I smell so nasty

Acknowledge medicine
Beneath the
Context of suffering. This
Dedication is
Evaded in the service of
Fear.
Giving cannot be demanded
Here on the surface of the river
Is my reflection
Joining a dance without me
Knowing I
Lurk striving to
Move in the will to will
Now, four miles up Mt. Baldy
Overlooking tall
Pine trees below, if I could ask them a
Question: How can I hide
Reverence deep inside my heart?
Silent tarantula peeps into the rabbit hole
Twigs do not
Understand roots
Vainglorious cry of cuckoo’s confident trick, the egg
Whirls off a nest as a pine tree remarks death as life as
Xylophone
Yet with all these variations, to cling to familiarities
Zest of citrus sent

Nearby friends faraway
Or a loved one’s lips or
What can we say about enemies except

It is strong medicine that tastes bitter

Knowing this I still make a face even
Now, because I want you near me not just
Occurrences, different faces, different voices
Why do wolves cry while

Moths
Yearn for light unafraid?

And four miles down Mt. Baldy petrified stone
Boulders look like pale jade
Children smiling without faces
‘cause they accept the cause
Slowly dying into a

New life that
Endures more suffering an
X-ray cannot unveil
The profundity of

The satisfied soul
In the
Middle of the parking lot
Encircles the shadow of a screeching eagle

Wholeheartedly and I didn’t know I smelled so nasty
It was me all along, please, hold my hand, no need to
Tell me that you’re
Here, I know only you can stand

ME