

## **13 & God**

# **"Into The Trees"**

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there in a box with your things, stabbed airholes, and  
one wing  
or white lung, when your well will you stay

since there is a certain modern earth pain only fit for  
enduring  
which one does endure

4 walls of day: and that alone  
no empty hallway for you bearing the  
100 bright light blocking doors of luck

and here in the favor of life i will  
contrive no device against expectation, only announce  
i have learned to respect the color yellow

by cum and by egg  
and laid low into creature  
then  
cast out in the one cold of all names.

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