

To Wake Up To

The world disappeared entirely
for a few hours.

Gone.

Where were you?

Don't say, in your bed.

You were down in up under beyond worlds.
You took the whole shebang off
like your socks
and went deep into nowhere.

I was there too, but I didn't see you--
or anyone else.

Dead into a most alive life we sank.

Dark into a colorless light.

Reincarnation, is there?

Every day, let's say.

Your bed was pregnant all night with you,
but now, in the morning,
cut the cord,
breathe today's first breath,
cry quietly with first muscle,
and go.

There is go, and we must.

There is day, and we mount it.

It's all a ride but we must pedal,

a pleasure but we must groan.

Welcome back to your thatness

after a blissful this.

You have made it possible

for there to be whatever humanness is,

and so have I,

and every each of us

in our nowhere core.