

# Me Without You, O, Porcupine

without a queen the locust swarm  
turned the ground to black  
descending like a shadowy tower on a fish's back  
and scattered the sticks who crawled  
like snakes in the sand  
as the red clay took the form of a lizard  
who rushed like a moth to the flame of my open hand

(while, in my little world...)  
a speckled bird humbly inspired  
ran across the road when it could have flown  
and it made me smile  
at the water's edge, Babylon  
we laid down and slept  
as the river wept for you, O'Zion!  
the stones cry out,  
bells shake the sky  
all creation groans...

SHHHH!!!

listen to it!

messes of men in farmer poverty;  
not much for monks but we pretend to be  
share a silent meal and a pot of chamomile  
gypsies like us should be stamped in solidarity  
I hold you in my fond but distant memory  
while for the Mother Hen to gather me  
who regretfully wrote,

"you have a decent ear for notes  
but you can't yet appreciate harmony."

O' porcupine perched low in the tree  
your ees to mine:

"you'd be well inclined not to mess with me."

at the garden's edge beneath a speechless sky  
as his friends all slept  
Jesus wept- and no wonder  
and now you say you wanna be set free??  
and wanna set me free???  
well I'm told that can only come from  
a union with the One who never dies