

## Wildness In The Blood

To the hungers that be not satisfied,  
to the ravings in the night,  
to all things wild and beautiful,  
I would go running with you,  
fierce things in the night.  
To the passions like wild horses,  
running here and there,  
leaping high over what  
boundaries,  
I want to go with you,  
immortal lust,  
I want to follow you.  
Say not of me  
'I am a mad woman',  
or I am this craven thing,  
unfulfilled, fresh  
and needy.  
It be not flesh's demands,  
but the spirit that craves it so.  
Wildness in the blood!  
I taste it!  
I have a fierceness.  
See, my teeth have such sharp  
points!  
I will dream my dreams,  
and have my passions,  
invent my worlds,  
and go running, running,  
running in the night,  
with the 'wild things',  
wild and beautiful.  
I will go running,  
until my spirit is spent  
and happy.  
I am grateful for my dreams,  
and I do not toss a one away.  
Still, of the quietness in the day,  
I will be patient.  
Patience is good for the wine,

the wine that I drink at night.  
Age my visions, and season them  
with time,  
like ripened fruit,  
so very delicious.  
I, alone, taste these fruits,  
but I offer them to you.  
I think they are of lasting goodness.  
Am I the woman 'raving in the  
night'?  
Still, with cool patience,  
a taming influence,  
hot waters run cool.  
I will not burn.  
I laugh at my solitary visions,  
but it is not a mean laugh,  
not a hard laugh.  
I feed on dreams,  
without guilt.  
Did you think I should have guilt?  
But I don't hold to that.  
No, I rejoice in the wildness.  
Who said it best,  
"in wildness is preservation of life"?  
"We the living" will keep on living.

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