A Boy's Will Is the Wind's Will

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(Based on an ancient Lapland parable)

A man's will saw and sang the sun and sang the stars.
It caught the moon and cut the moon in two;
Boiled in the ocean and drank the fiery brew;
Burrowed in the ground and climbed a mountain;
In search of a fountain.

A fountain that would soothe his sight in the sun.
A fountain to quench the fiery pit of his body
From which a great hand reaches up to the stars.
A space so vast he had nothing to flail against.

And in his search he drilled the earth in two
Cut and tore the steely sinews of the earth
Boiled the oceans away. He sent the mountains
reeling across the sky.

He blinded the eye of the screaming sun
And sang to the empty hole in the sky
And thus he soothed his sight in the sun
He tore him a space wide enough,
Drank all into his body's fiery gulf
Near the end of his search he sat on a fragment
And crooned to the faraway stars.
At the end of his search he crooned to the waning moon.

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