

Speak until the dust
Settles in the same specific place
Light refused to go
Drink it from a cast and iron plate
Instead of cold milk
Was offered unripe
Instead of silence
Considered craven
Nothing made it seem
Hidden where the aging soil was pure
Pressed against the crease
Mountains become fragrant at the source
So can you stand this
Exotic angle
I read it somewhere
That they would lie still

I remember how cloth hung
Flexing with the forest clung
Half waist and high raised arms
Kicking at the slightest form
I remember my first love
I remember my first love

Un-relied I was called
Missing teeth out of favor
Nickel beach it was all
Gathering by the sundial
I woke hard
I woke heavy
For the half way stop
Five whole hours in
When I woke hard
I woke heavy with the live or parts

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