them

and as the cascade of liquid moments

crashes over me, a waterfall of meaning,

i know that i also live in another

a place where things have not come to pass

and yet another where every step

was an inevitable footfall

on the road to the only

destination that matters,

the I am, and the you are, and the we will be