

Glass In Your Feet

Fruit Bats

Deaths head moth, and a honeybee, and the flightless birds with
the useless wings.
In the diamond mines of the Indian head, beneath the sawdust mo
on with the frozen rings.
Mastodons and hummingbirds in an endless loop on the windy plai
n.
Chestnut mares and the bison herds and the poison toads in the
sugarcane.
There are rainbows as the light refracts through the glass in y
our feet.
Blue and green as the wind attacks and the glaciers retreat.
Death's head moth and a honeybee and the flightless birds on th
e ground so cold.
Maple leaves are gently falling from the eaves, silver tongues
on the golden road