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Come,

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Come,

people,

with your healthy eyes

and a minute--

there is your living,

after all,

here

to be gripped softly

and touched with the tongue

I

am not one

to be feared.

Come--

we have together before, you know,

at various

dawnings--

and if

there are words

and lines

and poems

that do not understand

themselves

to you,

they are

for other ears.

But

(my promise to you)

there will

be touches

and song,

hot

and sincere

as the sun.

---Joshua Hockensmith