

Little Children Jump

"Pigeon"

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The brackish roots of river pine
Anchored in my curving spine
Bend to the whims of winds design
And I lay down at your side

Above the brine and the reeds of clay
A swollen angel oaks bouquet
In the red wing blackbirds eyes of grey
A saltwater tear resides

But the sand and the earthen parapet
Silts into this rivulet
The blood and the banks will soon forget
A single tear was cried

And in this (unknown)
The nectar and the petal plumes
The purple swallow now exhumed
From the river that has died

The crimson of rinoculous
Gardenia and dianthus
The bloodless ivory water-lotus
Sweetly opens wide

Oh Without a voice left to sing
With waterlogged and heavy wing
Peaceful eyes, unsuffering
A pigeon floats in the tide

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