

I often breathe flowers  
and dusty roads.

I frequently talk with leaves  
and rusted lampposts  
broken in a foggy night.

I usually stoop  
to caress a pebble  
who's my friend when I'm mad at my others.

I sometimes make love to trees  
clinging to a rough trunk of bark  
entangling limbs and leaves  
and being more satisfied.

I often write to myself  
using these words I didn't invent  
and lots of times I sleep  
when it's still light out.

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