

jerking hops.

strutting.

small half winged steps.

busybody birds

one sided and off center

byzantine erraticism

picking off careless insects.

the porch dog on its screen door side

lets his saliva wet tongue hang out into the heat.

the church elders walk by

with the clear idea that there are some

places where you do not set up images of god

and after looking at us begin to tell me about it.

what can i say...

there are so many animal bones and burnt livers

around their fire

who could get close to the center of it

anyway you would probably die in this heat trying.

anyway and you.

wf.h.

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