Me Without You, O, Porcupine

without a queen the locust swarm
turned the ground to black
descending like a shadowy tower on a fish's back
and scattered the sticks who crawled
like snakes in the sand
as the red clay took the form of a lizard
who rushed like a moth to the flame of my open hand

(while, in my little world...)
a speckled bird humbly inspired
ran across the road when it could have flown
and it made me smile
at the water's edge, Babylon
we laid down and slept
as the river wept for you, O'Zion!
the stones cry out,
bells shake the sky
all creation groans...

SHHHH!!!

listen to it!

messes of men in farmer poverty;
not much for monks but we pretend to be
share a silent meal and a pot of chamomile
gypsies like us should be stamped in solidarity
I hold you in my fond but distant memory
while for the Mother Hen to gather me
who regretfully wrote,

"you have a decent ear for notes
but you can't yet appreciate harmony."

O' porcupine perched low in the tree
your ees to mine:

"you'd be well inclined not to mess with me."

at the garden's edge beneath a speechless sky
as his friends all slept
Jesus wept- and no wonder
and now you say you wanna be set free??
and wanna set me free???
well I'm told that can only come from
a union with the One who never dies