

A Look Around

If the answer is in existence somewhere
I am not familiar with its whereabouts;
but if the sun shone in my direction
I might have a look around.
But the other side of the world has the sun
—as it does for half the year.

I do not blame the sun, however;
I do not blame the answer, either.
If I had the answer on a slip of paper,
I'd give it to the sun whenever
we chanced to meet again
(which might be never).
But if I got it back at all
I would get it back as ember.

But would that be grounds to sever
every tie with the sun next winter?
Every organ, every member
of my body begs to differ.
For I'd never find out whether
it had burned it up on purpose
or if that was just its nature
and it merited forgiveness.
And, not knowing, I'd be bitter,
and I'd wish the sun would wither.
And after carrying out my justice
I'd regret the whole endeavour.

I'd no longer have the answer.

Therefore, if the answer's somewhere
then perhaps it would be better
if we left it there forever;
we could leave it unfamiliar.