

At Least

C Dylan Bassett

1.

god enters the man & the man
gets delirious

I lie down on my shadow

(the dry riverbed
leaves a trail through)

as god lies down on me

a delirium
some call knowing

like standing in the weather

which is what the weather is

2.

a red blanket for anarchy

a window for what

god is not
perceived but

perceived with
the sun gleams down
from its blue tower

a vase of fatigued flowers

more and more these days

the light finds
only parts of me

3.

is that lightning briefly

lighting up the field's field
enough to prove

myself in myself lured

as close as I've come
to knowing to the touch

god is a feeling I get

just before
falling asleep

a nothingness more real

than nothing else