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## Set down, Here, and Now

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*Set Down, Here, and Now*

Set down, here, and now, from your shoulders your grave  
And give your life another chance to renew the story.  
Not all love is death.  
Land is not a chronic exile.  
Because an occasion might come, and you might forget  
The old honey sting, and love  
Without knowing it a girl who loves you not  
Or loves you, without knowing why  
She loves you not or loves you /  
Or you might feel while leaning on the staircase  
That you were another in the duality of things /  
So get out of your "I" to your else  
And from your vision to your steps  
And extend your bridge high,  
Because non-place is a ruse,  
And the mosquitoes on the fence might scratch your back,  
The mosquitoes might remind you of life!  
So try life now for life to train you  
To live,  
And ease a woman's memory  
And set down  
Right here  
And now  
From your shoulders . . . your grave!