

# The Pursuit of Happiness Part II

By Alexander Ayres

If you're out there, know  
that the grass is green on this hillside,  
as it always is  
before it is dry gold.

If you're out there know  
that I have been drinking the clouds  
when no water lies on the ground,  
and when there are no clouds

I drink the sun.

I swear I climbed its blinding tendrils once  
and its whispers tore me in half.

I left the body behind and now  
my soul climbs the mountainside  
of immortality.

When I reach the top will I be free?

You're out there, I know,  
but here you'd shake your head  
and laugh because  
the chains fell off me long before,  
soil putty in bloody cracks left by clutching hands,  
and from the seeds of jagged nails orange trees  
spiraled.

And I know now what you meant  
when you told me I was sweet,  
every autumn  
when the fruit fell from me.

If my body's a tree, the freed soul water,  
this mountain is what comes after,  
the answer I was seeking  
so long ago  
when electric lamps  
were the only thing I knew.