



It is dangerous to walk in through-out the park and forget  
my friends on my feet. Each shoelace, with my eyes,  
struggles toward and remarries itself in a knot.  
These warm loops of my childhood room,  
I can fill with their own love: being, an "underground"  
fruit and sun. Each fruit's seed is an equal sun.

Remembering that I ever forgot makes me so sad,  
but also,  
happy to have loyal friends and living houses for my feet.

In those tunnels,  
Raw light and meat met  
with two in the rat-race, mingled  
In the deep of divorce, together, they ate  
blue razzberries, poured through with light for all.  
They pricked away at darkness and night,  
until they were blind again.

I saw intimate violence from metaphors.  
Hollowed out teeth  
getting their filling of spring's wet apocalypse.

I was walking through the "dangerous park at night,  
which is dangerous, which I do not like."  
And danger was welcomed inside each maternal drop  
of a rising flood, weaving through  
and charming  
my homesick cities and trees.

Each drop guarded the bedroom chatter of  
two that met in generational dandelion-madness  
and through the current,  
with love as necessary as willed knots:

Dad            and Garbled  
Frog            and Dog  
Lizard        and Wizard  
Withered    and Wantinged.

Underneath the flood:  
Skeleton snot spilled out from dry bone and  
made love with the walking soil:  
A body's dust tugged itself wet:  
Two dipped their toes in that sink water -  
towards the flat-and-not,  
fussing in peddle-cleavage  
and... Oh, Joy we found the cellar's peak!

The chapel once roamed was too tall or high or too dry.  
So, two made their own.

Their Basement is round, stuffed with:  
butter winged angels and  
fireplace calm! A Protestant's tower  
blessed with a riot of human light, scent, and  
- life: that's the pale pink dream!

