

JOSEPH YOUNG

by Joseph Young

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You might start with the top of the head, where the heat goes.
This is first, first from the womb, the first word.

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There might have been a faith that placed it in the mouth, not the
liver or in the heart.

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It might have been the desert that made things first for the eye.
Now the trees all fall to light.

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She might have been the mother or a sister, her head was navy
with the moon.

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You might end with the feet, washed, where much the world will
go.

