

Wilderness House Literary Review 13/3

Sue Budin

Plea

Believe the fools who say nothing,
 dance rings around the hole
 in the center of the universe.

Entrust your arms to the magician
 who places them in a tiny hat
 and brings them out as wings.

Subject yourself to direct objects like doors you open,
 balls you throw, tubes you squeeze. Nothing
 to dilute, diffuse, go into, come between, or answer to.

Conceive of a room where walls are made of
 the tender feet of the lost.
 Give them directions to their bodies.

Become the wave, the puppeteer, the maker of the strings,
 the hands that rise and fall, the voice that reaches
 to the lonely at the edges, waiting to be welcomed in.