

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  
how 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

Unrelied I was called  
missing teeth out of favour  
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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