

Fire Quite

Our fingers explore nakedness

tongues twine

teeth nibble

mouths taste universes

pulsing between wave legs

slow rhythm glister flesh beat quickens

our voices praise white silver baptism

glow foreheads touch we embrace fire quite

Yoga Flow

Mountain inhales sun scent

Tree exhales moon taste

Fish twists flesh sweats

Butterfly focuses heart beats

Cobra stretches spine fires

Corpse relaxes body breathes

Lotus blooms brain glows

Child rises eyes dance

Man with No Eyes from Cool Hand Luke

The heat ain't the only bear

Walkin' the road causin' us to sweat,

While the chain gang hoes.

Boss Godfrey, black Stetson, mirror sunglasses,

Tall, silent, ice aims his Winchester, shoots,

Swallow flops from the sky, dead.

New meat learn don't mess with the man with no eyes.