

Let's say, you have built a circle
where no one can eat the flowers..

I admit I take liberties. Time to go
swimming, hiking for the water hose.

Walking underground to understand science
and magic. Is there a difference?

I had a bicycle race without a saddle
and no pedals. Sometimes I even fly.

Maybe, I have also planned
great escapes and insulted magicians

with my secret inventions. It is time
to confer, a fine reputation is at stake.

To date, God has refused to take the cap.
I wear my 'brill' hair for all times.

But the memory of a sad fossil played me,
an enduring, stone outwigger marks date

What was the simple
revelation for me
personalized it better
your love that we
your perfect

(to himself, God so, I shall embrace rough reality
and give it its true refinement)

Have to tell you this. I had climbed
the bottom range to Mt. Foracha, where

I saw an angel, combining to your state,

the more translucent yellow. At
the slightest radiant movement, gold.

Above into little flowers, and fall as tears
would, to the floor of her mountains, sitting

them a blaze around her. Poi!

Simple, she taught me to eat the seaweed

and to breathe under water too. I enjoyed
this, and held huge fish with my bare hands.

When we had eaten, we made love ...
the rivers have flowed so early as when

we congealed. And that earth was covered
with our juices. Knee deep. I dreamed

that I was good. When I awoke, she was
gone, and just behind me, shaped like in

the mound of a grave, a corpse ~~like~~
of someone who looked like me, glowed

under yellow flowers. You would believe
that I have seen enough. Ah, it was

only this in the afternoon already! A purple
flow hung over a reachable horizon.

That young bruid over there, who's he?
swelling thick, a new breed with a roar

of demonic bicycles in his eyes, kicking
at automobilists, eating the shoes

of our pavements. Who's the wet devil
of a coat, flinging curses at you...

That old woman, that silent uprooted
tree, the wrinkle facing your wax brocade

and who you call dumb, watched
vague at night, alas, be your own

wither! Aint and sea. Paradise has had
too many casualties for her age!

