

11/80  
137 Do families wait us in the dirt  
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Where children fear all warmth ends  
Do worms and angles ~~look~~ to flirt  
Could ever we belong again  
With other mothers through these for  
Embrace and keep us in new forms  
And also with ~~the~~ ~~secret~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~darkness~~  
New precious folds to love & be  
Even with there be the chance  
To work & play & pray with hands  
Also new wonders & terrors reveal  
determined by all previous acts  
The lovely aloneness of the hermits  
There balm beyond the mundane facts  
as we pleasure as we hurt  
Do families wait us in the dirt.