Hunger for Something

By Chase Twichell

Sometimes I long to be the woodpile,  
cut-apart trees soon to be smoke,  
or even the smoke itself,  
sinewy ghost of ash and air, going  
wherever I want to, at least for a while.

Neither inside nor out,  
neither lost nor home, no longer  
a shape or a name, I’d pass through  
all the broken windows of the world.  
It’s not a wish for consciousness to end.

It’s not the appetite an army has  
for its own emptying heart,  
but a hunger to stand now and then  
alone on the death-grounds,  
where the dogs of the self are feeding.
