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message for my grandfather

Solana d'Lamant

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message for my grandfather

after Mark Strand

When you see him tell him I am continuing,
that his work still feeds me,
that I still speak with his accent,

that the body he created is a sweet machine
which senses my intentions
I dance on one leg
while the other one sings.
This is how it will be.

If the body is a muscle,
it is also a conveyance of trust.

Tell him I hear his voice in my heartbeat
as it snares in my ears and floats away from me,
that by being both drum and snare,
I am in constant motion.

Ask him if his soul remembers leaving me here as if
I know the way.
Tell him I was born imperfect,
molded by imperfect hands,
and so, love imperfectly.

Tell him that words are what saves me,
that words are the river-rocks roiling our meaning,
that by living in the center of my words,
I am become them and so
am cradled by the best beloved.

Say that now I honor only a voice which carries me forward,
and that I hope, at the soul-spillage,
to find the secret sweetness of having obeyed my fate.

Solana d'Lamant



Art by Bobby Benefield

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