

Calling

Not an abstract fabricator god
in the *theos demiourgós* unmoved mover tradition,
Dark Ages capitalized and adorned
with gender, timeline and personality;
certainly not an unmoved lover — change
being maybe your main attribute —
but like that fabled artist creator you,
maybe doing no more than painting your nails,
excite in others eros desire longing love,
moving them toward you, animating
the force they say 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.