

HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG

I take the long walk up the staircase to my secret room.

Today's big news: they found Amelia Earhart's shoe, size 9.

1992: Charlie Christian is bebopping at Minton's in 1941.

Today, the Presidential primaries have failed us once again.

We'll look for our excitement elsewhere, in the last snow
that is falling, in tomorrow's Gospel Concert in Springfield.

It's a good day to be a cat and just sleep.

Or to read the Confessions of Saint Augustine.

Jesus called the sons of Zebedee the Sons of Thunder.

In my secret room, plans are hatched: we'll explore the Smoky
. Mountains.

Then we'll walk along a beach: Hallelujah!

(A letter was just delivered by Overnight Express—
it contained nothing of importance, I slept through it.)

(I guess I'm trying to be "above the fray.")

The Russians, I know, have developed a language called "Lincos"
designed for communicating with the inhabitants of other worlds.

That's been a waste of time, not even a postcard.

But then again, there are tree-climbing fish, called anabases.

They climb the trees out of stupidity, or so it is said.

Who am I to judge? I want to break out of here.

A bee is not strong in geometry: it cannot tell
a square from a triangle or a circle.

The locker room of my skull is full of panting egrets.

I'm saying that strictly for effect.

In time I will heal, I know this, or I believe this.

The contents and furnishings of my secret room will be labelled
and organized so thoroughly it will be a little frightening.

What I thought was infinite will turn out to be just a couple
of odds and ends, a tiny miscellany, miniature stuff, fragments
of novelties, of no great moment. But it will also be enough,
maybe even more than enough, to suggest an immense ritual and
. tradition.

And this makes me very happy.

I like the whole poem but the line that is most important to me is: "In time I will heal, I know this or I believe this." The other lines service this perspective by staying active. The world does seem broken and one is part of the world; that is mystifying and it could bring a person down depending on how close you get to the edge and how much you have in reserve. But why not go toward a positive belief? A person can. I think about this poem very often: I use it as a guide.

- Ishmael Klein