

Busdriver, Go Slow

Bianca Casady:

Go slow, fall like shadows
Perfect shapeless shape shifter
Earth it glows
Heart is sowing
Galaxy awaits you gate swung open

Busdriver:

You should hold those splintered bones
spare your exhausted glands
Go slow, trace breath
Leap into these large unpromised hands
Mutter those Ginsberg poems
Cool those worn hooves
Go slow, face your death
Walk into the fiery orange woods