

Victoria Ferry Late at Night

On one side a woman reads
Cardiovascular Failure for Young Students.
On the other a fat man in green sleeps with
The Last Days of America.

I'm simply tired.
We pass the ferry I took last night the other
way. Love, I've told my story
too many times; won the same fight
too often. Set my limits. Held to them.
Loved the sound of my voice amid
a lot of places in the spring. Too many branches
complicated by grass, vines, shoots, moss, water dripping.

I'm tired of theology, reason, providing
a model for "our children." I'm tired
of people overfeeding me and me accepting.

Which leaves me love, poetry and friends.
I'm tired of none of these, but saying goodbye
tires me a lot.
I'm tired of the homes I leave
even going home.

The ferry moves from silver dark to dark.
Each island in the night moves on.
For the moment all that fire is gone that saw me
through these days. Love, each love
rests light, even resting in my bones.
The end of days? The end of everything?
A tired laugh. The light that falls, the light
on everything, moves you and you and you and me.
Day runs like fire in our well worn hearts.

ROBERT FOSTER