

I am touched
Not by the dirt beetle
Nor the crevice of night
But my empathy is with a star
Confiding on my shoulder

Sound travels down this hill
And the wind rolls up it
Trembling with my budding hands
That shake about my head

Curl up
Between my gnarled thighs
Dirt beetle or lost child
This time is slow and my voice
Is inaudible
Six feet deep

Under the ground; gurgling
Your palm pushes near my toe
Shake dirty curly child
Through the night grow(s)
And through the night it grows...

I think that (the) spring is five days walk from here
I'll wait through and watch it come undone
There's a frozen whisper near me
That will chuckle come daylight

In a near ditch
You tilt your head upward
And shake my bony hand
With your blackbird glove