

# That I May Swim

~~2 November, 1966~~

That I may swim

<sup>t</sup>The plethora of being stroke by stroke

<sup>v</sup>Not drowning in its depths

I pray for patience against my greed

God I bear a killing burden of incongruence

<sup>i</sup>Imaging myself

<sup>a</sup>As an accountable man (I know my story

Others unglimpse the why of me)

Yet my private universe if publicly displayed

<sup>w</sup>Would be gutted by the blitz of moral men

<sup>r</sup>Routined by <sup>tidy</sup>~~tidy~~ law, not grace

I come to such a bar defenceless

Sleep, the warehouse of tomorrow's table

<sup>i</sup>Is robbed its ~~due~~ <sup>due</sup>

<sup>b</sup>By inner <sup>strife.</sup>~~conflict.~~ I dread

<sup>t</sup>The havoc of a weak tomorrow

<sup>s</sup>Soaking sheets ~~with sweat~~ anticipating it.

Let me tune my flesh to the distant sounds of night

<sup>t</sup>That I may serve the morrow

<sup>f</sup>Freshly consoled by time.

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