

...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 dis-  
position. 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**