

## **Fruit Bats**

### **"Glass In Your Feet"**

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Deaths head moth, and a honeybee, and the flightless  
birds with the useless wings.

In the diamond mines of the Indian head, beneath the  
sawdust moon with the frozen rings.

Mastodons and hummingbirds in an endless loop on  
the windy plain.

Chestnut mares and the bison herds and the poison  
toads in the sugarcane.

There are rainbows as the light refracts through the  
glass in your feet.

Blue and green as the wind attacks and the glaciers  
retreat.

Death's head moth and a honeybee and the flightless  
birds on the ground so cold.

Maple leaves r gently falling from the eaves, silver  
tongues on the golden road

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