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in a blizzard

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in a blizzard

i remember reading Kafka as a boy
on the brink of becoming a man.
in a diary entry, after his lungs
had blossomed and near the end,

he wrote of walking in the snow,
cold air vibrant in every breath,
his legs aching as he pushed forward
like a man on the verge of Canaan.

one foot in reality, one in the holy land,
adrift and drowning in whirling tides,
caught like a ghost in the headlights,
i knew how sweet was the possibility

of dying, of never dying, of passing still
through the storm of the hungry soul.
our families request our presence in
the world. our gods request nothing.

we are drawn like children to a flame
of the inconceivable. there is danger.
we have never denied the danger,
and we are not attracted to the danger,

but like a sick man in a blizzard,
we push forward to the hospital.
we can only sense there is a cure.
we have seen shadows of our redemption.

-John Lavitt
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