

## *We Wake Up and Go Looking*

We wake up and go looking for cathedral ceilings  
underneath benches, in coffee cups,  
in the nearest mouth,  
moving the tongue aside to find  
empty tabernacles, a single fly drowsing out.  
We imagine falling upwards until we burn,  
reverse-meteorites, pulled  
by our throat-cords into the sky.

We wake up and we're forgetting  
something important,  
the name of the lake we visited once  
with someone we loved.  
We're afraid we'll wander for forty years and still  
not have our helping of milk and honey.  
We want to take our time  
studying someone's face, but they turn away  
so quickly—next stop, next aisle, next  
person. We must be looking  
for something to invest in:  
a nest in a ribcage, a hole in the ground, a stomach  
in the hands of a man in the sky.

Burning down, falling up.  
We grab at what we can, whether it's clouds or hands  
or pieces of scrap metal.  
We're not sure what we're searching for but we feel  
closer to it when we take a stranger's  
hand, show him the way  
to the well.  
The earth just barely holds our heels.