

Climb

Joe Henry

Here lies Billy the Kid, here lies his gun- here lies The Light
of the World
As quick as the dead
As gone as the sun;

Raised like a tent now
Where heads bow, are bent down to a gypsy moth roosting home- a
heart to be consumed
By hunger alone

Here lies the way I knew how to harbor my mind- there rolls a s
hip of the sea
Steady as she goes
Determined to climb:

To fly like a kite above
The near and the near enough
Tugging your arms through their sleeves- a heart needing only t
o feel

What hunger believes

What I loved loved me back, let me go- met my stare, heard me o
ut
Sang to me
What I couldn't know;

Here lies the best of us
And here stand the rest of us: dying, trying not to let on-
A heart surrendering everything hunger has won

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