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Links

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HUMILITY

I can't keep the day from being twenty-four hours long.
All I can ask
is that you forgive me for the length of the day.
I can't stop worms from taking flight as butterflies.
Forgive me for the butterflies.
Forgive me that flowers turn into fruit,
fruit into seeds, seeds into trees;
forgive me that springs become rivers,
the rivers seas, the seas oceans;
forgive me that love becomes newborn babies,
newborn babies loneliness, and loneliness love.
Nothing, I can prevent nothing.
Everything goes its own way
not asking me,
not the last grain of sand,
not my own blood.
All I can say is
forgive me.

LINKS

Everything is a part of me.
Show me a leaf that does not resemble me.
Help me find an animal
that does not groan with my voice.
Where I step the ground opens,
and there are the dead, who look like me,
embracing and giving birth to more dead.
Why are there so many links to the world,
so many parents and posterity
bound by this strange affinity?
The universe haunts me with thousands of my own faces,
until, in self-defense, I strike out at myself.