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From a Different Planet

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FROM A DIFFERENT PLANET

I come from thousands of miles away
I come from a different planet
where dark twisted alleys
 refuse the sun
have lost their history in the grime,
where walls shed and buckle
having worn garb of many eras
 (scrape some away to find still another color)
bells clang in a hundred churches
 that now slump nearly empty
echoing their fates of lost creeds and gods,
the river too runs tired
you can spy its grayness in half-light
 almost scoop up the liver shade in the shallows.

Here is where I come
here is where I am
I stand in forest amphitheaters
that spring up, it seems, fresh everyday
 and hills untopped by smoke,
I court the foaming fury of the sea
 unburdened by human detritus,
wild animals become my cohorts
 (not a broken dog, nor canny rat)
is this what it takes
does an expanded chest justify all
simply a return to nature
no stewardship needed
 almost too much to hope.

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