

Calling

Not an abstract fabricator god
in the *theos demiourgós* unmoved mover sense
the dark ages capitalized and adorned
with gender, timeline and personality;
and certainly not an unmoved lover — change
being, after all, maybe your main
attribute — but like that artist creator
you, (while maybe doing no more
than painting your nails) excite in others
eros desire longing love, moving them
toward you, animating so to speak
the force that makes the world go round.

All my life I've heard you calling —
in mountains, deserts, redrock canyons,
forests and fields, at work at play,
on backroads sidestreets freeways —
sights seen, ups and downs,
emotional exercises
intellectual acrobatics
authorial intents
somewhere in the back of my head
you singing with different words
the song I'd always thought mine,
the song I've known by heart forever.

Now, though I've lost the trail, looked back,
retraced my steps innumerable times
gone in circles given up
searched in impossible places
on wild goose shape-changes
snipe hunt reality shows
hounds run ragged bush to bush
all those perfect matches burned out,
now here I stand again
uninvited but called.