

"Anything"

much can kill a man  
but not many things can make him live.

his passions, maybe  
but who has those anymore?

a woman? a man? an approving father?  
an alley cat, a loyal dog, a steady job?

nothing.

nothing can make a man live  
except himself

he must move forward through  
the rising fog and the settling dust

he must listen to his heart  
which sounds like a trite line that I should consider revising,  
but the truth is:  
no one listens to their heart

and the cliché you thought was a cheap psalm  
is actually a revelation in  
the aftermath of a decaying  
unsympathetic grease fire

no one listens to their heart,  
they're too busy pissing themselves in fear  
or being stifled by their own bloated ego

I am.

So what must I do to live?  
must I play a part  
post poetry no one reads  
take myself seriously  
make jokes

no,  
none of those things create life

they just sustain

you must seek out the lovers  
because they're out there

people with hearts bigger than themselves

people who give more than they take  
people who give without knowing  
who bleed understanding for you  
without understanding themselves

a person with the same shaped wounds as you

because the crap shoot isn't all bad

there are survivors,  
creators

there is laughter and forgiveness

and there's Mozart, too

and when I looked into her eyes  
and I wanted to be infected with her life  
and I asked her if she thought I could be  
the man I said I wished to be

she said,  
"I think you can do  
anything."