

Forgive Durden, A Hundred Year, Minute-Long In

"Adakias"

Place your hand on mine
Untie your mind
Let your bloated brain
Balloon and float away
(Float away...)

Wet the end of the thread
Thimble upon your index
Feed the line through its eye
Draw it from the other side

Pull the strand to satisfy
The need to compose
This entire nave globe

(Set the needle...)
Set the needle on it's path
Bobbing up and down and past
Tears and seams all turn to one
Every stitch and each spool spun