

on democracy now, a poet's death
is announced. a "poet of resistance"...

what voice is it that
sings like a cicada sings. sings
because it needs to sing,
the biologist asking "why,"
yet even if "why"
is dissected,
this cicada will still sing—

even if it is not a "song," it is,
the voice
and one who dares to voice,
to begin a journey into
being inseparable from the song
of insects and birds.

to take this risk,
the risk of voice,
the risk of one's voice that is not
another's voice,
the risk of voicing the individual
(undivided), the risk
of saying what shadows and images
dance at night
in the hidden channels of mind,
the risk of voicing
as if charting
the cursive fluid rivers of
love's thunderous entrance or exit,
the risk of declaring
as if scratching in dirt
that this heart is wild and free
having decided definitively
that it will refuse to be confined
except
by the arms of he who owns it, beyond any doubt—
nature,

the risk of voicing every cell
voicing to witness
the risings and crumbings,
no one has walked here
all of a sudden
the lord of beginnings
removed the veil