

space, o my god, space
space, my god, space
space in my hollow, concave ribcage
for my lungs and heart
to breathe, feel, beat
space in this harrowing magnificent world
for my soul to be
the tiny, infinite thing that it is
space between these harsh mushrooms
of manmade light
(and orbiting billboards?)
for starlight to reach the earth
space for the thin-skinned frog
to survive
space for the black, sweltering ghetto gangs
to bang against the demons in their souls
instead of each other
and space for me to work through mine
without being gripped
by the long fingers
of the law
or the poisons
administered
by the grim practitioners
of pharmaceutical commerce
space for the bosnian muslim
the armenian
and the azerbaijan
the german turk
the cambodian
the chinese intellectual
the tibetan monk
the gay soldier
the navajo
the healthy mouse
and space for the fearsome, fecund bee
what, dear god, will happen
to field and flower and food chain
if they fly away?
space, o my god, space
space, my space, god, space