

The Crumpled Candy Wrapper

~~18 September, 1967~~

The crumpled candy wrapper

Tumbled by the wind,

Glossing the grass,

~~Flung~~ <sup>nothing, bondage</sup> ~~thrown toward captivity~~ in the heated weed

~~Flung~~  
Windows my captivity

<sup>I suspect,</sup>  
O child of light with nothing to hide

I address you as a fellow captive

Yet I delight with you

In the thousand glints of light you mirror,

Driven by yesterday's gale

Into tomorrow's pit you dance

On the matted grass

As if tomorrow were your friend.

(18 September, 1967)

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