

# 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