

AFTERWORD

He advised me
To rejoice in experience:
Good or bad,
As we are each one
Part of God.

We are, he declared,
The senses of the Infinite.
Every thought, feeling, sensation,
Of every person, gives the One
An awareness, knowledge, of itself.

Thus, someone has loved deeply,
Admitted the truth at dawn,
Murdered his brother,
Grown vegetables,
Thought of a unicorn.

Someone has loved her husband's son
Rehearsed a speech,
Wept from loneliness,
Suffered from insanity
And the effects of gin.

Someone has won the lottery,
Starved to death,
Felt joy, confidence, surprise,
Victory, whimsy and melancholy,
The dreadful morning terror.

Someone has made unkept promises,
Laughed as his own foolishness,
Eaten a guava,
Smelled fresh warm sperm,
Tasted chocolate.

Someone has written a suicide note,
Fought for justice,
Watched the sun disappear into the sea,
Listened to a toilet flushing,
The squeaking of new leather shoes.

Part of the Infinite

Is more banal: diesel oil, a barking dog,
Burnt toast, abandoned wind mills,
Lagoons, cola drinks, sparrows,
Ammonia and ants.

Were we free of grand illusions,
Of greed and insincerity, and
Able to take care of each other,
We might see that
We are Life trying to know itself.

John K. Wood

Circa 1980