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Over the Puddles of East Berlin

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Over the Puddles of East Berlin

We are terrified of what crawls
As we once all crawled out of the pond.
I turned to the wall, laughing.
I have a harness you can wear;
It adjusts to any part of the body.

Let's drive or not.
We are already changed.
According to what you heard
Did you hear about
The uses for punctuation?

They said put your foot up, keep it up.
What a curious place for a purple foot to be,
Perched like a deformed bird atop a chair.

Let's drive to the airport and read impossible magazines.
Good Christ I love to fly,
It awakens the land of the blood.

Now over the puddles of East Berlin,
A place I used to dream about
In church when I was a boy,

How deeply the gulls build their circles.