Our Debt: Chant Poem for Myth

See Apollo's perfect face *in your dream*
See it in Olympia—in fields of stone,
Doors everywhere, in every museum
and sing a lament for Adonis who has a foot
in Athens and a marble hand in Paris

In your dream kneel before the gray shrine
built by an unknown Cleopatra on Delos
in front of a parched museum for visitors
See Eleusis where you can imagine yourself
dancing near a blue stream for Demeter—
and *in your dream* do not leave your bed
for the small island Poseidon called Atlantis

But think about permission *In your dream*
to be transformed into owl or kingfisher
quail or swallow or some dubious hero
standing for all of us in so many places
where mood and person are always turning
Think about the mountains and wildflowers
and celebrate what can heal and grow anywhere

Celebrate those living quietly in craggy places
Celebrate Orpheus who tried to lead Eurydice

past the shallow channels of the underworld

and *In your dream* at last rescues her and us

Celebrate all names for planted or made *things*

Celebrate the listeners gathering wherever they are

who find themselves in the world's great stories

and will *in their dreams* sing the truth in them

over and over