

*No Longer a Fuzzy Worm With Legs*

Desk, chair,  
pen pushers,  
paper markers.  
Standing brighter than  
anything else  
in a 100 acre lawn,  
dandelion in the middle,  
green all around,  
God.  
How long until you go empty,  
What will fill you?  
Vegetarian bean platter,  
scatter the rice, splatter the chilies.  
Light as cottonwood seeds,  
like a sea turtle free,  
colorful as a glass mosaic.  
Wake up, crawl out of  
your silken bed,  
get it out of your head  
that you're a caterpillar.  
Foaming mouths and  
dripping blades,  
pit bulls on a rampage,  
ruthless and merciless as  
The Queen,  
a drink in her name  
as blood collects in the  
dent left by his knee,

as he goes down in slow  
motion, whiz whoosh smack emotion.  
Stealing a gift,  
a c-note on the sidewalk,  
pick it up and take it home,  
watch where you put it down  
because I will follow.  
Destroy the tunnels,  
shake the farm  
and ache like the ant,  
feel the missing like  
the branch misses the twig,  
like the family sedan lost in  
a hurricane.