



boy

girl

stones and feathers

(what's your father
where's your mother)

came up for air
turned my head around
half-
ways, and almost forgot
what it was like in my
lonely — down — there

chances and stairways
widen eyes and stumble

"sit in a big cardboard box
beg 'till you are young again"
I murmured and hung my socks on a tree
there was no one who left with me
thinking both ways to the doorway

shopwindow reflections
these lonely streets
have new dimensions

what's it like
will springsun knock my head against
then with
another

(what's your father
where's your mother)

working to whisper
trying to read lips, breath-warm and
tongue-wet
our words just tents, yet

lean on me swaying
feeling the air
can you touch
can you share
spare half an hour
frantically care
what hands do with tears and rain
talk to trees with me
smile
awhile
again

rick rotine