

## Busy Closing

Busy closing my eyes  
in the eclipse of the whole shebang  
of all there is there is  
that is round and round,  
offering no solutions.

Busy holding my breath for  
something perfect to just  
happen already. Vulnerable as  
a broken nose. Naked as an  
archway.

Open as an archway,  
where kids going by underneath on their bikes  
leave whooping echoes for their older selves to hear  
years from now, when they've forgotten  
these closing things.

Water running through wet dripping stones.  
Trees growing out from mortars  
between the bricks of an abandoned building.  
Gone beyond the curiosity  
of an unbroken peeled away orange peel spiraling.

No longer unafraid of the truth.  
No longer afraid of living's sublime oddities.

Like, a kid can look at man without arms and ask,  
Hey! What happened to your arms?

Busy closing my eyes to hear  
the quiet round echoing in that  
terrible busy eclipse of  
everything there is.

Into this perfect naked thing  
that simply should not have been this is.  
This busy living thing that we do.

Into that kind of wonderful thing this is becoming. Into  
that busy opening thing is this life is.