

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