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Raging in the Woods

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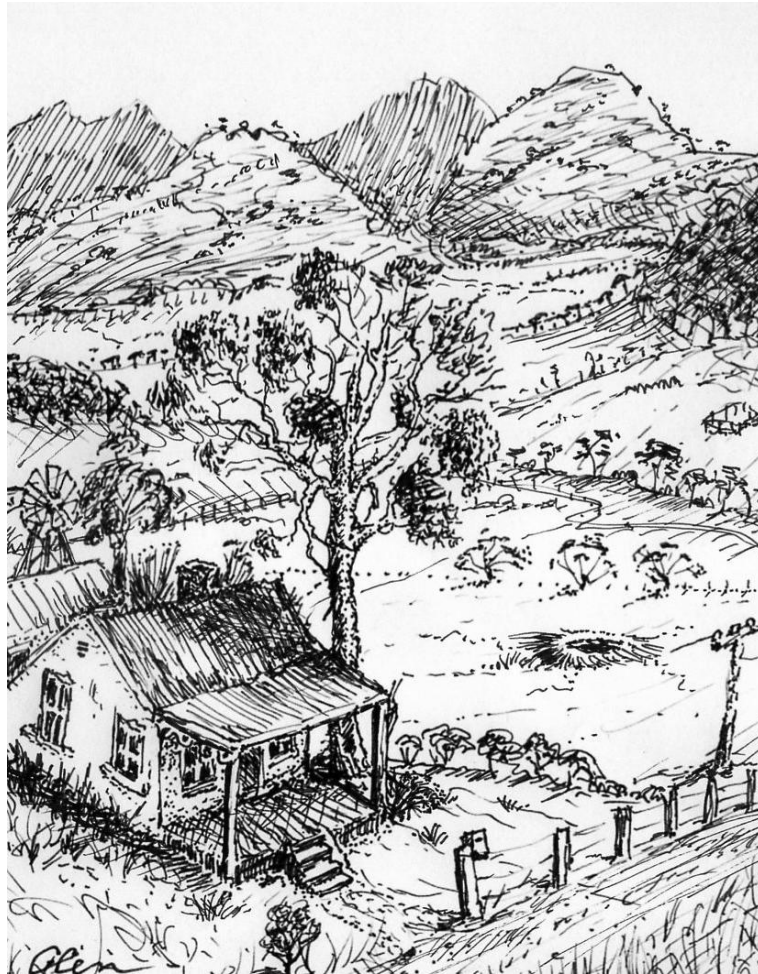
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GLEN PHILLIPS

Raging in the Woods

They say I am an old man now
raging in the woods, clothes torn,
shoes kicked away. Bare branches
tear at my arms, my tangled hair.
When I stop for a breathless moment
ants climb on to my scourged feet.

As a *cante flamenco* flaunts with
both pleasure and pain, my journey
has been a withholding, waiting until
at the last, out of the ache of waiting,
comes one moment of joyous release,
so violent it becomes pain itself.

What am I to say then? This forest
is endless, the gulleys choked
with undergrowth. The slope
to the hilltop steepens but still
there is darkness. I look to that
eastern sky where no sun rises.