

Circling High Above your Lost Innocence

~~Many Legs Pushing~~

Circling high above your lost innocence I see
Many legs pushing every side out

Into the endless plain

Kicking and pushing, digging-of mother earth

Twisting for the birth ~~that never will come.~~

That now comes

2 sp > Square set it-scrappers

Upping tall and furious

Pricking the plain sky

You are

But Dallas, city of lost winds

And ungrown same-ing nine-to-fives

Whose lust and pride is air-conditioned.

(1955)

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