

you may leave everything
you may take a souvenir of it
you may bronze it, bury it, or break it
you may melt it down with the others
you may rewrite your salespitch for the next customer
you may fly across the red land, a saleswoman for sale
you may wreak redundant revenge on the taker of
 innocence
you may dance, dance with white fire flying from your
 form in curvaceous vortexes
you may absorb the pointed torches of the sun with your
 salutation
you may oscillate with the transient minions, all groping for
 a piece of your heaven
you may perplex persons innumerable as your body-hewn
 sparkler designs in air paint the face of God
you may invite the essence of another into your own; new
 wine in your belly
you may harvest the gold from their baskets, creating your
 own golden idol
you may raise the family of Norse legend and beautiful
 Greek infamy
you may scatter your memories of one into a thousand
 indeterminable fragments
you may writhe to well-known anthems of lust and late-
 night dedications
you may have the best sundae you've ever had in your life
you may make elaborate plans and leave them to evaporate
 in someone's heart
you may light a candle on the porcelain floor
you may make someone cry out with the joy of being born

you may cry as you confront the impossible, the glorious
you may inspire someone to be crucified happily, night
 after night after night
you may melt the levers of someone's fail-safe device
you may sleep in someone's arms as your breath nourishes
 flowers in the severed garden
you may leave hastily as your child opens the floodgates of
 his tear-filled firmament
you may be worshipped by the masses, immortalized in my
 hidden mountain shrine
you may shine on.
you may sing me to sleep.

Matthew Gordon