

# 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)