

Michael McGuire "Facing North"

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FACING NORTH

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I collected everything the past owed me, and I only had
enough to buy a
casual future, I had dreams and visions and gods that
showed me, where
the market void and the breeding city sex were, but
now I feel so cynical
about being cynical, although I have seen pettiness
and spite soil the holy
ghost, but retribution and bloodlust are identical, the
truth is wine to a lie
like a drunk who likes to boast.

Well now I live on food and I dream on flowers, and the
sky is no limit to a
flightless bird, and the honeyÂ's still sweet when the
milk of paradise
sours, with my innocence ruptured print bleeds a virgin
word, and the
healing is mending my flesh to new life, and the world
of events has
started dreaming again, IÂ've weathered the eclipse
and savored the knife,
and IÂ've found the bone of the Earth under this fragile
skin.

Now IÂ'm heading south facing north and all that IÂ've
lost, is once again
lost in all that IÂ've gained, desire and misery have
split the cost, but IÂ'm
losing touch with every feeling I feigned, and IÂ'm
finding myself by not
looking so hard, and IÂ'll drop a trail of light when I
follow the dark, and
now destiny has dealt me a wild card.
oct 94

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