You are helium. You make everything rise.  
You are so precious the gods quarrel over you. 
They invented time for you. When you didn’t 
like it, they broke the hands from the clock 
so you could write. They invented Esperanto 
for you, but you didn’t like that either 
so went out and wept bitterly, for which they 
turned your tears into Sprite, because men 
and women are easily bored by the passage of time 
and the facts of life and need a fountain. 
A large part of your problem is death, 
which is lifeless and unhelpful. Night returns 
to stay another night. Even the unconscious 
mollusks are conscious of that. And the drama 
of bloodroot—teeny flowers falling apart, 
gigantic leaf growing all summer—gods everywhere 
with different ideas. They invented color 
for you, which split into colors, all of which 
ended up in little numbers dispersed throughout 
what is now called the living room. And still 
you are in shambles, and lie down and levitate 
for the happy futile future. O Sheer One, 
they made you in different combinations 
in different directions so you could retell 
the diaspora of exasperation. They gave you 
a dibble. They made you wrists. They made you 
the germ of an idea, one would think it would 
be greatly in the idea’s way— 
yet the heart hanging in the pear tree 
is finally cut down. You did everything 
with your own two hands.