

I Feel the Brokenness of All *Men*

I feel the brokenness of all men
In my ^{*hollow*} bones and teeth
In my flesh and eyes
I myself embody the hatred, fear and pride
Of all flesh ~~in all times~~
The dark cravings of self-annihilation
Feed at my soul
I feel the summed up weight
Of yesterday's guilt and tomorrow's dread
In my loins.
Pulverized by the attrition of time
The dawn is cold
A fainting gut answers its claim

Enable me, O processive being
To walk tomorrow step by step at ~~time's own pace~~
at times own unexpected pace
That this red dawn may window through
A living dialogue between my ^{*own decisions*} ~~doing~~ *enactments*
And the plenitude of value
That I may savor each ^{*hour*} now
As a taste of time's delicate feast
Yet laugh ~~with~~ you at death's absurdity
Taking my dance ^{*in*} ~~with~~ life
With less than final seriousness. Amen.

(1 October, 1967, ~~3:05 A.M.~~)

I Feel the Brokenness of All *Men*

I feel the brokenness of all men
In my ^{hollowed} bones and teeth
In my flesh and eyes
I myself embody the hatred, fear and pride
Of all flesh ~~in all times~~
The dark cravings of self-annihilation
Feed at my soul
I feel the summed up weight
Of yesterday's guilt and tomorrow's dread
In my loins.
Pulverized by the attrition of time
The dawn is cold
A fainting gut answers its claim

Enable me, O processive being
To walk tomorrow step by step ~~at time's own pace~~
~~at time's own unexpected pace~~
That this red dawn may window through
A living dialogue between my ^{own decisions} ~~doing~~ enactments
And the plenitude of value
That I may savor each ^{hour} now
As a taste of time's delicate feast
Yet laugh with you at death's absurdity
Taking my dance ⁱⁿ ~~with~~ life
With less than final seriousness. Amen.

(1 October, 1967, ~~3:05 A.M.~~)

