

ZONA TETI

*Still Located at the Gingerbread House, 1981*

The dead mocked me because I didn't fit in.  
And the dead of other species could not protest.  
At best, a tree-death, given four legs, held our bowls  
and, in useless times, looked pretty in a fading light.

So I left stone, those colors in a hard embrace.  
I shed the wind dying to a gasp.  
I came instead to apples, smell and taste  
holding me like two hands. Stone returned,  
called by a fruit-stirred vision.  
Wind held me as though I'd give it more breath.

Mineral and muttering, I still would not face  
an old childhood that blamed sweet wildness.  
We spent our years learning the petty  
so we could be grown-up, another form of death.

What sparks escaped the powers, I now breathe  
to an uneasy life. Hearing a bird-song gives me  
the idea to sing, and if I don't get the bird-song right,  
my mistake counts as another song.  
When I catch a cold, love calls my voice *smoky*.  
The near-dead take these crumbs like birds  
that, in hunger, wipe clean the trail leading out of the woods.