

LITANY

—Naphtali is a hind let loose;  
he giveth goodly words.

My breath is sweet and I am regular  
I am not the black son of dawn  
Or the boy bloodshot and green  
Out to rediscover America Christ or Venus  
I am not Weingarten Siddhartha  
The first mystic to bore the perfect hole  
Through the world navel come out  
The other side feet first  
Reborn an egg a raven or everything

In fact I'm lying under my pillow  
No blankets pajama bottoms no pattern  
Listening intensely to my potential  
Pot-belly rhyme hunger with prayer