

That poetry exists is enough

Estranged in what is word

Estranged in what is life

Too familiar the steps into insight

That one is blinded by all one sees

So there is this body of consolation

This ruin of redemption disguised as praise.

Come upon me further into the distant too near,

old words, new worlds.

Revealed together like wandered bandages.

As a voyage into nothing again

called meaning is escape,

and meaning everything we know,

in simple lives called poems that are said to exist.

And this mere name of existence is enough.