Inclusio

Michael Theune*
Black-rooted and wild-eyed, we are,  
every one of us,  
born into the smallest room in the world.

Beneath the dry light of the star charts  
we are made  
to get a feel for the place, the sackcloth  
and the ash, the echoes and what escapes us:

this swell of histories, these dark ages  
somehow  
in the midst of light years.

To be at home in the meantime: this  
is our one term for surrender, and we make what we can  
of this make-believe,  
our hands held exactly  
by whatever it is they hold.