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Gather Our Prayers

May 78

Driving across the old frontier, holding a child in each hand
 The Indians haven't disappeared; nor have the aluvial fans.
 What will survive from the coming years
 what will be of these women and men
 Renaissance can't be bought & fear; gather our prayers in the sand
 There is that I would love to tell, to share, to convey or to boast
 For the times I wish the world never fell
 on your ears from this drunk ~~of the~~ head.
 One sense in parting lost ever in all
 and diminishes here by the grasp
 Two is but that which was seen, but nil
 How futile to deliver, to ask
 three is the first that we should by the hand which releases a child in its clasp
 Flying down the swift sides so never again
 who remembers the numbers on yesterday's winds or would take an appearance to tag
 Settling in old LaFoyla tonight, 10,000 words closing their ranks
 The lesbian comb a tourist delight; the children sleep clutching their tanks
 the future is a present, a night of some fruit
 Obeying & listening makes the demands and...
 with the all that enters into the...
 with the... of the...
 Facing the... of...
 an interpretation or...
 Fear of sleep...
 On the...
 Packing up for the rest of the trip - irrelevant images clung
 Carefully... each...
 The...
 High desert before us waits like a...
~~It's the... that exalts the... party~~
 Gather our prayers in the sand.