

What Happened Here?

if you asked what happened here
my reply brief and sure would be:
i tasted loneliness and found it pleasing.
i dreamed of God and washed the floors.
i listened to nothing and everything that surrounded it.
i swam at midnight and watched the moon gazing over the
louisiana clouds.
i wailed and no one heard but the perplexities of the owl and
possum.
i was never more alive and never more dead.
it was transcendent.
it was holy.
it was the best time of my life.
(reflections from 1982)