

Quiet

When every somewhere
falls away and all
nowheres turn into
the main everywhere--
where is there then
to go but quiet
into here?

When love turns
to sand without
any other in view
and nobody cares
except groanings
of self--
might quiet
no thinking
deep breathing be
salve enough
to allow tomorrow?

When demands on
time money time love
time patience time
agonize the brain
choke all muscles
as deadlines approach
like freight trains
honk-honking beware
of broken futures
at whatever is you--
does a chair
still exist in
a quiet room
for a fortunate
sitting--
does air
still surround
for a breathing--
does the quiet
beneath all crash
of all brain
embrace you
for as long
for as long
for as long?