

## **Kayo Dot**

# **"Symmetrical Arizona"**

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The Ribbon of the Bell  
Slipped her stockings straight  
And fluttered to the choir below  
And tied herself to the countertenor  
Leftmost in the frontmost row.

I saw her path before she even fell  
And that is why I stood beneath the bell  
And from the bottom up,  
It's details stark and doubted  
Ignite an uproar in stained-glass  
And sound the trumpets of vanity  
With knowledge of a monument erased  
I'm the woodpecker on the chimney  
Digging at the wrong stone  
But blithely shaking off an ordinary brown  
Those faded feathers somersaulting low across the  
road

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