

## Routines of the Aspiring Urban Mystic

When you ask the gods to teach,  
do not grouse to your friends  
and sleep through morning  
waiting for wisdom to come.

Set the time of your waking.

Prepare yourself as a priestess  
ready for work. Wear the clothes you keep for special occasions.  
Step out of bed. Settle your foot on the devouring snake.  
Feel it buck when you signal a right turn, buy organic,  
bitch about your boss.

Every door that opens has the hand of God pressing against it.  
Resistance is your guide. Scrub away stories and lies  
with the sponge's rough side. Let them simmer in a sudsy sink  
drain into the sewage  
of All.

You will want to complain about the lesson.  
Still your mouth. It gets worse.

See that insincere text message from your friend  
as discourse on your soul. What do you avoid today?  
Be ready when job descriptions make you cry,  
when you want to sweep your boss into a hug,  
when a 2-for-1 sale on vitamin-flavored soda  
sets your rage to speaking.

Steer the snake like a bike.  
Notice when it wants to veer into traffic.  
You need not leave your lovers and friends  
to struggle in your heart.  
Unless you do.

At night step off the serpent's head.  
It will contemplate beneath your bed.  
Moon whispers secrets through movie stars  
in foreign cities  
of your sleep.

Wake up to a new room. Love  
covers you in red cotton sheets. Love  
sings from your lover's snoring maw.  
Sit in silence. Get up.

Lay your hands on the split concrete of the city,  
then reach.

Gods don't wait for an ancient future.  
Hope's inspired the spiraling worlds  
since first life

stumbled  
through the storm.