

## **Beth Jeans Houghton** **"Liliputt"**

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Lily put your hands in mine, linen wraps around my eyes.

The twisted feet and hooves, the sun ride east.  
And then galloped over love, and then galloped right back over me.

Meadows ride of these, see's to your pupils see no reason to dilate in the

Face of me.

Don't ask me to stay.

For my feet won't oblige.

These hooves have had their day.

If I stay I won't survive.

Lily put your hands in mine, linen wraps around my eyes.

A hungry hand I will not stand to feed.

How rootful to absorb the poison of your rapsody.

A will, a way, in farwell little boy.

For time must not be wasted in gaze of such a lucid Sun.

Oh my love, I'm not done with you yet, oh no.

I might die, without these words having left my mouth.

Oh my love, I'm not done with you yet, oh no.

I might die, without these words having left my mouth.

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