

Michael McGuire

"The Four Directions"

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THE FOUR DIRECTIONS

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Somewhere; is the static meaning of the motion, and
the widowed wind
is the weather's notion, caught upon the debt of not to
be, false
horizons train the eye to see.
Endless avenues of the four directions, fate delivered
in the trip of
these affections, scatter your being to the plot of being
there, take the
static charge from the rumor of the air.
This sorrow is the song of nowhere, the singer is a
moon drunk voice,
this pain's ambition will take you there, easy wings of
the bird of
choice, laws of sleep harass the dream, the moment
seeks the
mornings motivation, in hopes to feel the logic's
scheme, so trail and
the tread fall to syncopation.
Is where you are an homage to the four directions, or
just the wasted
ways of your regressions.
In a doorway passes eternity's of indecision, the
hidden heart of night's
provision, only the bottomless chance of direction to
curry meaning,
driven by the current killer's leaning.
The four directions each contain a fate, and the
fugitive fix of some
dreamer's date, in the abstract motion of habit lies
the way, to the
secret seed of the deepest day.
The compass cannot configure how you came to be
here, not even the
motion's map could make this clear, time is the trek
of this destiny's
will, and dreamers fly falsely but sleepers lie still.
And the four directions are just the means to no end,
just a tonic
poured on the impotent wind, regret is the fifth

direction but on no
compass found, in an instant of oblivion your eternally
bound.
dec04

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