

Rader ~~Love~~  
Love

Time runs ahead of us and below  
us. We climb the stairs  
into the great, ~~and~~ glittering cab and it rains.  
The beard we've cultured for so long  
falls off us into the floor board,  
and catches ~~flame~~ fire.

Arrested, our wrists ache.

Blinded by dirt roads, our heads  
unrecieve and are not happy.

Someone has painted our faces the color  
of gold wheat and the blackened field.  
(...)

Someone covered our lips in eskimo kisses.

Any more, that's a cold heart and worth nothing.

Someone forgot to give us the directions.

The Great wave comes down the line ~~why don't we~~  
and ~~say~~ <sup>radio</sup> says, Hold on, shake those hips, ~~let's go~~  
go dancing out on 45 where the barn didn't  
burn all the way, it's not all okay, we could die  
I'm telling you we could go skipping through  
Hell but stay there or at least we could  
break a few bones, don't go to the cathedral, don't any (...).

Somebody's body heaved itself  
into the ground. The highway covers  
their blood. We don't want to be  
a body like that so we ride.

~~Time is us from behind~~

Time turns us around and mounts  
us from behind. Time bubbles down  
our leg. Someone calls us from the upstairs  
bathroom, It's time to go already,  
let's go, and we ~~go~~ <sup>whimper</sup> and we go

This is my servitude in your likeness.  
I am

Replenished and calm, I awaken with the blanket  
of stars pulled down past my arms, new day will hold  
yet another cluster of blossoms without names, my dominion  
parting before me

Something huddles beneath my hand  
placed over my breast in a way  
like fallen branches. I heard you speaking  
in a dream, in the shudder of fishes  
passing through my legs at the head  
of four rivers. What passed through  
me and what passed on into the lands  
out of Eden, I do not ask.  
My body keeps what is my body's and what  
my body touches.

On the surface of the river of the waters  
of the compassionate Pison, when  
the dark water covers and the eye by which  
you have given us, the body, vision through the night  
alights upon my shoulders, I am known  
to be frightened at the silence. I would  
call this a leaf taken by the wind.  
You who have thought out of thought my existence,  
what solitude whispers in the brush of my body  
against this garden, and what simplicity,  
hand-crafter, threatens to flee, with all  
its weight, back  
into chaos!