

## 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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