

The Inside Door

What, to go out through the inside door,
is gained and lost and revealed?
What if some organ resigns early
or an oncoming car presents crashdom
when yet no I in me prefers cessation?

From jelly and muscle and bone
did birth make me me?
Get away, I heartily say--
I rode this body into solidness
and trained it in the school of earth.

Down it goes, you say?
Slips off me overcoatlike?
Whoever in me is my inner me
says "Wasn't that life a honey?"
as out I slip through the inside door

and maybe muse
"Well, well, well"
spaciously for 800 years or so
until some earthbound man
has too many beers and

gets his wife or his woman
gently to beckon me
down to her womb
for another grade
in school.