

# Robert Pollard, Powerblessings

Release the hand that has you writing numbers  
For these plans are broken into leaves  
And powerblessings for all the kids who come over  
How they know is into you  
How they know is into me  
And have you no horse to carry  
you through December?

Get it somehow tediously broken  
Breathing summer into faces of life  
And into everyman's gift going through  
Powerblessings to you and all of you.