

Harper Roy

"Bad Speech"

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I was not put here - (by anyone)

By anyone in fear

I came alone as me

Just an idea

In a long chain

Of discovery

Surrounded by the same -

You

Sometimes your tide

Pulls me out to sea

And I die

In a trashing curse

Sometimes we are kind

More often I doze

- So far up the beach

That those who try to reach

Are burnt alive

In the searing heat

Of the desert

Of my dispassion

So far removed

I never hear the water
'Cept once or twice a month
When I see a mirror
And I refuse to believe
In some of the things
That are said to be here
Let alone those
That are not
I'm trying to change
My direction
Ours is pathetic
In my own humble estimation
I love the planet
The great bening she-wolf
Benefactor
Spinning gently on
Towards the red giant
Four aeons hence
When all the rose gardens
Are consumed in the flash-fire
Of flying time
She'll leave alone too

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