

when being seems true to me

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when being seems true to me
sometimes ideas
or the scratch
to itch the wind;
I say
gee

lean back, light a cigarette
chat with schizophrenics;
I just don't know how
to say it,
being is a word.

but, there we all agree
as I submit no masterpiece,
just a grain of sand
to the sea
and if I listen
I can't hear:
nothing
calls me
through her corners

someone's laughing tears
left me some years,
I relax
forget to pack

going, going away