

Finding Passion Alone

the ways of my love
- Robinson Jeffers

Finding passion alone unsatisfactory
he turned to art, the promise of sensibility

even with the wolves who suffer our offerings,
follow our characters and he said *pass the house*.

Do ut abeas. I give that you may go.
The fact was, he was afraid of being alone

too much, for being alone made him afraid of being
not alone when at last he least expected it.

What was left he wondered when the wolves were done:
incoherent scenes on the cutting room floor?

still lives? *disjecti membra poetae*?
Scrambled eggs were never his thing: he wanted more

integrity than ineffectual kings could harness,
a certain intensity underpinning the whole —

agenbite of inwit if you insist and that much
angst, yet an intimation of a coming to be.

But real life intervened again: a power failure
on the longest night of the year so small sources of light

were all he had at hand before they too burned out.
Do ut des. I give that you may give.