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Abraham Smith

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mmm long time remembering
the tug of the waters against my ankles
in the days before hairs
something like time is a rinsing thing
or star a alabaster start or
like a river i am always just begin
if how you approach things is clean
then poke this way along
up over the lane where
the creaking and the fans and the more
more belts watch
your fingers around them friend
behind the beautiful rocking
never will quite quit tip
this grace friend
you don't have to wait for what i am talking about
hug me out airy fear manure carts
throwing turkey tail of you know what
till the land stands so green
them golfing radicals
dream and drool
a pillow so heather in linnen
you could wring it and
sate an birdie
for least one two moon