

You see it, you see it all,
Cloud Mover, did you give everyone
a place to hide, every creeping
thing but me, or is this body
my hidey-hole, are the trees here
to give me only shade or cover when it rains,
where my work under the sun
is done, am I meant to cuddle
with those bushy squirrels?

This is me, ruffling my tail, chirping
something similar to praise.
Wherever, ~~it is you gave me to hide~~,
I know how you look, Leaf Watcher,
I know how you see me everytime
I lay ~~the~~ names on your
creations. My lips move like I'm tired,
like a yawn when I say it, say it,
Smooth Whisperer, "lion."

In the lion's den, I saw them,
and you must, your starry eyes,
see them too, bundled up together,
lapping cave water, like a puddle of bright
morning gold, see how they cuddle those
young ones, see how those little lions
like to hide when they're playing? ~~Not of all.~~

(hiding)
not
hiding
I'm just
playing

See me in the groves all day, doing
all you have said it is my duty to do,
trying all the while to brush fur
out of my skin, my muscle, ~~not~~,
not like the lions', but capable of so much
strain.

The arms around the lion are yours,
those fingers tangled in its red mane.

The arms around the lion are yours,
after all, you're the one who uses them,
sweeping hands across ~~over~~ a landscape of yellow
fur, ~~fingers~~ lost and rediscovered peeking
through red mane.

parthenogenesis

Titanomachy

"You see it. You see it all,
Cloud Mover. Did you give everyone ...?"

questions into the implications of existence of hiding.

You see it all, ~~and~~ I know it. Cloud-mover, Did you
give everyone a place to hide, every creeping
thing but me, or is this body my hidey-hole?
Are the trees here to give me shade or shelter
when it's hot? (Am I allowed to sleep with the bushy squirrels?) ~~iffy~~

This is my body, ruffling my tail,
my throat trying to chirp something similar
to praise, you see it? My lips move,
I make them purse, when I see the manes'
flare, like I'm tired, a yawn when I say it.
These tight husbands of the plain,

Soft-whisperer, say it, "lion."
In the damp den, I saw tail whips, you
see them, too, bundled up, lapping cave
water like a puddle of ~~bright~~ morning
gold. See how they cuddle the furry
young ones? See how the littler lions like to hide
when they're playing around? There went one,
hopped out at another, when I peered around the corner.

~~the longer~~
(You), in the groves all day, ~~the longer~~ marking the world,
when I put my hand over my eyes, I'm not
hiding. I'm just teasing you, but you
~~don't~~ get fooled, do you? The sun won't ~~keep~~ (out)
~~out~~ of my eyes, the burning surface of a blade
of wheat grass, ^{and} date palm, ~~and~~ thyme. See me,
the sweat on my arms, and ^{all} the while brushing
furr off my skin, my reusele, Lover,
work sudden, not like the lions,
but capable of so much strain.

→ Allow me to sleep, there with the bushy squirrels.

What does night bring the day doesn't
already own? I walked through marshlands,
through water weeds, and found the Tree
standing, humming just as much as it does there.

The other night I didn't touch, scramble
over the roots, but stared, this Tree,
Morning-Gifter, ~~and~~ its inaccessability
and me, the distance between us pulling tighter,
and clearer I felt for once like you weren't pushing,
~~these paths escapes me.~~

My sight escapes me sometimes, the things
I want to see in the darkness, the root
there before. Head-Turner, Heart-Wrangler,
Water-Weeder, wherever You are where I go,
I went down into the marshland and felt the presence
of a multitude of bright stars.