

**Am I Living or Dying
Chant IXII**

**I am all bent upon myself
Curled
Like a knotted wave
Coiled
Curved
Like a sea-swept cave.
Crouching listening
I hear the molten lava
The subterranean streams
Bending brooding
I yield to the burning energy
The fierce pangs of pending birth.
I am close to the earth
I am close to you.
The rockroses are breathing
Into my eager lungs
My veins are drawing blood from
The red soil of drowsy elements
From murmuring roots
The hair-tapestry of the living
Sporting with green death.
I am close to the earth
I am close to you.
Nestling
Struggling
Wrestling
With the fine veins
Of singing minerals
The soft fibres of scented wood
My body is shooting into the whining lava
Is sharing with the impatient talk
Of the burning mud
Down down down
Where all life waits beneath
The brown crusts of crazy times**

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