

Public Weal Private Will Prayer Wheel

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Apocalypse of Overjoy Politics of Bliss

I know for certain little but I know this
Maple goes yellow *Oak* goes brown

Wind comes up the morning
Light comes down

First birdsong is clear and clean
The latest thing already seen

Weird words in woolen ears
The *Wolf* becomes the *Bear*
The *Bell* grows hair

Bend her back over your hands
 Swing her underbelly up
Ring her with your brazen tongue
 Until she cracks free.
 May as well get into it.
 You won't remember tomorrow.

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