

You Play Poet Just So Long

You play poet just so long
it comes off in your hand.
So you squirt away from faces
to a clatter of tin trees
where wind has no corners.

You don't feel changed
but the fear is:
each dervish that lifts
your rags shows dusty women.
You wonder will they just giggle.

So you stay disgustedly hanging
because you love your hand not
what is in it, what comes and goes.
Because you know and they could not
it's your fault they are not you.