...and

the feathers? Where are the feathers? Feathers? They fell in the garden.....

He lost his mattress a life time ago, soaked with rain dripping onto His cradle. The hand was cold, and wet. I must warm His finger, create from friction a tree for his protection, this reason for walking on this puddle of imperfection. I'll teach Him productivity. And He will build a home, for Himself and no one else. And a nest for the Swan. But He will not teach me how to flee. And He practices His various art, while I am on my KNEES.....and we can imitate.
In our dripping night under the misting skies and the misting haze, we create skies, and stars and reveal our undissolved toe-touch on the ground, our water stain on our ground, while we walking together, your body flowing with glimmering prisms, and your serpent stiffened with life, and mine, and mine, engage our Athenian disposition. The rain drops from your nose to my tongue, for the taste. Their myth becomes our exclusion, our myth becomes their scorn.

Let us worship, on our KNEES... And the sun does not need to see, and they do not need to see...

Kurt A. Lindsey