Wild Running Words

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because you can die of indecision
    and wanting to do too much
        in one failing body whose limits
            you either ignore or over-reach

because you will die,
    you come to this chair and wait,
        close your eyes to everything, try to
            end the wild running words

because you can die of words,
    you can die of too many poems
        though not, O surely not, of poetry,
            now and here, on this spring evening,

you wait in silence that accepts your life
    and invites you in, again and again,
        morning and evening coming to bless you
            with gifts, as they always do.