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ZONA TETI

Still Located at the Gingerbread House, 1981

The dead mocked me because I didn't fit in.
And the dead of other species could not protest.
At best, a tree-death, given four legs, held our bowls
and, in useless times, looked pretty in a fading light.

So I left stone, those colors in a hard embrace.
I shed the wind dying to a gasp.
I came instead to apples, smell and taste
holding me like two hands. Stone returned,
called by a fruit-stirred vision.
Wind held me as though I'd give it more breath.

Mineral and muttering, I still would not face
an old childhood that blamed sweet wildness.
We spent our years learning the petty
so we could be grown-up, another form of death.

What sparks escaped the powers, I now breathe
to an uneasy life. Hearing a bird-song gives me
the idea to sing, and if I don't get the bird-song right,
my mistake counts as another song.
When I catch a cold, love calls my voice *smoky*.
The near-dead take these crumbs like birds
that, in hunger, wipe clean the trail leading out of the woods.