

# 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