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# A Song for Motives

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A SONG FOR MOTIVES  
—Ginger

In praise of a blind spirit  
a cantata for failure, a desire to act  
only on that first idea after death.

We've been drowning for so long  
why not swallow this ocean, why not  
save this outrageous life with small gulps!

If you only knew how many hours have grown back  
to their first second, how many hands  
touching only their own legs, and the body

gasping for silence stumbles over its own disdain  
jumps in a sack and flings itself off  
a bridge to the warmth of interstate highways.

But under the highway the same wagon road,  
and breaking through our control the same bloodsong,  
So the motive;

our wings, brooding in their dry shells  
folded under the spine  
let them choose to endure another blessing.