

# What Do You Think Will Happen Now?

Owen Pallett

The difficulties of my story:  
Despite discomforts, despite myself, I  
I reaffirm my endless devotion  
To the belief that we're all of value,  
We're all of virtue, and so inclined we  
Fill up our cups and toast to each other,  
And though I listen to the arguments  
That most divergent systems employ to debilitate us, delineate us,  
Repackage our words, demystify us,  
I unceasingly affirm my love can  
Cannot be measured, cannot be altered.  
I know, I know it, I do affirm it  
With overzealous obscurantism.  
With every word and with every gesture,  
I must express it. I can't define it,  
But all the same I know I can describe it: I walk o'er bridges and see the river.  
A marble statue the sun has weather'd.  
The stubbornness of the overgrowth and  
The old memorials covered in snow. We've  
Written the way the universe will go.  
A righteous white horse, a man with a bow.  
A sharpened bit of the mistletoe.  
Scissors of fate or the fire of Surtur.  
Though we're divided, the force of nature  
Will put us all in the ground together. This morning I must get up  
To see the world around me.  
Right away, what I forgot  
In seeing ourselves as words upon a paper. The sun is up.  
My arms are wide.  
I am a good man, I am yours.

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