

Michael McGuire "Belongings"

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BELONGINGS

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The things in keep that nurse our secret souls, the
props that help us act
our unskripted roles, loves and labors of definition that
mock ruinÂ's yield,
some that bring us life others for which we may be
killed.

A naked man may be clothed in his belongings, a
covered man exposed
by his longings, and the value not calculated by his
need, will be figured
in to his graveside greed.

The early morning statutes of the days to be done, will
end with the
fatherÂ's belongings to inherit the son, possessed of
sins and sanctities
and earthly moldings all, we will buy and sell his own
used goods within
the mystic mall.

A wretched man my find peace in his belongings, a
contented man may
find pain in his longings, and the happiness beyond the
gauge of his
actions, will be summed in his unknowable
satisfactions.

You must command your destiny or accept your fate,
you will dance to the
disappointing coda of your wait, leaving behind a few
humble tokens of
your time, remembered only in one couplet of
eternityÂ's rhyme.

A manÂ's soul cannot be saved by his belongings, a
mans body never
healed in his longings, he can only want the things he
hasnÂ't got, and he
will have only to become a have not.

jan 08

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