

## Tao Song

*Ronald Wilcox*

We create ourselves as we go:  
memories folding inward  
like bread dough kneaded,  
brain convolutions, or  
tangible patterns on the shore.

We lose ourselves as we move:  
heat waves shimmering,  
dry shapes underwater-like,  
bent mirrors forming  
dust-like, dust-like likenesses.

We see ourselves as we feel:  
pulsing fooling senses,  
the tree inside, leaving  
bright roots, quicksilver,  
heavy with themselves, us, life.

We know ourselves as we love:  
other shadows beside us,  
patterns fending themselves  
against us, you, morning,  
slipping inside our silences.

We save ourselves as we breath:  
we pipes of ivory organs,  
cathedrals of bones,  
tooth-marks on the air,  
we spoken once and gone.

We find ourselves in the way:  
soul-puffs of dandelions,  
beyond ourselves dancing,  
weaving in the wind  
these happy songs inside.