
“Ballad of the Shadow Holding _____”

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Recluse.

Inclusive meander to

ensure all dies or

becomes what spring promises

among pastel, warming of positions. As when

the body knows its worth the voice of a

figmented wholeness sheds fractions

and no longer blends numer

-ical impressions to gauge

what listens upon the trumpet's good voice,

humid and intuitively

human. Such is how time knows its meaning.

Too,

of the many occurrences

Voice locates emblems

to gift varieties of Tomorrow. Timid

is the winter of our behavior, shift

of shaking over the swarm of

sweat raising enough hands
to protest undesirable alterations.

Gradation insists upon the wealth
of attentive vision; persuasion
pays forth against all angles
of peripheral celebration: birth
in varied climates, hope in how
miracles know names of fruition
prior to the growth of syllables
near or across the forehead, allowing
for prophecy to understand
architectural harmonies