

Questions of the Tenth Month

by Larry Strattnner

Did I really think I was different
from stiff brown leaves
blown clattering down the road?

Did I really think I was not the same
as ancestors of my ancestors;
boy, girl, wolf; boy, girl, wolf; seated around the fire,
eyes alight with dreams of forests?

Did I think I was longer than memory,
taller than my shadow?

Have I not bled from birth; solely into Earth?
How did this escape me;
my loosening grip on time?

These tenth-month questions
I ask the Sun.
Again, at night, the Moon.

Lost, naked, tremulous,
I assume obsequious postures,
terminally disingenuous.

