

1979

morning

I will not move
from the sun goes down

the white cricket on the green stem
against the blue lake
until fires burn cold
as the handkerchief sky

I will not move
from the sun goes down

and the boy
white
perched on the green beam
of the school yard shed

rocking

I will not move
I will not move
No Don't come near me

I can fly
I can fly when I have my red handkerchief