

Hand!

I run from the wind,

Afraid it will get me.

I cower from the fire, ~~Hand~~

Not accepting its warmth,

But escaping its power.

I pedal and pedal and pedal away

On my bicycle of fear

Rushing to leave behind the paranoid world.

No, I don't want to sleep with you,

You'll only laugh. ~~Hand~~

No, I won't sing for you,

You know I'm off-pitch.

Don't run from me, you say,

It's dark out there.

But I fear the light,

I fear the people who make this world so comfortable.

I fear their eyes, no matter how soft.

My bed is a bed of nails,

There is no comfort.

I run from the wind,

Afraid it will get me.

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