

## here I lay

And here I lay  
on grassy leaves  
spread wide and wet  
I let myself come around  
the sense of you.  
And what can we now say  
about the sense of you  
defined by some  
jetting arrogance?  
I do not have  
lumps of life  
nor do I pierce and conquer  
but I am  
the smooth moon  
turned upside down  
and let open  
giving birth  
to thousands of galaxies  
decorated with  
liquid space and stars  
and where are you here?  
Where is your arrogance?

Maybe I can find you . . .  
pull up the lightly heavy  
atmosphere . . . okay,  
let it fall, you're not there . . .  
maybe tip over the earth,  
the sun...you're not there...  
maybe I should  
lift my feet and check my foot-soles . . . are  
you there?

Here, come out  
from where you're hiding,  
behind that simple arrogance.  
You will not find peace there . . .  
if you want it,  
ask me.