

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