

# The Real Work

## Great Lake Swimmers

It passes my eyes and stuns my senses  
The outside world flows through these fences  
They let out more than they take in  
They bleed me out and I can't staunch them  
My mouth lets out more than it takes in  
It leads me out and I can't help it  
It is nothing but a muscle flexed  
A swirling sea of now and next

And the world was upside down, inside out this whole time  
Going the wrong way north was inverted  
The directions, the plan, got me turned around  
I was on the right path, but couldn't feel the ground

And so started the test, retracing all the steps  
When was the first strike, which dances were learned  
In an ever-changing suit retailored with patches  
Or a life blind and careless, popping stitches  
Un-being, un-happening, becoming untangled  
Dulling the edges and scaling transitions  
And faith is a pattern composed by the wind  
All movement, one movement, it reaches everything

And the real work is to be it it, believe it  
With each new set of eyes and the visions they provide  
Be the taste, the warmth, the measure and the glow  
By embracing it all, and then letting it all go  
The real work is never done, and has no clear beginning  
And shows no result, no losing, no winning