

FREUDENSTADT

Shoulder and chest pain
you forswore mentioning
remain—you double-time
across the verboten but
empty gun range—yell
back to loud screeching
birds. A spot of sun
warms from foot upwards,
releases pine needle moss
mold wet dark dirt
intoxicants brewed from
forest floor, sweet gamma
rays and the half-lives
they decompose. It
doesn't matter if you
lose yourself—your
identity dissolving
for months—though you
recognize your arm's
length conditioned
response to the world
that conditioned you.

Silence and walking have
cleared almost all of you
except the perceiving self.

You take a water-break
on a bench overlooking
Baiersbronn and watch
wanderers wander away
on the valley floor—beauty
pain to pleasure in degrees,
a CMYK color wheel—
or stark white—blank slate
that provokes processing,
conscious or unconscious,
one foot in front of the other

habit—sensorium
of the Schwartzwald—
unbidden—upends you
so that all not the
perceiving self disappears
into the dark green.