

Caught, like I am  
In the steel-toed glance  
Of work, do do do do dookie  
What time is there for chance  
Encounters, meditations or  
Fragrant abundance of body  
Thought, like I am, here at  
Beginnings?

Standing in the corner,  
Pillowed on it's iron rod,  
Enclosing barbs, throwing  
Shadows—a cotton stalk,  
Images of so many threads  
Of home, connection and  
Exploration, today, a reminder  
Of today, of voices that ask  
For more poetry, work be damned.