

then I stumble from a haze

© 1970 John Sturgeon

then
I stumble from a haze
breaking the innocence,
branches from trees

I kick my way with vengeance
gloat among feet
like a conqueror
guarding his meat;
I tell yarns
hunch around fires
see the shadow flicker
in a human face,
poke my knife in the embers
and gnaw my lips
on its blade

the blood of my victim
tastes sad
and quenches my thoughts.
I awake
from corpses,
weeds free of the field

clear fog
the forest,
as I slip unnoticed
through the west
coming home like sleepy leaves