

## **Ixian**

What do birds and monkeys eat  
that makes them change their minds?  
What is the sacred drink of the whales?  
Knowing we can't have what we want,  
why do we keep wanting it?

For his insatiable desire,  
conglomerations of memory,  
Ixian rolls through the sky on fire  
while the last cloud he loved  
gives birth to dancing centaurs.

That old dream:  
to know to have  
to become to be.