



Simple Desires

I want to live my life like a bell, not large,
but small, resonant, whole—ringing out
into the open air, night and day,
from all its sides;

And I want to die my death like a tree, fallen
on the moist forest floor, year after year
of heavy rain, new life spouting out
from all the myriad crevices of its body;

I want to live my life like a frog, hungry for
love, singing the instant it digs out of the
soft spring earth, one eye to the stars,
one, to the dark spaces in between;

And I want to die like a stream leaping out
from its granite cliff, disappearing
into the late autumn air, nothing left to see
but the steady rising mist of its muted roar.