

I REALLY DON'T WANT TO KNOW

Don't tell me I'm late

to discover

The first rainbow's birth,

or the laughter of children

catching hailstones

while seeing them

magically disappear.

Nothing is ever late

to the beginner...

Don't tell me there are

no midgets dancing on the moon,

answering my soliloquies

while playing

hide and seek behind

passing clouds.

Don't tell me I'm dreaming,

as grandmother's ghost

in skeletal smiles

frightens me. Would I

see her

peering from the closet

had I stayed

hidden in my bedcovers?

Nothing is unreal

to the believer...

Don't tell me about

stars I haven't counted,

as if I knew not how many greet me,

or play with the friendly moth

whose lamp has retired,

or guide the rippling brook
to quench thirsty seas
that get angry at Heaven's tears
until one morning she gives birth
to the rainbow.

Don't tell me...

Nothing is as it seems
even if stars could be counted.

Manuel L. Ponte - St. Louis, Missouri, July 11, 1982