

## **A Desolation**

Now mind is clear  
as a cloudless sky.  
Time then to make a  
home in wilderness.

What have I done but  
wander with my eyes  
in the trees? So I  
will build: wife,  
family, and seek  
for neighbors.

Or I  
perish of lonesomeness  
or want of food or  
lightning or the bear  
(must tame the hart  
and wear the bear).

And maybe make an image  
of my wandering, a little  
image—shrine by the  
roadside to signify  
to traveler that I live  
here in the wilderness  
awake and at home.

Allen Ginsberg