

Awake, Despite the Hour

after Kevin Hart

Please come to me. I know the universe
is falling apart, but please come, regardless of the holes
in every leaf through which the rain is falling. Come to me
despite the mistakes I've made, in fact, because of them.
Please come, despite the hunger grinding bellies I cannot see,
the lives I'll never change; come to me though they need you more.
Come though I see you, a lump behind the curtain
of friends' and lovers' eyes: they turn from me,
they know the world is what their eyes fall upon,
but you see where vision ends, touch where bodies are not.
Please come to me and do not leave, hold me, despite the homeless,
lonely, loveless who call your name with every word.
Come to me, sit with me, tell me not to worry,
birds have nests, or say something about the sky,
that storm clouds are useless without their rain
and leaves with holes have smiles. Please come to me,
here, now, take me to this place I am and cannot go alone.