

In the New Guinea Highlands

JOHN GREY

I can't get over the belief
that the simplest people always know more;

the ones who don't look at their watches,
who already have the time;

I'm always searching out the proof
and they're the living proof;

I wonder what the thunder means,
what shape is all about

while butterflies float over their right shoulders
and light makes sculpture of their faces;

I'm thinking, faith . . . what's that,
while they're busily tearing down my temples.