

Powerblessings

Robert Pollard

Release the hand that has you writing numbers
For these plans are broken into leaves
And powerblessings for all the kids who come over
How they know is into you
How they know is into me
And have you no horse to carry
You through December?
Get it somehow tediously broken
Breathing summer into faces of life
And into everyman's gift going through
Powerblessings to you and all of you.