

## WRESTLING TRUTH

That very peace can be despair,  
taking the full force of the blow  
into a distant dream.

Human condition always critical,  
like a hard cry wearing itself out  
traversing the abstractions.

Eternity asks you just one thing;  
a tear of pain in time,  
marking the underside.

Those dark regions force us to think,  
grapple in the night  
with what the body proclaims.

An impression of violence?  
No eyes to gauge,  
learning to breathe again.

To wrestle as a prayer –  
prey for the tap out –  
heel down hip lift.