

## Woven Hand

### "Wolf Am I!"

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It's the smell of hot summertime trash,  
It's the city noise of a busy street  
It's a train derailed and two car head on freeway crash  
Each time we meet  
"and if it comes as some sort of surprise," she said  
"that I seem so composed,  
I've kept this moment closer to my eyes," she said,  
"than the glasses resting on the edge of my nose."

Shadow am I!  
A question of a person, no said reply  
Wolf am I!  
And shadow cast on the sheep as I pass by  
Shadow am I, or like a  
Wearing-black-socks-and-white-woolen-locks  
Wolf am I, and shadow.

She was grace and green as a stem,  
But I walk heavy on delicate ground

((...as I go showing off again,self impressed by how  
well I can put myself down!!  
And then go again, to the next further removed level  
Of that same exact feigned humility!!!)))

[this for me goes on and on to the point of nausea]

Shadow am I!  
Like suspicion that's never confirmed  
But it's never denied  
Wolf am I!

((no, "shadow" I think is better,  
As I'm not so much something as the absence of  
something)))

So SHADOW AM I!  
The material world seems to me like a newspaper  
headline-  
It explicitly demands your attention  
And it may even contain some truth

And what's really going on here?

One day the water's gonna wash it away  
And on that day, nothing clever to say.

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