IN THE LAND OF DISTURBANCE
(THE INDIAN HOME)

AN ELDER OF MINE · WHO SWORE HE HAD DEMONS WORKED INTO HIS CROTCH ·
TOOK ON THE GALLANT BRAGS · HE MADE TO CUSS OUT THE INDIANS DRAWL TO DRAWL
IN ANGER WHERE THEY LENT TEMPEST W HIGH WINDS TO BLOW AROUND ·
IT WAS SAID · THE INDIANS SUCKED THE WIND FROM THERE TO BLOW APPREES DOWN,
TO HAVE A BRUTE · AS HE WITH 2 ARMS AND A QUICK PUNISHING SWINGS ·
TO TAKE IN THAT WHELING AREAND USE IT FOR HIS OWN WOULD BE A SIGHT TO SEE ·
TO THE INDIAN HOME GROUND · HE WENT AND RETURNED WITH LUMPS AND CUTS ·
ALL THE COLOR WAS GONE · FROM HIS BODY AND COULDN'T WALK MUCH ·
FIRST STORM BROUGHT A LEATHER HOOP · WITH WOOD SLOTS WOODEN TEETH YELLING WIND
HE YELLED BACK STRAIGHT AHEAD · AND ISN'RINE HIM A CLOUD REELED DOWN INTO THE DIN
THE CLOUD WAS LEATHER WITH MOVING PEGS · ON ITS TOP AND BOTTOM EINGED BY EYES OF CLAY ·
THE HOWL OF THE STORM · THAT HIS EARS SO THERE WAS NOTHING HE HEARD IT SAY ·
TWO HARDENED MUD HORSES · WITH PATTERNS ON THEIR HIDES ·
PICKED UP BY FEET · THE CLOUD POURED THEIR GUTS OUT THEIR MOUTHS ·
THERE WAS A PILE AS TALL AS A TREE AND STANDING NEXT TO HIM ·
AND THE SMELL MADE HIS SHAKER LESS · COMPLETELY LIMP ·
OUT OF THOSE ENTRAILS CAME THE INDIAN BIRTH BONES ·
WHO TOLD MY ELDER TO LEAVE THE INDIAN HOME ·
THEY CHATTERED THEIR SECOND TEETH FROM THEIR NOSE ·
AND FLYING USING ENTRAILS AS WHIPS SLAPPED AROUND AND AMOUNTS ·
AND TO HIM THE SUNG · "GO HOME YOU WHITE MEN YOU'RE BEWILED US TO ANGER ·
WITH THAT THE ELDER AND DROPPED THE ENTRAILS ON DOWN ·
WHERE THEY SWALLOWED EACH OTHER AND WIND TOGETHER SEWER UP ·
AND THAT VERY WIND · COUPLED INTO A STRUCK LOG MILL WITH FINGERS ·
ROLLING IT IN A CIRCULAR FASHION WHILE A DEMON APPROACHED ·
TOWERED THEM AROUND · THE LOG MILL FOOT TO MOUTH · FOOT TO MOUTH ·
THEN ONE ARM POINTED · AT THEIR FACES AND 3 POINTING BACK SOUTH ·
THE FLAT FACES POINTED · AT WHERE SIMILAR TO ELDERS MINE ·
AND SOUTH WAS THE DIRECTION · LEFT BEHIND ·
LINGERING AND STUMBLING · WITH FEAR BEFORE NOURISHMENT ·
HE CAME HOME · WITH A FOLLOWING UP TO THE BANKS WITH CONTEMPLATION
12 EAR HEDSEE ST · BETTER WITH AN EYE FULL OF MUD ·
AND BURIED DEEP IN · THE MUD HED HAVE TO STICK HIS HEAD ·

INTO THE SHEEP LEGS

2 people from Greenleaves
came out by the sea.
Needing lodge & tools for knitting.
We gave them the sack & glass
gave pins, they showed us moles
& grey backed sins.
Then they showed us knots & knit
loops, while we yakked over summer
roly soup. They put them blankets
over top some snipped sheep
They said the heads would swell
& bones would shrink They lit a
little fire with care attended
twigs It still went for a week
whistling like an imp.
The sheep stood later nuzzle each up
Awkward fighting the ground dance
2 leg stub small as the legs were, no
fear in the eyes we smiled at their
liberty & our delight when they got
old & we had to eat we off the
head, only the rest without meat.

SALT LUMPS

Our daughter took an unhealthy hue
we noticed on a spring sunny morn
she had trouble walking
but her doll helped her along
well the doctor suggested something
that made us for goodness sake "
she was lacking in her salt pills
& could read it on her face
the way home we pondered somberly
how to force the pills on her throat
or what words we might say
she always had doll arms or head
so when we'd ask her question
we most always had to shout
well of course the doll was there
it was as tall, tall as our darling
and one night sewed small pills in fingers
that were hidden in mouth come morning
the date wasn't I think noticed at all
but the crunch worried her brow
speaking around the limbs she said

HORSEMEAT SELLING ROSES

Horsemeat fairtons strung
Strung all around the room
Not door flower shoppy
Singing fragrance perfume
Smell of one jumps on the other
Shacks stake fonda Rouge butcher
Sanved these horses fortune, pull at
Curtains smelling rotten wishing me the best
Tears to the eyes fragrant flowers on them
Wake to rose needs wet brine face reasons
It is smell the smell

