

## **Shudder To Think "Heaven Here"**

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King in my dream town says, "Here Ye: pride is gone."  
Then he has his thrown  
throne to the ego-birds who fly with wilted wings and  
die of broken things like  
hearts. Heaven is here if I'd adhere to the King's rule;  
he says, " a stranger's heart  
is raw, its vulnerable so do let your own heart thaw, or  
live lonely like the broken  
ego-bird whose lone stone heart's strings weight was  
more than its two sad  
wings." Heaven is here...Nervous glances dance like  
darts around me. Faces find  
each other and then won't look. Avoiding looks so's not  
to look quite human,  
when human's got looks likely to find love in. The end.

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