

A Man's Song

Wet wind kissed locks
Sun shines on brawn mortal flesh
He arches, puffs, flings and sprays
Stripping away boot soles, mold, and backs
His brain is taken, while his body is stuck
Brook, ponds, eddies, and health
Scent of generous wheat fields
Filtered prayers, holy-bibles
Loitering, coaxed, un-encouraged genitals
What he loves has passed,
He puts his hands on different paths