

I will go

DAVID ROGERS

and wander like Li Po
along river banks and wine halls
and into the mountains,

down valleys, eating the berries
of the Moon, drunk with dew.
I will sleep on cold stone

and think it's soft as starlight.
The ink blot of my life
will fade into the pine needles

and in the end
I will only be old
and tired, ready

to go with the mountain
as it walks past the still river
on its way to the Moon.