...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