blue the triangular why

of a dream(with crazily eyes of window)may

be un

less it were(floati ng through

never)a kite

like face of the child who's every

child(&

therefore invisible)anyhow you 've(whoever we are)stepped carefully o

ver(& i)some

newer than life(or than death)is on

f

ilthi es t

sidewalk blossoming glory