HAVEPOETRY.COM

BILL BISSETT

DONT WORRY YR HAIR

dont worry yr eyes
dont worry yr brain man th snow is
cummin th bright burds flyin highr, th
sun is already all ovr yu,
all th words all th mony all th unnecessary
changes, a tree grows inside yu, let it and th bird
red with blue circles, a white arrow on its side, sings
within yr breast, near yr spine, let its wings
spread, yr arms
each day probably sumhow yul get th watr
grow out to sum
piece a land away from th bad business, th amerikan
takeover,to
ward, into th earth yu cum from, have none of
th bargain with th tanks,th war heads
each day th pebble is more stone,
ium dreaming now of th place that will
soon have me, find me
moving into th dark,it
is like going into a soft jewel. and being ther what at
first yu cud see nothing totally dark, only
th feel of yr feet on th ground guides yu,
being ther, light apears here and ther,flashing,
yr head especially around th back breathes unfolds
opens like a flowr all around yu,
to th light