## Jump Little Children, Pigeon

The brackish roots of red and pine Anchored in my curving spine Bend to the winds of web's desire And I lay down at your side

Above the bride of reds in clay A swollen angel looks ok In the red wing blackbirds eyes of grey A saltwater tear his eyes

But the sand and the earthen paradise Sent into this rivulet The blush and the banks will soon forget A single tear was cried

And in this morning grand looms
The nectar and the petal blooms
A pearl that I swallow now exhumed
From the river that has died

The crimson of rinoculous Gardenia and dianthus The bloodless eye be water-lotus Sweetly opens wide

Oh Without a voice left to sing With waterlogged and heavy wing Peaceful eyes, unsuffering A pigeon floats in the tide