

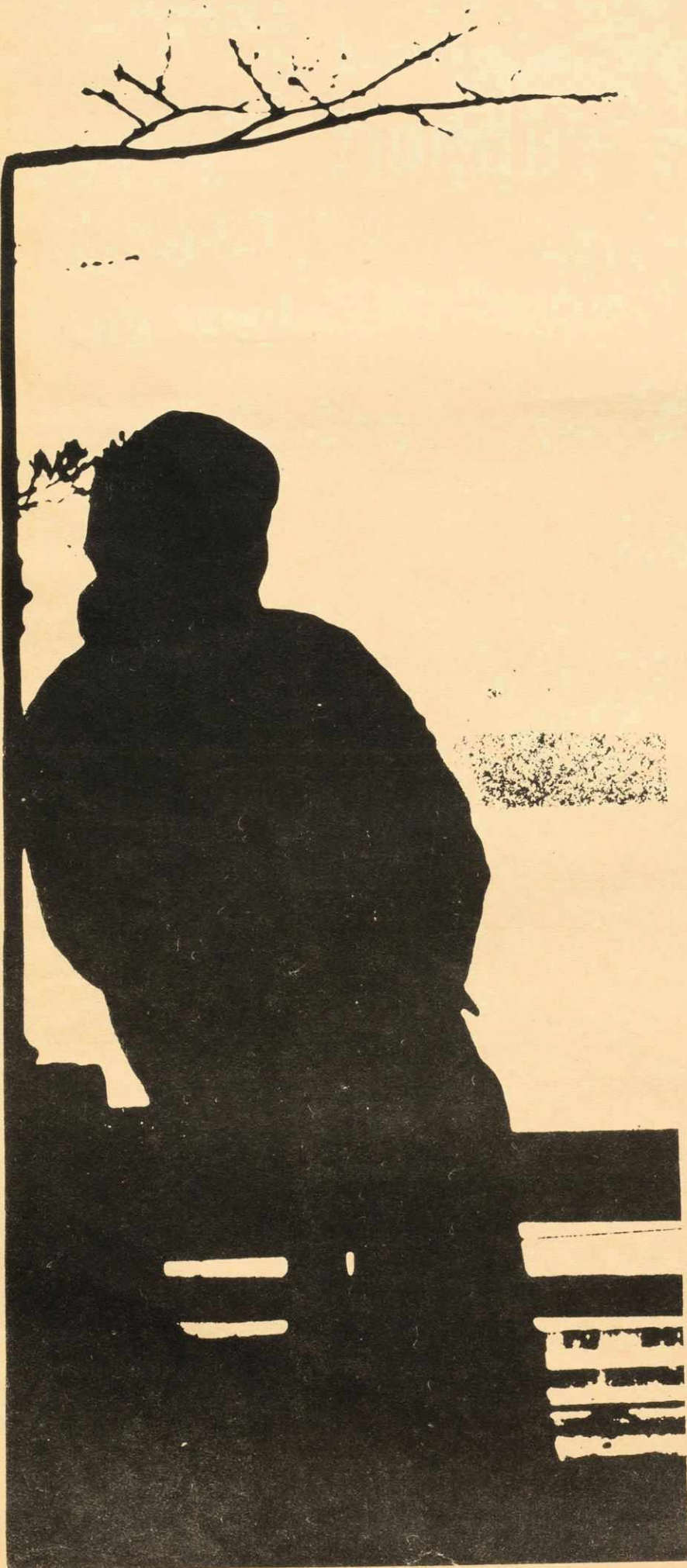
awake
 my mouth dried and red
 a shallow pond reaching
 out to the morning's
 anger
 the sun is bright in the
 icy dampness of the room
 my hands shoved under my
 arms/

on my backside is the
 sleep of last night
 ripped from it's wrinkled
 form on the white sheet.

moving my head out the
 brown windowsill retreats
 as i get closer/
 the silent
 inlet whips the skittish
 air on my swelling cheeks
 the wind fills and fades
 like a dark heartbeat

empty and
 hungry. I
 am full
 with the morning.

maclennan



My energy is golden to you
 the celebrant
 sacrificial and useless to
 you the celebrant.

high on a mountain we
 revolve in your upper class
 body
 icy and vigilant electric
 Knights Of Columbus circle
 us against the wind's
 erosion
 the shepard comes from your
 covren tying their feet
 naked and cold in black
 silken knots
 or they are the fishers
 of men

and with your designs
 true, your aims straight
 you sow and confess
 with your body you cover
 the deserts and subways
 protecting the flesh
 like a shepard knowing
 there is no economy in
 numbers alone
 you are the universal
 spy like so many before
 infinitely sure.

and like the shepard's
 sheep you nourish
 it is acceptable the
 sacred wool on so many
 beds is gathered binded
 in bales high in your
 burning mind
 in the economy of your
 temple death-house flesh
 is sheared by the shepard
 alone-the universal spy
 like so many before
 infinitely sure.

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