

Diane Cluck, Casting About

I was raised by hysterics
the bed in my barracks
afforded me views of the sky
and so trained by the clouds
neither troubled nor aloud
I was calmed by their silence inside
to let go
casting about with nothing to show

when it rains on the barracks
the raindrops on barebacks of prisoners leaning through windows
from clouds drifting free strewn and bound endlessly
unbothered by which way the wind blows that go along
casting about and nothing is wrong

when the body the bones and the blood are all light and water that flows
from day into night
when the pool and the puncture are painless and bright i am here
i am here

in this life of hysterics
behold simple lyrics
my mind complicates and entraps
but like knotted necklaces
yanked when you're wreckless
some golden links fall in my lap
skies from which i cowered
bring forth only showers
that soften stuck in the heart
now fingers drift outwards
from fists into flowers
that spring from the mud in the earth
i'll let go

casting about there's nothing to hold