

Robert Pollard, Frequent Weaver Who Burns

Pagan shutters described at shrine
dark stems large elephantine
serpent seasnake zebra
up love and deliver your good speech

Of youth and perfect skin

skygazing free of sin
clipped at the hip peglegged and cracked
expressing trivial concern
and then I long .

I'm the frequent weaver who burns

Shaft birth pride of pity
going back from country to city
come home now to surround you

You've no more to learn
who do you think you are?

I'm the frequent weaver who burns