

...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