

When I can't find the word I'm looking for  
Or I reach into the drawer with four tries  
But nothing sticks, there's no telling why I opened it.  
I try, but I just forget.  
What there once was, I have not forgotten.  
What there once was, it won't leave me alone.  
The synapses still fire and direct my thoughts,  
They just seem tired of hunting for homes.  
And I'm not brave enough to say that I am not afraid,  
Should I return to confused bits of blindness,  
A tongue wanting words in the sweet speech finds a form,  
Then returned to the bald toothless need of a child hunched and  
    cradled  
(His spine returns the curl to fit the cleft of an arm).  
O, we are embarked and return to the place we start to thrash a  
gainst it.  
It's a wild thing to accept, and who can hold it?  
Think about the loss of anything.  
Well, someday if you wake to a nameless stranger in me, lead me  
    outside.  
Let me go.  
If I'm already there, just let me go.  
I'm not.