PUMPKIN HEADED KIDS WITH THE HORSEMANE HAIR

THESE BRATS WENT CRAZY WHEN
THEY'D SEE THE GLASS BECAUSE
THE HAIR WAS SO THICK & IT
HUNG DOWN PAST THE HEADS
THEY WERE BORN WITH WERE
EXTREME TOO, A SMILE THAT
WENT UP & DOWN & CIRCUMFERENCE
PLAIN HUGE. THEY'D SEW LITTLE
VETS ALL DAY IN THIER ROCK FORT
AND CAPTURE BOTTLES BY RUNNING
ALONG THE WHARF, ONE HAD A BASKET
& PONY TAILS TOO & WOULD WHINNY
LIKE A HORSE WORRY HIM TO GLUE.
BACK THESE BUGGERS TO STEAL SOME GLASS
SAND. CAME ONE RUNNING & JUMPING
THAT SAT ON A POT I HAD BURIED QUICK-
SWINGING NET TOO
THE POT WAS DEEP & HE SUNK IN
BUT THAT HEAD BOBBED UP WITH A
CROOKED GRIN NET SNAGGING BROWN
GLASS & SMASHING IT TOO BOBBED OUT
OF THE POT WITH STRONG CLIMBING
SHOES. I CHASED FOR A GOOD MILE OR
SO AWAY. SHAKING GLASS OUT OF NET
& HAIR ALONG THE WAY & THAT HEAD
WAS A BACKEND OF A HORSE I THOUGHT
TOO THE 2 LEGS TO CUT OFF & THROW
ON WITH A STEW. I RAN UP WINDED
& THEN WALKED BACK DOWN & HUFF OFF
IN THE DISTANCE I HEARD A HOOF
IN THE DISTANCE I WOUND DOWN TO THINKING
IF THE INSIDE OF A HORSE IS TRUE
SOUND. I WOUND DOWN TO THINKING
HAVE A WIDE CIRCUMFERENCE & A
CROOKED SMILE TOO.

BULLETS INSTEAD OF TEETH

There were 3 and Didn't get weaners
who would trade off the same hollyhock
because they lived in a desert without food
and had to wash hands in sand
Because water & wealth were most
Except one had rocks instead of hands
and would swing at the air to make
the sun & down in heat banishing &
eye treats horses in the sand for
feathers instead of eyes & would
attract birds to roost on his neck
& back these birds would tell
secrets of living on the smallest
instead of teeth except one had bullets
mouth open at all times & could
not chew anything up unless he
was ready to lose some more
up. Some one espied them
eating their way & decided
their demonhood & said
these the summer hell sons
who stayed in the desert
Killing all woods
The children had a strange
father those idea was that
contrary with the populace would
drive them from God & nature
he named them rocks instead
of hands Bullets instead of
teeth & feathers instead of eyes
Soon the viewer had some others
view the grounds & made the trip
they brought some carved heads
to frighten the deserters & had
carved eyes that would
intimidate. The carved
heads were found & used
as fire fuel. This was
when the night was cold
& blankets were dust on
a soul warming tool so store
heads with pointed eyes
and nasty teeth swarm
& with spiders, scorpions
& ants who'd bite anything
that leap up or moved
those bugs were eaten up
& the heads were used
to make the sun a quicker
the day was shorter
for another. the pointed
eyes flew out to scatter
Then came the day of
bullets where all the
the guns came with men
attached thier own loud
key Bullets sat down his
hollyhock & unlocked a
loud sneeze
No one came moon anymore
& they regained the
ground to suffer on & sit
amongst the beautiful
Horses in the Sand. They
traded rocks gathered
beathered & picked bullets
out the bullets considered
the luck of bullets instead
of teeth feathers instead
of eyes Rocks instead of
hands yes & alone the Father
thought them lucky.

Odd Friend's Reverie gravente for thoughts

I shall begin by saying he was an odd bird. Born marked's blue
For he were missing On both legs that hint use from knees
He picked fights with the fauna without losing a great
And the bird was clipped in a manner that challenged by unusual
Stiff soaps.

Always he'd give a yell and in a reply to which whatfore · the yell
was to his odd friends who needed his doing kind of roar
They in supposition had erected a roof in thems that was pointed down
And some which way it had chimneys that sensitive ears could
hear them pitz
The sound of wind and pinwheels playing knife and hooves clack
Whistles pushed through animal (bags) estimated · by wind sacks

When time took away years and the hills I came to know · took the yell
as a reminder of how the mind might go o-o
2 fingers in the air me day and a bottom he hit the dirt · the back of
breathe and calm manner told me life finally did depart
I started burying the man like the good people do for his final bed · and the
I heard a whiff take my ears · Christ Christ pounding thread
As the last dirt fell and the grave shallow place · The music gave start and
finally (to an end) came the musicians face
they came balancing on shoulders (an expert) and rolling in barrels
Arms waving suit blowing teeth gnashing animal hatch balancing on
wood twirling
Fans opened and clacked rhythms for quivering floor petit
yeasted hooves
All moved in a fashion I could not describe very good
There was too much for me but I learned much of Jaworth.
If someone's going to get insistant on education
then you know it's because of truth