

Men here speak in little tuts and grunts
and understand
that wood must be burned to keep a furnace
hot in
the winter.

Sweating under my layers
I wish I could peel over
my spur of a head
so I may
stop
glistening for a while
and turn matte.

You see?
I am translucent
I am an entity
I am the dwelling place
you dash
off to

giggling girls
and shy men
unmask to lay their most squeamish thoughts at my

technicolor toes

when the light shines
through
but not on me.

Everything is free
if you steal
and thieves are hard to identify
when they are not armored or armed
shining like the rubies
they captured
held ransom in the space our palms meet.

Am I an accomplice now?
since I gave you sanctuary
when I should have gifted you hell?

Quiet now young child quiet now
suck a thumb
or a rusty doorknob
I know no lullabies to bring you solace.

Eclipse with the world
or align with the times
or run from both until the air turns your tongue to a
dried stamper.

No froth
No Ink
rendered useless
it is best to be left
alone
where peace bites at exile and births solitude.

Here you can grow and expand
to eventually
engulf worlds much smaller than you,
possibly understand
the little minds
behind Beady eyes
much too tiny to take in your peculiarity
and singularity in step and voice.

Beasts may reside in your heart and hands
and fires do dragons make-
but
men must understand that bears must be poked to be
mauled
and wood must be burned
to keep a furnace hot in the winter.