

Jana Hunter, Restless

Restless, I walked to the shore
and picked a place of peace.
I found no relief in satin sheets
or the bedcrumbs of police.
A sovereign god raised up an arm
and gave me clever hands.
With these I molded irate pleas
for an interurban band.
Call me stately, lately don't
I follow, not forsee.
Bled of all my backwards ropes.
Untangled from truancy.
Peas in a pod may laugh and trod
on morals mighty or weak.
Plastered in poems of holy unknowns
I'm whispered on slogan-filled streets.