

## Ex-Best

Who lists the ways of knowing  
Who hunts across the town  
Who ploughs before the sowing  
Who brings the whole thing down

Who quiet launches men-o'-war  
Who plans all thru the night  
Who dances swiftly on the tongues  
Who readies for the fight

Who all triumphant drifts away  
Who is self-satisfied  
Who now forgets the breaking dawn  
In favor of the night.

## Stepdown

Grey day  
Clouds low  
Plants green  
Foggy glow

Hold tight  
Dream deep  
Time passes  
We sleep

No sun  
Empty star  
Breathe deep  
Travel far

Words plod  
Life drips  
Eat cake  
Pink lips

Build home  
Dance slow  
Find yourself  
Let go

## A Way to Walk

Imagine running down a road.  
It's very long—yet longer—no,  
Much longer still than that.  
Strange others walk along with you,  
Some you befriend, some trip you up.  
But you were born to run on wind;  
The long road yields before your step.

Then after years the way runs out.  
You picked a path at random, maybe  
Never even saw the fork.  
Running by, you didn't learn  
What others seemed to simply know:  
Make camp like this. Talk with your neighbor.  
Find the caches someone left for you  
And leave behind supplies for those to come.  
You never learned.  
Afraid to fall behind, you ran  
And came at last to this: the end.

There are so many ways to walk here.  
Dark, unopened, undiscovered,  
There are no signs to mark the way.  
The ones who built the road expected  
That you would know this choice by now,  
Which way to go. It's not their fault.  
No blame to cast except upon yourself,  
Who all unseeing ran along the road  
And never stopped to think of how you'd walk  
When it was gone.