

this never happened and yet i tell myself it did each morning

by Bobbi Lurie

i watch my mind not wanting to touch the vanished rusty notes
remain objects of consciousness heaven and hell inside us each
moment birds fly through mental speech dark garden rain olive
green cool breath of betrayal **siempre** mixed with greed awakens
jagged-edged-scary-people cruelty sadness tiny pieces of kindness
such gratitude for sky unable to believe saying this never happened
but remember memory outburst left alone **siempre if only been
clear to him hagd[p;; tra'k pk trlj [tri;u the wjp;e es'eroemde
wotj wotj ammoe** if only

