

Museum walls

[I see you]...

searching me from relic photos.

Your eyes stare out from fading ink pressed onto fresh pulp stock a hundred years ago; now crackled, edge-worn emblems vaulted away by curators who [recognized the corner stones you laid].

They [passed memory of it on] by hand; from attic album to top-shelf closet boxes, until [at last] we come face-to-face...[you and I].

[I hear you]...

urging me to step up; to find legs enough to stand upon your back.

To slide my hand behind yours [on the rope].

To take my place as immigrant in the line of pilgrims pulling us through this ripening of resolve.

You beseech me to [cure the ill will] that kidnaps our creed; chokes reason to a whisper; and drops us in the friendly-fire slaughter of bold self-concern...[me and mine].

[I feel you]...

guiding me by the scent of your deeded service.

It lingers like morning coffee; filling up my cup of gratitude and nosing me through [cues] to my own giving.

It rises in my nostrils as [a call to my own arms] of employment.

You [pull the coat of my conscience for audience] with plain worlds of providence, [proverbs of grace]; until, at last, I turn from my private tower [to the corporate task].