

difference

as I have lived on the ocean
in the desert and on the mountains
they are calling the haunted ones:

how should I fear you, my neighbor?

when storm tore my sails to pieces
I sang out loud, and burning of thirst
I painted pictures in sand

so, how could you scare me, my friend?

that the ice burned my toes
was one side; but it was
the beauty of glaciers that made me cry

so, how would you hurt me, companion?

I fear, my neighbor, the carelessness
of your home. the anxiety of your owning, my friend,
scares me,
the coziness of your wealth, companion,
is what hurts.

the sea and the desert, the mountains,
the storm and the sand and the ice

well,

they just are, are, such as I
am.

injured
I was not but by you
my neighbor
my friend
my companion