

**Walking the Corpse Hope**  
**by James Clarke**

The old poet, lost within himself, is walking  
home backwards as they say in China. He has

assigned himself the hard work of memory,  
refuses to die on some dusty road in a foreign

land far away from his hearth. Alert to the  
hungry ghosts within him, he rises early to

track the morning sun, revisit old haunts &  
hurts, determined to make amends for all the

defections & missteps of the first half of life  
when he was too callow & mindless to pay

attention. He is walking backwards to find  
himself, living his life twice. He is going home.