

# *On Keeping On Keeping On Keeping On Keeping*

*The thing you buried is what you want. Its hidden-  
ness assured you, once made childlike*

*the hunger in your sounds, your hands, made  
your hunger sure and safe, to store the thing*

*in a nest of grass and earth, the earth made secret  
just for you. You turned it in your hands.*

*You turned it over in your hands, to map*

*as best you could the flows and hollows of  
its skin and shell, known alone*

*to you, and turned the dirt prepared for it.  
A secret is a thing spun through*

*your flesh, you thought, a thread, a thread  
you follow to its source. Relax. You'll know*

*the place. The feel of it  
is sure. You'll be a predator,*

*you'll flow to it like light through dark. Relax.*

***Ryan Smith Ryan Smith  
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