

DEAR OFFICE IN WHICH I MUST ACCOUNT FOR TEARS,

G. C. Waldrep

You were a forest once. I passed through you
and my garments were torn by thorns.

After that, I did not venture near the lambs
that would be charged with your death.
I did not feed the horses
toward which you were stampeding.

We were young then, together, and then
an art grew up between us.
I received mail at this address long before
my vocation took me here; I discarded it
unopened, a dew upon the stippled grass.

Sometimes I spoke to you, if only in dreams.

Dear Office, the memory of photosynthesis
runs like an electrical current
through your walls, your concrete floors,
the humming bevatron of your dataports.
I have woven new garments
from my own hair, which seeks the earth.

Things I vouchsafe:
I have never been afraid of the falling dream.
I speak in no tongue other than my own.
I cannot even order a meal in your country.

When I sleep at night I recall your secret,
which is the world's secret, only
smaller and green, a lost coin's verdigris.
At those times you are a weather unto me.

Let me be the first to greet you
when you sit at the right hand of our God.